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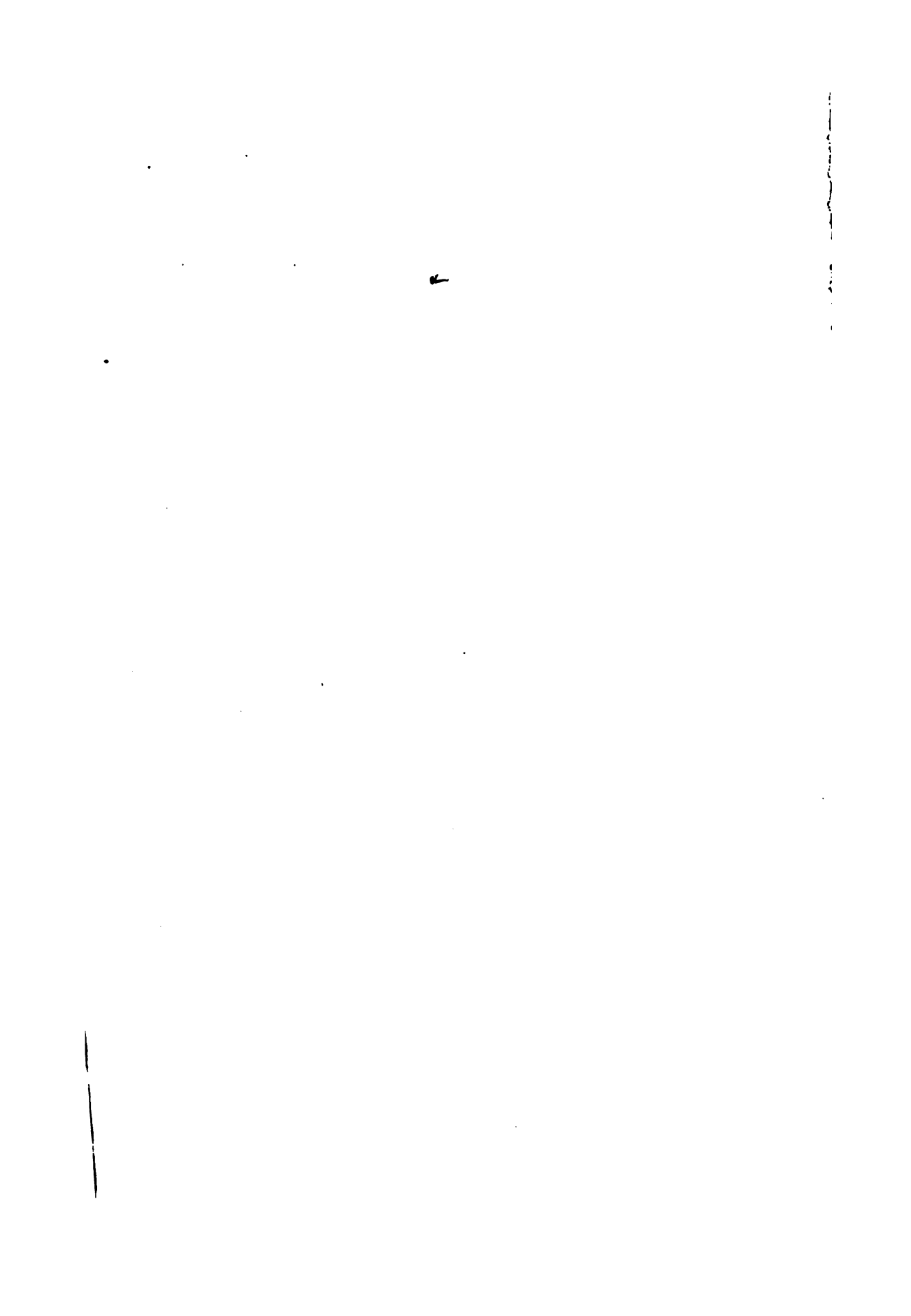
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FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME LXIX.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CLXXXIV.

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TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS  
OF  
THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CLXXXIV.

THE SIXTY-NINTH QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, 1890.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.		Robert Browning, . . . . .	297
A Hanoverian Marriage, . . . . .	483	Mr. Stevenson's Methods in Fiction, . . . . .	417
Democracy in Switzerland, . . . . .	579	Random Recollections of Corsica, . . . . .	788
QUARTERLY REVIEW.		A Dialogue with a Mummy, . . . . .	810
Sir John Hawkwood and Italian Con- dottieri, . . . . .	515	NEW REVIEW.	
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.		Robert Browning, . . . . .	372
Sir John Hawkwood, . . . . .	643	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.	
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.		Current Influences on Foreign Politics, . . . . .	21
Lord Russell, . . . . .	3	Browning and Tennyson, . . . . .	240
The Old Missionary, . . . . .	49, 77	Cardinal Lavigerie and the Slave-Trade, . . . . .	266
Ancient Arabia, . . . . .	145	A Winter's Drive from Sedan to Ver- sailles and round Paris during the Siege, . . . . .	280
Robert Browning, . . . . .	290	In the Days of the Dandies, . . . . .	305, 561, 797
Brazil, Past and Future, . . . . .	300	The Mound by Yellow Creek, . . . . .	428
A Lumber-Room, . . . . .	316	His Uncle and Her Grandmother, . . . . .	470, 596
Two New Utopias, . . . . .	387	Old Boston, . . . . .	671
The Position of Women among the Early Christians, . . . . .	406	The Experiences of a Multazim, . . . . .	756
The Future of English Monarchy, . . . . .	707	Lord Lamington, . . . . .	809
Philosophical Buddhism in Tibet, . . . . .	726	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.	
Recollections of a Voyage with General Gordon, . . . . .	750	Charles Dibdin, . . . . .	180
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.		Samuel Richardson, . . . . .	459
Literary Criticism in France, . . . . .	67	CORNHILL MAGAZINE.	
Russian Characteristics, . . . . .	90, 676	The Taking of Osman Oglou, . . . . .	141
Personal Recollections of Thomas Car- lyle, . . . . .	323	Among the Sardes, . . . . .	149
An Eighteenth-Century Mystic, . . . . .	360	Strangers within our Gates, . . . . .	221
A Sequence of Sonnets on the Death of Robert Browning, . . . . .	447	Afterthoughts, . . . . .	626
The City of the Creed, . . . . .	665	Real Estate in Volcanic Regions, . . . . .	688
NINETEENTH CENTURY.		MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.	
In Praise of London Fog, . . . . .	98	The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney, . . . . .	10
Stamping out Protestantism in Russia, . . . . .	173	The Teaching of English Literature, . . . . .	131
The Ascertainment of English, . . . . .	451	The Father of Low German Poetry, . . . . .	228
The Naturalist on the Pampas, . . . . .	552	Granville Sharp and the Slave-Trade, . . . . .	259
The Land and its Owners in Past Times, . . . . .	610	A Ballad of East and West, . . . . .	319
The Future of Russia in Asia, . . . . .	771	TEMPLE BAR.	
NATIONAL REVIEW.		Among the Americans, . . . . .	37
Poetry by Men of the World, . . . . .	85	Recreations of a Dominican Preacher, . . . . .	113
A Lothian Fair, . . . . .	157	The Romance of History. Jacqueline de Laguette, . . . . .	202
Pope, . . . . .	195	The Romance of History. Casanova, . . . . .	348
		The Green Door, . . . . .	209
		A Poet's Friend. Joseph Severn, . . . . .	437

## IV

## CONTENTS.

The Decline of Goethe, . . . . .	493		
Horace Walpole's Letters, . . . . .	544		
"Mothers" — According to English Novelists, . . . . .	621		
Edward FitzGerald, . . . . .	815		
GOOD WORDS.			
A Modern Eastern Martyr, . . . . .	161		
Browning as a Religious Teacher, . . . . .	660		
SUNDAY MAGAZINE.			
Queen Louise, . . . . .	118		
Zoe, . . . . .	270, 781		
LEISURE HOUR.			
Blinkers, . . . . .	64		
Dorothy Wordsworth, . . . . .	123		
Children and the Poets, . . . . .	235		
ARGOSY.			
Robert Browning, . . . . .	762		
LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.			
The Home of Charlotte Brontë, . . . . .	424		
Hosts and Guests, . . . . .	501		
Epicurus Wynn, . . . . .	532		
On some Church Services Fifty Years Ago, . . . . .	700		
ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.			
The Cats of Ancient Egypt, . . . . .	251		
Dutch Girlhood, . . . . .	375		
MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.			
Rooks and Farmers, . . . . .	45		
A Highland School Forty Years Ago, . . . . .	59		
Joel Quaiife's Return, . . . . .	103		
Marcia, . . . . .	339, 398, 652, 718		
An International Census of Hallucinations, . . . . .	441		
Holland House, . . . . .	466		
		TIME.	
		Canvassing the Rustics, . . . . .	186
		Rowland Hill and Penny Postage, . . . . .	735
		REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.	
		Sir John Mandeville, . . . . .	741
		SPECTATOR.	
		The Moravians and the Lepers, . . . . .	63
		Browning and Tennyson, . . . . .	190
		The Intellectual Effect of Old Age, . . . . .	249
		Ship-Canals, . . . . .	506
		Bunyan's Use of Verse, . . . . .	572
		Greek Settlements and Jewish Colonies in Asia Minor, . . . . .	636
		The Mystery of Africa, . . . . .	702
		ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.	
		Browning's View of Life, . . . . .	255
		SPEAKER.	
		Fortunio, . . . . .	766
		CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.	
		The Secrets of a Catalogue, . . . . .	380
		Sheep-Shearing by Machinery, . . . . .	511
		German Colonies in the Holy Land, . . . . .	812
		ALL THE YEAR ROUND.	
		Housekeeping in Crete, . . . . .	245
		ATHENÆUM.	
		Some Missing Poems of Sir John Beaumont, . . . . .	510
		Babbage's Calculating Engines, . . . . .	574
		NATURE.	
		The Epidemic of Influenza, . . . . .	508
		LONDON TIMES.	
		General Gordon and Emin Pasha, . . . . .	639

## INDEX TO VOLUME CLXXXIV.

<p>AMERICANS, Among the . . . . . 37</p> <p>Arabia, Ancient . . . . . 145</p> <p>Age, Old, The Intellectual Effect of . . . . . 249</p> <p>Ascertainment, The, of English, . . . . . 451</p> <p>Afterthoughts, . . . . . 626</p> <p>Asia Minor, Greek Settlements and Jewish Colonies in . . . . . 636</p> <p>Asia, The Future of Russia in . . . . . 771</p> <p>BLINKERS, . . . . . 64</p> <p>Browning and Tennyson, . . . . . 190, 240</p> <p>Browning's View of Life, . . . . . 255</p> <p>Browning, Robert . . . . . 290, 297, 372, 762</p> <p>Browning, Robert, A Sequence of Sonnets on the Death of . . . . . 447</p> <p>Browning, Robert, as a Religious Teacher, . . . . . 660</p> <p>Brazil, Past and Future, . . . . . 300</p> <p>Bronte, Charlotte, The House of . . . . . 424</p> <p>Beaumont, Sir John, Some Missing Poems of . . . . . 510</p> <p>Bunyan's Use of Verse, . . . . . 572</p> <p>Babbage's Calculating Engines, . . . . . 574</p> <p>Boston, Old . . . . . 671</p> <p>Buddhism, Philosophical, in Tibet, . . . . . 726</p> <p>CRITICISM, Literary, in France, . . . . . 67</p> <p>Canvassing the Rustics, . . . . . 186</p> <p>Children and the Poets, . . . . . 235</p> <p>Crete, Housekeeping in . . . . . 245</p> <p>Cats, The, of Ancient Egypt, . . . . . 251</p> <p>Carlyle, Thomas, Personal Recollections of . . . . . 323</p> <p>Casanova, . . . . . 348</p> <p>Catalogue, The Secrets of a . . . . . 380</p> <p>Christians, the Early, Position of Women among . . . . . 406</p> <p>Canals, Ship . . . . . 506</p> <p>Condottieri, The Italian, . . . . . 515</p> <p>Creed, the, The City of . . . . . 665</p> <p>Church Services Fifty Years Ago, On Some . . . . . 700</p> <p>Corsica, Random Recollections of . . . . . 788</p> <p>DOMINICAN Preacher, a, Recreations of . . . . . 113</p> <p>Dibdin, Charles . . . . . 180</p> <p>Dandies, the, In the Days of . . . . . 305, 561, 797</p> <p>Dutch Girlhood, . . . . . 375</p> <p>Democracy in Switzerland, . . . . . 579</p> <p>EXPOSITION, the, How a Russian Officer Rode to . . . . . 170</p> <p>Egypt, Ancient, The Cats of . . . . . 251</p>	<p>East and West, A Ballad of the . . . . . 319</p> <p>English, The Ascertainment of . . . . . 451</p> <p>Epicurus Wynn, . . . . . 532</p> <p>Emin Pasha and General Gordon, . . . . . 639</p> <p>English Monarchy, The Future of . . . . . 707</p> <p>Elephants, Wild, Sport with . . . . . 823</p> <p>FRANCE, Literary Criticism in . . . . . 67</p> <p>Fog, London, In Praise of . . . . . 98</p> <p>Fortunio, . . . . . 766</p> <p>FitzGerald, Edward . . . . . 815</p> <p>GREEN Door, The . . . . . 209</p> <p>German, Low, Poetry, The Father of . . . . . 228</p> <p>Groth, Klaus . . . . . 228</p> <p>Goethe, The Decline of . . . . . 493</p> <p>Guests and Hosts, . . . . . 501</p> <p>Greek Settlements and Jewish Colonies in Asia Minor, . . . . . 636</p> <p>Gordon, General, and Emin Pasha, . . . . . 639</p> <p>Gordon, General, Recollections of a Voyage with . . . . . 750</p> <p>German Colonies in the Holy Land, . . . . . 812</p> <p>HIGHLAND School, A, Forty Years Ago, . . . . . 59</p> <p>History, The Romance of. Jacqueline de Laguerre, . . . . . 202</p> <p>History, The Romance of. Casanova, . . . . . 348</p> <p>Hector, Charles, An Eighteenth-Century Mystic, . . . . . 360</p> <p>Hallucinations, An International Census of . . . . . 441</p> <p>Holland House, . . . . . 466</p> <p>His Uncle and Her Grandmother, . . . . . 470, 596</p> <p>Hanoverian Marriage, A . . . . . 483</p> <p>Hosts and Guests, . . . . . 501</p> <p>Hawkwood, Sir John . . . . . 515, 643</p> <p>Hill, Rowland, and Penny Postage, . . . . . 735</p> <p>INCARNATION, The, of Krishna Mulvaney, . . . . . 10</p> <p>Influenza, The Epidemic of . . . . . 508</p> <p>Italian Condottieri, . . . . . 515</p> <p>JOEL Quaife's Return, . . . . . 103</p> <p>Jewish Colonies and Greek Settlements in Asia Minor, . . . . . 636</p> <p>LEPERS, The, and the Moravians, . . . . . 63</p> <p>London Fog, In Praise of . . . . . 98</p> <p>Louise, Queen . . . . . 118</p> <p>Literature, English, The Teaching of . . . . . 131</p>
---	--

## VI

## INDEX.

Lothian Fair, A . . . . .	157	RUSSELL, Lord . . . . .	3
Laguette, Jacqueline de . . . . .	202	Rooks and Farmers, . . . . .	45
Lavigerie, Cardinal, and the Slave-Trade, . . . . .	266	Russian Characteristics, . . . . .	90, 676
Lumber-Room, A . . . . .	316	Russia, Stamping out Protestantism in . . . . .	173
Land, The, and its Owners in Past Times, . . . . .	610	Rustics, Canvassing the . . . . .	186
Lamington, Lord . . . . .	809	Richardson, Samuel . . . . .	459
MORAVIANS, The, and the Lepers, . . . . .	63	Russia, The Future of, in Asia, . . . . .	771
Modern Eastern Martyr, A . . . . .	161	SARDES, Among the . . . . .	149
Marcia, . . . . .	339, 398, 652, 718	Strangers within our Gates, . . . . .	221
Mystic, An Eighteenth-Century . . . . .	360	Sharp, Granville, and the Slave-Trade, . . . . .	259
Mound, The, by Yellow Creek, . . . . .	428	Slave-Trade, the, Cardinal Lavigerie and Stevenson's Methods in Fiction, . . . . .	266
"Mothers" — According to English Novelists, . . . . .	621	Severn, Joseph . . . . .	437
Monarchy, English, The Future of Mandeville, Sir John . . . . .	707	Ship-Canals, . . . . .	506
Multazim, a, The Experiences of . . . . .	756	Sheep-Shearing by Machinery, . . . . .	511
Mummy, a, A Dialogue with . . . . .	810	Switzerland, Democracy in . . . . .	579
NICÆA, . . . . .	665	TAKING, The, of Osman Oglou, . . . . .	141
OLD Missionary, The . . . . .	49, 77	Tennyson and Browning, . . . . .	190, 240
Old Boston, . . . . .	671	Tibet, Philosophical Buddhism in . . . . .	726
POLITICS, Foreign, Current Influences on . . . . .	21	UTOPIAS, Two New . . . . .	387
Poetry by Men of the World, . . . . .	85	VOLCANIC Regions, Real Estate in . . . . .	688
Protestantism in Russia, Stamping out . . . . .	173	WORDSWORTH, Dorothy . . . . .	123
Pope, . . . . .	195	Winter's Drive, A, from Sedan to Versailles and round Paris during the Siege, . . . . .	280
Platt Deutsch Poetry, The Father of . . . . .	228	Women, Position of, among the Early Christians, . . . . .	406
Paris, A Winter's Drive round, during the Siege, . . . . .	280	Walpole's, Horace, Letters . . . . .	544
Pampas, the, The Naturalist on . . . . .	552	ZOE, . . . . .	270, 781
Penny Postage and Rowland Hill, . . . . .	735		
Palestine, German Colonies in . . . . .	812		

## P O E T R Y.

AFTER a Night of Weeping, . . . . .	514	London Twilight, . . . . .	66
Arcady, In . . . . .	514	Literature and Nature, . . . . .	130
A.D. 1590, . . . . .	770	Lover, The True . . . . .	642
Birthdays, . . . . .	2	New Year's Greeting, A . . . . .	322
"Backward moves the kindly dial," . . . . .	66	Prologue, The . . . . .	770
Browning — In Memoriam, . . . . .	194, 322	Rice and Slippers, . . . . .	2
Browning, A Sequence of Sonnets on the Death of . . . . .	447	Rondel, . . . . .	130
Browning's First Sonnet, . . . . .	706	Reviewer's Remorse, A . . . . .	706
Christmas Holly, . . . . .	66	Snow Parable, A . . . . .	130
Dead Love, . . . . .	2	Switzerland, In . . . . .	258
Daisy in December, To a . . . . .	450	Sleep, . . . . .	642
"Donc Aspirer Dies," . . . . .	642	Sonnet, . . . . .	706
East and West, A Ballad of the . . . . .	319	Under the Oak, . . . . .	578
Five Years Old, . . . . .	450	Unrest, . . . . .	770
Holly, A Sprig of . . . . .	258	Vigil, A . . . . .	66
Helvellyn, . . . . .	578	Waning Year, The . . . . .	130
Itinerants, . . . . .	130	Waiting, . . . . .	450
Insight, . . . . .	194	Winter, . . . . .	578
Japanese Belle, A . . . . .	322	Winter Song, A . . . . .	706, 770

## T A L E S.

EPICURUS Wynn, . . . . .	532	Modern Eastern Martyr, A . . . . .	161
Green Door, The . . . . .	209	Marcia, . . . . .	339, 398, 652, 718
His Uncle and Her Grandmother, . . . . .	470, 596	Mound, The, by Yellow Creek, . . . . .	428
Incarnation, The, of Krishna Mulvaney, . . . . .	10	Old Missionary, The . . . . .	49, 77
Joel Quaife's Return, . . . . .	103	Taking, The, of Osman Oglou, . . . . .	141
		Zoe, . . . . .	270, 781



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## CONTENTS.

I. LORD RUSSELL, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	3
II. THE INCARNATION OF KRISHNA MULVANEY, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	10
III. CURRENT INFLUENCES ON FOREIGN POLITICS, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	21
IV. AMONG THE AMERICANS. By Arthur Montefiore, F.R.G.S., . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	37
V. ROOKS AND FARMERS, . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	45
VI. THE OLD MISSIONARY. By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	49
VII. A HIGHLAND SCHOOL FORTY YEARS AGO, . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	59
VIII. THE MORAVIANS AND THE LEPERS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	63
IX. BLINKERS, . . . . .	<i>Leisure Hour</i> , . . . . .	64

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## RICE AND SLIPPERS.

RICE and slippers, slippers and rice!  
 Quaint old symbols of all that's nice  
 In a world made up of sugar and spice,  
 With a honeymoon always shining;  
 A world where the birds keep house by twos,  
 And the ringdove calls and the stockdove coos,  
 And maids are many, and men may choose,  
 And never shall love go pining.

For the rice shall be shed and the shoes be  
 thrown,  
 When the bridegroom makes the bride his  
 own,  
 He and she in the world alone,  
 Though many a man came wooing;  
 He and she, and no other beside,  
 Though the ways are long and the world is  
 wide,  
 The proudest groom and the prettiest bride  
 That ever went billing and cooing.

Slippers and rice for an omen meet,  
 Fling them out in the open street,  
 High over heads and low under feet,  
 Precious beyond all posies;  
 Glad as the song that greets the day  
 When wedded lovers are whirled away  
 For an everlasting month of May,  
 Or a whole round year of roses.

Say, is she fair, the wife of an hour?  
 Then fairer was never the fairest flower,  
 Lily or rose, in a maiden's bower,  
 Blush-white on a summer morning:  
 Or say, is she dark? Then never yet  
 Was southern beauty with eyes of jet,  
 Or dusk-pale syren, or dark Brunette,  
 So lovely beyond adorning.

Is she rich? does she bring a dowry of gold?  
 Then good is the treasure to have and to hold;  
 Her lover will learn to be twice as bold  
 With fortune at hand to aid him:  
 Is she poor, in all but her own fair worth?  
 Then that is the richest dowry on earth,  
 And her lover will laugh at wealth and birth  
 When he owns it was *she* who made him.

It is well, all well, whatever she be,  
 A queen to her lord and to none but he—  
 But the sweetest sight in the world to see  
 Is a bride in her bridal beauty;  
 And he, he too, is a noble sight,  
 The groom as gallant as belted knight,  
 Who wins a prize in the world's despite  
 By his vows of love and duty.  
 Argosy. GEORGE COTTERELL.

## DEAD LOVE.

CAN the winds of Winter bring  
 From the frowning northern skies  
 The sweet love-songs of the Spring?  
 All my heart within me dies  
 When you bid me sing.

Can the whirling mist of spray  
 Driving from the angry sea  
 Bring the blossom to the may?  
 Leafless, blossomless, the tree  
 Standeth bare to-day.

Can the heart of Winter hold  
 Roses of the Summer's prime,  
 Glory of red Autumn gold?  
 All the ways are white with rime,  
 And my heart is cold.

Can I sing of Love to-night  
 By the grave where Love is lying?  
 Give me back dead Summer's light  
 And the south wind's tender sighing—  
 Then perhaps I might.  
 Chambers' Journal. D. J. ROBERTSON.

BIRTHDAYS? Yes, in a general way  
 For the most if not for the best of men.  
 You were born I suppose on a certain day;  
 So was I, or perhaps in the night—what  
 then?

Only this: or at least if more  
 You must know, not think it—a lame sug-  
 gestion  
 From one who is drenched in the classic lore  
 Of ready answer to futile question:—

That many are called and few are chosen,  
 Though few grow many as ages lapse;  
 But when will the many grow few? What  
 dozen  
 Is fused into one by Time's hammer-taps?

A bare brown stone in a babbling brook:  
 It was wanton to hurl it there, you say,  
 And the moss that clung in the flowery nook  
 (Yet the stream runs cooler) is washed away.

That begs the question. Many a prater  
 Thinks such an objection a sound "stop  
 thief,"

Which, may I ask, do you think the greater,  
 Serjeant-at-arms or a robber-chief?

And if it were not so: still you doubt?  
 Ah! yours is a birthday indeed, if so.  
 That were something to write a poem about,  
 If one thought a little: I only know.

[There's a Me Society down in Cambridge  
 Where my text *cum notis variorum*  
 Is talk'd about; well, I require the same  
 bridge  
 Which Euclid takes toll at as *Asinorum*.

And as they have got through several ditties  
 Which I thought to be thick as a brick-  
 built wall,  
 I have built the enclosed (and a stiff one it is),  
 A bridge to stop asses at once for all.]—*p. 8.*  
 J. K. Stephen in "Cap and Gown."

From The Contemporary Review.  
LORD RUSSELL.

MR. SPENCER WALPOLE'S life of Lord Russell (or, as he prefers to call him, Lord John Russell) is a highly creditable piece of literary workmanship. It will, indeed, scarcely rank with those rare and priceless biographies in which the personality of the hero leaps out from the printed page, enabling even those to whom he was unknown to feel that, in reading the book, they have seen and heard and spoken to the man. There is a certain want of what Lord Beaconsfield called "picturesque sensibility" in Mr. Walpole's mind and style, and this probably accounts for the comparative coolness with which, in spite of its undeniable merits, the book has been received by the general public. But those who had the happiness of knowing Lord Russell will best be able to appreciate the excellences of Mr. Walpole's work. They will recognize with gratitude his laborious industry, his conscientious care, and his just apprehension of the benign and noble character which he has placed before the world.

It would be highly unfair to compare Mr. Walpole's handiwork with such a book as Sir George Trevelyan's life of Lord Macaulay; for not only are the literary temper and method of the two authors entirely different, but Sir George Trevelyan enjoyed a wealth of material, and opportunities for using it, for which Mr. Walpole must often have sighed in vain. In the first place, he did not know Lord Russell, and the biographer who has never known his hero labors under an incalculable disadvantage as compared with the man who has lived in daily and hourly communion with the heart and mind which he is to commemorate. And, in the second place, Lord Russell left singularly few memorials of that particular kind in which the biographer finds his most precious material. Of despatches, memoranda, and correspondence on public affairs he left, indeed, enough and to spare; but, except in his boyhood, he kept no journal; he had few friends with whom he maintained anything like an intimate or a regular correspondence; and he lived so constantly in the bosom of his family that

there was little scope for that delightful kind of letter-writing by which active men, at a distance from their homes, often keep their wives and children informed about their work and their recreations, the speeches they have made, the friends they have met, the books they have read, and the houses where they have dined.

Lord Russell's public papers were slowly and carefully sorted by his brother-in-law and former secretary, Mr. George Elliot, and were copiously supplemented by Lady Russell's store of private letters and memoranda, and by correspondence in the possession of the queen, the Duke of Bedford, Sir Arthur Gordon, Lord Minto, and others with whom Lord Russell was connected by ties of blood or of official association.

This is the material on which Mr. Walpole has had to work, and out of which he has evolved his instructive and interesting volumes. Even the most superficial student must admire his wide range of illustrative reading, his intimate knowledge of the period and its events, his serene and unbiassed temper, his lucid method of arrangement, and his perspicuous style.

In his preface, Mr. Walpole seeks to justify his rather arbitrary determination to call his hero by his earlier instead of his later name. It may be questioned whether the decision was a sound one. It is now nearly thirty years since the name of Lord John Russell disappeared from current parlance. Any one who remembers Lord Russell as Lord John must be more than middle-aged. The generations that are still young or are now growing up, know him as Lord Russell or not at all. It may, however, be, as Mr. Walpole seems to expect, that posterity will revert to the earlier style and will recall the author of the first Reform Bill by the name which is inseparably associated with the main achievement of his public life.

But, be this as it may, the chief interest of Mr. Walpole's book will be found in its first ten chapters and the first forty years of the life which it describes. We all are acquainted with—most of us are old enough to remember—Lord Russell's later career, with its rapid vicissitudes of office and opposition; his constant strug-

gles with Lord Palmerston's shrewd audacity; his much-criticised administration of foreign affairs; his unsuccessful attempts to complete his great work of electoral reform; and his closing period of dignified repose, when, released from active labor in the cause of freedom, he became the chronicler of its past triumphs, the recognized depository of its constitutional traditions, and the unsparing censor of those who, in his judgment, misrepresented its principles or brought discredit on its name. All this is sufficiently familiar. What is much less generally known, and proportionately more interesting, is the history of that long-distant period when this fortunate young Whig, emerging from boyhood into manhood, enjoyed the genial society of Mr. Fox, and was the travelling companion of Lord Holland; corresponded with Tom Moore, and debated with Francis Jeffrey, and dined with Dr. Parr; visited Melrose Abbey with Sir Walter Scott, and criticised the acting of Mrs. Siddons; conversed with Napoleon in his seclusion at Elba, and rode with the Duke of Wellington along the lines of Torres Vedras. In the delineation of these early scenes Mr. Walpole has shown admirable skill. It was a happy inspiration to open the narrative with an extract from the diary of this "best of all good little boys," who, writing on his eleventh birthday, notes that he is "four feet two inches high, and three stone twelve pounds in weight." From the same source we gather amusing particulars of his journeys and voyages, not unattended by sea-sickness; of his expenditure in barley-sugar and biscuits, and the resulting dose; of his first flogging at Westminster on a morning significantly recorded as "cold;" of the characteristic attentions of his eldest brother, who fagged him unmercifully at school, and when they rode together made him jump places he was afraid of. We read of fireworks and bonfires and prize-fights; of cricket and cards, and tavern-dinners; and unsuccessful shooting, and incessant play-going and play-acting, and sixpenny bets with a tutor who was also a beneficed clergyman. Mixed with these lighter occupations we find the record of much desultory reading—Latin and

French, and Italian and Spanish, history and physical science, and geometry and constitutional law; constant lucubrations on domestic and foreign policy, shrewd criticism of public men and measures, and incessant experiments in every form of literary composition. All these trifling but characteristic touches, often highly suggestive of the boy's future career, have been combined by Mr. Walpole in an agreeable and lifelike picture, and with a degree of graphic skill which it must be confessed that we miss in his treatment of the later periods.

It may be well briefly to recapitulate the main events of Lord Russell's public life. He was born in Hertford Street, on the 19th of August, 1792. His mother died of decline in 1801, and his father became Duke of Bedford in 1802. He was educated at Sunbury, at Westminster, at a private tutor's, and at the University of Edinburgh. He entered Parliament in 1813; joined Lord Grey's government in 1830 as paymaster-general, and in that office passed the Reform Bill of 1832. He sat in the House of Commons for forty-seven years. He was secretary of state for the home department, for foreign affairs, and for the colonies, lord president of the Council, and commissioner to the Conference at Vienna. He was prime minister from 1846 to 1852, and again in 1865-6. He was raised to the peerage in 1861, and died on the 28th of May, 1878.

Throughout this long and eventful career the political character of Lord Russell was distinguished by a singular consistency. *Qualis ab incepto*, he remained to the last day of his public life a steady friend of freedom and progress, and the sworn foe of those chief evils of mankind which he himself enumerated as "superstition, persecution, intolerance in religion; injustice, inequality, despotism in political institutions."

In his latest book he spoke of England as "the country whose freedom I have worshipped," and, indeed, his devotion to freedom may fairly be reckoned as the predominant feature of his mental and moral character. In this respect he was worthy of his ancestry and of his associations, for, lamentably as the name of Whig

has been discredited by the political aberrations of those who have claimed it in these latter days, the Whigs with whom Lord Russell acted were the resolute champions of political liberty. Of equality they had no notion; and they would probably have had scant sympathy with Democracy as we understand it. But tyranny and oppression had no more implacable enemies than the Greys, the Foxes, the Cavendishes, and the Russells.

Lord Russell's love of freedom manifested itself in many forms. One of them was his dislike of high-handed acts of executive authority. In his first reported speech in Parliament, he withstood the despotic power claimed by ministers to remove aliens from the country as "very liable to abuse," and shortly afterwards he opposed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in a speech well worthy of his name. "We talk much" he said — "I think a great deal too much — of the wisdom of our ancestors. I wish we would imitate their courage. They were not willing to lay their liberties at the foot of the crown upon every vain or imaginary alarm." More than half a century afterwards, in his place in the House of Lords, he denounced in language not less dignified and emphatic the action of a minister who had exercised the royal prerogative to override the will of Parliament, even though he sympathized with the object which the minister sought to attain.

Not only did he thus, at the beginning and end of his life, and consistently throughout its long course, oppose what he conceived to be the arbitrary acts of ministers, but he manifested a perfect independence in his bearing towards the throne itself. He supported with voice and vote Mr. Hume's motion for the revision of the Civil List under George IV.; he urged in vigorous terms the restoration of Queen Caroline's name to the liturgy; he subscribed to compensate an officer, friendly to the queen, whom the king's vindictive hate had driven from the army. It may very well be that some tradition of this early independence, or some playful desire to test the fibre of Whiggery by putting an extreme case, led in much later

years to an embarrassing question by an illustrious personage, and gave the opportunity for an apt reply: "Is it true, Lord John, that you hold that a subject is justified, under certain circumstances, in disobeying his sovereign?" "Well," I said, "speaking to a sovereign of the house of Hanover, I can only say that I suppose it is."

But Lord Russell's devotion to political freedom did not manifest itself only or chiefly in resistance to the excesses of executive authority, or independence of personal bearing where the wishes of the crown were involved. For more than fifty years he labored with consistent purpose to strengthen the fabric of the constitution by widening its base. It is a long interval that separates his final defeat on Lord Dunkellin's amendment in 1866 from his first speech in favor of a moderate measure of Parliamentary reform in 1819. Yet through the whole of the intervening space he never relaxed his efforts to remove electoral abuses, to give free expression to enlightened opinion, and gradually to extend the Parliamentary suffrage to all whom he considered worthy of that momentous trust.

In 1819 he moved the disfranchisement of Grampound. In 1820 he brought in a bill to suspend the writs for Grampound, Penryn, and Camelford. In the same year he brought in a bill to transfer the seat from Grampound to Leeds, and to make a £5 rating franchise in that town. In 1821 he proposed a most important resolution affirming the expediency of strengthening the connection between the people and Parliament by giving direct representation to wealthy and populous places. In 1828 he carried through the House of Commons a bill to disfranchise Penryn and enfranchise Manchester. This being defeated in the Lords, in 1830 he introduced a bill to enfranchise Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham. This did not pass the House of Commons; and his next attempt to improve Parliamentary representation was the ever-memorable Reform Bill, which, after two defeats, became law in 1832. Almost single-handed, he had carried a constitutional change, the most important which the country had seen

since 1688; a change which the Duke of Wellington rightly called "a revolution by due course of law;" and which, in its consequences, has caused, and seems destined again to cause, revolutions infinitely more momentous than itself.

This was, of course, the great achievement of Lord Russell's life, and, in many respects, the crown and climax of his career; but, though he never again carried a measure of Parliamentary reform, he still had the cause at heart, and no long period ever passed without some attempt on his part to give further effect to his favorite policy of moderate and measured reform. To what he considered its extreme developments, such as universal suffrage, triennial Parliaments, and vote by ballot, he was steadily opposed; but the gradual extension of the Parliamentary franchise was an object for which, in spite of constant difficulties and discouragements, he never ceased to work. In 1849 he unsuccessfully tried to persuade his colleagues in the Cabinet that the time was ripe for a new Reform Bill. In 1852 he brought in such a bill, and was turned out of office before it proceeded further. In 1854 he brought in another Reform Bill, which the outbreak of the Crimean war compelled him to withdraw, and in 1860 he brought in and withdrew a third. From that time on, Lord Palmerston's predominating influence in the Liberal party, always exercised against a further extension of the franchise, was too powerful for the unaided efforts of Lord Russell. But when he became prime minister for the second time, on Lord Palmerston's death, in 1865, his first care was to prepare, in concert with Mr. Gladstone, the memorable Reform Bill on which he was defeated in the following summer. He never again held office, and thus the last act of his ministerial life was an attempt to advance one step further the great cause to which his youth and manhood had been dedicated.

Enough has been said to exhibit Lord Russell's lifelong devotion to the service of political freedom in England. But his sympathy with the cause was bounded by no geographical limits. Oppression and tyranny were as hateful to him abroad as at home. Here, again, he was *qualis ab incepto*. As a boy, he had seen the liberation of Spain, and his sympathy with Spanish independence was intensified by "a boyish hatred of Napoleon, who had treacherously obtained possession of an independent country by force and fraud." In 1819, he protested in Parliament against

the surrender of Parga to the tyranny of the Turk, and won from Ugo Foscolo the praise of a "défenseur de la liberté des hommes." In 1824, he gave eloquent expression to his zeal for foreign freedom in his "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe," and his "Historical Discourse on the Establishment of the Turks in Europe." The former of these works contains what Mr. Gladstone, writing in 1877 to Lord Charles Russell, called "the noble passage on the debasement of enslaved peoples, and the folly and guilt of pleading it against their liberation. *Burke never wrote anything better.*" Greece had no more ardent supporter in her struggle against Turkey than Lord Russell, who, speaking in the debate on the address, described Navarino as "a glorious victory, and as honest a victory as had ever been gained since the beginning of the world."

His sympathy with the struggles of Italy for unity, liberty, and independence dated from the days of his early visit to Rome, and it found characteristic utterance in his famous despatch of the 27th of October, 1860, which a French critic called "le monument le plus curieux d'une littérature diplomatique tout a fait nouvelle," and for which his nephew, Odo Russell, told him that he was "blessed night and morning by twenty millions of Italians." The gratitude of the Italian people for that despatch and the policy which it embodied, is commemorated by the marble statue of Italy, which is one of the most cherished treasures of Pembroke Lodge.

In 1875 Lord Russell roused himself from well-earned repose to throw the whole weight of his wisdom and authority on the side of the insurgents who were rising against their Turkish tyrants in Bosnia and Herzegovina. He sympathized even passionately with Mr. Gladstone's noble stand for freedom and humanity in the east of Europe, and this, his last intervention in public affairs, drew from General Garibaldi this emphatic and touching praise: "En associant votre grand nom aux bienfaiteurs des Chrétiens opprimés par le gouvernement Turc, vous avez ajouté un bien précieux bijou à la couronne humanitaire qui ceint votre noble front." Once again we say, *Qualis ab incepto*.

Scarcely less strong than Lord Russell's love of civil liberty, and closely allied to it, was his hatred of spiritual domination. His was indeed what Tertullian calls "anima naturaliter Christiana," though he

concerned himself little with the dogmatic theology of the Church. It was highly characteristic of his mind that, at a moment of political trouble, he wrote to his step-daughter, "We all rest in the mercy of God, who will dispose of us as he thinks best;" and that, in a despatch about the holy places, he referred with melancholy indignation to "the spectacle of rival churches contending for mastery in the very place where Christ died for mankind." "I hope," he wrote to Lord Aberdeen, with reference to this despatch, "you will not think there is too much of the Gospel in it for a foreign secretary." It was, in truth, the simple expression of his essential belief, which he himself summed up in these words: "1. God is a Spirit, the Maker of heaven and earth. 2. Christ was sent from God, and revealed to men the message of God. 3. Christ died for mankind." Such was his brief but far-reaching creed, and his theological speculations seem to have been confined within its limits. "I rest," he said, "in the faith of Jeremy Taylor, of Barrow, of Tillotson, of Hoadley, of Samuel Clarke, of Middleton, of Warburton, of Arnold, without attempting to reconcile points of difference among these great men." Strong in his own convictions, and loyal to them in his public and private life, he was intolerant of any attempt, by whomsoever made, to enforce the acceptance of dogma, to interfere with the free working of the individual conscience, to compel men to believe or practise what they disapproved, or to attach civil disabilities to theological opinion. Thus he was an early champion of Catholic emancipation, and the strongest and most persistent advocate for the admission of the Jews to Parliament. He procured the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts before he was thirty-seven years old, and not three weeks before his death a great deputation of Nonconformists came to Pembroke Lodge to congratulate him on having lived to see the fiftieth anniversary of that momentous triumph. He denounced the "bigotry of Exeter Hall" not less vigorously than the attempts which, as he conceived, the Tractarian leaders made to "confine the intellect and enslave the soul;" but whenever the Roman Church used her liberty to interfere with the secular government of States, or to establish spiritual ascendancy over reason and conscience, Lord Russell was at once and instinctively her resolute enemy. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was a monument of his zeal against Papal usurpation, and in his eighty-second year

he flung himself with characteristic heartiness into the movement of sympathy with the German emperor in his struggle with the pope. Lord Russell's letter, declaring that the Roman Church was no longer content with equality, but aimed at ascendancy, and protesting his unwillingness to admit such a claim, drew from the emperor and from Prince Bismarck strong expressions of gratitude for the "active interest which the Nestor of European statesmen is taking in our defensive warfare against the priesthood of Rome."

This hatred of spiritual domination and clerical rule disposed Lord Russell very strongly in favor of undenominational education. He was a lifelong supporter of the British and Foreign School Society, and he founded and maintained at his own cost a village school at Petersham, which produced an angry complaint from a resident, that he had destroyed the "hitherto aristocratic" character of that agreeable hamlet.

The zeal with which Lord Russell withstood the aggressions of the Roman hierarchy in England and abroad sprang, in almost equal parts, from his Protestantism and from his patriotism. A more patriotic heart than his never beat. He was an ardent lover of peace, but when once England had been forced to appeal to the awful arbitrament of the sword, he fashioned his policy on the advice of Polonius, and so bore himself that the opposed might well beware of him. His much-misconstrued action in the Crimean war was due to the simple conviction that he could not conceal or deny in Parliament the pain and shame with which he had seen incompetent colleagues mismanage and imperil the forces of

An old and haughty nation proud in arms.

The heaviest reproaches which he ever levelled against certain of his former colleagues were drawn from him by his conviction that they were indifferent to national honor, and careless of the efficiency of the national defences. "They seem to have been quite unaware that the United Kingdom is a great country, and that its reputation ought to be dear to every British heart." And though he was one of the gentlest and most merciful of men, the reformer of the penal code, and the staunch opponent of all cruel punishments, he condemned in the strongest terms the mistaken clemency shown in the amnesty of the Fenian prisoners convicted of treasonable practices against the crown and commonwealth of England.

The robustness of Lord Russell's patriotic sentiment was intimately connected with one of the most marked features of his moral nature — his dauntless courage. Never was a braver spirit enshrined in a more fragile form. The son of a consumptive mother, he inherited the miserable legacy of congenital weakness. Even in those untender days he was considered too delicate to remain at a public school. It was thought impossible for him to live through his first session of Parliament. When he was fighting the Reform Bill through the House of Commons he had to be fed with arrowroot by a benevolent lady, who was moved to compassion by his pitiful appearance. For years afterwards he was liable to fainting-fits, had a wretched digestion, and was easily upset by hot rooms, late hours, and bad air.

Yet even at Westminster, probably the most brutal school in England at a time when all schools were brutal, "the brave, delicate little boy," as Mr. Walpole happily calls him, "takes his flogging and fagging without a murmur or a complaint." While still a frail lad he rode alone and unprotected across Spain; and all through his early life, though we often find the fact of disabling illness recorded, we never hear a word of complaint, or repining, or gloomy apprehension. And his physical courage was only the counterpart of his moral intrepidity. Politically, he did not know what fear meant. Sydney Smith's jokes about his self-reliance are so well known that it is a point of literary honor not to quote them again. But they hardly overstate the moral courage of the young politician, who, when not yet a member of the Cabinet, calmly addressed himself to the task of reconstructing the Parliamentary constitution of England, and carried his undertaking to a successful issue. Exactly the same moral quality was observable in his Parliamentary course and in his relations with constituents. Alike in the House and in the country, he was beaten again and again. Yet he never seemed to realize defeat, and never spent his strength in idle lamentation over actual or expected disaster. Perhaps this admirable quality of British pluck was never so signally or so effectively manifested as in his election for the City in 1857. Mr. John Abel Smith, his most prominent supporter, had declared that if he found a proposer and seconder in the City, he would not poll a third vote. But, nothing daunted, the gallant old gentleman faced his foes, and by the admirable tact and fun of his memorable speech about the shabbiness of dis-

missing the old servant "John" in favor of "the young man from Northampton," he turned the tide of war, and won the last, and perhaps the most difficult, of his electioneering triumphs. In recording this election, it is a satisfaction to a nephew of Lord Russell to commemorate the friendly and helpful action of Mr. Thomson Hankey formerly M.P. for Peterborough, and a much-respected merchant of the City, who took the chair at the meeting at the London Tavern, which proved so critical a turning-point in the contest. Mr. Hankey's services were at the time regarded as invaluable, and, though not mentioned by Mr. Walpole, they are gratefully remembered by every member of Lord Russell's family who is old enough to recall the election of 1857.

A frequent, though by no means an inseparable accompaniment of high courage is good temper, and this gracious quality Lord Russell possessed in a singular degree. When he was a little boy, going to his first private school, we read that he "was very good on the road and very pleasant," and his amiability of temper only increased with years. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no one ever saw him angry. He was incapable of being worried. Political cares never spoiled his sleep. At a critical moment in Irish affairs he could find distraction at the opera. His spirits were equable. He was cheerful, and full of fun. He went much into society and enjoyed it. Two entries, taken at haphazard from Lady Russell's diary, will show that he was no recluse: —

1842.

- Jan. 17. John at great Lord Mayor's Dinner.
- " 28. Settled in town.
- " 29. Both dined at Holland House.
- " 31. John and I dined at Stafford House to meet King of Prussia.
- Feb. 1. John to luncheon at Duke of Sussex's, to meet King of Prussia. Both to party at Apsley House for King of Prussia.
- " 2. John dined with Clothworkers. I at Lansdowne House, where he came.
- " 3. Opening of Parliament.
- " 4. Dinner at Lansdowne House.
- " 5. John dinner at Fox Club.
- " 6. Dinner at Holland House.
- " 8. John dined at Reform Club.
- " 11. Dinner at Berry's.
- " 12. Party at Palmerston's.
- " 13. Dinner at Holland House.

1849.

- Feb. 1. Opening of Parliament.
- " 3. John dined at Lansdowne House.
- " 5. Party at Lady Granville's to meet Duke and Duchess of Parma.

- Feb. 7. John dined at Trinity House.  
 " 10. John dined with Speaker.  
 " 14. Cabinet dinner at Chancellor's.  
 " 17. Dinner with Woods.  
 " 20. Ball at Lady Ellesmere's. Etc., etc.

In all such social gatherings, Lord Russell's faculty of enjoyment and love of humor made him, quite apart from his position and influence, a welcome guest. His fun was closely allied with a verbal felicity which was akin to wit. His definition of a proverb has passed into universal speech. His repartee to Sir Francis Burdett about the "cant of patriotism," has been pronounced by Mr. Gladstone the best that he ever heard in Parliament.

In letter-writing, though sometimes rather too diffuse, he was always clear and forcible, and his shorter letters, such as those to the Dean of Hereford, Lord Westminster, and Lady Palmerston, which Mr. Walpole quotes, were absolute gems of composition.

All these gifts — wit, humor, playfulness, high spirits — were the graceful accessories of a nature essentially warm, tender, and true. To his wife and children, and to those who knew him well, nothing has been more amazing than the prevalence in the public mind of the notion, memorably expressed by Lord Lytton in the "New Timon," that his temperament was cold and repellent. That such a notion should ever have become current is an illustration of the unfortunate magic of manner. It is touching to know that, within three months of his death, he said to his wife, "I have sometimes seemed cold to my friends, but it was not in my heart." They who knew that heart need no such assurance.

It may perhaps be considered that though Mr. Walpole has, in the main, shown excellent judgment in the arrangement of his narrative, he has expanded the central portion to the undue curtailment of the closing scenes. I hope it will not be presumptuous if I try to remedy this defect by a few touches of personal recollection.

The close of Lord Russell's life was spent at Pembroke Lodge, a long, rambling structure in a corner of Richmond Park, its white walls obscured by creeping plants, and its bay-windows opening on a garden made cool and dim by forest-trees. Here twice a week the veteran statesman welcomed his friends with the genial though punctilious courtesy which he learned at Woburn and at Holland House when the century was young.

The central figure of the group was one with which the present generation is familiar chiefly through Leech's sketches. The ponderous head and wide chest still seemed as if they should belong to a tall figure and an athletic frame. The broad forehead and the clear blue eyes still carried with them their old air of gentle dignity. The hair was whiter and thinner than in the well-known portrait by Sir Francis Grant; the skull-cap and Bath chair had replaced the white beaver hat and iron-grey hack which an earlier generation will recall. But the smile was as bright as ever, the voice as strong, and the eyesight still so clear that no spectacles were required for the never-forgotten task of reading the evening papers by candle-light.

It was in reading that Lord Russell's last days were chiefly passed. The weight of eighty years, pressing on a constitution never very robust, had made him so far an invalid that the only exercise which he could take was a promenade in a Bath chair when the sun was warm. He slept well, and had a hearty appetite; but much talking tired him, and his day was chiefly spent among his books. To read a few pages, to chew the cud of what he had read, to resume his reading and to carry on this process for hours at a stretch, was Lord Russell's conception of study. And the range of books which it covered was wide. History, classical and modern, was perhaps his favorite subject; but Latin, Italian, and French literature afforded him a constant delight; and few branches of knowledge had altogether escaped his attention.

Thus in peace and dignity that long life of public and private virtue neared its close; in a home made bright by the love of friends and children, and tended by the devotion of her who for more than five-and-thirty years had been the good angel of her husband's house. The patience and fortitude which, through a long and arduous career, had never failed, found the fullest scope for their exercise amid the trials inseparable from advancing years. The cheerfulness and love of fun which had enlivened the tedium of office were none the fainter or dimmer for physical weakness and decay. The sturdy courage which had breasted so many obstacles proved an enduring support in the immediate prospect of the mortal change, and of the *splendida arbitria* which follow it.

Thrice happy is the man of whom it can be truly said that, in spite of bodily in-



firmity and the loss of much that once made life enjoyable, he still

Finds comfort in himself and in his cause,  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE INCARNATION OF KRISHNA  
MULVANEY.

ONCE upon a time, and very far from this land, lived three men who loved each other so greatly that neither man nor woman could come between them. They were in no sense refined, nor to be admitted to the outer door-mats of decent folk, because they happened to be private soldiers in her Majesty's army; and private soldiers of that employ have small time for self-culture. Their duty is to keep themselves and their accoutrements specklessly clean, to refrain from getting drunk more often than is necessary, to obey their superiors, and to pray for a war. All these things my friends accomplished; and of their own motion threw in some fighting-work for which the army regulations did not call. Their fate sent them to serve in India, which is not a golden country, though poets have sung otherwise. There men die with great swiftness, and those who live suffer many and curious things. I do not think that my friends concerned themselves much with the social or political aspects of the East. They attended a not unimportant war on the northern frontier, another one on our western boundary, and a third in Upper Burma. Then their regiment sat still to recruit, and the boundless monotony of cantonment life was their portion. They were drilled morning and evening on the same dusty parade-ground. They wandered up and down the same stretch of dusty white road, attended the same church and the same grog-shop, and slept in the same lime-washed barn of a barrack for two long years. There was Mulvaney, the father in the craft, who had served with various regiments from Bermuda to Halifax, old in war, scarred, reckless, resourceful, and in his pious hours an unequalled soldier. To him turned for help and comfort six and a half feet of slow-moving, heavy-footed Yorkshireman, born on the wolds, bred in the dales, and educated chiefly among the carriers' carts at the back of York railway station. His name was Learoyd, and his chief virtue

an unmitigated patience which helped him to win fights. How Ortheris, a fox-terrier of a Cockney, ever came to be one of the trio, is a mystery which even to-day I cannot explain. "There was always three av us," Mulvaney used to say. "An' by the grace av God, so long as our service lasts, three av us they'll always be. 'Tis betther so."

They desired no companionship beyond their own, and evil it was for any man of the regiment who attempted dispute with them. Physical argument was out of the question as regarded Mulvaney and the Yorkshireman; and assault on Ortheris meant a combined attack from these twain — a business which no five men were anxious to have on their hands. Therefore they flourished, sharing their drinks, their tobacco, and their money; good luck and evil; battle and the chances of death; life and the chances of happiness from Calicut in southern, to Peshawur in northern India. Through no merit of my own it was my good fortune to be in a measure admitted to their friendship — frankly by Mulvaney from the beginning, sullenly and with reluctance by Learoyd, and suspiciously by Ortheris, who held to it that no man not in the army could fraternize with a red-coat. "Like to like," said he. "I'm a bloomin' sodger — he's a bloomin' civilian. 'Taint natural — that's all."

But that was not all. They thawed progressively, and in the thawing told me more of their lives and adventures than I am likely to find room for here.

Omitting all else, this tale begins with the lamentable thirst that was at the beginning of first causes. Never was such a thirst — Mulvaney told me so. They kicked against their compulsory virtue, but the attempt was only successful in the case of Ortheris. He, whose talents were many, went forth into the highways and stole a dog from a civilian — *videlicet*, some one, he knew not who, not in the army. Now that civilian was but newly connected by marriage with the colonel of the regiment, and outcry was made from quarters least anticipated by Ortheris, and, in the end, he was forced, lest a worse thing should happen, to dispose at ridiculously unremunerative rates of as promising a small terrier as ever graced one end of a leading-string. The purchase-money was barely sufficient for one small outbreak which led him to the guard-room. He escaped, however, with nothing worse than a severe reprimand, and a few hours of punishment drill. Not for nothing had he acquired the reputation of

being "the best soldier of his inches" in the regiment. Mulvaney had taught personal cleanliness and efficiency as the first articles of his companions' creed. "A dherty man," he was used to say, in the speech of his kind, "goes to clink for a weakness in the knees, an' is coort-martialled for a pair av socks missin'; but a clane man, such as is an ornament to his service — a man whose buttons are gold, whose coat is wax upon him, an' whose 'coutrements are widout a speck — *that* man may, spakin' in reason, do fwhat he likes an' dhrink from day to divil. That's the pride av bein' dacint."

We sat together, upon a day, in the shade of a ravine far from the barracks, where a water-course used to run in rainy weather. Behind us was the scrub jungle, in which jackals, peacocks, the grey wolves of the North Western Provinces, and occasionally a tiger estrayed from central India, were supposed to dwell. In front lay the cantonment, glaring white under a glaring sun; and on either side ran the broad road that led to Delhi.

It was the scrub that suggested to my mind the wisdom of Mulvaney taking a day's leave and going upon a shooting-tour. The peacock is a holy bird throughout India, and whoso slays one is in danger of being mobbed by the nearest villagers; but on the last occasion that Mulvaney had gone forth, he had contrived, without in the least offending local religious susceptibilities, to return with six beautiful peacock skins which he sold to profit. It seemed just possible then —

"But fwhat manner av use is ut to me goin' out widout a dhrink? The ground's powdher-dhry under foot, an' ut gets unto the throat fit to kill," wailed Mulvaney, looking at me reproachfully. "An' a peacock is not a bird you can catch the tail av unless ye run. Can a man run on wather — an' jungle-wather too?"

Ortheris had considered the question in all its bearings. He spoke, chewing his pipe-stem meditatively the while: —

"Go forth, return in glory,  
To Clusium's royal 'ome:  
An' round these bloomin' temples 'ang  
The bloomin' shields o' Rome.

You better go. You ain't like to shoot yourself — not while there's a chanst of liquor. Me an' Learoyd 'll stay at 'ome an' keep shop — case o' anythin' turnin' up. But you go out with a gas-pipe gun an' ketch the little peacocks or somethin'. You kin get one day's leave easy

as winkin'. Go along an' get it, an' get peacocks or somethin'."

"Jock?" said Mulvaney, turning to Learoyd, who was half asleep under the shadow of the bank. He roused slowly.

"Sitha, Mulvaaney, go," said he.

And Mulvaney went; cursing his allies with Irish fluency and barrack-room point.

"Take note," said he, when he had won his holiday, and appeared dressed in his roughest clothes with the only other regimental fowling-piece in his hand. "Take note, Jock, an' you Orth'ris, I am goin' in the face av my own will — all for to please you. I misdoubt anythin' will come av permiscuous huntin' afther peacocks in a desolit lan'; an' I know that I will lie down an' die wid thirrrst. Me catch peacocks for you, ye lazy scutts — an' be sacrificed by the peasantry — Ugh!"

He waved a huge paw and went away.

At twilight, long before the appointed hour, he returned empty-handed, much begrimed with dirt.

"Peacocks?" queried Ortheris from the safe rest of a barrack-room table whereon he was smoking cross-legged, Learoyd fast asleep on a bench.

"Jock," said Mulvaney without answering, as he stirred up the sleeper. "Jock, can ye fight? Will ye fight?"

Very slowly the meaning of the words communicated itself to the half-roused man. He understood — and again — what might these things mean? Mulvaney was shaking him savagely. Meantime the men in the room howled with delight. There was war in the confederacy at last — war and the breaking of bonds.

Barrack-room etiquette is stringent. On the direct challenge must follow the direct reply. This is more binding than the ties of tried friendship. Once again Mulvaney repeated the question. Learoyd answered by the only means in his power, and so swiftly that the Irishman had barely time to avoid the blow. The laughter around increased. Learoyd looked bewilderedly at his friend — himself as greatly bewildered. Ortheris dropped from the table because his world was falling.

"Come outside," said Mulvaney, and as the occupants of the barrack-room prepared joyously to follow, he turned and said furiously: "There will be no fight this night — unless any wan av you is wishful to assist. The man that does, follows on."

No man moved. The three passed out into the moonlight, Learoyd fumbling with the buttons of his coat. The parade-ground was deserted except for the scur-

rying jackals. Mulvaney's impetuous rush carried his companions far into the open ere Learoyd attempted to turn round and continue the discussion.

"Be still now. 'Twas my fault for beginnin' things in the middle av an end, Jock. I should ha' comminst wid an explanation; but Jock, dear, on your sowl are ye fit, think you, for the finest fight that iver was — better than fightin' me? Consider before ye answer."

More than ever puzzled, Learoyd turned round two or three times, felt an arm, kicked tentatively, and answered: "Ah'm fit." He was accustomed to fight blindly at the bidding of the superior mind.

They sat them down, the men looking on from afar, and Mulvaney untangled himself in mighty words.

"Followin' your fool's scheme I wint out into the trackless desert beyond the barracks. An' there I met a pious Hindu dhiving a bullock-kyart. I tuk ut for granted he wud be delighted for to convoy me a piece, an' I jumped in —"

"You long, lazy, black-haired swine," drawled Ortheris, who would have done the same thing under similar circumstances.

"'Twas the height av policy. That naygur-man dhruv miles an' miles — as far as the new railway line they're buildin' now back av the Tavi River. 'Tis a kyart for dhirt only,' says he now an' again timoreously, to get me out av ut. 'Dhirt I am,' sez I, 'an' the dhryest that you iver kyarted. Dhive on, me son, an' glory be wid you.' At that I wint to slape, an' took no heed till he pulled up on the embankment av the line where the coolies were pilin' mud. There was a matther av two thousand coolies on that line — you remimber that. Prisently a bell rang, an' they throops of to a big pay-shed. 'Where's the white man in charge?' sez I to my kyart-dhriver. 'In the shed,' sez he, 'engaged on a raffle?' 'A fwhat?' sez I. 'Raffle,' sez he. 'You take ticket. He take money. You get nothin'.' 'Oho!' sez I, 'that's fwhat the shuperior and cultivated man calls a raffle, me misbeguided child av darkness an' sin. Lead on to that raffle, though fwhat the mischief 'tis doin' so far away from ut's home — which is the charity-bazaar at Christmas, an' the colonel's wife grinnin' behind the tea-table — is more than I know.' Wid that I wint to the shed an' found 'twas pay-day among the coolies. Their wages was on a table forninst a big, fine, red buck av a man — sivun fut high, four fut wide, an' three fut thick, wid a fist on him like a

corn-sack. He was payin' the coolies fair an' easy, but he wud ask each man if he wud raffle that month, an' each man sez, 'Yes,' av course. Thin he wud deduct from their wages accordin'. Whin all was paid, he filled an ould cigar-box full av gun-wads an' scattered ut among the coolies. They did not take much joy av that performince, an' small wondher. A man close to me picks up a black gun-wad an' sings out: 'I have ut.' 'Good may ut do you,' sez I. The coolie wint forward to this big, fine, red man, who threw a cloth off of the most sumpshus, jooled, enamelled an' variously bedivilled sedan-chair I iver saw."

"Sedan-chair! Put your 'ead in a bag. That was a palanquin. Don't yer know a palanquin when you see it?" said Ortheris with great scorn.

"I chuse to call ut sedan-chair, an' chair ut shall be, little man," continued the Irishman. "'Twas a most amazin' chair — all lined wid pink silk an' fitted with red silk curtains. 'Here ut is,' sez the red man. 'Here ut is,' sez the coolie, an' he grinned weakly-ways. 'Is ut any use to you?' sez the red man. 'No,' sez the coolie; 'I'd like to make a presint av ut to you.' 'I am graciously pleased to accept that same,' sez the red man; an' at that all the coolies cried aloud in fwhat was mint for cheerful notes, an' wint back to their diggin', lavin' me alone in the shed. The red man saw me, an' his face grew blue on his big, fat neck. 'Fwhat d'you want here?' sez he. 'Standin'-room an' no more,' sez I, 'unless it may be fwhat ye niver had, an' that's manners, ye raffin' ruffian,' for I was not goin' to have the Service throd upon. 'Out of this,' sez he. 'I'm in charge av this section av construction.' 'I'm in charge av mesilf,' sez I, 'an' it's like I will stay a while. D'ye raffle much in these parts?' 'Fwhat's that to you?' sez he. 'Nothin',' sez I, 'but a great dale to you, for begad I'm thinkin' you get the full half av your revenue from that sedan-chair. Is ut always raffled so?' I sez, an' wid that I wint to a coolie to ask questions. Bhoys, that man's name is Dearsley, an' he's been raffin' that ould sedan-chair monthly this matther av nine months. Ivry coolie on the section takes a ticket — or he gives 'em the go — wanst a month on pay-day. Ivry coolie that wint ut gives ut back to him, for 'tis too big to carry away, an' he'd sack the man that thried to sell ut. That Dearsley has been makin' the rowlin' wealth av Roshus by nefarious raffin'. Think av the burnin' shame to the sufferin' coolie-man that the army in Injia

are bound to protect an' nourish in their bosoms! Two thousand coolies defrauded wanst a month!"

"Dom t' coolies. Has't gotten t' cheer, man?" said Learoyd.

"Hould on. Havin' onearded this amazin' an' stupenjuss fraud committed by the man Dearsley, I hild a council av war; he thryin' all the time to sejuce me into a fight wid opprobrious language. That sedan-chair niver belonged by right to any foreman av coolies. 'Tis a king's chair or a quane's. There's gold on ut an' silk an' all manner av trapesemints. Bhoys, 'tis not for me to countenance any sort av wrong-doin'—me bein' the ould man—but—anyway he has had ut nine months, an' he dare not make throuble av ut was taken from him. Five miles away, or ut may be six——"

There was a long pause, and the jackals howled merrily. Learoyd bared one arm, and contemplated it in the moonlight. Then he nodded partly to himself and partly to his friends. Ortheris wriggled with suppressed emotion.

"I thought ye wud see the reasonable-ness av ut," said Mulvaney. "I made bould to say as much to the man before. He was for a direct front attack—fut, horse, an' guns—an' all for nothin', seein' that I had no thransport to convey the machine away. 'I will not argue wid you,' sez I, 'this day, but subsequently Mister Dearsley, me raffin' jool, we talk ut out lengthways. 'Tis no good policy to swindle the naygur av his hard-earned emolumints, an' by presint informashin'—'twas the kyart man that tould me—'ye've been perpehrating that same for nine months. But I'm a just man,' sez I, 'an' overlookin' the presumpshin that yondher settee wid the gilt top was not come by honust'—at that he turned sky-green, so I knew things was more throe than tellable—'not come by honust, I'm willin' to compound the felony for this month's winnin's'"

"Ah! Ho!" from Learoyd and Ortheris.

"That man Dearsley's rushin' on his fate," continued Mulvaney, solemnly wagging his head. "All Hell had no name bad enough for me that tide. Faith, he called me a robber! Me! that was savin' him from continuin' in his evil ways widout a remonstrance—an' to a man av conscience a remonstrance may change the chune av his life. 'Tis not for me to argue,' sez I, 'fwhatever ye are, Mister Dearsley, but by my hand I'll take away the temptation for you that lies in that sedan-chair.' 'You will have to fight me

for ut,' sez he, 'for well I know you will never dare make report to anyone.' 'Fight I will,' sez I, 'but not this day, for I'm rejuced for want av nourishmint.' 'Ye're an ould bould hand,' sez he, 'sizin' me up an' down; 'an' a jool av a fight we will have. Eat now an' dhrink, an' go your way.' Wid that he gave me some hump an' whiskey—good whiskey—an' we talked av this an' that the while. 'It goes hard on me now,' sez I, wipin' my mouth, 'to confiscate that piece av furniture, but justice is justice.' 'Ye've not got ut yet,' sez he; 'there's the fight between.' 'There is,' sez I, 'an' a good fight. Ye shall have the pick av the best quality in my rigimint for the dinner you have given this day.' Thin I came hot-foot to you two. Hould your tongue, the both. 'Tis this way. To-morrow we three will go there an' he shall have his pick betune me an' Jock. Jock's a deceivin' fighter, for he is all fat to the eye, an' he moves slow. Now I'm all beef to the look, an' I move quick. By my reckonin' the Dearsley man won't take me; so me an' Orth'ris'll see fair play. Jock, I tell you, 'twill be big fightin'—whipped, wid the cream above the jam. After the business 'twill take a good three av us—Jock'll be very hurt—to take away that sedan-chair."

"Palanquin." This from Ortheris.

"Fwhatever ut is, we must have ut. 'Tis the only sellin' piece av property widin reach that we can get so cheap. An' fwhat's a fight afther all? He has robbed the naygur-man, dishonust. We rob him honust for the sake av the whiskey he gave me."

"But wot'll we do with the bloomin' harticle when we've got it? Them palanquins are as big as 'ouses, an' uncommon 'ard to sell, as McCleary said when ye stole the sentry-box from the Curragh."

"Who's goin' to do t' fightin'?" said Learoyd, and Ortheris subsided. The three returned to barracks without a word. Mulvaney's last argument clinched the matter. This palanquin was property, vendible and to be attained in the simplest and least embarrassing fashion. It would eventually become beer. Great was Mulvaney.

Next afternoon a procession of three formed itself and disappeared into the scrub in the direction of the new railway line. Learoyd alone was without care, for Mulvaney dived darkly into the future, and little Ortheris feared the unknown. What befell at that interview in the lonely pay-shed by the side of the half-built em-

bankment, only a few hundred coolies know, and their tale is a confusing one, running thus :—

“We were at work. Three men in red coats came. They saw the sahib — Dearsley Sahib. They made oration; and noticeably the small man among the red-coats. Dearsley Sahib also made oration, and used many very strong words. Upon this talk they departed together to an open space, and there the fat man in the red coat fought with Dearsley Sahib after the custom of white men — with his hands, making no noise, and never at all pulling Dearsley Sahib's hair. Such of us as were not afraid beheld these things for just so long a time as a man needs to cook the midday meal. The small man in the red coat had possessed himself of Dearsley Sahib's watch. No, he did not steal that watch. He held it in his hand, and at certain seasons made outcry, and the twain ceased their combat, which was like the combat of young bulls in spring. Both men were soon all red, but Dearsley Sahib was much more red than the other. Seeing this, and fearing for his life — because we greatly loved him — some fifty of us made shift to rush upon the red-coats. But a certain man — very black as to the hair, and in no way to be confused with the small man, or the fat man who fought — that man, we affirm, ran upon us, and of us he embraced some ten or fifty in both arms, and beat our heads together, so that our livers turned to water, and we ran away. It is not good to interfere in the fightings of white men. After that Dearsley Sahib fell and did not rise, these men jumped upon his stomach and despoiled him of all his money, and attempted to fire the pay-shed, and departed. Is it true that Dearsley Sahib makes no complaint of these latter things having been done? We were senseless with fear, and do not at all remember. There was no palanquin near the pay-shed. What do we know about palanquins? Is it true that Dearsley Sahib does not return to this place, on account of his sickness, for ten days? This is the fault of those bad men in the red coats who should be severely punished; for Dearsley Sahib is both our father and mother, and we love him much. Yet, if Dearsley Sahib does not return to this place at all, we will speak the truth. There was a palanquin, for the up-keep of which we were forced to pay nine-tenths of our monthly wage. On such multings Dearsley Sahib allowed us to make obeisance to him before the palanquin. What could we do? We were poor men. He

took a full half of our wages. Will the government repay us those moneys? Those three men in red coats bore the palanquin upon their shoulders and departed. All the money that Dearsley Sahib had taken from us was in the cushions of that palanquin. Therefore they stole it. Thousands of rupees were there — all our money. It was our bank-box, to fill which we cheerfully contributed to Dearsley Sahib three-sevenths of our monthly wage. Why does the white man look upon us with the eye of disfavor? Before God, there was a palanquin, and now there is no palanquin; and if they send the police here to make inquisition, we can only say that there never has been any palanquin. Why should a palanquin be near these works? We are poor men, and we know nothing.”

Such is the simplest version of the simplest story connected with the descent upon Dearsley. From the lips of the coolies I received it. Dearsley himself was in no condition to say anything, and Mulvaney preserved a massive silence, broken only by the occasional licking of the lips. He had seen a fight so gorgeous that even his power of speech was taken from him. I respected that reserve until, three days after the affair, I discovered in a disused stable in my quarters a palanquin of unchastened splendor — evidently in past days the litter of a queen. The pole whereby it swung between the shoulders of the bearers was rich with the painted *papier maché* of Cashmere. The shoulder-pads were of yellow silk. The panels of the litter itself were ablaze with the loves of all the gods and goddesses of the Hindu Pantheon — lacquer on cedar. The cedar sliding doors were fitted with hasps of translucent Jaipur enamel and ran in grooves shod with silver. The cushions were of brocaded Delhi silk, and the curtains which once hid any glimpse of the beauty of the king's palace were stiff with gold. Closer investigation showed that the entire fabric was everywhere rubbed and discolored by time and wear; but even thus it was sufficiently gorgeous to deserve housing on the threshold of a royal zenana. I found no fault with it, except that it was in my stable. Then, trying to lift it by the silver-shod shoulder-pole, I laughed. The road from Dearsley's pay-shed to the cantonment was a narrow and uneven one, and, traversed by three very inexperienced palanquin-bearers, one of whom was sorely battered about the head, must have been a path of torment. Still I did not quite

recognize the right of the three musketeers to turn me into a "fence" for stolen property.

"I'm askin' you to warehouse ut," said Mulvaney when he was brought to consider the question. "There's no steal in ut. Dearsley tould us we cud have ut if we fought. Jock fought—an', oh, sorr, when the throuble was at uts finest an' Jock was bleedin' like a stuck pig, an' little Orth'ris was shquealin' on one leg chewin' big bites out av Dearsley's watch, I wud ha' given my place at the fight to have had you see wan round. He tuk Jock, as I suspicioned he would, an' Jock was deceptive. Nine roun's they were even matched, an' at the tenth—About that palanquin now. There's not the least throuble in the world, or we wud not ha' brought ut here. You will ondherstand that the queen—God bless her!—does not reckon for a privit soldier to kape elephants an' palanquins an' sich in barricks. Aftther we had dhragged ut down from Dearsley's through that cruel scrub that near broke Orth'ris's heart, we set ut in the ravine for a night; an' a thief av a porcupine an' a civet-cat av a jackal roosted in ut, as well we knew in the mornin'. I put ut to you, sorr, is an elegant palanquin, fit for the princess, the natural abidin' place av all the vermin in cantonmints? We brought ut to you, aftther dhark, and put ut in your shtable. Do not let your conscience prick. Think av the rejoicin' men in the pay-shed yonder—lookin' at Dearsley wid his head tied up in a towel—an' well knowin' that they can dhraw their pay ivry month wid-out stoppages for ruffles. Indirectly, sorr, you have rescued from an onprincipled son av a night-hawk the peasantry av a numerous village. An' besides, will I let that sedan-chair rot on our hands? Not I. 'Tis not every day a piece av pure joolry comes into the market. There's not a king widin these forty miles"—he waved his hand round the dusty horizon—"not a king wud not be glad to buy ut. Some day meself, whin I have leisure, I'll take ut up along the road an' dishpose av ut."

"How?" said I, for I knew the man was capable of anything.

"Get into ut, av coorse, and keep wan eye open through the curtains. Whin I see a likely man av the native persuasion, I will descind blushin' from my canopy and say: 'Buy a palanquin, ye black scutt?' I will have to hire four men to carry me first, though; and that's impossible till next pay-day."

Curiously enough, Learoyd, who had fought for the prize, and in the winning secured the highest pleasure life had to offer him, was altogether disposed to undervalue it, while Ortheris openly said it would be better to break the thing up. Dearsley, he argued, might be a many-sided man, capable, despite his magnificent fighting qualities, of setting in motion the machinery of the civil law—a thing much abhorred by the soldier. Under any circumstances their fun had come and passed; the next pay-day was close at hand, when there would be beer for all. Wherefore longer conserve the painted palanquin?

"A first-class rifle-shot an' a good little man av your inches you are," said Mulvaney. "But you niver had a head worth a soft-boiled egg. 'Tis me has to lie awake av nights schamin' an' plottin' for the three av us. Orth'ris, me son, 'tis no matter av a few gallons av beer—no, nor twenty gallons—but tubs an' vats an' firkins in that sedan-chair. Who ut was, an' what ut was, an' how ut got there, we do not know; but I know in my bones that you an' me an' Jock wid his sprained thumb will get a fortune thereby. Lave me alone, an' let me think."

Meantime the palanquin stayed in my stall, the key of which was in Mulvaney's hands.

Pay-day came, and with it beer. It was not in experience to hope that Mulvaney, dried by four weeks' drought, would avoid excess. Next morning he and the palanquin had disappeared. He had taken the precaution of getting three days' leave "to see a friend on the railway," and the colonel, well knowing that the seasonal outburst was near, and hoping it would spend its force beyond the limits of his jurisdiction, cheerfully gave him all he demanded. At this point his history, as recorded in the mess-room, stopped.

Ortheris carried it not much further. "No, 'e wasn't drunk," said the little man loyally, "the liquor was no more than feelin' its way round inside of 'im; but 'e went an' filled that 'ole bloomin' palanquin with bottles 'fore 'e went off. He's gone an' 'ired six men to carry 'im, an' I 'ad to 'elp 'im into 'is nupshal couch, 'cause 'e wouldn't 'ear reason. 'E's gone off in 'is shirt an' trousies, swearin' tremenjus—gone down the road in the palanquin, wavin' 'is legs out o' windy."

"Yes," said I, "but where?"

"Now you arx me a question. 'E said 'e was goin' to sell that palanquin, but from observations what happened when I was

stuffin' 'im through the door, I fancy 'e's gone to the new embankment to mock at Dearsley. Soon as Jock's off duty I'm goin' there to see if 'e's safe — not Mulvaney, but t'other man. My saints, but I pity 'im as 'elps Terence out o' the palanquin when 'e's once fair drunk!"

"He'll come back without harm," I said.

"'Corse 'e will. On'y question is, what'll 'e be doin' on the road. Killing Dearsley, like as not. 'E shouldn't 'a gone without Jock or me."

Reinforced by Learoyd, Ortheris sought the foreman of the coolie-gang. Dearsley's head was still embellished with towels. Mulvaney, drunk or sober, would have struck no man in that condition, and Dearsley indignantly denied that he would have taken advantage of the intoxicated brave.

"I had my pick o' you two," he explained to Learoyd, "and you got my palanquin — not before I'd made my profit on it. Why'd I do harm when every-thing's settled? Your man *did* come here — drunk as Davy's sow on a frosty night — came a-purpose to mock me — stuck his head out of the door an' called me a crucified hodman. I made him drunker, an' sent him along. But I never touched him."

To these things Learoyd, slow to perceive the evidences of sincerity, answered only, "If owt comes to Mulvaney 'long o' you, I'll gripple you, clouts or no clouts on your ugly head, an' I'll draw t' throat twistyways, man. See there now."

The embassy removed itself, and Dearsley, the battered, laughed alone over his supper that evening.

Three days passed — a fourth and a fifth. The week drew to a close and Mulvaney did not return. He, his royal palanquin, and his six attendants had vanished into air. A very large and very tipsy soldier, his feet sticking out of the litter of a reigning princess, is not a thing to travel along the ways without comment. Yet no man of all the country round had seen any such wonder. He was, and he was not; and Learoyd suggested the immediate smashment of Dearsley as a sacrifice to his ghost. Ortheris insisted that all was well, and in the light of past experience his hopes seemed reasonable.

"When Mulvaney goes up the road," said he, "'e's like to go a very long ways up, specially when 'e's so blue drunk as 'e is now. But what gits me is 'is not bein' 'eard of pullin' wool off the niggers somewheres about. That don't look good.

The drink must ha' died out in 'im by this, unless 'e's broke a bank, an' then — Why don't 'e come back? 'E didn't ought to ha' gone off without us."

Even Ortheris's heart sank at the end of the seventh day, for half the regiment were out scouring the country-side, and Learoyd had been forced to fight two men who hinted openly that Mulvaney had deserted. To do him justice, the colonel laughed at the notion, even when it was put forward by his much-trusted adjutant.

"Mulvaney would as soon think of deserting as you would," said he. "No; he's either fallen into a mischief among the villagers — and yet that isn't likely, for he'd blarney himself out of the pit; or else he is engaged on urgent private affairs — some stupendous devilment that we shall hear of at mess after it has been the round of the barrack-rooms. The worst of it is that I shall have to give him twenty-eight days' confinement at least for being absent without leave, just when I most want him to lick the new batch of recruits into shape. I never knew a man who could put a polish on young soldiers as quickly as Mulvaney can. How does he do it?"

"With blarney and the buckle end of a belt, sir," said the adjutant. "He is worth a couple of non-commissioned officers when we are dealing with an Irish draft, and the London lads seems to adore him. The worst of it is that if he goes to the cells the other two are neither to hold nor to bind till he comes out again. I believe Ortheris preaches mutiny on those occasions, and I know that the mere presence of Learoyd mourning for Mulvaney kills all the cheerfulness of his room. The sergeants tell me that he allows no man to laugh when he feels unhappy. They are a queer gang."

"For all that, I wish we had a few more of them. I like a well-conducted regiment, but these pasty-faced, shifty-eyed, mealy-mouthed young slouchers from the depot worry me sometimes with their offensive virtue. They don't seem to have backbone enough to do anything but play cards and prowl round the married quarters. I believe I'd forgive that old villain on the spot if he turned up with any sort of explanation that I could in decency accept."

"Not likely to be much difficulty about that, sir," said the adjutant. "Mulvaney's explanations are only one degree less wonderful than his performances. They say that when he was in the Black Tyrone, be-

fore he came to us, he was discovered on the banks of the Liffey trying to sell his colonel's charger to a Donegal dealer as a perfect lady's hack. Shackbolt commanded the Tyrone then."

"Shackbolt must have had apoplexy at the thought of his ramping war-horses answering to that description. He used to buy unbacked devils, and tame them by some pet theory of starvation. What did Mulvaney say?"

"That he was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, anxious to 'sell the poor baste where he would get something to fill out his dimples.' Shackbolt laughed, but I fancy that was why Mulvaney exchanged to ours."

"I wish he were back," said the colonel; "for I like him and believe he likes me."

That evening, to cheer our souls, Learoyd, Ortheris, and I went into the waste to smoke out a porcupine. All the dogs attended, but even their clamor—and they began to discuss the shortcomings of porcupines before they left cantonments—could not take us out of ourselves. A large, low moon turned the tops of the plume grass to silver, and the stunted camel-thorn bushes and sour tamarisks into the likenesses of trooping devils. The smell of the sun had not left the earth, and little aimless winds blowing across the rose-gardens to the southward, brought the scent of dried roses and water. Our fire once started, and the dogs craftily disposed to wait the dash of the porcupine, we climbed to the top of a rain-scarred hillock of earth, and looked across the scrub seamed with cattle paths, white with the long grass, and dotted with spots of level pond-bottom, where the snipe would gather in winter.

"This," said Ortheris, with a sigh, as he took in the unkempt desolation of it all, "this is sanguinary. This is unusual sanguinary. Sort o' mad country. Like a grate when the fire's put out by the sun." He shaded his eyes against the moonlight. "An' there's a loony dancin' in the middle of it all. Quite right. I'd dance too if I wasn't so downheart."

There pranced a portent in the face of the moon—a huge and ragged spirit of the waste, that flapped its wings from afar. It had risen out of the earth; it was coming towards us, and its outline was never twice the same. The toga, table-cloth, or dressing-gown, whatever the creature wore, took a hundred shapes. Once it stopped on a neighboring mound and flung all its legs and arms to the winds.

"My, but that scarecrow 'as got 'em bad!" said Ortheris. "Seems like if 'e comes any furdur we'll 'ave to argify with 'im."

Learoyd raised himself from the dirt as a bull clears his flanks of the wallow. And as a bull bellows, so he, after a short minute at gaze, gave tongue to the stars.

"Mulvaaney! Mulvaaney! A hoo!"

Then we yelled all together, and the figure dipped into the hollow, till, with a crash of rending grass, the lost one strode up to the light of the fire, and disappeared to the waist in a wave of joyous dogs. Then Learoyd and Ortheris gave greeting, bass and falsetto together, both swallowing a lump in the throat.

"You damned fool!" said they, and severally pounded him with their fists.

"Go easy!" he answered, wrapping a huge arm round each. "I would have you to know that I am a god, to be treated as such—tho', by my faith, I fancy I've got to go to the guard-room just like a privit soldier."

The latter part of the sentence destroyed the suspicions raised by the former. Any one would have been justified in regarding Mulvaney as mad. He was hatless and shoeless, and his shirt and trousers were dropping off him. But he wore one wondrous garment—a gigantic cloak that fell from collar-bone to heel—of pale pink silk, wrought all over in cunningest needlework of hands long since dead, with the loves of the Hindu gods. The monstrous figures leaped in and out of the light of the fire as he settled the folds round him.

Ortheris handled the stuff respectfully for a moment while I was trying to remember where I had seen it before. Then he screamed, "What 'ave you done with the palanquin? You're wearin' the linin'."

"I am," said the Irishman, "an' by the same token the 'broidery is scrapin' my hide off. I've lived in this sumpshus counterpane for four days. Me son, I begin to onderstand why the naygur is no use. Widout me boots, an' me trousers like an openwork stocking on a gyurl's leg at a dance, I begin to feel like a naygur-man—all fearful an' timoreous. Give me a pipe an' I'll tell on."

He lit a pipe, resumed his grip of his two friends, and rocked to and fro in a gale of laughter.

"Mulvaney," said Ortheris sternly, "'taint no time for laughin'. You've given Jock an' me more trouble than you're worth. You 'ave been absent without leave and you'll go into cells for that;



an' you 'ave come back disgustin'ly dressed an' most improper in the linin' o' that bloomin' palanquin. Instid of which you laugh. An' we thought you was dead all the time."

"Bhoys," said the culprit, still shaking gently, "whin I've done my tale you may cry if you like, an' little Orth'ris here can thrample my inside out. Ha' done an' listen. My performinces have been stupenjus; my luck has been the blessed luck av the British army—an' there's no better than that. I went out dhrunk an' dhrinkin' in the palanquin, and I have come back a pink god. Did any of you go to Dearsley afther my time was up? He was at the bottom of ut all."

"Ah said so," murmured Learoyd. "To-morrow ah'll smash t' face in upon his head."

"Ye will not. Dearsley's a jool av a man. Afther Ortheris had put me into the palanquin an' the six bearer-men were gruntin' down the road, I tuk thought to mock Dearsley for that fight. So I tould thim, 'Go to the embankmint,' and there, bein' most amazin' full, I shtuck my head out av the concern an' passed compliments wid Dearsley. I must ha' mis-called him outrageous, for whin I am that way the power av the tongue comes on me. I can bear remimber tellin' him that his mouth opened endways like the mouth av a skate, which was thru afther Learoyd had handled ut; an' I clear remimber his takin' no manner nor matter av offence, but givin' me a big dhrink of beer. 'Twas the beer did the thrick, for I crawled back into the palanquin, stepin' on me right ear wid me left foot, an' thin I slept like the dead. Wanst I half-roused, an' begad the noise in my head was tremenjus—roarin' and rattlin' an' poundin', such as was quite new to me. 'Mother av Mercy,' thinks I, 'phwat a concertina I will have on my shoulders whin I wake!' An' wid that I curls myself up to sleep before ut should get hould on me. Bhoys, that noise was not dhrink, 'twas the rattle av a thrain!"

There followed an impressive pause.

"Yes, he had put me on a thrain—put me, palanquin an' all, an' six black assassins av his own coolies that was in his nefarious confidence, on the flat av a ballast-thruck, and we were rowlin' an' bowlin' along to Benares. Glory be that I did not wake up thin an' introjuce myself to the coolies. As I was sayin', I slept for the better part av a day an' a night. But remimber you, that that man Dearsley had packed me off on wan av his material-

thrains to Benares, all for to make me overstay my leave an' get me into the cells."

The explanation was an eminently rational one. Benares was at least ten hours by rail from the cantonments, and nothing in the world could have saved Mulvaney from arrest as a deserter had he appeared there in the apparel of his orgies. Dearsley had not forgotten to take revenge. Learoyd, drawing back a little, began to place soft blows over selected portions of Mulvaney's body. His thoughts were away on the embankment, and they meditated evil for Dearsley. Mulvaney continued,—

"Whin I was full awake the palanquin was set down in a street. I suspicioned, for I cud hear people passin' and talkin'. But I knew well I was far from home. There is a queer smell upon our cantonments—smell av dried earth and brick-kilns wid whiffs av a cavalry stable-litter. This place smelt marigold flowers an' bad water, an' wanst somethin' alive came an' blew heavy with his muzzle at the chink av the shutter. 'It's in a village I am,' thinks I to myself, 'an' the parochial buffalo is investigatin' the palanquin.' But anyways I had no desire to move. Only lie still whin you're in foreign parts an' the standin' luck av the British army will carry ye through. That is an epigram. I made ut.

"Thin a lot av wishperin' divils surrounded the palanquin. 'Take ut up,' says wan man. 'But who'll pay us?' say another. 'The maharanee's minister, av coorse,' sez the man. 'Oho!' sez I to myself, 'I'm a quane in me own right, wid a minister to pay me expenses. I'll be an emperor if I lie still long enough. But this is no village I've struck.' I lay quiet, but I gummed me right eye to a crack av the shutters, an' I saw that the whole street was crammed wid palanquins an' horses an' a sprinklin' av naked priests, all yellow powder an' tigers' tails. But I may tell you, Orth'ris, an' you, Learoyd, that av all the palanquins ours was the most imperial an' magnificent. Now a palanquin means a native lady all the world over except whin a soldier av the quane happens to be takin' a ride. 'Women an' priests!' sez I. 'Your father's son is in the right pew this time, Terence. There will be proceedin's.' Six black divils in pink muslin tuk up the palanquin, an' oh! but the rowlin' an' the rockin' made me sick. Thin we got fair jammed among the palanquins—not more than fifty av them—an' we grated an' bumped like Queenstown potato-smacks in a run-

nin' tide. I cud hear the women gigglin' and squirkin' in their palanquins, but mine was the royal equipage. They made way for ut, an', begad, the pink muslin men o' mine were howlin', 'Room for the maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun.' Do you know aught av the lady, sorr?"

"Yes," said I. "She is a very estimable old queen of the central Indian States, and they say she is fat. How on earth could she go to Benares without all the city knowing her palanquin?"

"'Twas the eternal foolishness av the naygur-man. They saw the palanquin lying loneful an' forlornsome, an' the beauty av ut, after Dearsley's men had dhropped ut, and gone away, an' they gave ut the best name that occurred to thim. Quite right too. For aught we know the ould lady was thravellin' *incog*, — like me. I'm glad to hear she's fat. I was no light weight myself, an' my men were mortal anxious to dhrop me under a great big archway, promiscuously ornamented wid the most improper carvin's an' cuttin's I iver saw. Begad! they made me blush — like a — like a maharanee."

"The temple of Prithi-Devi," I murmured, remembering the monstrous horrors of that sculptured archway at Benares.

"Pretty Devilskins, savin' your presence, sorr. There was nothin' pretty about ut, except me! 'Twas all half dhark, an' whin the coolies left they shut a big black gate behind av us, an' half a company av fat yellow priests began pully-haulin' the palanquins into a dharker place yet — a big stone hall full av pillars, an' gods, an' incense, an' all manner av similar thruck. The gate disconcerted me, for I perceived I wud have to go forward to get out, my retreat bein' cut off. By the same token a good priest makes a bad palanquin-coolie. Begad! they nearly turned me inside out draggin' the palanquin to the temple. Now the disposishin av the forces inside was this way. The maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun — that was me — lay by the favor av Providence on the far left flank behind the dhark av a pillar carved with elephints' heads. The remainder av the palanquins was in a big half circle facing in to the biggest, fattest, an' most amazin' she-god that iver I dreamed av. Her head ran up into the black above us, an' her feet stuck out in the light av a little fire av melted butter that a priest was feedin' out av a butter-dish. Thin a man began to sing an' play on somethin' back in the dhark, an' 'twas a queer song. Ut made my hair lift on the back av my neck. Thin the doors av all the palanquins slid

back, an' the women bundled out. I saw what I'll never see again. 'Twas more glorious than thransformations at a pantomime, for they was in pink an' blue, an' silver an' red an' grass-green, wid di'monds an' imrals an' great red rubies all over thim. But that was the least part av the glory. Oh, bhoys, they were more lovely than the like av any loveliness in hiven; ay, their little bare feet were better than the white hands av a lord's lady, an' their mouths were like puckered roses, an' their eyes were bigger an' dharker than the eyes av any livin' women I've seen. Ye may laugh, but I'm speakin' truth. I never saw the like, an' never I will again."

"Seeing that in all probability you were watching the wives and daughters of most of the kings of India, the chances are that you won't," I said, for it was dawning on me that Mulvaney had stumbled upon a big queens' praying at Benares.

"I niver will," he said mournfully. "That sight doesn't come twist to any man. It made me ashamed to watch. A fat priest knocked at my door. I didn't think he'd have the insolence to disturb the maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun, so I lay still. 'The old cow's asleep,' sez he to another. 'Let her be,' sez that. 'Twill be long before she has a calf!' I might ha' known before he spoke that all a wom-an prays for in Injia — an' for matter o' that in England too — is childher. That made me more sorry I'd come, me bein', as you well know, a childless man."

He was silent for a moment thinking of his little son, dead many years ago.

"They prayed, an' the butter-fires blazed up, an' the incense turned everything blue, an' between that an' the fires, the women looked as tho' they were all ablaze an' twinklin'. They took hold av the she-god's knees, they cried out an' they threw themselves about, an' that world-without-end-amen music was dhrevin' thim mad. Mother av Hiven! how they cried, an' the ould she-god grinnin' above thim all so scornful! The dhrink was dyin' out in me fast, an' I was thinkin' harder than the thoughts wud go through my head — thinkin' how to get out an' all manner of nonsense as well. The women were rock-in' in rows, their di'mond belts clickin', an' the tears runnin' out betune their hands, an' the lights were goin' lower and dharker. Thin there was a blaze like lightnin' from the roof, an' that showed me the inside av the palanquin, an' at the end where my foot was, stood the livin' spit an' image o' myself worked on the linin'. This man here, it was."

He hunted in the folds of his pink cloak, ran a hand under one, and thrust into the fire-light a foot-long embroidered presentment of the great god Krishna, playing on a flute. The heavy jowl, the staring eye, and the blue-black moustache of the god made up a far-off resemblance to Mulvaney.

"The blaze was gone in a wink, but the whole schame came to me thin. I believe I was mad too. I slid the off-shutter open an' rowled out into the dhark behind the elephant-head pillar, tucked up my trousers to my knees, slipped off my boots an' tuk a general hould av all the pink linin' av the palanquin. Glory be, ut ripped out like a woman's dhrris when you tread on ut at a sergeants' ball, an' a bottle came with ut. I tuk the bottle an' the next minut I was out av the dhark av the pillar, the pink linin' wrapped round me most graceful, the music thunderin' like kettle-drums, an' a could draft blowin' round my bare legs. By this hand that did ut, I was Krishna tootlin' on the flute—the god that the reg'mental chaplain talks about. A sweet sight I must ha' looked. I knew my eyes were big, and my face was wax-white, an' at the worst I must ha' looked like a ghost. But they took me for the livin' god. The music stopped, and the women were dead dumb an' I crooked my legs like a shepherd on a china basin, an' I did the ghost-waggle with my feet as I had done ut at the rig'mental theatre many times, an' I slid across the width av that temple in front av the she-god tootlin' on the beer bottle."

"Wot did you toot?" demanded Ortheris the practical.

"Me? Oh!" Mulvaney sprang up, suiting the action to the word, and sliding gravely in front of us, a dilapidated but imposing deity in the half light. "I sang:—

Only say  
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan.  
Don't say nay,  
Charmin' Judy Callaghan.

I didn't know me own voice when I sang. An' oh! 'twas pitiful to see the women. The darlin's were down on their faces. Whin I passed the last wan I cud see her poor little fingers workin' one in another as if she wanted to touch my feet. So I dhrew the tail av this pink overcoat over her head for the greater honor, an' I slid into the dhark on the other side av the temple, and fetched up in the arms av a big fat priest. All I wanted was to get away clear. So I tuk him by his greasy throat an' shut the speech out av him.

'Out!' sez I. 'Which way, ye fat heathen?' 'Oh!' sez he. 'Man,' sez I. 'White man, soldier man, common soldier man. Where in the name av confusion is the back door?' The women in the temple were still on their faces an' a young priest was holdin' out his arms above their heads.

"'This way,' sez my fat friend, duckin' behind a big bull-god an' divin' into a passage. Thin I remembered that I must ha' made the miraculous reputation av that temple for the next fifty years. 'Not so fast,' I sez, an' I held out both my hands wid a wink. That ould thief smiled like a father. I tuk him by the back av the neck in case he should be wishful to put a knife into me unbeknowst, an' I ran him up an' down the passage twice to collect his sensibilities. 'Be quiet,' sez he, in English! 'Now you talk sense,' I sez. 'Fwhat'll you give me for the use av that most wigant palanquin I have no time to take away?' 'Don't tell,' sez he. 'Is ut like?' sez I. 'But ye might give me my railway fare. I'm far from my home an' I've done you a service.' Bhoys 'tis a good thing to be a priest. The ould man niver troubled himself to dhraw from a bank. As I will prove to you subsequint, he philandered all round the slack av his clothes an' began dribblin' ten-rupee notes, old gold mohurs, and rupees into my hand till I could hould no more."

"You lie!" said Ortheris. "You're mad or sunstroke. A native don't give coin unless you cut it out o' 'im. 'Tain't nature."

"Then my lie an' my sunstroke is concealed under that lump av sod yonder," retorted Mulvaney unruffled, nodding across the scrub. "An' there's a dale more in nature than your squidgy little legs have iver taken you to, Orth'ris, me son. Four hundred an' thirty-four rupees by my reckonin', an' a big fat gold necklace that I took from him as a remimbrancer, was our share in that business."

"An' 'e give it you for love?" said Ortheris.

"We were alone in that passage. Maybe I was a trifle too pressin', but consider fwhat I had done for the good av the temple and the iverlastin' joy av those women. 'Twas cheap at the price. I wud ha' taken more if I cud ha' found ut. I turned the ould man upside down at the last, but he was milked dhry. Thin he opened a door in another passage an' I found mysilf up to my knees in Benares river-water, an' bad-smellin' ut is. More by token I had come out on the river-line close to the

burnin' ghat and contagious to a cracklin' corpse. This was in the heart av the night, for I had been four hours in the temple. There was a crowd av boats tied up, so I tuk wan an' wint across the river. Thin, I came home acrost country lyin' up by day."

"How on earth did you manage?" I said.

"How did Sir Frederick Roberts get from Cabul to Candahar? He marched an' he niver tould how near he was to breakin' down. That's why he is fwat he is. An' now" — Mulvaney yawned portentously — "now I will go an' give myself up for absince widout leave. It's eight-an'-twenty days an' the rough end of the colonel's tongue in orderly room, any way you look at ut. But 'tis cheap at the price."

"Mulvaney," said I softly. "If there happens to be any sort of excuse that the colonel can in any way accept, I have a notion that you'll get nothing more than the dressing down. The new recruits are in, and —"

"Not a word more, sorr. Is ut excuses the ould man wants? 'Tis not my way, but he shall have thim. I'll tell him I was engaged in financial operations connected wid a church," and he flapped his way to cantonments and the cells, singing lustily:

"So they sent a corp'r'il's file,  
And they put me in the yard-room  
For conduct unbecomin' of a soldier."

And when he was lost in the haze of the moonlight we could hear the refrain: —

"Bang upon the big drum, bash upon the cymbals,  
As we go marchin' along, boys oh!  
For although in this campaign  
There's no whiskey nor champagne,  
We'll keep our spirits goin' with a song,  
boys!"

Therewith he surrendered himself to the joyful and almost weeping guard, and was made much of by his fellows. But to the colonel he said that he had been smitten with sunstroke and had lain insensible on a villager's cot for untold hours and between laughter and good-will the affair was smoothed over, so that he could next day teach the new recruits how to "Fear God, Honor the Queen, Shoot Straight and Keep Clean."

There is no further space to record the digging up of the spoils, or the triumphal visit of the three to Dearsley, who feared for his life; but was most royally treated instead and under that influence told how

the palanquin had come into his possession. But that is another story.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
CURRENT INFLUENCES ON FOREIGN  
POLITICS.

I.

DIPLOMATISTS, particularly those of the old school, have been too apt to think that political intrigues, official despatches, and parchment treaties control the affairs of nations. When the interests of a people were continually sacrificed to the whims and caprices of their ruler, and when the failure or success of negotiations for a marriage between members of reigning families were events of the gravest political importance, the intriguing diplomatist played a great part on the world's stage.

But those days are past. In Russia and in Turkey the inconstant humors of semi-despotic rulers may still exercise a not unimportant influence over political affairs; but in spite of the efforts of reactionary ministers, the personal power of the Russian autocrat is steadily declining, and all who know Turkey are agreed that her continued existence as a power is dependent on an early and radical change in her system of government. In Germany an impetuous young monarch, inheriting much of the prestige of the but lately deceased founder of German unity, exercises a certain appreciable influence; but the emperor William could never carry out a policy of aggression distasteful to the wishes of his people. With the imperial throne he did not inherit all his grandfather's or even his father's personal influence, and it may confidently be expected that the external policy of Germany will be more and more regulated by the same impulses as those which guide the conduct of the other States of central and western Europe. And these impulses are produced by the selfish instincts of the various peoples, each seeking to further what they consider to be their own direct material interests. Statesmanship is taking the place of old-fashioned diplomacy; and the minister who would successfully guide the external policy of his nation, must study, together with the necessities of his own country, the needs and ambitions of foreign nations, rather than the personal characters of their rulers.

The most perfect understanding of the

needs and desires of a nation cannot, however, by itself, afford sufficient data for predicting the course of its foreign policy. The means which a State can employ to secure its ends, its military and financial resources, and the temper of its people, these are also factors which forcibly and inevitably control all political movements; and these must be fully considered and accurately weighed before competent opinion can be expressed on the political position. Sir Charles Dilke has recognized this truth more fully than is usual, and his writings on politics teem with facts and opinions concerning military questions.

"Outidanos," in his recent article, also acknowledges the fact that a comparison of the material resources and military strength of the different nations is the first necessary basis for the discussion of their proper and probable policy. He maintains that it is a gross mistake for Italy to join hands with Germany and Austria, first, because he assumes that Italy's accession to the alliance fails to give to the combination the strength necessary to make it a real "league of peace;" and secondly, because he further assumes that the probable causes of dispute between the other powers do not concern Italy. The argument of "Outidanos" would appear to be, that the material resources and military strength of France and Russia combined are approximately equal to the material resources and military strength of Germany, Austria, and Italy combined; therefore the alliance of the central powers has not the requisite preponderance of force to impose its will on the other two without a struggle, and therefore the so-called "league of peace" is only an alliance for war. We demur to the assumption of the approximate equality of the resources and fighting strength of the two opposing parties. And we maintain that under certain circumstances, and especially if supported by England, the forces of Italy will fully suffice to turn the scale decisively in favor of the central powers.

As regards "Outidanos's" estimate of comparative strength, it is almost sufficient to say, that though, by the order in which this point is taken in his argument, its importance is fully admitted, nevertheless it is dismissed in some three lines of figures, drawn, as the writer himself says, from "popular" sources. To use his own words on another question, "it would be comic if it were not ruinous" to see any would-be instructor of his countrymen

assuming the authority of "Outidanos," and basing his calculations concerning the intricate and complicated question of the available armed strength of nations on a few figures drawn from "popular" sources. Such "popular" sources considered sufficient by "Outidanos" are, we fear, as used by him, popular sources of error. To take from some rough compilation the nominal number of soldiers with the colors in the different armies on their peace footing, and then to assume that these figures alone, even if they were accurate, give a reliable measure of the comparative available fighting strength of the respective armies, is far too serious an error to permit of our regarding it in its comic aspect. Surely the most unmilitary and inexperienced civilian must see that the quality of the men, their armament, the numbers of the readily available reserves, the training of the officers, the organization of the army, its capacity for rapid mobilization, the supplies of transport and material, the strategical position occupied, and a hundred other details, are of infinitely greater importance than the nominal number of men under arms on a peace footing. And yet "Outidanos" is content to build the whole fabric of his foreign policy on the scanty haphazard information which entirely omits all such important considerations.

We will now endeavor briefly but seriously to consider what are the chief material interests which the several more important nations have nearest at heart, and which are likely to affect their foreign policy. Germany is above all things anxious to maintain her present position and territories, and to do so, if possible, without war. She urgently requires peace, and time for general development, and for the consolidation of German unity. There are places not under her rule which she would gladly acquire by peaceful means, if the opportunity should offer, but there are none for which the life of a German soldier would willingly be risked. Not long ago Germany appeared to be entering on an ambitious and aggressive policy of colonial extension; but we believe that no strong national feeling was ever awakened in favor of such a policy, and that the few enthusiasts and busybodies who were prominent in the colonial movement were temporarily encouraged by Prince Bismarck merely to annoy England, and to endeavor to convince English statesmen that German hostility is as dangerous as German friendship is valuable. Germany has no colonial army, and she could not

form one without deranging the all-important and delicate organization of her military forces, as prepared for European wars. Germany has no millions to spare for colonial enterprises, and England's example has shown the cost of such undertakings. The results of German action in Samoa and on the east coast of Africa have not been encouraging, and Prince Bismarck is now evidently doing his best to assuage the slight attack of colonial fever which he had allowed momentarily to affect a small percentage of his countrymen. On the other hand, Germany is resolved to retain Alsace and Lorraine; her armies are ever ready for action in Europe; and the first trespasser on what is to-day German soil, will be quickly and sternly met at the point of the sword.

France, always restless, is determined to win back Alsace and Lorraine; she desires, from commercial and ambitious motives, to establish her predominance on all the Mediterranean coasts from Syria to Morocco, and the temper of the French people leads to an inclination to lay hands on everything, everywhere, provided the evident cost of the undertaking be not too great. The French, like the Germans, have had an attack of colonial fever, which showed itself strongly in Madagascar and Tonquin; but also like Germany, France has realized that the formation of the colonial army necessary for the permanent success of important enterprises out of Europe would tax both her financial and military resources in an undesirable manner. A strong feeling has consequently arisen against colonial expeditions, and one of the most capable of French statesmen has lost all his popularity owing to his responsibility for an unsuccessful colonial policy. "Le Tonkinois" is the most telling epithet of opprobrium which M. Jules Ferry's enemies have been able to invent to damage his reputation.

Turkey is only anxious to be let alone. The most important impulse guiding the policy of the Porte is the desire of the sultan and the Constantinople pashas to make things last their time, and the great bulk of the Mussulman population of Turkey have few ideas outside their own villages or provinces, and no ambition beyond that of escaping as far as possible from oppressive taxation. It is a fact, though a curious fact, that the sultan and his ministers feel no vain regrets for the lost territories of Turkey in the Balkan Peninsula. The loss of provinces inhabited by Christians is accepted with

equanimity; but the occupation by the Giaour of Egypt, of Tunis, and even of Cyprus, is viewed in a very different light. The Osmanli is singularly sensitive regarding the subjugation of true believers to Christian rule, and the hope of re-establishing the authority of the caliph over his whilom subjects in Africa will long affect the foreign policy of the Porte.

We have spoken of the sultan's personal influence over the destinies of his country, and it is necessary, therefore, to consider the character of this so-called despot. Sultan Abdul Hamid is undoubtedly religious, patriotic, and highly intelligent; but his education has not been such as to give a fair chance to his abilities. His opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge and reliable information are very limited. He has suffered much at the hands alike of declared enemies and of professed friends, and, politically, he is always groping in the dark, distrusting every European power, and every individual with whom he comes in contact. His succession to the throne was the result of a conspiracy, and he lives in constant fear of being removed by similar treachery. Suspicion is consequently by far the most prominent trait in his character, and it is one which is continually being worked on by the intriguers who surround him. How far the sultan's suspicious nature influences affairs at the Porte, and is constantly prejudicial to the best interests of his country, is known only to those who are familiar with the inner workings of Ottoman politics.

Russia is nearly as restless as France. The Russians have not yet entirely lost their nomadic habits; their country is poor, desolate, and uninteresting in the extreme, and the vivid imagination, which is a marked characteristic of the people, is always dwelling on imaginary El Dorados beyond their present frontiers. In a word, the temper of the Russian nation is distinctly aggressive, not from any natural combativeness of disposition in the people, or from ambition in their present rulers, but from a general belief that material prosperity might be advanced at the expense of Russia's neighbors, particularly in India and Turkey. This aggressive tendency is for the moment held in check by the lessons rudely taught, especially to the more educated classes, by the results of the last Russo-Turkish war, and by other circumstances; but the present restraint is felt to be galling in the extreme, and the temper of the people

remains unchanged, and a source of danger to the peace of the world.

Though we think that his power is generally somewhat overestimated, the personal character of the czar is certainly a matter of importance in considering Russian affairs. The present autocrat of All the Russias came to the throne under circumstances specially calculated to impress him with the fact that the most powerful monarch is helpless against the consequences of serious discontent among even a fraction of his people. The lesson was not lost, and internal difficulties of various kinds have often given warning reminders of its significance. Alexander III. undoubtedly endeavors, more frequently than his predecessors, to take into account the sentiments and aspirations of his people. Though the word "foreigner" is in the mind of the czar equivalent to a term of reproach, he is himself, little as he supposes it, very like a foreigner in his own country. Thanks to the complete suppression of everything approaching an expression of public opinion, he has little means of ascertaining the drift of national feeling, and from personal experience he knows nothing of any class but the higher officials of the State. It must not be supposed that his consideration for the wants of his people is due only to selfish motives. Far from it. The present emperor of Russia is a man of truly noble character, thoroughly honest in purpose, sincerely religious, kind in heart, and most disinterestedly solicitous for the welfare of his country. There is, however, one strange apparent contradiction in his character, which may yet have sinister results. The czar is not gifted with the extraordinary intelligence which would be desirable in his position; no man is more modest as to his personal merits and ability, but there is no man in this world so impressed with his own importance, in the peculiar light in which he views himself, as the divinely appointed head of the only true faith, and of a specially chosen people. The most devoted of husbands, he is yet ever conscious that his wife, born a foreigner of alien faith, remains outside the pale, and consequently the empress has as little influence in his counsels as if she were a stranger to him. The office of czar is, he considers, a holy office; no other mortal than the holder of that office is on anything approaching the same exalted level. Any real or supposed slight or injury to the chosen people, the Russians — to their semi-divine head, the czar — or to the only true faith, the orthodox

Greek faith, — will immediately rouse all that is stubborn in the character of Alexander III., and will be promptly avenged. A true lover of peace, he will nevertheless, without a moment's hesitation, plunge his country into disastrous war, against any odds, to fulfil what he considers to be his sacred duties. This is the real and great danger which threatens the world through Alexander III.'s belief in the sanctity of his own person; and this belief has been extraordinarily strengthened, and the consequent danger greatly aggravated, by the marvellous escape of the imperial family in the Borki accident — an escape which is confidently attributed to the special interposition of the Divinity on behalf of his chosen and favored servant.

Austria is in a very different position from Russia, and she can have only one desire, the maintenance of that peace which her strained finances and troublesome internal politics imperatively demand. The Hapsburg family are the only Austrians in Austria, though, with the exception of the Ruthenians, the different nationalities composing the Austrian Empire feel that their liberties and institutions depend upon its maintenance. Hence the loyalty of all his subjects to the person of the Austrian emperor, and hence also a general disinclination to an adventurous foreign policy. Austria would, no doubt, like to increase her influence in the Balkan Peninsula; but this, the solitary ambition of the dual empire, is only a result of the desire to forestall the action of other and probably hostile competitors.

Italy, too, considers the preservation of peace as her most material interest. "Outidanos" styles Italy's attitude in joining the armed alliance of central Europe "grotesque." The appearance of a peaceful citizen parading his house at midnight armed to the teeth would certainly be grotesque to those who were ignorant that he had good reason for anticipating an attack from armed burglars; but those who knew his grounds for alarm would find nothing strange or unreasonable in his conduct. Italy has genuine grounds for alarm. Her geographical position in the Mediterranean renders her freedom as a maritime power in that sea essential to her future prosperity and independence. The southern coast of the Mediterranean necessarily occupies Italian attention, and French aggression in that direction already rouses strong feelings; still, unless Italy can find an ally sufficiently powerful to ensure success, she will not willingly risk the peace she so urgently needs, even

to restrain French ambition where its ebullitions most sorely vex her. The Italian Tyrol, the Dalmatian coast, Savoy, and Nice, would no doubt be acceptable additions to the juvenile kingdom; but for these Italy can at least afford to wait, and their possession is not essential to her welfare.

Spain is a growing power, with a great possible future; but though anxious to keep France out of Morocco, there is probably nothing, except her own independence, for which Spain would at present care to fight.

In England it is clearly understood that the most material interests of the empire lie in the preservation of that universal peace which gives the fullest opportunity for commercial enterprise and profit. At the same time, our conduct is influenced by the existence and growth of a superabundant population in the British Isles, by the recognition of the great advantage of close commercial relations with our prosperous colonies, and by the knowledge that the extension, outside Europe, of the dominion of other European powers, means the inevitable extension of a system of protective duties adverse to our commercial interests. We are becoming increasingly sensible of the necessity, not only of preserving existing colonial possessions, but also of forestalling foreign powers in their spasmodic endeavors to establish themselves in such portions of the globe as still await the advent of European civilization.

The Anglo-Saxon is an enterprising and a combative race; and though the bulk of Englishmen in England have learned the advantages of peace, the rash combative instinct is still strong in our colonies, and the colonies are, year by year, necessarily and rightly, exercising a stronger influence over the foreign policy of the empire, of which they form so important a part. We need not fear being drawn into any war of overt aggression by colonial demands; but we must be prepared to see the colonies increasingly jealous of all attempts at the establishment of any foreign power in their neighborhood, and insisting on the might of the empire being employed in defence of what they consider as their direct material interests. Australian feeling regarding French and German acquisitions in the Pacific, the pressure put on the Foreign Office to resist German and Portuguese pretensions in Africa, the outcry in British Columbia concerning the action of Russia and the United States in the region of Behring

Straits, and the determined attitude of Canada in the fishery difficulties with the United States in Nova Scotia and with France in Newfoundland,—all these are instances of the almost recklessly combative spirit of colonial Britons. We like to flatter ourselves that we are a most peace-loving people; but whilst we are always able to explain, with moral satisfaction to ourselves, every step we take in the steady extension of our empire, we cannot expect foreign nations always to view our proceedings with equanimity, and we must at least admit that the nature of our empire is such as to bring us into continual collision with many nations, with whom we have no desire to quarrel, provided that they let us have our own way.

We now turn to the consideration of the value of the armaments and resources which the different nations can employ for the preservation and furtherance of their material interests, or for the gratification of their ambitious or sentimental desires.

As regards military armament, Germany is generally recognized as the most powerful nation in Europe. The total force of which Germany can dispose is about twenty-seven hundred thousand men. We do not include in this estimate the force known as the *Ersatz reserve*, which in itself nominally exceeds six hundred thousand men; and we do not propose in any of our calculations to consider, as available for ordinary practical purposes, similar forces, the final resources of "a nation in arms," which in the case of the Russian *Opoltschenie* brings the Russian forces up to the extraordinary total of six million men calculated by Sir C. Dilke in his recent work on European politics. But we should observe in this connection, that in all military calculations the real available strength of Germany approximates much more closely to the tabulated estimates than is the case as regards the armies of her rivals.

Independently of large numbers, including over a million and a quarter of combatants ready to take the field on either threatened frontier, the great strength of the German army lies in its perfect training, organization, and completeness in all details; in the marvellous development of a railway system specially planned to facilitate rapidity of concentration; and also in the excellent strategic positions from which an army, either in east Prussia or on the Rhine, could, according to circumstances, resist an invader or undertake an invasion.



As regards finances and other material resources, it is well known that the French ransom provided immense sums for the German military chest, which, though carefully husbanded, have supplied the army with the most perfect equipment, have built and armed fortresses, have doubled railway lines and bridges, and laid down a new network of railways, and have also filled all the military storehouses with reserve supplies of every kind. And all this, be it remembered, has been effected without increasing the annual military budget, with which it is the foolish habit to compare our English military expenditure, and to expect that for a similar sum we shall, under more difficult circumstances, not only do all that Germany does, but also that which Germany has not attempted to do without special and separate provision. Germany is ready to commence war with excellent credit, and having prepared and paid beforehand for every conceivable article which the most careful forethought can suggest as being likely to be required. On the other hand, as compared with England and France, Germany is not a rich country, and the burden of conscription tells heavily against national prosperity. The pay-sheet may be small, but the country, in some form or another, is obliged to provide for the wants of the enrolled conscript.

The opinions of experts as to the value of the French army are by no means so unanimously favorable as they are concerning the forces of her great rival. In the first place, though in estimated numbers on paper the French forces exceed those of Germany, there is not the same certainty in the case of France of a fair relation between estimated and available numbers, as can be relied on in the German calculations. In the next place, the drain on the French army for men for service in Algiers, Tunis, Tonquin, and Madagascar, has no equivalent in the German system. Again, neither in perfection of organization for mobilization, nor in discipline, or cohesion of the different classes of troops, do the French appear equal to the Germans; and lastly, though the French arrangements for frontier defence by fortresses are as nearly perfect as can be, the Germans have a distinct advantage in the possibility of manœuvring their forces on the Rhine, so as rapidly to take advantage of circumstances, and to act either on the offensive or the defensive, as the occasion may suggest.

The French have undoubtedly made

enormous progress since 1870, and it is most unlikely that they will ever again be suddenly rolled up, as they were in that eventful year; but great as have been their efforts at improvement, there is no certainty as to the exact actual result, and they have naturally lost much by the continual change of their war ministers, due to the instability of their government. They have had both good and bad men in supreme command; and in spite of much that has been justly said against him as politician, it appears certain that the French army owes as much or more to General Boulanger than to any other administrator.

There can be no doubt that France is a richer country than Germany; but French finances have been terribly mismanaged, corruption has been rife, and enormous sums have been wasted on unfortunate colonial enterprises. As a result, it would not seem that in a short war France would have any advantage over Germany in the matter of resources, though in the event of a prolonged struggle, if such were possible, the natural riches of France would tell in her favor.

In the question of the temperament of the rank and file, the Germans have the moral advantage of greater self confidence, based on previous successes. But as we have said, the German does not want to fight, whereas the Frenchman is eager for the fray. Whichever side might really strike the first blow, the French would be inspired with the feeling of *la revanche*, as if they were the attackers, and this feeling is a distinct moral force in their favor. In this view it seems unfortunate that the French frontier defences have apparently been designed with the idea that France will necessarily act on the defensive. French *élan* appears likely to be sacrificed behind mud parapets.

We must now consider the value of Austria in the military scale, and we must at once say that we cannot accept Sir Charles Dilke's opinion concerning the weakness of Austria as a military power. The Austrian army is certainly smaller than that of either France or Germany, but the material and organization are good. There is not, as Sir C. Dilke curiously supposes, any want of capable leaders; and against Russia, their only likely direct opponent in a European war, all the varied nationalities of the Austrian Empire would be united by a bond of hatred against a common foe, the enemy alike of Hungarians, Germans, Italians, and Roman Catholic Slavs.

The Austrian army is, as we have said, comparatively numerically weak, and does not muster much above sixteen hundred thousand men of all arms; but this force comprises some ninety thousand sabres of the very finest cavalry in the world. When we find Sir C. Dilke ignoring the military capacity of the archduke Albrecht, the victor of Custoza, who is generally recognized by all the most trustworthy European critics as one of the first of contemporary military leaders, we should perhaps not be astonished at his undervaluation of the Austrian cavalry, for it is clear that he is, though no doubt unconsciously, under the influence of some extraordinary prejudice against all things Austrian. This unwitting prejudice displays itself again in his estimate of the comparative strategical advantages of Russia and Austria on their mutual frontier. We cannot attempt, within our present limits, to go into close details on this subject, but we are convinced that a careful inspection of a map would suffice to show any student of military matters that the Austrian position is remarkably strong, for either attack or defence, as against Russia. The great range of the Carpathians is a most formidable natural bulwark; and from the fortresses of Galicia the Austrian cavalry and light troops, having a secure retreat behind them, can operate with freedom and advantage against the long line of Russian communications leading through Poland into Moravia, the only direction in which Russia could make a vital thrust at the heart of Austria. Our views on this subject are confirmed by the ably reasoned opinions expressed by so good an authority as Colonel Maurice, and we have ourselves visited the Galician frontier. Sir C. Dilke would appear to base his contrary conclusions on the assumption of the overwhelmingly preponderating strength of the Russian cavalry, and on the supposed weakness of the Galician fortresses. We cannot, however, accept his estimate of the comparative strength of the Russian cavalry; and we know that the Galician fortresses are now in an efficient condition, and that the Austrian frontier organization generally is on a good and improved footing.

In armament the Austrian troops are now sufficiently well off. The artillery is not, perhaps, all that can be desired; but the infantry are armed with magazine rifles, whilst the Russians still rely on the single-shooting Berdan. The fortresses in Austria are not numerous but they are

well constructed and supplied, and have lately been improved. Austrian organization, worked out with the assistance of German advice, is sufficiently good; and Austrian officers are intelligent, brave, and well trained.

Financially Austria is, however, undoubtedly in a bad position. The expense of her military budget, even for her comparatively small army, is all she can bear; and there are no signs of early improvement in this respect. Her manufacturing industries, though rapidly progressing, are still limited; she suffers severely from the universal agricultural depression; many parts of the empire remain in a very backward condition, as compared with France and Germany; and the newly acquired provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are still a source of weakness rather than of strength.

It is impossible to arrive at anything like a precise estimate of the military strength of the Ottoman Empire. We have no figures before us on which we can safely rely, and we must therefore be content to form our opinion from such facts and conditions as happen to be within our knowledge. It is particularly necessary to avoid an error which has latterly been rather common, of supposing that because satisfactory information or tables of figures are not available, that therefore the military power of Turkey has collapsed: What we ourselves chance to know leads us to a very different opinion. We are convinced that Turkey is really much stronger to-day than she was at the commencement of the last Russo-Turkish war; and we should not forget that the Ottoman armies, which were then, as now, prejudged to be worthless by hasty critics, were nevertheless able for many long months to defy and defeat the large forces of Russians who poured into Bulgaria and Asia Minor. Indeed, had the force under Osman Pasha at Plevna been properly equipped with transport, and possessed any mobility, it is the opinion of many competent judges that, after the second great Russian defeat, an advance from Plevna would have driven all the Russian troops back across the Danube. The whole campaign would then have had to be recommenced if the czar determined to persevere, and the final result would at least have been very doubtful.

In endeavoring to estimate numbers, we must observe that the provinces which Turkey has lost were not those which supplied any appreciable proportion of recruits for her army; and her organiza-

tion having considerably improved under German supervision, the number of men who could now be put in the field is even greater than in 1877. We believe that the Turkish army now musters not far short of one million, and of this number probably three-fourths could, though not with the rapidity to be desired, be put in the field as an effective force. The Turkish troops are sufficiently well armed, and in spite of all financial difficulties they have recently been supplied with the new rifle, and with considerable numbers of Krupp guns. Their general equipment, especially in the matter of clothing, is considerably improved; but they are still sadly deficient in transport and other essentials for prolonged or offensive movements. The Turkish infantry soldier remains as good as he has always been, and he now has the advantages of better training and of being led by the steadily increasing proportion of educated and capable officers who are to be found in the junior ranks. The officers who have studied under the able superintendence of Von der Goltz Pasha, will, in the next war, undoubtedly show the benefit of the instruction they have received under one of the most capable and experienced members of the celebrated German general staff. We would particularly draw attention to this growing improvement in the capacity of the Turkish officers, as it is a matter of very high importance, and one which has, we think, hitherto been generally overlooked.

We cannot leave the subject of Turkish armaments without referring to the practical collapse of her naval power. In a war with Russia this naval weakness, coupled with the loss of Batoum, would prove a most serious matter for the Turks. Russia is now absolute mistress of the Black Sea, and can at will threaten or land troops at any point on the Turkish coast, whereas, in the last war, the Turks had the advantage in this respect. A favorite project of the czar's is to effect a landing on the coast just north of the Bosphorus, and to seize Constantinople by a *coup de main*. The czar credits himself with having invented this plan of operations, and it is continually in his mind. The proverbial unreadiness of the Turk might render it feasible; and it is almost certain to be immediately tried whenever it is considered that a favorable moment has arrived for a sudden declaration of war. It would even appear that the agents of Russia among the officials of the Porte have received special instructions on this sub-

ject; for, though the sultan has given general orders for improving the defences of the maritime approaches to Constantinople, it is remarked that no serious work is done at the Black Sea entrance to the Bosphorus, whilst much labor and money is being expended on the fortifications of the Dardanelles. The British fleet could, however, secure Turkey from all danger from the side of the Black Sea; and an alliance with England would at any time not only give protection to the entire Turkish coast, but would restore to the Osmanli the great advantage of being able to harass their foe, at any number of points, throughout the whole length of the Russian shores on the Black Sea.

In the matter of finance, the Ottoman Empire is in a very poor plight. There is no credit, no military chest upon which to draw; and though, as we have said, the equipment of the army is greatly improved, there are no reserves of stores, and much is still wanted which on the outbreak of war it would be difficult to obtain without ready cash. But there is somewhere a wonderful hidden recuperative power in the Ottoman Empire. Authoritative statements prove that forty years ago the financial straits of the Porte were as great as they are to-day, and yet Turkey manages to continue to pay her way for practical purposes. Since the last war, not only has she expended large sums in armament and equipment, but her troops are more regularly paid than formerly, a metallic currency has been substituted for paper, and heavy sums are continually paid to Russia on account of the war indemnity. Truly the mysteries of Turkish finance are wonderful; but the apparent state of destitution of the imperial exchequer must not blind us to the significance of facts such as we have quoted, which indisputably prove the existence of resources and of recuperative power seldom recognized by those who attempt to enlighten the world on the condition of the Ottoman Empire.

Russia is the hereditary enemy of Turkey. But for the enmity of Russia we should have full confidence in the final, though slow, regeneration of the Turkish Empire. As we shall have to show in a future article, in considering the Eastern question, it is hardly possible to expect that Russia will give Turkey sufficient breathing-time for substantial consolidation and improvement. In view, therefore, of the serious British interests involved in the fate of the Ottoman Empire, we must devote special attention to

the consideration of the armed strength and resources of its only dangerous enemy.

The most reliable information on the subject of Russian armament is to be found in the "Armed Strength of Russia," published by the Intelligence Branch of the War Office. But this valuable work deals only with the numbers and organization of the Russian army. It naturally does not enter into considerations regarding the *morale* of the troops, the training and capacity of the officers, the possibility of concentration on a given point, for attack or defence, or the general resources of the empire. We must, however, give equal attention both to the nominal strength of the czar's armies, and to the conditions likely to affect their effective worth. The estimated numbers of troops, carefully tabulated by the Intelligence Branch, might give some ground for such a belief in Russia's strength as is professed by Sir C. Dilke. An accurate knowledge of the present condition of the country, of its material resources, and of Russian character, leads, however, to the conclusion that Sir C. Dilke overestimates Russia's power as much as he undervalues the power of Turkey.

The Russian forces are divided into three classes — regular troops, irregulars, and the *Opoltchenie*. The *Opoltchenie* is formed of a *levée en masse* of all men capable of bearing arms, between the ages of twenty and forty, who may not be enrolled under the other two heads. It is by including the *Opoltchenie* in his calculations that Sir C. Dilke arrives at the millions which evidently impress him so much; but as up to the present there is no proper organization, or arrangement for arming or supplying these final reserves, we think they may safely be neglected in our estimate of the effective combatant forces of the empire.

Under the heading of irregular troops are classed the Cossacks and militia. The militia consists of a few local battalions of infantry and some squadrons of cavalry in the Caucasus and Trans-Caspia, and includes the newly formed Caucasian *Drujina*, and a few hundred mounted Turcomans in central Asia. In a few years' time, when the organization of the *Drujina* is complete, they will form a valuable addition to the permanent garrison of the Caucasus, and will, if necessary, release a few battalions of regular troops for active operations in Asia Minor. The enrolled Turcoman horsemen are an insignificant force, which, for political reasons, it is not thought at present advisable to

increase. We are aware that, especially on the occasion of the influx of foreign travellers for the purpose of witnessing the opening of the Trans-Caspian railway to Samarcand, the Russian officials made a great display of the few mounted Turcomans, and assured their visitors that there were many thousands of such horsemen ready to march on India; but these statements were without the smallest foundation in fact. On the contrary, at that very time the Turcomans generally, whose attitude towards Russia is by no means favorable, were, as a measure of precaution, being forcibly deprived of their horses. The Turcomans have never fought on foot, and without horses they become as harmless as unarmed peasants.

The Cossacks are an important item, numerically, in estimating the forces of Russia. Sir C. Dilke apparently believes that there are swarms of these troops ready and fit to meet European cavalry, and to cover the advance of an invading Russian army. His opinion, however, is not accepted by Colonel Maurice and other competent military critics, and it certainly is not endorsed by the Russian military chiefs. The Cossacks proved worthless in Bulgaria, and the Russian staff admit that they signally failed to show any improvement in the important cavalry manœuvres held some three years ago in the western provinces of Russia. They were admirably adapted for service against the unorganized levies of the central-Asian khanates, but they cannot for one moment compare with our Indian irregular horse. As cavalry they would certainly prove useless against the trained squadrons of Austria and Germany, and they have never been drilled to act efficiently as infantry.

We fully acknowledge the public service rendered by Sir Charles Dilke in calling attention to the whole question of modern armies, and showing its connection with practical politics; but his exaggerated estimate of the value of the Russian irregular troops and *Opoltchenie* is, among other instances, a particularly strong proof that in military matters he is not a safe guide. A careful examination of his books soon shows the military student that, alike in questions of principle and of detail, his judgment often fails from want of practical training; though had he done a few years' army service, and had the advantage of a staff college course, he would probably have been one of our ablest officers.

We have just dealt with a question of principle, and without being hypercritical, we think we might usefully point out an in-

stance of the class of error in detail into which the civilian naturally falls. Speaking of English cavalry equipment, Sir C. Dilke ridicules the custom of wearing the sword, and placing the carbine in a bucket attached to the saddle. Has Sir C. Dilke ever tried to trot or gallop with a carbine slung on his back? We are certain he would not unnecessarily prolong the back-breaking experiment. He says, however, that when dismounted for ever so short a time, our cavalry soldier, whose firearm is attached to his horse, "is incapable of defending himself, because the sword is of little use to him when off his steed." Does it not occur to Sir C. Dilke that if the horseman voluntarily dismounts, he naturally, and in a second of time, takes his carbine from the saddle; and that if thrown, or otherwise involuntarily dismounted, the weight of the carbine attached to his person would seriously increase the severity of the fall, and hamper his rising? As to a man being defenceless on foot when armed with a sword, we must, if this were true, remain in dumb admiration of the infantry officers in all the armies of the world, who have hitherto marched defenceless into the thick of battle; but a little reflection will surely convince even Sir C. Dilke that at close quarters, on foot, a sword is a better weapon than a carbine without fixed bayonet. The mistake which he thinks he has discovered in our cavalry equipment has, he says, been "remedied in a portion of the Russian cavalry, and in the Algerian *spahis*." We should opine that these troops are, not unnaturally, behind the times. When a horseman first gets a carbine, he carries it in his hand, then he improves matters by slinging it on his back; and finally, when his equipment gets more perfect and complicated, he arranges to attach it to the saddle, in such a manner as to be ready to his hand when mounted, and rapidly detached when dismounted.

We do not, however, wish to dwell too much on details, and returning to our consideration of the strength of the Russian forces, we will now take the troops of the third class — that is, the regular army, as distinct from Cossacks, militia, and *Opolchenie*.

In the returns for the year 1883, we find that the contingent of recruits passed into the regular army numbered 214,133. There has been some slight increase since that date, and the numbers may now possibly reach two hundred and twenty thousand, which gives, on a peace footing, an army

of about eight hundred thousand men, and on a war footing, over twenty-three hundred thousand men of all arms. If to this we add the Cossack force, whose value we have questioned, we still have an army only nominally approaching in numbers to that of Germany, and we are unable therefore to understand Sir C. Dilke's assumption that the Russian army is numerically superior to those of Germany and Austria together. But numbers alone are a small matter in estimating comparative strength. We must at once point out that only some three-fourths of the Russian forces belong to the army in Europe, whilst for the remaining fourth, duties are found in Asia; and we cannot too strongly insist on the fact, that neither by her railway system, nor by her organization, is Russia in a position to concentrate or supply her troops with the facility of which Germany has given proofs, and in which Austria is not wanting.

The raw material of the Russian army is in many respects unsurpassed. The submission to discipline, patient endurance, and dogged courage of the Russian soldier, are truly marvellous; and he is often animated by a certain kind of patriotic enthusiasm, largely tinged with a superstitious form of religious sentiment, which nearly takes the place of fanaticism in the *morale* of the peasant-army. But it is an army of peasants, and of unwarlike and unmilitary peasants, who under the short-service system, after two or three years passed in the reserve, have little or nothing of the training or spirit of the soldier left in them. Referring again to the figures for 1883, we find that among the contingent of recruits for that year, upwards of seventy-five per cent. could neither read nor write, and nevertheless education is purposely checked and makes little or no progress. Further, we find that the average height of the recruits in 1883 did not exceed five feet four inches, and consequently that the Russians have no advantage in *physique*, and that the splendid men collected in the garrisons observed by foreigners, in St. Petersburg, Moscow, or Warsaw, are anything but samples of the undersized mass.

We have spoken of the Russian army as a peasant-army, but the word is not strong enough to convey the idea of the low social and moral condition of the class from which it is drawn. The social condition of Russia is a subject which cannot be disposed of in a few short paragraphs; we shall have occasion to refer to it again, but we must here call attention

to certain striking differences between the Russian and Turkish soldiers, which we believe to be due to the different levels of general civilization among the lower orders of the two nationalities. No strong civilizing influences struck root in Russian soil with the adoption of Christianity; and the priesthood, which in other countries have led the van in the progress of civilization, remain even to-day a byword in Russia, on account of their drunken ignorance. In thus speaking of civilization, we are not referring to its modern accompaniments, — such as manufactories, railways, telegraphs, and a cheap press; we have only in mind that moral civilization which produces habits of self-restraint, order, cleanliness, perseverance, and similar virtues. And as regards these virtues, the result of the continuous moral training of succeeding generations, we maintain that the Turkish peasant is far in advance of the Russian. The Turks, with the Mohammedan religion, received something of the ancient civilization of Arabia; and the *mollah*, whatever may be his faults, has from all time been a man of sufficient education to be respected on that account by the masses. The Mohammedan creed in its best and purest form, with its wonderful inculcation of sanitary principles, of self-denial, and of abnegation on this earth, has been accepted, and remains for the vast majority of the sultan's Mussulman subjects, the guide of their daily life. And finally, the influence of the civilization of the Roman Empire, which gave way to the caliphs, was not unfelt by the conquerors of Constantinople, whose noble architecture sufficiently testifies to their cultured taste.

In Russia there is nothing to answer to all this. There are no ancient monuments, no architecture, and no works of art to indicate the existence of even a bygone civilization. There is no observance of the simplest sanitary laws, and there is no idea of the virtue of self-restraint in the individual. We find instead that drunkenness and similar vices of self-indulgence are the rule, and not the exception, and that religion is a superstition which often acts strangely on the imagination of the people, but is seldom, if ever, a guide for their daily conduct. We believe, therefore, that the Turk has much more of true civilization than the Russian, that he will therefore profit more readily by the introduction of modern ideas and scientific principles, and that consequently he is much more fitted than his rival to take his place in the ranks of a highly

organized modern army. And to this we must add that, as was proved in the last Russo-Turkish war, the proper observance of many useful sanitary rules has made the Turk a much hardier and more enduring soldier than the Russian. We know that we shall be reminded of the passage of the Balkans in mid-winter, and other extraordinary instances of apparent endurance in the Russian soldier; but with regard to these we have to reply that they were only examples of the discipline and dogged stubbornness for which we give him full credit. The Russians did their duty nobly, but their *physique* was not equal to the strain of what was required of them. The hardships they suffered made them die as flies do when winter approaches; and of all the great armies that crossed the Danube, only a miserable, disorganized remnant reached the camp of San Stefano.

We are certainly on safe ground in saying that one of the weakest points in the Russian army is the want of good officers and non-commissioned officers. There is a distinct improvement in the training of Russian officers since the last war, but the number who have received anything approaching a satisfactory education is extremely limited; it is totally inadequate for the command of the large numerical forces of the czar, and there is no educated middle class from which to draw a further supply. We cannot say that the Turkish officer is all that could be desired; he is far from it; but among the Turks also a vast improvement has taken place in the last twelve years. We have already referred to the results of the teaching of the German officers, and we must remember that the Turkish army, being inferior in numbers, requires fewer officers, and will be more easily provided than the Russian with a sufficient proportion. As regards personal bravery, both Turkish and Russian officers are an example to the world; but both have the same faults of carelessness and want of forethought, and in both armies the mutual jealousies of the leaders have produced serious disasters.

In one respect the Russian officer is at a decided disadvantage; the more he is educated, the more he will be separated in sympathy from his men, who, if the present system be maintained, will remain at the same low level of civilization as existed a hundred years ago. To those who have any real knowledge of Russia, nothing is more striking than the great gulf, which there is nothing to span, fixed between the peasantry and the official

classes. The educated Russian seldom speaks of the peasant without some epithet of opprobrium. Of course, to the intelligent foreign visitor who shows a spirit of inquiry, the peasants are *nos braves moujiks*; but amongst themselves, official Russians invariably speak of *cette canaille* and *ces brutes* when they do not use stronger vernacular terms. It is only given to a few exceptional men like the late General Skoboleff and Count Paul Schouvaloff to appreciate the good qualities which are hidden under the rough brutality of the common soldier, and to secure the sympathy, and even love, of those under their command. It is here that we consider that the ordinary Turk, as an officer, has a great advantage. There is no impassable gulf between him and his men, and, for reasons we have already given, his increasing education will not form a barrier depriving him of their sympathy. Count Leon Tolstoi knew his country as no one else does; let those who doubt the accuracy of our views read his wonderful romance, "Before and After the War." Any intelligent Russian will admit that though the story refers to Napoleon's invasion, the description of society will apply perfectly to the Russia of to-day. There has been no progress; and with one exception, all the characters so cleverly drawn in Tolstoi's picture show the same utter want of that moral self-control which is the distinctive feature of all genuine civilization. That character is the Princess Marie, and she is described as an amiable religious enthusiast, without intelligence or knowledge of the world.

Before quitting this branch of our subject, we must touch briefly on the question of the numerous nationalities and races included among the czar's European subjects. Sir Charles Dilke considers that one of the great sources of strength of the Russian Empire lies in its homogeneous population. The error does not surprise us, for he relies on his personal observation, and we know that his misconception is shared by many old residents in Russia, who have not moved out of the larger towns, or off the main lines of railway. We have not space here to go deeply into this question, but we will quote from the "Armed Strength of Russia" some remarkable figures in refutation of Sir C. Dilke's contention. Out of a contingent of 215,621 recruits for the regular army, we find that there were only 162,423 Russians, or somewhat less than a proportion of two-thirds. The remaining third was composed of 14,886 Poles, 8,441 Jews, 5,953

Lithuanians, 4,107 Tatars, and 19,811 Letts, Germans, and other non-Russian nationalities. We also find the Russian official distrust of the miscellaneous races clearly notified by the fact that the Polish and German recruits are carefully and specially distributed throughout the army in the proportion of eighty per cent. of Russians to twenty per cent. of these nationalities. The proportion of non-Russian soldiers in the army is considerably increased if we adopt Sir Charles Dilke's method of calculation, and include irregulars and militia in our estimate of the Russian strength. We cannot now pursue this subject further, but we think that we have given sufficient proof that assertions as to the homogeneous character of the czar's forces will not stand the test of even a cursory examination.

We have not yet referred to the financial position and general resources of Russia. We will do so here but briefly, as we shall have to return to this subject in certain special considerations relating particularly to the Eastern question. Two years ago Russian finances appeared to be in a thoroughly hopeless condition. The value of the paper rouble was as low as during the darkest period of the Russo-Turkish war; the budgets showed ever-recurring deficits and increasing expenditure, humorously characterized as "extraordinary;" credit was practically exhausted on the European Bourses, and the peasantry were admittedly suffering from over-taxation. It must be acknowledged that the position to-day is greatly improved. The improvement is due, first, to the succession of two splendid harvests in 1887 and 1888, the latter accompanied by failure of the grain crops in other countries; and secondly, to the extraordinary energy and ability of M. Wishnegradsky, the present minister of finance. But we cannot consider this temporary improvement as having any very solid foundation. Harvests cannot always be good in Russia and bad elsewhere; and the whole financial policy of the country is still directed to fostering exotic manufacturing interests to the detriment of the agricultural interest, the only sound basis for Russian prosperity. By clever manipulation, and seizing propitious moments for his operations, M. Wishnegradsky has improved the exchange value of the rouble, and he has successfully converted the bulk of Russian stocks. But Russia has legitimate requirements for foreign capital, and she will find a difficulty in obtaining it. M. Wishnegradsky's conversion loans brought little

or no ready cash to the Russian exchequer; and though they apparently improved Russian credit abroad, there was nothing very substantial in the results achieved. England has, wisely, entirely ceased to invest in Russian funds; Germany took the opportunity of the conversion to get rid of a large proportion of her holdings; and the French market, the only favorable one, is now overstocked with Russian funds. M. Wisnegradsky may succeed in maintaining the nominal price of Russian stocks, but he will find it hard to secure the new loan which it is the secret object of his ambition to obtain. We do not for one moment suppose that an empty till will prevent Russia from going to war as long as she is sure of the proper working of the machinery for printing paper roubles. But to commence war with an empty exchequer and an impoverished country proves a dangerous experiment when the struggle is prolonged. Russia began the last Turkish war with her paper rouble worth thirty-two pence. She made peace at Berlin with the rouble at twenty-two pence; and it is now, after eleven years of peace, worth only about twenty-four pence. She began hostilities in 1877 in a financial position much more favorable than that of to-day, and yet she was completely exhausted by her struggles against the Turk, and has never recovered the shock to her prosperity. What sinister results must we not confidently anticipate, if, in her present impoverished condition, she were to undertake a war against any of the richer powers of Europe!

We have thus shortly reviewed what we consider to be the chief individual material interests and desires of the more important nationalities of Europe, and we have also briefly considered what are the resources, as regards armament and finance, of which they can individually dispose, to support their respective political aims. We shall now turn to the more intricate problem of their general relations to one another, and to the circumstances which may be expected to lead to their combining together in different groups, for offensive or defensive purposes.

The two great questions which most influence European politics originate in the French desire to regain possession of Alsace and Lorraine, and in the ambitious policy of Russia as regards India, the Ottoman Empire, and the Balkan Peninsula. France and Germany are alone directly concerned in the former; and England, Russia, Austria, and Turkey are

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3539

alone directly interested in the latter. But the general anticipation, be it right or wrong, that the success of either France or Russia in their first objects would lead these restless powers to further activity in new directions, results in the fact that all the powers find themselves interested in both the primary questions which mark out France and Russia as the two powers most likely to interfere with the peace of their neighbors. Hence we find two distinct groups in Europe; the one consisting of France and Russia, and the other of Germany, Austria, and Italy, whilst England and Turkey are in general sympathy with the latter, and are almost sure to be found in alliance with them in the event of actual war. As regards Spain, her minor interests and her geographical position may enable her to avoid being drawn into a European war; but should she take part in the struggle, her interests, such as they are, would be almost sure to prevent her joining France, and would be more likely to lead her into the Austro-German-Italian camp. Also, we must here point out that the second international question which we have to discuss affects indirectly two purely Asiatic powers, China and Persia; and hence, in our treatment of the subject, although it is primarily an affair of European politics, we shall have perforce to consider the position and attitude of China and Persia in relation to the Eastern question, the greatest problem of modern politics.

If we consider the question of the possession of Alsace-Lorraine by itself, it is at least doubtful, considering the great risks involved, whether this alone would ever lead to an outbreak of war between France and Germany. Until the Alsace-Lorraine question is definitely settled, we do not believe that France will risk war with any of the more important powers for the furtherance of her covetous designs in the Mediterranean or elsewhere. But when Alsace-Lorraine has been either recovered or finally given up, we may expect an unpleasant display of French activity in the Mediterranean and other quarters. The greatest guarantee of peace among civilized nations is their appreciation of the cost and hazards of war. War would inevitably prove disastrous to both victor and vanquished in the case of such States as France and Germany, where a highly advanced civilization has necessarily produced a most delicate internal social organization.

The temper of the German people is not warlike, although it is such as to render



them submissive to military discipline, and specially apt for that elaborate military organization which cannot be perfected without a natural love of order and method. The German people have, moreover, given ample proofs of patriotism and courage, and their peaceable, comfortable temperament is no absolute guarantee that, under the advice of tried and trusted leaders, they may not yet consider themselves forced, in self-defence, to boldly assume the offensive against implacable enemies. In view of the inevitability of a struggle, purely military considerations would probably make it wise for Germany to choose her own time for the commencement of hostilities. But there are also political considerations to be taken into account, and these must cause her to hesitate even to appear as an aggressor. Her people, however, persuaded of its necessity, would view such an attitude with repugnance, and she would find it more difficult to make her allies follow her in attack, than in a war which was purely and unmistakably a war of defence.

With regard to the French, we venture to differ somewhat from Sir Charles Dilke in his estimate of the peaceful disposition of the majority of the French people, or, at all events, of that portion of the nation which interests itself sufficiently actively in current politics to control the action of the government. We cannot lose sight of the intense hatred of Germany and the Germans which certainly exists among all classes in France. We have noted also the enthusiasm which has been created, not in Paris only, but throughout the country, by every incident tending to testify to the improvement and strength of French military force, and by every warlike speech pronounced by irresponsible soldiers or by would-be politicians. We cannot but think that France would fight at once to repossess herself of Alsace and Lorraine, if she felt confident of the successful issue of the struggle.

But that is the question: Could France alone beat Germany even if the latter had no allies; and is it not probable that Germany could bring stronger allies into the field than could possibly be found to support France?

If France should attack Germany, there can be little doubt that, under the terms of the "alliance of peace" the latter would be supported by Austria. France may be strong enough to meet Germany alone, though this is at least doubtful, but certainly she would be no match for Austria

and Germany combined. It must, however, be remembered, that it is distinctly against the interests of Russia to see France, her only possible important ally in Europe, completely crushed. It is therefore possible, that to prevent the too great preponderance of Germany, Russia might interfere actively, so as not only to hold Austria in check, but to force Germany to detach a considerable portion of her army to assist Austria on her eastern frontier. Should Russia move in support of France, the forces which Germany could direct against the latter would probably be weakened by some two hundred thousand men, and then the issue of the conflict would be equally doubtful on both sides of Europe, though the advantage of strategical position would be with the central European powers.

Such a combination of circumstances has naturally been foreseen by the rulers of Germany, and consequently one of the chief aims of Prince Bismarck's policy has been to prevent Russia from definitely casting in her lot with France. With this object Germany has shown willingness at times to support Russia even in direct opposition to the desires of Austria; and, indeed, Prince Bismarck has apparently approved Russian action in the Balkan Peninsula, when that action was certainly unfavorable to Germany in the long-run, and was arousing a hostile feeling in the German people. Thus, Prince Bismarck acquiesced in the expulsion of Prince Alexander from Bulgaria, and by his subsequent attitude he has distinctly added to the difficulties of Prince Ferdinand, and has contributed to Russia's success in preventing the consolidation of the Bulgarian principality. The German chancellor has doubtless made his calculation as to how far he can safely go in this direction; and whilst he temporarily secured the good-will of the Russian government by what he thought fit to concede, it may fairly be assumed that he has caused it to be understood that there is a limit to such concessions, and that that limit would be overstepped were Russia, under present circumstances, to attempt a second invasion of Bulgaria with her armies.

We believe that it is Prince Bismarck's policy to humor the czar personally, and to make every concession which can be made without too great a sacrifice of important material advantage; but we cannot think that in this direction his success has been very great. The late emperor William was undoubtedly regarded with respect,

and perhaps with something akin to affection, by the present czar. The relations with the young German monarch are not so clear, but there are good reasons to believe that they are by no means of too friendly a character.

Everybody will remember how, immediately after his accession, the present emperor Wilhelm hastened to St. Petersburg. The intention of this precipitate journey was doubtless to secure the friendship of the Russian court. But it was far from succeeding. Persons likely to be well informed observed at the time that the czar was unfavorably impressed, both by the want of dignity shown by his youthful cousin, and by the apparent lack of good feeling displayed in his sudden rush, almost from his father's death-bed, to the entertainments necessarily attendant on an official visit to a foreign court. Besides, it was noted in St. Petersburg that the czar was by no means pleased at the ostentatious manner in which the German emperor seized the occasion of a review in his honor to exhibit the thoroughness of his military training, and smartly drilled a Russian regiment of which he is the titular chief. The czar is not a soldier, and does not know the business of a drill-sergeant, and it was distinctly galling to him to find his guest acting so as to cause the Russian officers to draw invidious comparisons between their own sovereign and the Potsdam disciplinarian. At the time, official journalism assured the world that the czar and the emperor had sworn eternal friendship; but recently the same official journalism has, in an extraordinary manner, let the cat out of the bag. In the *Nord*, the organ of the Russian Foreign Office in Belgium, on September 23d, the then expected visit of the czar to Berlin was spoken of as "a peace symptom of the first water, which all Europe must interpret as such, which will *lessen the tension in the personal relations between the two most powerful sovereigns*, and impart a more favorable color to the whole European situation, so that the fear of war may cease, at least until next spring." Comment is unnecessary.

The visit of the czar to Berlin naturally renewed public discussion on the relations between Russia and Germany, but we feel confident that it did not materially change the general situation. The czar's hesitation and delays in fixing a date for his reception were a sufficient indication that the idea of the visit was by no means pleasurable to him. The manner in which his generally impatient cousin passed over

the offensive capriciousness which marked the acceptance of his invitation, shows clearly that Germany desires to avoid any immediate breach of the peace. The czar's comparative good-humor when leaving Berlin would indicate that his personal susceptibilities had been smoothed during the visit, and further, that he was convinced that the German government had no present hostile intentions against his empire. This much, then, has been achieved, that the czar is in a better humor with his German cousin than he was two months ago. So far the chances for the temporary preservation of peace are improved. But this is all. The great political problems which agitate Europe remain unchanged, and the interests of the nations which face each other in hostile camps are as divergent as ever. In spite of all the chancellor's efforts, it is clear that Germany remains in a most difficult position, her eastern and western frontiers respectively threatened by Russia and France, two most powerful and assuredly hostile States.

Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it is evident that Austria alone is not a sufficiently powerful ally to fully ensure the safety of Germany; and hence we see Prince Bismarck eagerly drawing Italy into close alliance; alternately worrying and courting England to force her into the same combination; sending a mission to Spain with a similar object; making a special display of friendship for Turkey; and assisting, through the labors of German officers, to reorganize and improve the Turkish army.

As regards Italy, Prince Bismarck's policy has, outwardly at least, been fully successful. Italy has openly avowed her adherence to the "alliance of peace." In accordance with German desires, she has steadily augmented her military and naval forces; and in complying with the suggestions of the German staff, she has not hesitated to impose most severe burdens on her people.

But after all, what is the value to Germany of the Italian alliance? First, it must be remembered that the interests of Italy in a struggle for the possession of Alsace-Lorraine are, like those of Austria, indirect. They are confined to the prevention of the possible misfortune of the establishment, to her detriment, of French supremacy in the Mediterranean, and to the possible advantages of a gain of territory in Nice, Savoy, or Tripoli. When the decisive moment comes, Italy will undoubtedly seek her own interests first

and before those of the nations with whom she is now apparently in close alliance. Her difficulty lies in her geographical position, the extent of her exposed seaboard, and the weakness of her navy compared with that of France. The combined navies of Austria, Italy, and Germany might be a match for that of France, if they could safely unite in the Mediterranean. But France has the advantage of strategical position; and in any case, if Russia should be fighting on the side of France, it would tax the resources of Italy to secure her own coasts from hostile invasion, and such troops as she could spare after providing for this, would be fully occupied in defending the Italian frontier in the north-west.

In his valuable book on the "Balance of Military Power in Europe," Colonel Maurice has admirably explained the situation, and has pointed out, what was so strangely overlooked by Sir Charles Dilke, but is, we are glad to observe, tacitly admitted by "Outidanos"—viz., the immense value to the powers of central Europe of the active assistance of the English fleet. Without an English alliance the action of Italy in support of Germany and Austria would probably be confined to an armed neutrality, friendly to the Austro-German alliance. With the assistance of England for maritime defence, Italy could readily dispose of at least three hundred thousand men for active hostilities against France. In the first case, as Italy would not necessarily suffer immediately by the defeat of Austria and Germany if they should be unsuccessful, she might trust to the chapter of accidents as regards future risks. In the second case—that is, if supported by England—Italy could not fail to attain her legitimate ends, and might afterwards rest at ease, secure from the designs of French aggressive ambition. We know that, since his visit to Spithead, the emperor Wilhelm has seriously stated his opinion that, in the event of a European war, the assistance of the British fleet would be worth five hundred thousand men to the central alliance. We would go further, and must maintain that if both Turkey and Italy were the allies of England, the power of our fleet would free a million Turkish and Italian soldiers for active operations on land.

We have spoken of the probability, under existing circumstances, of Italy's adopting an attitude of "armed neutrality." This is a phrase often used, but of which the definition is not perhaps often

clear in the minds of those who use it. We would define it as an attitude of preparedness to take advantage of any unsuccess of the power against which it is adopted; and it does not materially differ from what Sir C. Dilke with considerable felicity terms a "policy of *pourboire*."

Our considerations thus lead us to the result that, as regards the question of Alsace-Lorraine, the issue of a struggle between France and Germany alone would be at least doubtful; that Germany would be most probably supported by Austria, but that this support would almost certainly bring Russia actively into the field; that the alliance with Italy, unless assisted by England, cannot with certainty be relied on for anything further than the assumption by Italy of an attitude of armed neutrality against France, which would still leave the final result doubtful; that England holds the absolute key of the position, as her active support of the powers united in the "alliance of peace" would certainly turn the scale of victory in their favor, and would secure the discomfiture of France and Russia, should they dare to take the offensive.

If, therefore, we are right in our estimate of the comparative forces and resources of the chief European nations, it is evident that the adhesion of England to the present alliance of the central powers would, even in the eyes of "Outidanos," and according to his definition, justly entitle that combination of forces to be considered as a "league of peace." The combined strength of Germany, Austria, Italy, and England can certainly force the remainder of Europe to keep the peace. Why, then, is "Outidanos" so eager that English ministers should refrain from even admitting the possibility of their country finding its advantage in joining the ranks of the special constables, who, at great personal sacrifices, are mounting guard to protect the peaceful interests of central Europe? We are not of those who would desire to see England blindly tying her hands as regards the future. There is no reason to-day for our going out of our way to arouse the active hostility of France and Russia. Circumstances may change, but surely, in the name of liberty and peace, we may at all times rightly let it be known that the power of England will be promptly thrown into the scale against any marauding disturber of European tranquillity. And, under existing conditions, all unprejudiced students of foreign politics must perceive that, in the immediate future, Russia and France

are alone likely to appear in the character of wilful peace-breakers.

We have thus far purposely refrained from complicating the question of Alsace-Lorraine by any reference to considerations regarding the solution of the Eastern question. But this question would almost certainly affect the action of more than one power in a general European war; and, as we shall show in a future paper, it concerns not only the great powers already mentioned, but also, directly or indirectly, several of the minor kingdoms and States.

ΚΥΡΙΟΣ.

From Temple Bar.

AMONG THE AMERICANS.

BY ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.R.G.S.

"AND the 'carpet-bagger'—what of him? Is he a thing of the past?"

"Yes, sir-ree! The South's a live concern now, and he's jist mopped up, anyway!"

"But what was this 'carpet-bagger'—precisely?"

"Waal, I reckon it would about tire you to death—and me too—to fix him up in detail, but he jist amounted to this: a hungry politician from the North with narything about him but a durned carpet-bag, jumping on us down South here, jist 'cause we *were* down, and makin' his pile outen our dollars."

"Ah," said I, "then he met with his merits when he disappeared. May I ask," I added, "with all respect for Judge Lynch, whether he died a *natural* death?"

"Why, cert'nly," laughed my informant. "He died out 'cause he couldn't help it. He was jist like the mule—jist like that unfort'nate creetur. He hadn't no pride of ancestry, and, what's durnside better, no possible hope of posterity!"

Having delivered himself of this smart bit of epitaph-making, my companion, a high official in the State of Georgia, U.S.A., broke into a prolonged chuckle, swayed backward and forward in his "rocker," saluted the nearest cuspidore (*Anglice*, spittoon) with unabated vigor, and finally got up and joined the group of politicians whose conversation had suggested my original question.

I am sitting in the large entrance-hall of a hotel in the city of Savannah; it is the lounge of the hotel guests, where they read the papers, drink iced water, smoke and chew, discuss the State politics, play

poker, and watch the advent of the new arrivals. Although but the approach to suites of luxurious apartments, it is the centre, the heart of the hotel. An hour or two may be devoted to the salons, but the rest of the day is spent in this hall. What gossip goes on you hear here; what manners and customs are observed are here observed, and this is the place for the stranger to observe them.

The hall is a large one, and the painted ceiling rests on two rows of gilded—and dusty—pillars. The floor is checked in black and white marble, and the distempered walls, though unattractive, have a cool effect. The clerk is busy with his accounts and the registration of recent arrivals, behind a counter at the inner end, and there stands between him and the public a screen, on which hang a hundred or two brass keys, each on its numbered peg, and under whose protection the personal effects and bedrooms of a hundred or two guests are rendered safe—comparatively. From the pillar nearest to my chair there projects a nickel-plated iced water tap, called "the fountain;" just below is a stand for the common cup and a minute sink and waste-pipe for its rinsing. Whenever any one gets up from the prevailing rocker, it is a dollar to a dime that this iced water is the objective point; indeed, iced water is no longer a luxury among this people—it is a necessity. All Americans indulge in it, whether the thermometer indicates zero at Chicago, or ninety degrees in the shade at St. Augustine. Men, women, and children compose the procession to the fountain. It would seem a simple thing to drink a cup of water, but experience leads me to conclude that there is an etiquette attached even to this. The act of drinking strictly alternates with attentions to the cuspidore, or spittoon. There is always one handy. Women as well as men conform to this etiquette, and, what is even more astonishing, in precision of aim and general efficiency in this respect youths of tender age are little behind. I am indeed among the Americans.

They are very interesting, these American cousins of ours. Smart? No doubt about it! As quick as forked lightning, but as angular.

For they *are* angular, and the "insular arrogance" universally attributed to John Bull may also be "continental," and with equal justice attributed to Jonathan; indeed, the American—the stay-at-home American who merely wanders over his millions of square miles of continent—is

even more (continentally) insular than the Briton. For while the latter is barely separated from several ancient civilizations, each unique in its way, by the "silver streak" of the Channel, for the former there is no such ameliorating vicinity. We in England are perched on the circumference of the wide circle of Europe, with its heterogeneous radii; they, on the contrary, form a circle for themselves, every diameter of which is American. Jonathan's patrimony is a great one, and appeals largely to personal self-satisfaction; but it is none the less true that his outlook is small and bounded everywhere by his own horizon. For, while England is but a "bright particular star" of the constellation of Europe, there has spread from the seven New England States — the Ursa Major of the Union — a perfect galaxy of self-contained and exclusive polities; and, consequently, it is no paradox to say that the American is insular — insular in his pride and prejudice, and insular in his manner.

The American manner is unique, but friendly at bottom. It is not an hour since I was walking on the street in this dusty, sandy, though tree-shaded Savannah; not a week since I loitered along the sidewalks of Washington; not a month since I stumbled over the bulge and billow of New York pavements. As I wandered through each city, I met with numerous proofs that the American manner is friendly, though peculiar. I know most of the great European cities and some of those of the empires beyond the Urals, but I give the palm to the American citizen for "uniquity." Let me quote but two instances.

One morning, while dealing with the difficulties of the sidewalk on Broadway, I felt my arm clutched. I faced about quickly and nearly upset a gentleman with a concerned face. He immediately broke out, —

"Say, stranger, thar's a striped bug on your hat!"

Astonishment, disgust, and anger rapidly chased each other across my mind, but when on removing my hat I beheld a wasp busy with the bow of the band, I "caught on," as they say, and bowed my acknowledgments. It was peculiar, though I cannot but admit it was friendly.

The second instance. While I was accompanying a lady along a street in Washington, an individual in a glossy black cloth suit and a goatee, who might have been a revival evangelist or a hotel-tout, but was probably a senator, stepped

in front of her and introduced himself in a confidential manner with this remark, — "Xcuse me, marm, but yer shoe-tie's free!"

Free — yes; but so was our friend — "painful and free." It was difficult, but, after a blank stare on our part and a repetition of the admonition on his, we divined the situation, and an adjacent store covered the lady's retreat, while I endeavored to comport myself with cosmopolitan urbanity. It was annoying — very; but one must acknowledge that it was friendly.

I remember that, during my sojourn in America, some correspondence took place in a New York paper on the relative politeness of English and Americans. I regret, for the sake of international amity, that the former were stigmatized as "beastly." They smoked, it was said, foul pipes in the street, and carelessly blew puffs of smoke into the faces — and to the disgust — of "delicately raised ladies." For my part, I could not see the difference between the smoke of a pipe and that of the inferior cigars which the Americans largely affect; but, then, I was not a "delicately raised lady." There may have been something in that. Englishmen also, it was asserted, swaggered through the Boss City of the Universe "in large sporting checks and cloth skull-caps." The English, one might have replied, had in nearly every case just stepped off a steamer, and were *en route* westward or southward; but this argument would have had no force, as the fashion of Jonathan is to travel in high black hat and tight black suit. Occasionally he protects himself from his sandy, dusty railway tracks and the grime of the cars by a long, whity-brown holland coat. But, oddly enough in matter-of-fact America, this sensible individual is the exception, and the "undertaker" suit the rule.

*A propos* of this, I might mention that while enjoying, one lovely August day on the top of the Gorner Grat, the loveliest scene that the Switzer's land can boast, while gazing at the round white shoulder of Monte Rosa as it slips from its snowy mantle into the ice-stream of the Gorner Glacier — into the crevassed waves of unimaginable blue — that a party of four or five hot and breathless ladies and gentlemen made their appearance on the summit of the Grat. There were two gentlemen, clad as I have described — shiny black hats, shiny black suits, and white linen shirts and collars, stiff, no doubt, when they left the hotel, but not when I saw them; no, not then. The whole "get up"

smacked terribly of town and toil. Ten thousand feet above the sea it grated. Suddenly one lady burst into a rhapsody — of the great snow kings standing in eternal silence around them? Oh, dear no! this is what she said, —

“Oh, my! Say here, Silas, it’s right here where Pap threw the champagne bottle down last fall. Only think! ain’t it queer?”

And then for some five minutes the whole party craned their necks over the precipice and tried to identify, now in the cool shadow of a rock, and now in a dark patch of lichen, the departed bottle. The quest was unsuccessful, Silas declared that it must have “quit thar,” and so they turned away from the summit, and began the descent, quite disappointed. They were Americans.

But to return to the charges against English politeness. The deadliest of all was the lack of gallantry to women. In the rail and tram-cars, Englishmen were said to surround themselves with a barrier of light personal luggage and an atmosphere of stand-offishness, through neither of which would they break even to assist a lady or offer her a seat.

Now it happened that, while this correspondence was proceeding, I returned to New York for a week or so, and on the very first evening of my arrival was jolting up Broadway in a crowded car. As we passed Grace Church, the conductor struck his gong, the pace slowed, and a lady sprang actively on to the rear platform, and stood in the doorway. I looked round at my American companions — no, not a budge from one of them. The lady advanced about a foot inside — still no sign. So I stood up and offered my seat. Simultaneously a gentleman at the head of the car did likewise. Mine was accepted, and I turned with some curiosity to see this exceptional American. Strange, it was a friend of mine, whom I never expected to see in New York, and a Briton to the backbone!

And yet there are personal features in American travel on which they can give us points. A young woman may travel from New York to San Francisco, from the shores of Lake Huron to those of the Gulf of Mexico, and never experience an insult or affront. She would indeed receive numberless acts of disinterested kindness, offered with no assumption of officiousness, and suggested by a real courtesy. Again, few Americans care to sit down by a woman, on the short seats of the railroad cars, if there is an entirely

vacant seat elsewhere. We in England might cynically suggest that he would naturally prefer the entirely vacant seat, but we should be wrong. The American bears no resemblance to his British cousin in exclusiveness and impassibility. Not a bit of it; if there is a chance to talk, talk he will; and there is a free-masonry of converse among all who are travelling. The real reason for objecting to take the vacant place, is that the lady might be incommoded, and this no decent American will do.

But there are yet other advantages in their mode of travel. The car system is practically secure from the dangers which threaten, and more than threaten, our small compartments. Cases of murder, assault, robbery, or the minor, but perhaps on that account more frequent, instances of insult and abuse, are unknown on the railroads of the United States. There is no possibility of being locked in for a length of time with a drunken ruffian. Such people are rightly enough refused admittance to the train. The number of passengers in each car establishes a sort of public opinion, which in that democratic country is rarely challenged; and the frequent passage of the officials through the cars lends an additional security to the common weal. There is a freedom of movement, also, in these long, spacious cars, which, while it obviates the necessity of any awkward *contretemps*, renders a lengthy journey ten-fold more bearable. Despite the rough tracks, risky sociability of the officials — who chat and smoke with the passengers almost too much for the safety of the train — despite the exorbitant charges for ten-minute meals at wayside stations, the inconvenience of the “check” system to the novice, and the absence of the genus porter, the mode of travel in America is well adapted to the existing conditions.

With all the contrasts which the Americans present to the English or the Europeans, there is one striking similarity. Their cities are becoming quite as congested. They are growing outward and inward on two ever-diverging lines; the rich are daily growing richer, and the poor poorer. The criminal and the needy are being shut up alone in their slums, and the wealthy are walking apart in their distinctive quarter. Recreation is drawing away from the toilers, leaving them a life without light or relaxation. A man may now die in an attic in many an American city and none know who he is — or care. That old-fashioned town where every house-

holder was his own landlord is now the rarity, not the rule. In a score and more cities which could be named "free soup" is ever and again announced for the people, ay, even "free bread." It matters not that the benefactor may be seeking election or local influence; his act surely indicates the state of things below the surface. The utmost of squalid wretchedness, streets upon streets where life is only grime, dark dens reeking with the stench of disease and uncleanness, the sweaters' rookeries—all these are established features in the large cities of America, and are the more striking because so surprising.

Yet the cause is not far to seek. A wholesale immigration of clanny Kelts, who cling to the fellowship of the cities with characteristic tenacity; a steady inflow from the rural districts, of young men and women who are allured by the glare of city life, and, moth-like, ignore the devouring flame; the influence of literature and the press, which naturally describe and magnify the interest and opportunities of the great cities, to the comparative exclusion of the country.

It has been well said that "All the Miss Mitfords in the world or all the Miss Esther Carpenters, with their charming delineations of life in 'Our Village' or 'Life in the South Country,' do not succeed in counter-weighting the Goldsmiths and Johnsons and Dickenses and Thackerays and Carlyles and George Eliots, whose atmosphere has been a city atmosphere, and who in literature describe what they have seen and known." But whatever the cause, the fact is none the less lamentable. For country life in America has still much of Arcady in it; there is plenty of scope for wholesome and remunerative labor in the agricultural and pastoral districts, and there are still States, which, like that of Ohio, can boast that no one need ever hunger within their borders.

And connected with this malady of the cities, or because of it, there is the congestion of labor. The strikes, lock-outs, and boycotts of which we hear with surprise are the result of an unwise agglomeration of weakly elements. For the average American workman is unskilled, and in order to protect himself against the skilled immigrants or the overwhelming hordes of workmen of his own kidney, he resorts to organization. If he would only migrate to the free markets of the country instead of agitating against competition in the towns, become an agricultural laborer rather than a "corner-man," the

avenues of industry would be cleared and elbow-room found for all. But "freedom" in America is too often a synonym for "self-will" or "self-assertion," and the absence of any apprenticeship facilitates, with fatal ease, the intrusion of the unskilled into industries already overcrowded.

It is refreshing to turn from these ever-increasing perplexities to the conveniences of every-day life. There are many things in America which, necessities there, are still luxuries in England. I cannot quote a more familiar instance than the telephone. It is true that we possess the telephone, but its region of activity is still practically confined to the thronged quarters of commerce; in America it is a domestic institution.

For example, all the shopping that was required for carrying on the domestic economy of my household, in a city at least a thousand miles from New York, could be transacted in the privacy of my flat. Did I need meat, fish, or bread, candles, soap, or scrubbing-brushes, a buggy for a drive, or a carrier for a parcel, I had merely to go to my telephone, blow up the tube, and begin my order with the usual formula, "Hello! Say! Send me right now such and such an article," and the "hog and hominy," or what not, would arrive in due course. I could be put, in a few seconds, in communication with the doctor, the purveyor of "notions," or with the hosiery, who is known there as a "dealer in gents' furnishings and fixings." The telephone, in fact, is a good example of the majority of American inventions, for the inventive genius of America deals almost solely with labor-saving apparatus. Art is in its infancy, and its productions are still imported or copied from Europe; but industrialism is paramount, and the admirable facilities for patenting swell, day by day, the Patent Museum at Washington with the practical inventions of America.

There is another convenience for the sojourner and traveller which few Englishmen who pass through the United States detect. It is the frequency of good and cheap restaurants where *table d'hôte* is the rule. Most Englishmen who make the tour of the States never eat a meal out of an expensive hotel. This is a mistake, for it not only involves loss of money, but loss of opportunity to study the more domestic side of Jonathan. A large proportion of Americans "room," as it is called, at hotels and houses set apart for the purpose, and "board" out. They differ from the

occasional guests of the English restaurant; they want a good meal, and that thrice daily. The supply proves itself equal to the demand, and the vagrant Englishman would do well to avail himself of it. There are even restaurants where catering for ladies is a speciality, as the following notice outside a New York restaurant will show: "This Restaurant is especially adapted for Ladies, as all our waiters are Ladies."

A deal has been written about the "vulgar tongue" of the United States, and its eccentricities have been plentifully ridiculed; but I do not see how we can expect Jonathan to speak otherwise than he does. He is the creature, if not the victim, of circumstances. No civilized country has an indigenous race, and none an indigenous tongue. There can be little question that the United States offer the strongest example of both these principles. Language, in fact, is evolved, and its sources are external. Compare our nineteenth-century speech with that of Chaucer; and yet, perhaps, we have been least open to foreign linguistic influence. But America, which was rapidly crystallizing into a nation fifty years ago, is farther off than ever now. Europe has been flushing her sewers for half a century, and the out-fall has been America. Slav and Kelt, Teuton and Gaul, Norse and Saxon, Iberian and Italian have overwhelmed the rising American and swamped him. They are at present busily impressing him with their individuality, their characteristics, and their language; but there can be no doubt that as time goes on each of these conflicting elements, which make the surface so turgid and troubled now, will sink to the bottom, and the American, strengthened by the conflict, or the infusion, will arise once more. When the incessant tidal wave of emigration shall cease to roll, then, and then only, can the standard of the American language be fixed.

Acknowledging this, we can yet get some legitimate amusement out of the verbal curiosities which Jonathan reels off from his smart and caustic tongue. We can yet smile at the extravagant and admire the trenchant phrase; applaud the original, and estimate the eccentric for what it is worth.

There are two words which I am inclined to think work harder than any others in the American tongue. These words are "fix" and "elegant." I have met Americans who "fix" their potatoes, *i.e.*, smash up and butter them; Americans who "fix" their children, or set them up

in business; Americans who "fix" a night-intruder, that is, let daylight into him! I have met men who call the weather "elegant" — or the landscape, a road, a particular dish, or the tenth-rate town in which they may be living. A gentleman of some position in the United States accosted me one lovely evening in the Indian summer, with, —

"Say, ain't that sunset mighty elegant?"

Again, a lady was impressing upon me the fact that I should visit Niagara in the winter time, as well as the summer, so as to see the ice hills and caves into which the water vapor at the foot of the falls freezes. This is the way she put it, —

"The trimmings are jist elegant."

"Trimmings" is good.

I never could understand why, when buying an article, the question asked is, not "What is the price?" but "What is it worth?" And this, chiefly because the storekeeper never says what a commodity is really worth intrinsically, or in his particular market, but places its value about twenty-five per cent. over and above what he will take for it, and which is, in turn, about twenty-five per cent. over what he paid for it. The bargaining which goes on in all the provincial cities and towns is extraordinary. The process is called "Jewing down," and proceeds something like this: —

*Scene:* Store. Enter prospective buyer, points laconically to article and loquitur:

"Say, what's this worth?"

*Storekeeper.* "One dollar, and dirt cheap."

*P. B.* (who really wants it). "Ah, waal, it's not quite what I want. But I'm in no pertikler rush to-day." (Pauses.) "B'lieve I'll give yer seventy cents for it."

*S.* "Seventy cents? Why, I declar it's dirt cheap at a dollar; but" — spittooning — "I'll let yer have it for ninety cents."

*P. B.* "That's quite ridiklous! However, I ken jist let un rip!" (Turns over about a dozen articles and then prepares to leave the store.)

*S.* "Come now, yer shall have it for eighty cents, thar! I couldn't make it better nor that, anyhow."

*P. B.* (examining article attentively, but grunting the while). "No, sir-ree; it won't run it. Now" — confidentially — "I'll tell yer what I *will* do. I'll give yer seventy-five cents — seventy-five cents" — impressively — "and not a red cent more. What say?"



The storekeeper fires a bolt at the nearest spittoon, shakes his head, and turns to serve another customer. Prospective buyer saunters round the store, and eventually reaches the door. At this moment the storekeeper calls out, —  
 "Say you can take that durned thing; but come and see us again, will yer?"

And so the compact is concluded. Both are fully satisfied, and think nothing of the ten minutes they have wasted, for both conclude they have "bested" the other. This phrase "come and see us again" is the usual farewell. I have had it said to me scores of times.

There is, on the other hand, an excellent trait in American shopping. If you can't get exactly what you want, the storekeeper will help you to find it elsewhere. He will direct you to various other stores, inviting you back should your search be unavailing. One commonly hears a man say, "Guess I'll see what notions So-and-so's gotten, and if they're no better than yourn, I'll come right back." And come right back he does. There is a deal of genuineness mixed up with this "Jewing-down" process. At the same time competition induces strange ways. Salesmen are valuable according to the number of friends they can allure to buy. In the provincial towns it is a very usual thing to see a salesman making the tour of the store with six or seven handsomely dressed ladies, whom he introduces to the storekeeper and other salesmen as his "social acquaintances," and whom he generally induces to purchase largely. If you pause and listen, you will hear a deal of society gossip mixed up with details of dry goods.

But to return to the language. Some of the expressions in vogue do honor to their order; they are really expressive. For example, all spreading trees with plentiful foliage — for there are many trees in America which do not conform with this description — are called "shade" trees. They are always to be found close to the houses. A man of ability and standing is spoken of as a "solid" man — also expressive. Similarly an honest man — in politics a *rara avis* — is said to be "square." A man of push and go is called a "live" man. When you are punctual, you are "on time;" when successful, you are "on top." I remember a San Francisco paper printing the following remark: "On top! It is pleasant when a newspaper feels this way!" The *New York Herald* reprinted the remark, and

with characteristic modesty put the following heading: "It is, thank you!"

A great number of Americanisms are provincialisms from Old England, imported by those emigrants of the humbler class, who speak generation after generation the language of their fathers, the language of tradition rather than of literature. The "I reckon" of the Southern States (for "I guess" is properly Yankee) is still to be found among the rustics of various parts of England. The sturdy shepherd of the South Downs still uses "mad" for "angry," and "axe" for "ague." In several districts of England the cockchafer is still called the "May-bug," and the green beetle of midsummer the "June-bug." The promiscuous use of "elegant" may find its counterpart in the Hibernian pet adjective, and a "square meal" is good old English enough. It is enshrined in the dramatic literature of the Shakespearian era. But the list could be extended almost indefinitely. It is sufficient to point out that many expressions, which strike us now as strange, were familiar enough to our forefathers; and that in many cases the Americans have helped to perpetuate a period of the English language, just as the Icelanders, shut off in their oceanic solitude, still speak the Norse that was spoken by the invaders of England.

The language of the American is decidedly interesting, whether we take the elided crisp words of Yankee speech, or the "high-falutin'" pomposities of the Western States. There is no fear for this language. The eccentricities which at present bulge and warp will in time subside. Education will impart a more literary — not necessarily less suitable — character to the language. But will education impart a more mellifluous accent, a sweeter, softer voice? An Englishman, however cultivated, is rarely jarred by the Americanisms — they carry their own credentials; but he draws the line at the nasal twang, the high, sustained, and rapid jarring voice, the occasional prolonged drawl. When in America I had two compliments paid me — in my national character — anent this. A group of us were talking in an eastern hotel, and an old gentleman, a Virginian senator, said to me, —

"I reckoned you English d'rectly you opened your mouth. I judged it by your accent."

"Accent," forsooth! Who, thought I, spoke with the accent? Nevertheless, I took it as a compliment.

Upon another occasion an Englishman whom I had just met mentioned that he had mistaken me for an American; partly, I believe, because I was in the company of one! My companion burst out, —

“Why, goodness gracious! you never heard an American speak from his chest like that — and you never will!”

Allowing for a slight exaggeration on the part of my friendly companion, I may say that Jonathan rarely sounds a chest note. But education in this matter is looking up. The wealthier, more travelled Americans, are afflicted with Anglo-mania. They have got it badly. They are modelling their houses, their equipages, their clothes, their customs upon those of the English. They imitate our very slang expressions in order to become more “English, you know.” And I am glad to say that some of the more audacious are even attempting to speak with English intonation. And that this is not a mere “international amenity” on my part, I will leave the *New York Sun* to speak for its fellow-citizenesses: “In one respect the average American woman is far behind her English sister. Her voice is not so melodious, and her intonation is less agreeable. A crowd of American women, it must be confessed, will make a din with their voices which distresses the ear. Here, the voice is high and harsh; there (in England) it is low and soft, soothing and gratifying the ear like sweet music.”

An American lady, belonging to a famous New York family, lately stayed here for several months, in order to be Anglicized. She would frequently say to me, “Do I speak like an Englishwoman? Isn’t that very English?” and so on. But a few days ago an American girl came to me in ecstasies over the charming voices of some flower-girls in one of our London streets. “Ah,” she said, “we have nothing like that.”

Having lingered in the streets and picked up crumbs of custom and speech let drop by the American people, I will, before leaving this subject, ask the reader to allow me to “personally conduct” him to the American court. No gorgeous pageants figure in my programme; not only for the very excellent reason that there are no pageants to figure, but also because here, as everywhere, I tried, and usually managed, to merge myself in the crowd, and learn while I listened and looked. When I went to the White House, it was with the “sovereign people,” and not as an intrusive Englishman,

favored in his desire for a private view by an indulgent Legation.

Cleveland was Cæsar in the days I chronicle — a better Cæsar than most of his kidney — but “how have the mighty fallen!” Small thanks for his labors does the president nowadays receive, and yet little gratitude is at least in accord with the “small beer” the nation votes for his services. As most people know, he receives the small salary of ten thousand a year, and even that is double the sum allowed before 1873. Out of this he has to disburse all private expenses, all public entertainments. Even the domestics of the White House are unprovided for by the government. The wages of coachmen and cooks come out of the official pittance. Only such individuals as are indispensable to the nation are paid by the nation.

For the White House is divided against itself, or, at least, serves two masters. It has a public and a private life. One half may be regarded as the Executive Mansion, the office of the chief magistrate of the republic. A couple of secretaries, a few clerks, messengers, and doorkeepers, and one fireman, make up “the household” which the nation provides. The other half may be called the president’s residence, and private only in a comparative sense. All domestic expenses connected with this portion of the White House are borne by the president’s salary, although, as we shall see, the sovereign people are not averse to monopolizing the establishment on occasions neither formal, nor rare.

A hard worker like Cleveland found no bed of roses in the Executive Mansion. In his office by 9 A.M., and at work on an assorted mail; interviewing the members of his Cabinet and the Congress till noon, receiving any private callers from then till half past one, and after that the mob generally till they let him escape to lunch; this meal finished, more work till 5 P.M., when the daily drive came as a refresher and a whet to the appetite for seven o’clock dinner. And when it is said that after dinner Cleveland usually returned to his study and worked till midnight, it will be seen that his lot, however happy, was not a light one.

It is true that great simplicity prevails at the White House, but at the same time it is equally true that the fierce light of the American press beats upon the innermost life of the president, and renders privacy almost unattainable. Does the first magistrate give a dinner-party to a

few friends? We are told all about it, or, at any rate, all that the reporters can find out or have wit enough to imagine. Every detail is published abroad, and often in amusing conjunction with some question of the day. The prohibitionists will give a list of the aerated waters drunk, and their opponents record exactly how many wine-glasses are apportioned to each guest, and for what wines they are destined. One society paper will relate that the president keeps strictly to the etiquette of being always helped first, even at his own table, while another will explain with fulsome gush how graciously he waives the custom in favor of his lady guests! But it will not do to throw stones at society papers; we live in glass houses ourselves.

One day, between the hours of one and two, I formed a unit in a parti-colored concourse of citizens, and passed through the portals of the White House. A large saloon on the entrance floor, called the East Room, is the audience chamber. I was in no hurry to press on, being anxious to pick up the etiquette proper to the occasion, and about which, as a monarchist, I was a little perturbed. Live and learn! The only ceremony to be performed was to grip the unfortunate man's hand, and see that you got it, for in the surging crowd this was not so simple a matter as might be imagined. The rest was "go as you please." But in the mean while I paused and loitered among my fellow-courtiers, and became "the chiel" among them "takin' notes."

I had arrayed my person in a black coat and waistcoat, and I was now busily protecting the gloss of a high hat from the aggressions of the perambulating court. Such preparations as I had made were the exception. Near me there stood a merry old negro, cracking stupendous jokes in hilarious tones, and innocent of any coat. Had his blue-and-white-checked shirt-sleeves been spotless, I could have forgiven him. There were white men there, clearly respectable citizens, who reversed this order and wore no waistcoat. The weather certainly was warm; but in Europe, I believe, that is not accepted as an excuse for wearing a holland suit in preference to levée dress. All manner of costume was here, and it was clear enough that these courtiers had just strolled in out of the glare of the streets to have a "handshake" with the president, and see how he fared.

But there were others — country-folk who had come very much on purpose.

Some six hundred tourists had arrived to "do" Washington, including the president. Satchels were slung across their shoulders, and suspicious bulges, bottle-shaped, occurred in their pocket regions. Many of these were not content with one "grip," but, in spite of remonstrances from the two or three officials present, formed themselves into a procession and marched into the audience chamber, out and in again, round and round in fact — no fewer, I think, than three times before their inconsiderate career could be checked. It will be understood how inconsiderate when I say that sometimes two and three thousand visitors are to be found at these daily audiences, and that upon one occasion — it was actually counted — the "presidential pump-handle performance" went for half-an-hour at the uniform rate of forty shakes to the minute!

But I am still lingering among the courtiers outside the actual presence. They repay a deal of lingering, I can assure you. A few minutes ago some women near me shut down the window next to them; they were cold. Now, two women are struggling to raise this window; they are hot. A gentleman a few feet off is busily dog-earing a handsome album which lies on a side-table. Another has just picked a pretty bud from a plant; it now reposes in his button-hole. A middle-aged woman who left her chair has returned, to find it confiscated by another female. There is a row. They both claim equal rights; the chair belongs to the nation, you know. And are they not the sovereign people, and in their own house? There is an unusual number of spittoons provided, but it appears to me that there are not enough yet. Oh dear! no, not nearly enough. And so the scene, with the people, moves on, and I with the people.

I am in the presidential presence. It is a fine one. Cleveland was full of that unassumed calmness which we call dignity. An intellectual man, too, with a quiet, observant eye. A large man — amply built upward and across, and filling out a voluminous frock-coat until it had not a single crease. This much I noticed, and then I was on my way back. Two men in front of me were trying to shove in a request about some appointment, but this being strictly forbidden, they were "moved on" by the secretary. They were chronic office-seekers, no doubt, who, having found private interviews futile, were availing themselves of the public audience

and the prevailing power of importunity. I have little doubt that they were there the day before, and less, that they turned up the day after. There are many such.

Sauntering out into the grounds, which form a public thoroughfare, I leave the American court, and here also I must take leave of the American people. I have noted but a few characteristics, touching on what is salient and strange to the English eye or ear, rather than on what underlies the surface and imparts its peculiar power to this great nation.

For the American eagle, though a mightily susceptible bird, is an eagle after all. He soars now, he will continue to soar. There is power in each stroke of his wing, indisputable power. His flight is swifter than any of his rivals; in many respects, indeed, he has no rivals. He is fortunate in being so far removed from the rest of the world, and yet he is no speck upon the sky. I have asked you to laugh at some of his habits in his eyrie; let me also ask you to admire him on the wing.

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From Murray's Magazine.

#### ROOKS AND FARMERS.

Is rural England relapsing into wildness? is a question which many people have been asking during the past twelve months. For it seems hardly consistent with a growing density of population that owners and tenants of land should have to combine, in order to offer rewards to the slayer of wild creatures. It was considered an astonishing thing when it was first realized that the European rabbit was becoming a plague to Australia, that the Scotch thistle was spreading over Canada, and that the grain-fields of California were being ravaged by the English sparrow. But that the same bird, with the rook and the wood-pigeon, was becoming a serious pest in England, or that the farmer had more than the usual reason for complaining of its petty pilfering, was quite incredible. However, it is in North Northumberland, was the comforting reflection, and the county always was wild. And yet those who know the district need not be told how well cultivated it is. There are hills, it is true, but the only complaint one hears on the green slopes or in the rocky glens of the Cheviots is that bird-stuffers are exterminating the rarest of the birds. No more is the golden eagle to be seen soaring over Hedgehope, the hen-harrier is driven away, and the peregrine falcon

and the raven have only Henhole left as their last citadel. There are moors, bogs, and mosses too; but, as more of them are annually riven up by the ploughshare, the curlew flies further and further away to the undrained wastes, where his desolate cry fits in with the desolate scenery. But whoever will climb to the top of "Dark Flodden," or even to the soft and mossy greensward in front of Sibyl Grey's well, where the water is still as pure as when Scott was there, will have before him, as he stands with his back to Howson and the Cheviots, a valley as fertile as any in England, that through which "the deep and sullen Till" winds and twists till it reaches the Tweed. On either side, all the way from Wooler to Milfield, fruitful farms form its banks. There the rook war has raged most furiously.

From inquiries which have been made by myself and others, it seems beyond dispute that in every agricultural district of England, except those which are closely adjacent to the large towns, there is an increase of bird life exactly similar to that in Northumberland. A glance at the causes of this will aid us in realizing, what we have all known for a long time, that very marked changes are stealing over the face of rural England. The facts themselves are hardly open to dispute, and may be verified by the most fleeting visitor to the country. One does not need to be very old to remember the time, for instance, when a tame starling was a curiosity, and when a starling's nest was as much of a discovery as a magpie's is now. If a young bird were caught, its tongue was cut with a silver sixpence, and if the owner rose at daybreak, it, as a mysterious consequence of this operation — as necessary as docking a mouse of its tail to tame it — learned to speak. But whoever wishes starlings now may have them by millions. I have seen a forty-acre field black nearly from fence to fence with them, and almost every sheep in a flock of hundreds with one on his head hunting for ticks. The increase of sparrows is not less manifest. Where once they could all rest comfortably in the roof of the cart-shed, or under the eaves of the cottages, or among the thatch of the great farmhouse, they are now obliged to send colonies out in every direction. They have ousted the poor swallows from their nests of mud in the corners of the window; long before the martins arrived they had taken possession of the holes they used to build in; and there is a high thorn hedge between the paddock and the wheat-field which, from

end to end, showed in spring a continuous, jagged line of their slovenly straw-and-feather nests. As soon as the corn ripens they muster in myriads, and, wherever a field of grain is bounded by a thick hedge to which they can retreat, ravage the borders and headlands till there is nothing left but chaff. When scared, they first fly to the hedge, changing its green to a mass of brown feathers, and then, if a shot is fired, fly off to another part of the field. That wood-pigeons, individually the most destructive of all winged pests, for they will devour almost their own weight in corn, have increased to an equal extent, is less capable of proof, as they nest singly, and one cannot number the flocks of them. They come over here, lean and hungry, from the Norwegian forests, and speedily grow so large and fat, that at the end of the season they cannot make up their minds to return.

But the great enemy of the farmer is the rook. He is not such a glutton as the wood-pigeon, and varies his food more, but what he wants in eating capacity he makes up in numbers. Of the multiplication of rooks all over the country during the last ten or fifteen years there is full and abundant evidence. Exactly the same thing has happened in Scotland and the Midlands and north of England. As is well known, there are two kinds of nesting-places known respectively as winter and summer rookeries. The former may be regarded as the bird's legitimate home, and the ancestral rookery is an adjunct to a country house which no one would like to be destroyed. To many who are neither poets nor painters there is no music sweeter than the first cawings of the young rooks on a May morning, or the harsher notes of their elders as they tumble and scream in the park, in anticipation of the strong October wind which is coming to sweep the withering leaves from lime and chestnut; or when, still later, the bare and leafless twigs stand out like a black tracery against a clear December sky, they hold a parliament on the tree-tops. These old rookeries they never desert all the year round, and often in the late autumn a careful mother-crow will be seen mending the house which wind or accident has damaged. But the summer rookeries have been erected merely to accommodate the surplus population. As soon as the breeding season is over they are deserted, parents and children alike joining the huge flock which nightly the "many-wintered" chief leads back to the ancient roosting-place. Now the farmer, who in his pa-

tient way is willing to put up with a moderate amount of thieving, and who regards the hall or castle rookery as being, like the weather, a burden to be borne, loses patience when he finds the rooks encroaching in all directions. And within the past few years they have done this to right and left. New rookeries have been established by the score, until in some districts there is scarcely a strip of plantation or a clump of trees without nests on it. If undisturbed, these annually grow larger, until, as in the old rookery, there is hardly a branch without a nest on it.

It would be more difficult to assign a reason for this phenomenal prosperity of wild life were not the only exceptions to it those species which the game-keeper keeps in check. There are not more magpies, hawks, ravens, or carrion crows now than there used to be, but that is because he is continually reducing their numbers, never missing an opportunity of killing them in the fields, and watching by their nests in spring to shoot the parent birds. And the very efficiency with which this work is done accounts in some measure for the increase of the smaller singing birds, the lark and the redbreast, finches — including even the once rare and delicate bullfinch and the goldfinch whenever it can find thistle-down — linnets — green linnets may be seen in flocks almost rivalling the starlings — blackbirds, thrushes, and others. Indeed, in some districts he does his work too well, as in those where, owing to an absurd notion that owls steal eggs and kill young game, these useful birds were shot down, until rats and mice have grown so numerous in the hedgerows, that game-preservers find it difficult to protect the eggs of pheasants and partridges from them. A chapter from the recent history of the squirrel may be adduced to prove that, unless extraordinary measures are taken, the present conditions are favorable to an inordinate increase of wild life in rural England. A Northumbrian land-owner, Mr. George Grey of Milfield, writes to me: "This country did not suffer from squirrels until about fifteen or twenty years ago, and I have heard old men say that they remembered when a squirrel here would have been looked upon as a rare animal." They have, however, increased to such an extent that game-keepers for the last five years have had strict orders to shoot them, owing to the injury they do to fir-trees. "Nearly every Scotch fir in the Fenton Hill Wood," says Mr. Grey, "some mile and a half long, which my father planted, is ruined

and will have to be cut down. The young plantations at Ewart Wilderness are similarly destroyed."

Now it is obvious that there must be some very cogent reason for all this. Only ten or twelve years ago, before the Wild Birds Protection Act was passed, it used to be urged that English woods and fields would soon be bereft of their fauna. To some extent, no doubt, the change is to be ascribed to that measure. Yet not wholly, for a glance over the schedule will show that it has been powerless to protect rare species, such as the golden oriole, from the bird-stuffer, and those which have flourished most amazingly are not therein mentioned. There are more potent causes, one of which, no doubt, is the stringency with which gun-licenses are issued. Of old, that graceless ne'er-do-weel, the village sportsman, exercised a considerable control over the feathered and furred population within his range. At night he confined himself to game; but in the daytime, when he sallied forth to prove the virtues of his ancient muzzle-loader, he was not particular what he fired at. Whatever could move, whether on foot or wings, served as a target. And on Easter Monday, Christmas, or any other holiday, he took part in shooting competitions at the village, in which small birds served instead of pigeons. The rook season was his carnival, for, although prohibited from visiting the large rookeries, there were many outlying plantations free from restriction. But the town-loafers, who are now almost the only poachers, when they make their expeditions in a dog-cart, are too intent on business to pay the slightest regard to anything but the partridges and pheasants they are in search of.

There is, however, a stronger reason yet for the growth of wild life and the decadence of the village poacher. Need it be said that it is the gradual depopulation of the rural districts? Rustics are getting over the mad infatuation for the city which caused so many of them a few years ago to forsake the plough to be barmen in public houses, porters in large shops, or to follow their calling in great towns. They have felt the pinch of hunger as unemployed, they have endured the privation of strikes, and they have made acquaintance with the horror and misery of the slums. Broken-hearted and palefaced, many of them have found their way back to the hamlets they came from, to spread such accounts as to effectually destroy any remaining illusion in regard to the big wages obtainable in cities. Yet they are

forced away by an inevitable law. Not in one district alone, but everywhere, one sees the same thing. Ever more and more land thrown into grass, ever more and more machinery introduced, ever less and less need for men. A single shepherd now suffices where formerly several laborers had employment, not only for themselves but their families. Even the mechanics, the blacksmith, joiner, and wheelwright, who lived by mending the simple thrashing-machines and other gear at the neighboring steadings, find their occupation gone, and the odd man who eked out a living by doing a job here and a job there has had to emigrate for want of work. His very children, who gleaned the wheat and barley fields, find their labor in vain when they have to follow a low-cutting reaper and a clean-gathering horse-rake. And the birds and beasts have gained by this change. In the wide grassy solitude there is none to disturb them as they breed and rear their young. For the inhabitants of out-of-the-way hamlets — who were partly the restless outcasts of the parish, partly those who had no regular employment, and largely men with many idle days — were extremely destructive. This was owing not only to their own poaching and shooting proclivities, but they had terriers and lurchers which nearly lived in the fields, and half wild cats which did equal damage, and wholly wild boys and girls who harried the nests in the hedgerows and brought in the water-hen's eggs from the river, and the wood-pigeon's eggs from the wood, and who "speeled" the great trees and despoiled the rookeries. As these gradually move away, only the more steady and respectable classes remain, an illustration of which I saw some time ago. I was staying with a friend who wished a summer rookery destroyed. Ten years ago his game-keeper had to watch it on account of the boys from the village, who spoiled the trees with their climbing. Naturally enough, he thought he had only to send for some of these imps, and, by offering a small reward, have the nests flung down. He did so, but, though several came, not one could swarm up the trees. The art was forgotten. Is it any wonder that in these vastly changed conditions English wild life should flourish as it has never done before, should flourish until it threatens to overrun agriculture and inflict upon it losses serious enough to make the farmer look round him for a remedy?

It is frequently asserted by those who

have no pecuniary interest in the matter that it is a mistake to kill the rook, inasmuch as it is so useful an aid towards ridding the land of grubs, and many controversies have arisen on this point. The belief, however, seems grounded on observations made many years ago. A rook's appetite, like that of other creatures, is adaptable. When there were fewer birds and more arable land, it is possible that he could find nearly enough worms to live upon. Latterly he has approximated to the carrion crow in his tastes, and become omnivorous. During the past year I have had occasion to test his diet in a variety of ways, and the results are surprising. That the rook will kill and eat young chickens and ducklings, that it will hunt young partridges along a hedgerow and make off with unfledged pheasants, that it will kill small birds when it can catch them, and carry off the eggs of a fowl which has made its nest away from the run, are facts of common observation. During the breeding season a rook was seen to carry off a nest-egg of earthenware to its young in the rookery close to the manor-house. If any doubt had remained as to the identity of the depredators—and town naturalists are always ready to assert that country people do not know the difference between the rook and the carrion crow—it was speedily set at rest. A steel trap baited either with eggs or dead birds was set, and the rooks easily taken. Indeed the old method of taking hawks or carrion crows by means of a trap set on the top of a high pole and baited with eggs—which used to be so effectual a quarter of a century ago—is now useless, owing to the fact that the hungry and numerous rooks take the bait so greedily as not to give the others a chance of being captured. It would seem, therefore, that the rook is rapidly developing into more of a bird of prey than he has ever been before.

Yet that is not the main ground of the farmer's complaint. This is the damage done to his crops. The ravages go on from year's end to year's end. Last spring, when the seed corn was just being put in the soil, we shot great numbers, and examined their gizzards to find that not one in ten had a worm in it, while nearly all the rest were full of the barley, wheat, and oats from which the farmer expected a manifold return. Further on in the season, when the first green spear-points were being thrust through the damp mould, the rooks seeking for worms would run their bills along the tiny drills, and in their

search uproot the sprouting grain and leave it to wither in the sun. During the period which intervenes between seed-time and harvest, when the land is all green with unshot corn and grass ready for the mower, and potatoes and turnips are just appearing above the ground, there is no agricultural produce to steal, and the rook is thrown almost entirely upon grubs for existence. It is then he develops his carnivorous propensities, for there are families to support, and barn-yards and game-preserves are raided. But in my opinion the rooks are often half starved in midsummer, especially if the season be a hot one. In a dry June or July, if shot when digging for food in a bit of old pasture or in a gravel pit or dry ditch, their stomachs are as empty and their bodies as lean as they are in the heart of a hard winter. But as soon as the grain begins to grow yellow, and when the sheaves are nearly ready for the leading-cart, they soon become fat and plump again. At that period the crops examined with a microscope showed in almost every case nothing but grain, and that of the finest kind. Nor is this the only tribute they exact from the harvest field. When the winter frosts come, and the grubs dive underground to escape it, and the land is all hard, they approach the stackyard and tear off the covering of the stacks, till they reach the corn, leaving, as they do so, holes, which if not stopped before the rain comes will be ruinous. At that time, too, they do incalculable mischief in the turnip-fields, for every rook which has its skin broken by their strong bills will fall a prey to the frost. In this way whole drills and fields are often destroyed. The rook is also very fond of potatoes. Some naturalists say he works along the drills only for grubs, but, if watched, he will soon be noticed making off with a tuber in his mouth, flying off to his nest with the seed-potatoes in spring, and fighting with his comrades for the best of the young ones later in the year.

Taking all these things into consideration, and still giving the rook all the credit due to him for killing grubs, the farmer holds that the blackmail exacted is out of all proportion to the protection given. The lime, vitriolized bone, and other manures which he uses, are much more effective grub-destroyers than the birds, and help the crops instead of damaging them. It is not as in the days when stable manure—with which grubs were actually carried to the land—was in common use. Among the farmers and proprietors in

North Northumberland there was therefore practical unanimity, when it was proposed that extraordinary measures should be taken to cope with the extraordinary multiplication of the enemy. This was the origin of the "Association for controlling the numbers of Rooks, Sparrows, and Wood-pigeons." It was a calumny to say that extermination ever was contemplated. Indeed the very names of the members, many of whom had more than a local reputation as sportsmen, offered a sufficient guarantee that no effort would be made to reduce the number of species of English birds. At a meeting held on the 15th of February of the present year, the following rules, which I give in a summarized form, were adopted.

That each occupier of land be asked to pay one halfpenny per acre of arable land, the owners to be asked to subscribe as may seem best to them. (To this request a very liberal response has been made.)

The association to provide ammunition free of cost, and to pay twopence for each old rook killed, and twopence per dozen for sparrows' eggs.

Committees were appointed in each County Council Division to have the work carried on, and to them shot rooks and sparrows' eggs were to be taken.

Owners of rookeries were to appoint their own men to shoot.

It was not judged necessary to offer any reward for killing wood-pigeons, as, for obvious reasons, many proprietors had scruples about giving permission. To sum up the results as briefly as possible up to the end of August — practically the end of the year — 10,650 cartridges were issued, besides powder, shot, caps, and wads for the muzzle-loaders. Claims were made and recognized for the killing of 4,263 old rooks and the destruction of 273½ dozen sparrows' eggs. But this does not represent half the work done by the members. In the early portion of the year it was customary to station men at various parts of the large rookeries at night, to shoot the old birds as they came home to roost for the evening. The party was usually composed of the game-keepers from several adjacent estates, and on these occasions the proprietor provided ammunition, and no claim was made for the birds killed. Over five thousand old rooks were killed in this way. Thus, nearly ten thousand old rooks, besides young ones, have been destroyed. It can hardly be said that they are missed. To all appearance there are just as many as ever in the fields and plantations; but it

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 354fi

will not be possible to estimate the diminution until next breeding season, when it will be interesting to observe if the nests are rebuilt in the summer rookeries, where they have been destroyed. Some favorite rookeries, from sentimental and other reasons, have not been shot at all; probably they will next year be increased in size. What is to be noticed, however, is the very much greater shyness of those which remain. The alacrity with which a flock of old rooks would disappear from a field to which a man with a gun came, was always proverbial, but now it is a difficult matter to get within sight of them at all. The labors of the little boy employed by the farmer to scare them with a wooden clapper have been very much lightened.

Why the rook war will be most closely watched in future, however, will be to notice how far it extends to other counties. That it should begin in Northumberland was only natural, but the conditions which obtain there exist more or less in all other counties. From every part there is a stream of migrants making townward and leaving a solitude in the fields. Everywhere grazing is being substituted for arable culture, and there is no prospect of this ceasing as long as corn is imported so cheaply from abroad. Not in one place alone have the gun-licenses had the effect of practically exterminating the amateur sportsman of the village or hamlet, and reducing the number of rural as distinguished from town poachers. The vast increase of wild life, interesting as it is in itself, is still more important as a symptom of these changes. If they continue, they will result in an entire revolution in what we have hitherto considered the most salient features in English country life.

ANDERSON GRAHAM.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE OLD MISSIONARY.

A NARRATIVE.

BY SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, K.C.S.I.

IV.

THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN.

THAT hot weather was one of the hottest and happiest which I spent in India. It was my first year in independent charge of a district, with the endless interests of the position intensified by youth, and still unblunted by wont. It was passed, too, in the closest intercourse with a man marked



out by his talents for a brilliant career, and by the sweetness of his nature for intimate and enduring friendship.

Arthur Ayliffe had held his treasury and jail in 1857 with eighty policemen, and the half-dozen sporting rifles of his district staff, against three successive bands of mutineers, each of whom outnumbered his little force tenfold. A companionship of the Bath and quick promotion were his legitimate rewards. While still a young magistrate he found himself appointed commissioner of the six western districts of the lower Ganges, stretching from the swamps of the Hugli to the forests and mountains which separate Bengal from the Central Provinces. The population of this wide tract amounted to about seven millions — a great diversity of races, with the astute Hindu at the one end, and the primitive aboriginal tribes at the other.

During several years Ayliffe won golden opinions by calming down the excitement which a local rising of the hill people in 1855 had left behind. But on the passing of the famous series of codes, the Calcutta secretariat worked itself into a fervor for legislative symmetry against which he set his face. In one of his protests against applying a uniform procedure to races in widely different stages of human society, he was held to have gone beyond the decorous limits of official remonstrance. No public scandal followed. The too outspoken commissioner merely found it expedient to take furlough. On his return he was gazetted to the judgeship of the district in which I was then serving — one of the six formerly in his charge.

He swallowed the pill in silence. In those days a district judgeship, which is now rightly recognized as an important post demanding a special training and no mean capacity, was held in small esteem. The district judges were for the most part heavy, elderly gentlemen, who had not made their mark in the more active branches of the administration. To this rule there were indeed brilliant exceptions. But generally speaking the abler men regarded the office as an unavoidable halt in their promotion from magistrate of a district to commissioner of a division; or as a *locus penitentiae* for a commissioner who had had a difference with the government, or made a mistake. In Ayliffe's case the service felt some indignation, as the government soon afterwards found itself constrained to relax the uniformity of the codes to which he had been sacrificed. But the sympathy of his brother officers fell flat, Ayliffe himself seeming quite con-

tent with the change. He went to work on his judicial duties as keenly as if he had given up any thought of higher advancement, save the humdrum promotion by seniority to the Supreme Court.

The judge's house was an imposing white edifice, with pillared verandas and a flat roof, in the middle of an extensive unenclosed park dotted with ancient trees. A long avenue led across the parched sward to the judge's garden, which was separated from the main park by a public road. This garden, the work of a line of judges during a hundred years, was the one perennially green spot in our arid station. In the good old days of John Company, when the district officers freely used the jail labor, gangs of prisoners had excavated a broad, winding piece of water which expanded almost to the dignity of a lake. Its cool depths and green, shady margin formed a rustic swimming bath of singular beauty. Artificial hollows supplied moist beds for a luxuriance of gay flowers, and were screened from the hot winds by blossoming shrubs and rather closely planted trees. The mud dug out for the lake had been erected eighty years ago into a little hill, now clothed with an orange-grove, and at once suggesting the Mound in New College garden at Oxford. From the arbor on its summit one looked across the undulating country to where the sun set among the western hills. The further end of the spacious garden had been walled off for the station graveyard — the first English grave having been dug for the little daughter of a judge at the end of the last century.

In our small station each officer had a house assigned to him by custom. The judge's house, the magistrate's house, and the assistant's bungalow, were from time immemorial rented by a succession of the officers whose names they bore. Indeed, they appeared even in the survey maps under those unchangeable designations. My dwelling, the magistrate's house, was fallen into disrepair, and that year the landlord, on commencing the annual patching up, found the beams which supported the heavy flat roof completely tunneled out by white ants. This meant four months in the hands of the workmen, and the judge kindly offered me quarters during the slow process of re-roofing. It was not considered quite regular for the judge and magistrate to live together, as the executive and judicial powers in a district at that time often came into collision. But no one else had a house with sufficient spare room to take me in, so my

hens and ducks and guinea-fowls were driven over to Ayliffe's poultry-yard, and I took up my abode with my friend.

It was altogether a bachelor station. None of the three civilians was a married man, the doctor was a widower, and the wife of the district superintendent of police had gone to England with her children. The hot winds set in early like a consuming fire. The large double windows stood open all night, and were shut up tight in the early morning; the heavy venetian doors outside the glass doing their best to hermetically seal the interior from the glare and heat. We had to start for our gallop by five o'clock, or not get it at all except at the risk of a sunstroke. The courts and public offices opened at seven, and closed for the day before noon. Then each man drove swiftly through the furnace of shimmering air to his darkened and silent home. A lingering bath and a languid breakfast brought the hot hours to one o'clock. The slow combustion of the suffocating afternoon was endured somehow under the punka, with the help of the endless bundles of papers in one's office-box, read by chance rays which fiercely forced an entrance through every chink in the double windows of glass and wood. About six, we all met at the raquette court, whose high wall by that time cast a sufficient shadow. A couple of four-handed games (the doctor was grown too stout to play) left us streaming at every pore, and marking at each step a damp footprint through our tennis shoes on the pavement. Then the delicious plunge in the swimming bath in the judge's garden! the one moment of freshness looked forward to throughout the long, exhausting day. A cheroot and an iced drink, as we lay fanned by the servants on long chairs at the top of the Mount—and presently, almost in a minute, the sun had once more hidden his malignant face, and the blinding glare of day had given place to the stifling stillness of night.

Our house entertained on two evenings a week, and we usually dined out two other evenings with whist afterwards, and a modest pool at loo on Saturday nights to give vent to the doctor's Irish energies. Sometimes we passed a domestic edict not to dine till the thermometer fell to ninety-five degrees, and waited till past nine o'clock without seeing the mercury sink to that point. But the life was full of compensations. In the first place, an Englishman enjoys capital health in the hot weather, if still young and not afraid of exercise, and with plenty of work. I

was living, moreover, with perhaps the most charming and accomplished man in the service. Ayliffe's resources of companionship were inexhaustible. His un-failing cheerfulness and sweet courtesy of manner were in themselves sufficiently pleasant. But it was rather his quick and genuine sympathy with one's own small efforts and interests that endeared him in daily life. One somehow felt, also, in the presence of a great reserve of force.

His many-colored but pithy talk made the breakfast cheroot a delightful episode in the long, hot day. After dinner, when we were alone and not reading or playing chess, we had our cane chairs taken up to the flat roof. There, in the starlight, he would pour forth those stores of incisive practical observation and flashes of perception which have since earned for him a foremost place among Indian governors and thinkers of our day. On one evening he was the experienced and sagacious administrator, with his mind full of the complex problems of Indian rule. On another, he was the philosopher sitting reflective on the river-bank, and watching with calm but friendly eyes the stream of ancient races and religions and institutions as it flowed past.

The story of the missionary's new peasant settlement interested him, and led to an intimacy between the two men. Indeed, the character of Trafalgar Douglas appealed in a special manner alike to the practical and the speculative side of Ayliffe's nature. The old missionary had reached a serene region beyond the perturbations of dogma. We were to find, too, during that hot weather, that his was a calm of soul which no earthly agitation could ruffle—neither the frustration of long-cherished hopes, nor the bitterness of desertion, nor sharp physical pain. For, as the scorching end of April melted into a fiery May, a great calamity befell our aged friend. It appeared that the glare and hot winds which he faced while portioning out the new village lands, must have hastened the failure of eyesight that had been going on for several years. The first day I looked in at his cottage after his return, I found him at his library table, the manuscript of his beloved dictionary spread before him, and his hand resting on the head of his little daughter, who was sitting on a stool by his side.

"It all seems very faint to me," he said with an air of pained perplexity; "can the ink have faded so soon?"

I glanced at the written slips, neatly pasted by the zealous girlish fingers on

the sheets of yellow paper. They read as clear as before. The little daughter looked up wistfully at me for a moment, then threw her arms round her father's neck, convulsively kissing his dimmed eyes, and choking with pent-up sobs.

Our good doctor attended him with an anxious kindness that tried, perhaps not altogether in vain, to make up for his lack of ophthalmic science. He told us from the first, however, that, so far as he understood the case, it was a hopeless one — atrophy of the nerves of vision. The judge, on the pretext of a rather stubborn ear-ache, caught while sleeping close under the punka, sent for a specialist from Calcutta. The famous surgeon, after doing what was needful for Ayliffe, made a careful examination of the missionary's eyes. His report confirmed our worst fears. By that time Mr. Douglas could only distinguish day from night, or a bright, moving flame, and the professor informed us that no change for the better must be hoped for. Next morning Ayliffe gently told the truth to the old man.

In the afternoon I went to sit with our stricken friend. A dust storm, bringing its torrent of rain, had cooled the air, but the sun had broken out again with an insufferable radiance. The old missionary was sitting as before at his table, which, however, had been drawn close to the window. One of his hands played in his little girl's hair, with the other he turned from time to time the written sheets before him, which he was never again to see. But on his face rested a perfect serenity, and his eyes, in which no outward change could be discerned, turned to me with their old beam of benevolent welcome. As I looked at him there, surrounded by the great unfinished work of his life, the work which no man but himself could complete, and from which he was now shut out forever, I felt as if any poor commonplace of consolation that I could offer would choke me in the utterance. The double windows, strangely enough on such a glaring afternoon, had been thrown wide open. I sat for some moments in silence, with my heart too full for speech, while he looked mildly out into the intolerable sunshine.

I could only press his hand and stammer some words of deepest sorrow.

"Ah, my dear young friend," he said with a gentle smile, "you do not know how much remains to me. I thank my merciful Maker," he continued, unconsciously raising his sightless eyes to heaven, "since he has been pleased to hide from me the face of man, and all his

lesser creatures, that he has graciously left me his first work of creation, his beautiful gift of light."

We soon found that this was no momentary exaltation of the mind, but a fixed and calm content. At first we hoped that, with the willing help of Ayton, the assistant magistrate (and a Boden scholar, as I have mentioned, in his Oxford days), the dictionary might go on. Indeed, Ayliffe had a few sheets put in type in Calcutta. On their arrival it was pathetic to see the delight with which the venerable scholar passed his finger-tips across their smooth surface, and then across the rumpled, coarse pages of yellow, country paper on which the slips of the separate words were pasted. But a fortnight of disappointing effort made it clear that their revision involved a knowledge of the hill language which the old missionary alone possessed. It was a labor altogether beyond the rare hours of leisure which the daily grinding at the official mill-stones allowed to any of us. The missionary was himself the first to come to this conclusion, and he begged Ayliffe to go to no further expense in printing. Then, for a time, we tried to avoid all reference to the matter. But evening after evening we found the blind, white-haired scholar at his writing-table, in the fierce glare of the sinking sun, with his long, silky fingers travelling over, alternately, the smooth proof-sheets and the uneven, yellow manuscript.

By degrees he made it easy for his friends to talk on the subject. He had peacefully accepted the fact that the finishing of his beloved work was not for him in this world. But he seemed to look on its completion as merely delayed. He never suggested any means for carrying it out, although every now and then there came to the surface a still expectation and quiet trust that the work would be done. One evening he said with a smile: "After all, I have but ploughed up a new field, and put the seed in the furrows. When the harvest is ready, the Lord will send the reaper into the harvest."

As Ayliffe and I rode home afterwards, I could not help commenting on this curious confidence in a fruition which now seemed so hopeless.

"Leave now," Ayliffe quietly answered,

"Leave Now for dogs and apes,  
Man has Forever."

"I wonder," I went on, "if that clever young Brahman whom I heard preaching in the forest will be of any use. I hear he is coming in from the new village to

headquarters, to help the missionary in his current duties."

"If the Brahman has fibre in him," replied Ayliffe, "he might be the prop of this man's old age. Yet who knows? A youth who starts life with such a wrench away from the order of things around him as is implied by conversion, may have strange oscillations before he reaches true equilibrium or poise. He will help no doubt in the school and religious services, and in giving out medicines to the sick. But a task like the dictionary is not to be accomplished by any impulse of emotion; only by long and steadfast labor."

I am afraid that the sympathy which we felt for the venerable scholar, on the breakdown of his *magnum opus* when so near completion, has somewhat obscured, in this narrative, the daily routine of his life. It was not the tradition of the service in lower Bengal to take any vivid interest in the details of mission work. A friendly subscription which compromised no one, and a few kindly words when presiding at the annual distribution of prizes in the mission school, represented our utmost connection with proselytizing enterprise. The judge, as the senior civilian, read prayers officially in the circuit house on Sunday afternoons; to have attended the mission church would have struck us as an odd, and indeed rather an irregular proceeding. But the things of which we knew so little still formed, as they had formed for forty years, the staple work of the old missionary's day.

In the early morning his daughter led him round the dilapidated fish-pond to the little chapel on the opposite side; and there the white head, erect above the desk, repeated from memory the familiar morning prayers in Bengali to a small gathering of the mission servants, a few women, and some of the school-children. From the chapel he went direct to the adjoining schoolhouse. The pupils, of whom the majority were non-Christians, had already assembled, a hundred and thirty strong, in three long rooms, opening one into the other. When Mr. Douglas stood up at his table they all joined in a Bengali hymn, followed by a very short prayer and a chapter from the Gospels. The secular work of the day then began. Mr. Douglas had always aimed, not at ambitious standards of instruction, but rather to make the work of educating self-acting among his people, and independent of extraneous aid. Children of every faith were welcome; the clever ones rose to be pupil teachers; and the best of these, with-

out distinction of creed, were in due time drafted into a normal class, in which they received a practical training as school-masters.

In this way he obtained a highly qualified staff for his own central school. He was also enabled to send out a constant stream of men on whose moral character and intellectual ability he could thoroughly rely, to about thirty village schools which he had set up among the Christian population throughout the district and in the hill country. The system was self-supporting. The fees in the central school more than defrayed its own expenses. The elders of the outlying Christian villages, in which a teacher had been established, levied a monthly dole in money and rice for his maintenance. The surplus fees from the central station school supplemented these allowances in the poorer hamlets.

The old missionary's custom was to plant out a teacher—who was usually, although not always, a catechist as well—in a backward tract, and to maintain him until he gathered together a group of pupils, often under no better shelter than a spreading banian-tree. By degrees the villagers began to take a pride in watching their children being taught, set up a mat hut for a schoolhouse, and provided for the subsistence of the master. The missionary then withdrew his grant, and applied the money to planting out a new school elsewhere. He held that education should not be expected to pay its way, at starting, among people who had never known its value, and that this was a case in which the supply must create the demand. I believe that some such words of his, in a conversation which he had a quarter of a century before with the governor-general on his Excellency's progress through the district, gave rise to the similar government institutions for backward tracts, long known as the Lord Auckland schools.

Notwithstanding his blindness, the venerable instructor still gave two hours in the early morning to his training class of teachers, each youth in which was to him not only a chosen pupil, but a beloved young friend. He also kept what seemed, for so gentle a nature, a marvelously firm hand on the general discipline. Indeed, under his sanction, the head-master used the rod with a freedom unknown in the neighboring government school.

One morning, as he paced slowly round the shaded margin of the fish-pond for a little exercise, leaning on my arm, with

the hum from his schoolhouse filling the still air, I ventured to ask why he laid so much stress on teaching, as compared with the preaching which formed the popular idea of a missionary's work.

"I hope," he said quietly, "that while I do the one I have not left the other undone. In the days of my strength I spoke daily to the people, and now the catechists strive faithfully with them in the bazaars and villages. But I have never forgotten John Lawrence's parting words to me when he passed through Calcutta on sick-leave, in 1840: 'The only way that will bring the natives to truer and more enlightened ideas is the gradual progress of education. The attempts to change the faith of the adult population have hitherto failed, and will, I am afraid, continue to fail.'"

"But," I interposed, "is not our State education doing this on a far larger scale?"

"I greatly fear," he replied, "that it is not. Your State education has started as a reaction against three principles, which, although they have been pushed too far in India, are fundamental needs of human nature—the principle of discipline, the principle of religion, the principle of contentment. The old indigenous schools carried punishment to the verge of torture. Your government schools pride themselves in having almost done away with the rod, and in due time you will have on your hands a race of young men who have grown up without discipline. The indigenous schools, and still more the native colleges, made religion too much the staple of instruction in most parts of India; in many provinces commencing their day's work by chanting a long invocation to the sun, or some other deity, while every boy began his exercise by writing the name of Ganesa at the top. Your government schools take credit for ostentatiously abstaining from religious teaching of any sort, and in due time you will have on your hands a race of young men who have grown up in the public non-recognition of a God. The indigenous schools educated the working and trading classes for the natural business of their lives. Your government schools spur on every clever small boy with scholarships and money allowances, to try to get into a bigger school, and so through many bigger schools, with the stimulus of bigger scholarships, to a university degree. In due time you will have on your hands an overgrown clerky generation, whom you have trained in their youth to

depend on government allowances and to look to government service, but whose adult ambitions not all the offices of the government would satisfy. What are you to do with this great clever class, forced up under a foreign system, without discipline, without contentment, and without a God?"

The old man had disengaged his arm from mine, and was standing motionless, erect, with his sightless eyes looking forth from their deep sockets into space. At that moment it flashed upon me what Trafalgar Douglas must once have been.

"The day will come," he went on, as in a reverie, "when your State educators will be face to face with the results. They will be forced back on the old indigenous schools as the sure foundation of public instruction in India. They will find out that races who for ages have borne a heavy yoke throughout life, cannot be trained up without discipline in their youth. They will also discover that the end of national education is not to create one vast clerky class, but to fit all classes for their natural work. You will then, I suppose, set up technical schools, to do in some manner what the old native system of the hedge-school and the hereditary handicraft did in too excessive a measure. The government will discern the danger of millions of men growing up in a discredited faith, and it will piece together a moral text book to take the place of a God. I shall not see that day, I know not how its difficulties will be met, nor how the great changes which must come will break in on our missionary schools. But night and morning I pray that wisdom may be given to our rulers to know the times and the seasons, and to do righteousness to this wandering people."

After an eloquent outburst of this kind—and such outbursts became more frequent as his blindness more and more pent up his nature within itself—the old man would have a period of profound calm. On that particular morning, as it was the festival of a Hindu goddess, and the courts were closed, I went in with him to his dispensary—a little room in his bungalow, where he daily prescribed to the sick at the close of his school work. I believe that at one time the people flocked in numbers to him, and that he even conducted surgical operations. But the growing popularity of the station hospital supported by local subscriptions and a government grant, had for several years made its wards the centre of medical relief. Of the score of very poor women

and children who sat wearily on the floor of the missionary's veranda, only two or three were new cases. Most of the others had come with bottles to be refilled, usually with fever mixture, for their sick folk at home. The aged practitioner was very slow and gentle with them, and, notwithstanding his blindness, managed to get a clear knowledge of each applicant's needs. A native compounder made up the prescriptions under his orders, or replenished the phials and ointment boxes from big blue bottles and delf jars. When the last of his patients had departed, the old man sat silent for some time.

"I find," he at length said, with a sigh, "that my ministrations are not so acceptable as they once were. At first, when prescribing medicine, I offered up in each case a short prayer, in which the other patients joined. This gave them great confidence in the remedies. Before coming back to India to start doctoring, I had held much communion with Edward Irving, and for years I used the benediction of oil, and the beautiful order for anointing the sick in the liturgy of the Catholic Apostolic Church. But I found that the sorcerers in the hill country and the old native practitioners of the border employed somewhat similar ceremonies, especially in the application of oil. Or rather, the people did not distinguish between their incantations and my prayers. If I lost a man from fever, the widow would bitterly complain that her husband had died because I had only spoken words, instead of administering the quinine-powder wrapped up in a paper with the prayer written on it.

"When the hill sorcerers asked me for my secrets, and I gave them a few common remedies, they thanked me politely. But they went away and told the villagers that I was very deep, as I kept to myself the spells, without which the drugs were merely dead earths. The old Hindu practitioners of the border country were worse. For they said that, if they had as good medicine as mine, their gods would never let their sick people die. So that whenever a man recovered, the Christian drugs got the credit; and whenever a man died, the Christian god was reviled. I could not go on with prayers which to the hearers were only a more cunning magic. It would not have been honest. But since I gave them up, the people have not had the same confidence in my practice, and go to the government hospital instead. They say that the medicines there are administered by order of the queen, and so

do not require further divine aid or spells of any sort."

"I can well understand these notions among the hill people," I remarked; "but surely your Christian converts know better."

"Christian converts," he answered sadly, "remain, like other people, pretty much what their early training has made them. Indeed, some of the catechists are anxious to again use the prayers when giving medicine. It so happens that the very first Christian hymn composed in the Bengali language was a sick-bed supplication. Only yesterday the Brahman preacher, whom you saw in our cold-weather encampment, was urging me as their spokesman in this matter. He is a godly youth, and but for the work of the new village I had hoped to send him to Calcutta to be ordained priest on this coming Trinity Sunday. He has held deacon's orders for a full year. I pointed out to him that our Anglican liturgy does not provide for the use of prayers in the administration of medicine. He respectfully pled the precept of St. James, and I refrained from further speech, lest I should be a disturber of his faith. His mind is working in many directions, and in my weakness I can only trust the end to God."

Just then we heard a light step in the veranda, and his little daughter ran round from another room, saying with a laugh, "Have you forgotten my lessons to-day, dear papa? I am quite ready." The old man's face lost its look of care in a moment, as he took her small hand in his, and we went into the library.

Only a short time remained till their breakfast—the missionary kept earlier hours than the rest of the station, finishing his long morning's work by nine in the cold weather, and its still more numerous duties in the summer months by ten. The child sat down on a low seat at her father's knee, and gravely went through her tasks. She first repeated a psalm in the vigorous Scotch metrical version, which she had committed to memory. Then she did her geography, pointing out the towns of Europe (which she had also learned by heart) on a map. When one was not to be found on it, she got her father to guide her to its position. Her sweet gratitude and quick tact made the old man feel, notwithstanding his blindness, that he was taking a leading part in the proceedings. He listened with pride as she read out her chapter of history, asking her from time to time to spell the more difficult words.

Before doing so she would solemnly each time place the book on his knees, face downwards, so that she could not see the page. At the end he questioned her on the whole lessons of the day. The anxious child had learned everything so perfectly that her blind preceptor was not allowed for a moment to feel his infirmity a hindrance in examining her in the books which he could not see.

Unlike most elderly people in India, the missionary took no afternoon sleep. As long as his sight lasted, he devoted that undisturbed pause in the day to his dictionary. Now that this work had been withdrawn from him, he calmly rearranged his hours to the new conditions imposed on his life. Instead of taking up the current work of the mission after breakfast, as his practice had been, he gave the forenoon to his daughter, telling her old stories of the Solway and Scottish border, while she sat beside him and sewed; or listening to her reading aloud whatever girlish book she was engaged on; and indeed occasionally dictating to her letters to his friends. It was a very little hand that slowly traced those epistles, in which the mild benevolence and experience of age contrasted quaintly with the large, unformed writing of childhood. After a two-o'clock dinner he made his daughter retire to rest, and the young Brahman preacher came to him with the reports from the outlying schools and Christian hamlets, and all the miscellaneous work of the mission.

Much of the old man's business consisted in settling disputes of the Christian villagers, and the veranda gradually filled with the litigants and their witnesses as the afternoon wore on. Frequently, too, the headmen of one of the non-Christian hill tribes would arrive in the mission enclosure to seek his advice, or to ask him to decide their differences. Groups of them might be seen smoking patiently under his mango-trees, or filling their pitchers at his lotus-covered fish-pond, which they had named rather prettily in their hill language, "The Waters of Reconciliation." The calamity lately fallen upon him increased rather than lessened this branch of his work. His age and blindness seemed to have given an additional sanctity to his decisions.

The circumstance, also, that his doors now stood wide open all afternoon, in spite of the outside glare, enabled the whole body of onlookers and petitioners to watch each successive case till their

own turn came. It was indeed a striking sight, as I witnessed it late one afternoon. The tall, venerable figure, with its white hair, and deep-set eyes that looked forth into the brightness with the glance of a grand old eagle, sat just inside the open folding-door, and listened with an immovable face to the loud disputants in the veranda. His very slowness and silence, which had grown painfully on him since his loss of sight, appeared to make the people attach the greater weight to every word which at length came reluctantly from his lips. Worried as we officials were by petty cases dragged upwards from one tribunal to another, I could not help telling him, when his litigants had gone, that the missionary's court was the only judgment seat in the district from which there was no appeal.

He had gone back to the chair at his writing-table, on which lay the printed pages and the rough, yellow manuscript of his dictionary—the usual position in which I found him when his day's work was done. We had by this time persuaded him to occasionally take a drive in the evening—a concession which he only made to his daughter's health, and because she firmly refused to come without him. As there was no barouche nor any feminine vehicle in the station, and my Australian Stanhope had the only seat wide enough for three persons, Ayliffe would sometimes put his fine horses into it, and give them a swift dozen miles through the cooling air. He was, however, much more missed in the raquette court than myself, so it usually fell to me to take the father and child for their evening drive. The old man sat silent and sightless, but I think quite happy, his hat off, and his white hair blown about by our rapid motion, listening to his little daughter as she chattered about my horses, now old friends of hers, or discoursed on the small incidents of her isolated life. It was funny to hear her, in prim mission-house fashion, always speak of the natives quite kindly as "the heathen."

She had just made acquaintance with "Pilgrim's Progress," the assistant magistrate having given her the beautiful Edinburgh edition, with David Scott's illustrations, on her tenth birthday. Its forty marvellous designs were all realities to her. We used to be on the lookout for the various characters as we whirled along the road. One evening we met Timorous and Mistrust—they were a couple of post-runners—fleeing from the lions. On

another, we were quite sure that we saw Simple, Sloth, and Presumption (three fat grain merchants) encamped for the hot-weather night under a tree. Her father was always valorous Christian, and a certain bazaar of sweetmeat sellers and bright printed calicos was Vanity Fair. The hillock in the judge's garden became the top of the Delectable Mountains, from which she would gaze to the western hills; half persuaded that amid their heights and buttresses, standing out in the brief glory of the sunset, she might discern, if she had but the shepherds' perspective glass, the gates of the Celestial City. The only thing wanting to her father's happiness on these drives was the sound of the evening bell which the young Brahman had presented to the mission church. When at home the venerable pastor, often too fatigued to walk across to the vesper service, used to sit in his veranda and listen to the soft tinkle in the belfry, with a look of rapt calm, as if repeating the *Nunc Dimittis* in his heart.

I found by degrees, however, that the Brahman preacher had become to the old man a subject of anxious thought. Whether it was the result of the youth's independent position when in charge of the new village, or of his studies for priestly ordination, or merely the natural development of an earnest young mind, the Brahman had ceased to be the trusting disciple, and was working out conclusions for himself. Mr. Douglas, like most men born in a Scottish episcopal family, had started life with traditions which we should now briefly label as High Church. On his return to Scotland in 1828, to qualify himself as a medical missionary, his views had taken a mystical turn, under the spell of the apocalyptic eloquence with which Edward Irving thrilled for a moment the university youth in the northern capital. But a third of a century of solitary mission work since then had sobered his opinions. As already mentioned, his strong doctrinal beliefs seem to have softened down into a great daily desire to do good for his people. The young postulant for priest's orders, began to find many things wanting in the theology of his old master. These were not matters likely to come to the knowledge of the civilians in the station. But I afterwards heard that the Brahman deacon, having now the practical conduct of the mission chapel, had protested against the shortened services which the old missionary thought were as much as the people could bear. He also complained of the omission of the Atha-

nasian Creed on the appointed feasts of the Church.

It appears that on Whit-Sunday he remonstrated about that omission with Mr. Douglas so earnestly as almost to forget his habitual respect. Several of the catechists had afterwards called at the mission-house to urge the same view. A number of lesser differences, indeed, would seem to have concentrated themselves on this point. The stout-hearted old Scotchman, notwithstanding his sightless eyes and feeble limbs, refused to yield to the pressure. Revival meetings were held in the open air by the dissentients during the Ember days of the following week; and one youthful enthusiast went so far as to publicly offer up a prayer that the old man might be brought to a knowledge of the truth. As the mission had been maintained by Mr. Douglas without any definite connection with either of the great Church societies in Calcutta, there was practically no superior authority to whom to appeal. Something like a schism was threatened. The old missionary said not a word about his new troubles to us, and the religious perturbations of native Christians were little likely to reach our ears. But we could see that a sadness, deeper than the sorrow of blindness, had settled on his face.

It was the custom of Ayton, the assistant magistrate, to spend Sunday morning before breakfast with the venerable scholar, chatting about the linguistic studies to which that young officer then devoted his leisure. The little girl was absent during those hours, keeping quiet the baby class in the Sunday school with picture stories from the Bible. In these morning talks with Ayton the old man's love of learning would reassert itself. He seemed for the moment to forget his infirmity and whatever other distresses lay hidden in his heart. One topic on which he delighted to descant was the deeply religious and benevolent character of ancient Indian literature. Ayton humored this vein, and used to turn into English metre any striking passage that he came across in his Sanskrit reading during the week. On the Sunday after the events mentioned above he had brought over a few chance verses of the sort, and was just beginning to read them when I happened to look in. "They don't come together," he was saying to Mr. Douglas, "and I fear you will find them a poor paraphrase rather than a translation. But the mingled feeling of transitoriness and trust is characteristic."



## A SANSKRIT PSALM OF LIFE.

Like driftwood on the sea's wild breast,  
We meet and cling with fond endeavor  
A moment on the same wave's crest;  
The wave divides, we part forever.

We have no lasting resting here,  
To-day's best friend is dead to-morrow:  
We only learn to hold things dear,  
To pierce our hearts with future sorrow.

Be not too careful for the morn,  
God will thy daily bread bestow:  
The same eve that the babe is born,  
The mother's breast begins to flow.

Will he who robes the swan in white,  
Who dyes the parrot's bright green hue,  
Who paints the peacock's glancing light,  
Will he less kindly deal with you?

As he was commencing the next verse, an unexpected interruption broke in on these scholarly *nuga*. A step hurried over from the chapel. Ayton and I were sitting in the veranda on the other side of the house, so that we could not see the new-comer, nor he us. The missionary sat in his customary chair, just within the door, and the young Brahman (for it was he), on entering, must have thought Mr. Douglas was alone. The deacon walked quickly across the room, raised the old man's hand to his lips, and then, with a haste which perhaps may have been meant to preclude reflection, burst out in agitated words:—

"My master, oh, my dear master! I have a message to thee. 'Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith. Which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.' Forgive me, my father," he went on, in a voice quivering from the religious excitements of the week, and his intense Indian nature now strung up to the verge of weeping, "but the words have been in my heart day and night, and I have striven not to utter them. And on my knees this Trinity Sunday morning I could not hear the sound of my own prayers by reason of a terrible ringing in my ears, 'without doubt he shall perish everlastingly, he shall perish everlastingly.'"

A dead silence followed. The young Brahman, still unconscious of any presence except that of his blind master, seemed to have exhausted his powers of utterance. At length the old missionary said very gently, —

"My son, let us pray together."

It is not for me to repeat that tender and pathetic outpouring of a well-nigh broken heart, intended alone for its Maker in heaven, and for the wandering disciple on earth. At its close, the aged man remained kneeling for some time. Then, after another long pause, he reseated himself in his chair, and reasoned calmly with his pupil. We could not help overhearing what took place. The young Brahman gradually grew excited again, and in the end declared that the people were being starved of the truth.

We gathered, from his high-pitched remonstrances, that he and the catechists had worked themselves, by their revival meetings, into one of those Eastern religious enthusiasms which drove forth patriarchs of Alexandria and Constantinople into exile, and which, but for the firm British rule, would every year redden the streets of Agra with Hindu or Muhammadan blood. It never occurred to us that any similar wave of religious feeling could surge over a quiet little community of Christian converts. The truth seems to be that the younger and more zealous of the native catechists had for some time desired a warmer ritual and a more tropical form of faith than the calm theology of their aged pastor supplied. A High-Church young parson of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, who acted for the old missionary during an illness in the previous autumn, unconsciously sowed the seeds of discord. The fervor of the Brahman deacon only hastened a crisis which had become inevitable in the spiritual life of the mission. One of the deep chagrins of the old missionary, which he buried out of sight from us, was this feeling that the most earnest of his people were silently arraying themselves against him. Amid the religious excitements of the Whit-Sunday week, with its Ember days, the mission had fairly got out of hand. At the last revival meeting the catechists resolved, among other things, to insist on the Athanasian creed being read on the following Trinity Sunday, and deputed the deacon to report their ultimatum.

"So long as I live," replied the old missionary slowly, and with a solemn emphasis on each word, "the church in which I have preached Christ's message of mercy shall never be profaned by man's dogma of damnation."

"Oh, my father, my father," the young Brahman answered, almost breaking into sobs, "do not say so. For until you consent to have the full service, as laid down

in the Prayer-book, we have bound ourselves not to enter the chapel."

"God's will be done," said the old man, sadly but firmly.

In another minute the deacon had left the room, and we listeners in the veranda, not knowing what consolation to offer, departed in silence to our homes.

From Murray's Magazine.

#### A HIGHLAND SCHOOL FORTY YEARS AGO.

OF all the pictures imprinted on one's memory the most vivid are, I think, those which recall the scenes and events of one's boyhood from the age of seven to the age of sixteen. At the present moment, as I write, I can summon with almost startling distinctness a picture of the school into which I was first led, forty years ago, at the age of eight, by my widowed mother, and of the sixty or seventy schoolboys who directed their inquisitive eyes towards us as we entered. It was winter, and a fire was burning brightly on the left-hand side, rather more than half-way up the schoolroom, and a short distance from the schoolmaster's desk, an elevated structure, not unlike a pulpit, which had to be ascended by four steps. On a form without a back along the wall opposite the door and facing us were a dozen little fellows of about my own age, with their arms round each other's necks and swaying their bodies backwards and forwards with a regular machine-like motion, while they sang in a slow, drawling, plaintive, monotonous tone out of their spelling-book:

B-A bay, B-E bee, B-I by, B-O boh, B-U beu,  
B-Y by,  
C-A say, C-E see, C-I sy, C-O soh, C-U seu,  
C-Y sy;

and so on through the successive consonants and vowels of the alphabet, in utter unconsciousness of, or indifference to, the rule that C should be pronounced hard before the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*.

Of the other pupils, a few were writing in copy-books, with their backs to the schoolmaster, at long desks stretching along the right-hand wall; a few others at the same desks seemed to be ciphering, on heavy, clumsy, frameless slates, obtained (as I afterwards learnt) from a neighboring slate-quarry; but the great majority of the pupils in the school were sitting, books in hand, and with their faces turned towards the schoolmaster's desk, on backless forms distributed with little

regard to order in the body of the schoolroom. All over the school there was a continuous buzz of voices talking unrestrainedly and apparently in no way decomposing the serene equanimity of the schoolmaster, Mr. MacTaggart, a stout old Highlander with thick grey hair and whiskers, who was sitting, spectacles on nose, at his desk, mending a quill-pen.

The floor of the schoolroom was of hard, black earth, studded thickly and irregularly with smooth, round stones, about the size of a cricket-ball, and projecting about an inch from the ground, in which they were firmly embedded. Over this I clattered with my mother (my boots had thick soles covered all over with hob-nails) till we reached the schoolmaster's desk. There we halted. Mr. MacTaggart, wholly absorbed in his occupation of pen-mending, did not appear to notice us. When he had finished he gave a slight start at seeing us, whereupon my mother explained to him in Gaelic that we were new arrivals in Glen Bùe (Yellow Valley), and that she had brought me, her only son, as a pupil to his school.

Meanwhile, some eight or nine kilted, bare-legged youngsters, with eyes squinting cautiously leftwards towards the schoolmaster's desk, had softly left their seats and formed a semi-circle in front of the fire. Presently, others also glided from their places and endeavored to squeeze themselves into the semi-circle. Their attempts being resisted by the first comers, a scuffle ensued, which, gradually getting more and more noisy, at last attracted the attention of Mr. MacTaggart. The old schoolmaster, grasping the situation in a moment, suddenly laid down his pen, seized his leathern five-fingered "taws," which lay conveniently near his elbow, hurried down the steps, and applied this instrument rapidly and vigorously to the naked calves of as many of the delinquents as had not succeeded in regaining their seats before his arrival. This punishment administered, he returned slowly to his desk, leisurely ascended the steps, and calmly sat down as if nothing had happened. Of the boys who had received a taste of the taws, some were rubbing their calves and crying: some were rubbing their calves and looking generally uncomfortable, but not crying; and some were rubbing their calves and smiling, as if they did not care a bit. The smiles of these last, however, struck me as being somewhat forced. As for the rest of the school, though here and there I detected a smile or grin of amusement,

the generality looked on with indifference as on an incident of very common occurrence.

What my mother thought I cannot say. She showed Mr. MacTaggart the book in which she had taught me to read; then, bidding me be a good boy, she wished the old schoolmaster good-morning and left. Mr. MacTaggart then pointed to the third bench in front of that on which the little youngsters first mentioned were still swaying their bodies backwards and forwards and chanting their "B-A bay, B-E bee," etc., and called out in Gaelic to a boy named Duncan Macdonald to let the new boy look over his book, an order which Duncan obeyed with great alacrity.

Mr. MacTaggart had already heard the "B-A bay" class and the two next their morning lesson, so that it was now the turn of our class to stand in a semi-circle in front of his desk and read. We had to read English, not Gaelic. The top boy began and ran through his sentence like a racehorse. I was struck. It was a sentence of at least ten or twelve lines, and he was through it in less than five seconds. Mr. MacTaggart made no remark. The second boy then began and rushed through the next sentence with the same lightning rapidity. Evidently, in Mr. MacTaggart's opinion, if a boy read fast and did not stumble or hesitate, he read well. Speed was the sole criterion of excellence. As to grasping the sense of what I heard read, it was impossible. The words ran into each other in one continuous stream, and could no more be distinguished separately and individually than can the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel. The third boy could not read so fast, though he tried hard to do so. He hesitated three or four times, and once he stopped dead short from ignorance of the pronunciation of a somewhat long word. Mr. MacTaggart thereupon called him a "stupid ass!" and told him how to pronounce it. The fourth boy hesitated still oftener and was obliged to make a dead stop three or four times. Him Mr. MacTaggart (who had now descended with an ominous air from his throne) belabored with Gaelic epithets still more depreciatory than "stupid ass!" The fifth boy fared still worse, for, in addition to a volley of epithets, he received a box on the ear, the full force of which, however, a dexterous movement of the head enabled him to elude. I trembled. Only four more boys and it would be my turn. At last it came. It came just after the boy immediately above me had his head knocked against

mine by a box on the ear. I read as my mother had taught me to read, slowly and carefully and with some attention to the sense. Whether it was my style of reading or whether it was my being a new boy I know not, but I at once became conscious from the lull which took place in the general buzz of the school that I had become a centre of interest. Fortunately I made no mistake, and though I did not gallop through my sentence like my predecessors, I did not hesitate nor stumble.

Contrary to his custom, as I afterwards found, Mr. MacTaggart addressed me in English — rather queer English.

"Wcho learnt you to rid?"

"My mother, sir."

"I see you can speck English?"

"Yes, sir."

"But your mother specks Gahlic. She is Heelander, is not she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then your fathner was an English-maun or a Lowlauder?"

"No, sir; he was a Highlander."

"Can you speck Gahlic?"

"Yes, sir; better than English."

"K'enum ha orst?"\* (What is your name?)

"Albin Mac Rae, sir."

The last question seemed to be put merely to see whether I really did understand Gaelic, for my mother had already told him my name. On hearing my reply he gave utterance to a kind of grunt, expressive, I think, of perplexity, and continuing still to speak English, ordered the next boy, Roderick MacPherson, to "pekin" (*begin*).

Roderick looked up in bewildered astonishment. He evidently did not understand the meaning of the word "pekin." Whereupon Mr. MacTaggart called him an "amatan" (an idiot), and gave him the same order in Gaelic.

Poor Roderick stumbled and stammered wofully, and in spite of the oft-repeated "Grace orst" (make haste), he at last came to a dead stop at the word *neighbor*. Every now and then he made an instinctive upward movement with his left arm as if to parry a box on the ear; but, to his relief and astonishment, the expected blow never came. He attributed this unusual forbearance (he afterwards told me) to my influence, though on what grounds I could not imagine.

When the reading was over and we had returned to our forms, I was immediately surrounded not only by the boys of my

\* I write the Gaelic words as phonetically as I can.

own class, but also by several others, all expressing in various ways their admiration of the new boy who actually understood and could speak English. I found to my utter astonishment that with the exception of about half-a-dozen boys in the most advanced class no one understood any language but his native Gaelic. The English which many of them could read so fluently was as much an unknown tongue to them — as far as the sense was concerned — as if it were Arabic.

These were my first day's experiences of school life at Mr. MacTaggart's. It was the parochial school, and I remained there for a year. My mother was sufficiently educated to see the defects of Mr. MacTaggart's system of teaching; but there was no rival school in which to place me, and it was not convenient for her to have me always at home. When I had been nine or ten months in the school, however, an event took place one afternoon which was not only remarkable in itself, but the forerunner of another event still more remarkable. A *stranger* visited the school — a most unusual occurrence — and, stranger still, he acted most strangely, even for a stranger. He was a lame gentleman with a crutch, about thirty, smoothly shaven, and dressed in a seedy grey suit. After saying "Good-morning, sir," to Mr. MacTaggart, he proceeded at once without further ceremony and with an air of authority to examine the school. We all watched him with curiosity not unmixed with awe and trepidation. Mr. MacTaggart, from his manner, evidently shared these feelings. He did not look at all comfortable. The stranger was not a Highlander, for though he generally spoke to the boys in Gaelic because they did not understand English, he spoke Gaelic very badly, and with a pronunciation which often made us smile, while he spoke English with natural ease and fluency. He began with the lowest class. His advent had created a profound silence in the school, but as his examination proceeded and the boys began by degrees to get used to him, the customary conversational buzz very soon recommenced. In a moment he stopped short, and turning round sharply ordered "silence!" Silence immediately ensued. But the lull did not last long; in less than three minutes the confused buzzing of voices was as loud as ever. The stranger again stopped, and this time, addressing himself to the old schoolmaster, he asked him with an air of grave astonishment if it was his custom to allow his pupils full liberty of talking

during lessons. The latter, by way of reply, seized his taws, rushed down the steps of his pulpit and administered his stripes right and left all over the school, the innocent (of whom, however, there were probably very few) receiving their full share with the guilty. A general stampede took place amongst the boys when they saw him sallying from his stronghold, and it was really a comical sight to see so many kilted youngsters scampering in all directions, dodging, vaulting over forms, upsetting forms, tumbling and falling over each other, while old Mr. MacTaggart, always aiming his blows where they would be most effective, smote, smote, smote, and spared not.

The stranger in the seedy grey suit looked on, leaning on his crutch and with a grim smile upon his sleek, smoothly shaven face. From that moment I hated him.

At last Mr. MacTaggart, fatigued with his exertions, returned slowly to his stronghold, looking sulkily flushed and angry. Though I had had a taste of his taws like most of the boys, I could not help pitying him. I attributed it all to the stranger in the seedy grey suit. The latter, still leaning on his crutch, regarded the old schoolmaster for some time in silence. At last he remarked that he should now like to examine the most advanced reading-class. Mr. MacTaggart thereupon, in an angry tone, called up the "collection class." This class was so named from their reading-book, which was entitled, "A Collection of Extracts from the Best Prose Writers."

The collection class came up. It consisted mainly of boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age. They too looked sulky and angry, and it was clear from the glances which they every now and then cast at the lame intruder in the grey suit that their wrath was directed against him rather than against Mr. MacTaggart. On receiving from the latter the order to "pekin," the top boy, nicknamed Goliath from his small size, at once obeyed. The piece happened to be "Mark Antony's Speech" as rendered by Shakespeare. The speed with which Goliath shot through this celebrated oration was more than marvellous. Accustomed as I was to hear fast reading, especially in the collection class, there is not the slightest doubt that upon this occasion Goliath beat the record. He felt that the credit of the school depended upon his performance; so he did his very best. Happening to know the piece, I just managed to catch

the opening words, which were uttered somewhat as follows :—

Frents Rommuns Countermen lemturyurs  
Comt berry Saysar not uppraysim.

From this point, Goliath, like a race-horse well trained and held in, gradually increased his pace, till at last each line seemed like a single long word. He seemed to be hurriedly running through a list of strange names in some barbarous tongue. Mr. MacTaggart looked pleased, and cast a triumphant glance at the lame stranger in the seedy grey suit. The grim smile on the face of the latter gradually widened into a broad grin, followed by a peculiar low chuckle.

"Stop a moment," he said, when the second boy was about to begin; "I want to ask you one or two questions."

Then, rising from the form on which he had seated himself, and leaning on his crutch, he asked—pointing to little Goliath who was regarding him fixedly,—

"Would you be so good as to inform me who delivered that celebrated oration which you have read with such remarkable fluency?"

To this question poor Goliath replied in a very crestfallen voice, "Ha nel berl akum." The free translation of which is, "I do not understand English."

Mr. MacTaggart blushed, but did not speak. The stranger then put some questions to other boys in the collection class, but without eliciting any very satisfactory answers. One said that *friends* meant "*kahrshdun*," which was correct so far as it went; another that *ears* meant "*clausun*," which was also right; while a third translated *bury* by "*derchkun*," which is the Gaelic for *berries*. From the generality he got either the answer "Ha nel berl akum," or "Ha nel ism" (I don't know). At last the stranger gave it up.

"That will do, my boys," he said; "you may go to your places."

This seemed plainer English to them than Shakespeare; at all events, they understood him and went.

The stranger then turned to the old schoolmaster and said that he did not wish to trouble him further; that he thought he had examined his boys quite enough to ascertain their capacities and acquirements; but still, if he (Mr. MacTaggart) wished it, he would examine the writing and arithmetic.

Mr. MacTaggart replied gruffly that he might if he liked; that he did not care whether he did or not.

The stranger, thinking perhaps that he

had caused enough discomfort for one morning, replied that he would not examine them further that day. So saying, he seized his hat—which was even seedier than his grey coat—in his right hand, placed the head of his crutch comfortably under his left armpit, and with a "Good-day, sir," to Mr. MacTaggart, and a "Good-bye for the present, boys," to the school in general, he hobbled his way out.

When he was gone Mr. MacTaggart asked us if we knew who he was. Nobody knew; nobody could give him the slightest information. It was an inexplicable mystery. Poor Mr. MacTaggart, I think, took him for a school inspector sent by the government. Had he known the truth, he certainly would not have put up so meekly with his intrusion and interference.

The next day the murder was out. The school was full of it. "Do you know who that impudent cripple was who came yesterday?" "Yes; do you?" "Yes; everybody knows it;" and so on through the school. Everybody except myself seemed to have heard the news. The mysterious stranger in the seedy grey suit was—according to his own account, which nobody seemed inclined to doubt—a highly educated Englishman who had seen better days. He called himself Mr. Slater. He had come to Glen Bue to set up a school in rivalry to Mr. MacTaggart's, and in this purpose he was supported by the powerful influence of Mr. Sinclair, the proprietor of the neighboring slate-quarry. Mr. Slater remorselessly exposed the shortcomings of the existing school, and made large promises on his own account. He would undertake that within a year nearly all the boys in his school should at least speak English fluently, while, if a boy of average intelligence stayed with him three years, he would guarantee that by that time he should speak not only English but also French and Latin with as much facility as his native Gaelic. Somehow people generally, though they freely expressed their disapproval of his conduct towards Mr. MacTaggart, accepted Mr. Slater at his own valuation. Many, like my mother, had been long dissatisfied with Mr. MacTaggart's parrot system of teaching, and determined to give Mr. Slater a fair trial. Before many days had elapsed, the latter opened his school with a very respectable number of boys, nearly all deserters from the older establishment. The present writer was amongst the number.

ALBIN MAC RAE.

From The Spectator.

THE MORAVIANS AND THE LEPERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.]

SIR, — So much has been said and written and done in connection with the work and name of Father Damien and his leper mission, that it is but fair that some mention at last should be made of the many years' work, of a far earlier date, of the devoted Moravian missionaries amongst the lepers of South Africa. Although a work of considerable extent, carried on under the auspices of our own government, few seem ever to have heeded it, or heard of it.

In January, 1822, a Moravian brother, the Rev. Mr. Leitner, and his English wife left the society of their fellow-missionaries, and at the request of the then governor at the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset, removed to the Leper Hospital at Hemel en Aarde, a lonesome spot, far removed from all human habitations, and so hemmed in by lofty rocks that only a small strip of sky was visible above. Here they entered upon their self-denying, repulsive, and, as then supposed, perilous duties. Year by year the work progressed. Diligence superseded idleness, the languor of despair and wretchedness gave place to cheerful industry. The hospital was surrounded by neat gardens, and a large plot of land brought under cultivation by the lepers themselves for the general benefit. Then, under the missionary's direction, an aqueduct was constructed, which supplied the little colony with water for their gardens and houses. By night and by day the presiding brother was ready to minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of his patients, and many a wild, depraved outcast was led to submit with resignation and Christian fortitude to the lifelong trial and affliction before him.

During six years of service, Pastor Leitner baptized ninety-five adults; and sad was the Easter day when he was suddenly removed by death in the very act of administering this rite to one of the converts. A successor was soon found to fill up the breach, and to labor in the same devoted spirit; and when the Leper Hospital was removed from Hemel en Aarde to Robben Island, a low, sandy islet, surrounded by dangerous rocks, near the entrance of Table Bay, seven miles from Cape Town, the patients urgently petitioned government to let their Moravian teachers go with them. On the arrival of the missionary and his wife, the whole company of lepers broke forth into songs

of praise and thankfulness for the restoration of their beloved "father and mother."

A school was now opened for the children of the lepers, and such adults as chose to attend. "It is most touching," wrote the teacher, "to see the scholars turn over the leaves of their Bibles with their mutilated hands. On Sunday morning you would find such miserable beings as pressed round Jesus to be healed of him exerting all their ingenuity to reach the little church—here a young leper sitting on the ground, thrusting himself forward with difficulty; there another, creeping on his knees and the stumps of his arms; further on a patient, wholly deprived of hands and feet, in a wheelbarrow, being conveyed to the house of prayer by a brother in affliction, whose head and face are swollen till they look like a lion's. Go into the wards of the hospital. On one couch lies a leper whose hands are gone, before him an open Bible. He has reached the bottom of the page, but cannot turn it over. He looks round, and one who can walk, but is also without hands, takes another, who has lost his feet, upon his back, and carries him to the first to turn over the leaf."

In 1860, the governor expressed a desire that a competent and qualified master should be sent to take charge of the schools, and again a young Moravian brother was found ready to leave home and its comforts and privileges, a widowed mother and other relatives, to go to this desolate island of lepers. "Poor creatures!" he wrote after his arrival; "some of them are dreadfully afflicted, and at times the effluvia is intolerable; but they are very attentive and eager to profit." For five years this earnest worker continued his labors; then he too was laid to rest in the shadow of the little church on Robben Island.

Thus, during forty years, a succession of Christian men and women from the Moravian congregations gave themselves up to live and die in their self-sacrificing work amid this mass of human misery and corruption. When at length, in 1867, the colonial government appointed a chaplain of the Church of England to the hospital, these devoted missionaries regretfully resigned their post on the lonesome leper isle. They did not, however, retire from their work amongst the lepers, for since that time they have labored arduously in the Leper Home at Jerusalem, founded by Baron von Keffenbrinck Ascheraden and his wife, whose compassion had been

aroused by the pitiable condition of the wretched lepers who lingered neglected and forlorn, unsoothed and untended, outside the gates of the Holy City.

The story of the work here would be too long for my present letter. I might tell of the missionary's wife, unable to induce any to assist her, herself doing the household work and loathsome washing until a Christian Arab girl came forward, and at length another sister went out to her aid, — the missionary ministering to the wants of the dying patients when contact with them was well-nigh intolerable, — both of them welcoming the enlargement of the hospital and the reception of the additional sufferers who clamorously besieged the doors at the death of every leper, "for," said they, "it cuts us to the heart to send them back to a life almost worse than that of a beast."

I trust, sir, you will pardon the length of this letter from one who highly esteems the Moravians, well knowing the worth and solidity of their work wherever undertaken. I am, sir, etc.,

THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," ETC.

---

From The Leisure Hour.  
BLINKERS.

WHEN a horse is used for the saddle no one thinks of meddling with his eyes, and we allow the animal to use them freely, as nature has directed. But no sooner do we put the same animal into harness than we think ourselves bound to fasten a black leather flap over each of his eyes, so as to prevent him from seeing objects at his sides, and to limit his view to those which are in his immediate front. This is done with the very best intentions, the object being to save him from being frightened by startling and unwonted sights, and only to leave a sufficiency of vision wherewith to guide his steps. Herein, as in feeding and stabling the horse, man judges the animal by himself, forgetting, or rather having failed to notice, that the eyes of the horse are exceedingly unlike our own. Our eyes are set in the front of our heads, so that if blinkers were fastened to our temples our range of vision would be but slightly limited. But the eyes of the horse are placed on the sides of the head, and are rather prominent, so that the ani-

mal can not only see on either side, but by rolling his eyes backwards, as we see in a vicious horse, can see objects almost in his immediate rear. The effect of the blinker is both physically and mentally injurious to the horse. In the first place, especially when large and brought near the eyes, it has the effect of heating them and hindering the free passage of air over them. In the next place, it causes the eyes to be always directed forwards, and thus produces a most injurious strain on the delicate muscles. We know how painful a sensation is felt when we are obliged to strain our eyes either backwards or upwards for any length of time, and the horse suffers no less inconvenience when it is forced to keep its eyes continually strained forwards.

The worst examples of the blinker that I have ever seen were in the United States, where the blinkers (or "blindings," as they are there named) are often brought so closely together in front by means of a strap and buckle, that a mere narrow strip, barely half an inch in width, is left for vision. This again is done with the best intentions, the object being to save the animal from being afflicted by snow-blindness. Now the horse's eyes are in many respects different from our own, and are not affected, as is the case with ours, by the vast expanses of dazzling snow which are rendered even more dazzling by the clear atmosphere and brilliant sunshine of America. One of its safeguards lies in the remarkable structure which is popularly termed the "haw," and scientifically the "nictitating membrane." This is a sort of third eyelid set beneath the true eyelids, and capable of being drawn at will over the eyeball, thus performing the double duty of shielding the eye from the direct glare of light, and clearing its surface from dust or any other foreign substance. This membrane is seen in its perfection in the birds of prey, so that the proverbial statement that the eagle trains itself to gaze at the midday sun has some foundation in fact. It sometimes happens that the hawk becomes inflamed, especially when the ventilation of the stable has been neglected, and in such a case the groom, considering the inflamed and projecting membrane unsightly, actually cuts it off, not having the least idea of its real structure or of the inestimable service which it renders to the animal.

REV. J. G. WOOD.

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## CONTENTS.

I. LITERARY CRITICISM IN FRANCE, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	67
II. THE OLD MISSIONARY. By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . .	77
III. POETRY BY MEN OF THE WORLD, . . .	<i>National Review,</i> . . .	85
IV. RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS. Part IV., . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . .	90
V. IN PRAISE OF LONDON FOG, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . .	98
VI. JOEL QUAIFFE'S RETURN, . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i> . . .	103
VII. RECREATIONS OF A DOMINICAN PREACHER, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	113
VIII. QUEEN LOUISE, . . .	<i>Sunday Magazine,</i> . . .	118
IX. DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, . . .	<i>Leisure Hour,</i> . . .	123

## POETRY.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY, . . . . .	66	"BACKWARD MOVES THE KINDLY DIAL," . . . . .	66
LONDON TWILIGHT, . . . . .	66		
A VIGIL, . . . . .	66		

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## CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

THE round bright sun in the west hung low;  
It was old-fashioned Christmas weather.  
I remember the fields were white with snow  
As we stood by the stile together.  
In the woods the berries grew thick and red;  
Yet I lingered and called it "Folly!"  
When you said with a smile: "Let us cross  
the stile  
And gather some Christmas holly."

But over the fields by the frozen brook  
We went where the boughs were sprinkled  
With snow; and deep in a sheltered nook  
The waterfall faintly tinkled.  
A brave little robin sang out in the cold:  
It was only young lovers' folly,  
But we listened so long to the redbreast's song  
That we almost forgot the holly.

Then the light died out of the golden day,  
And the moon showed her silvery bow,  
And we never knew if our homeward way  
Lay through rose-leaves or drifted snow.  
One bright star shone in the pale clear sky;  
And my mother said it was folly  
To listen so long to a robin's song —  
But we brought home the Christmas holly.

You stir not now from our ingle nook,  
And my hair is white like the snow;  
For the story you told 'mid the sunset gold  
Is a story of long ago.  
As hand clasps hand by the winter fire,  
Do you deem it an old wife's folly  
That my eyes grow wet with a sweet regret  
When I look at the Christmas holly?  
Chambers' Journal. E. MATHESON.

## LONDON TWILIGHT.

THE winter day is fading fast,  
A day of bitter wind and sleet;  
And dreaming of a brighter past  
I sit and gaze across the street.

A little girl with sunny hair  
Stands looking through the window-pane,  
And sees a future May-time fair,  
With clearer skies and softer rain.

My heart goes backward, miles and miles,  
To gather withered leaves and flowers,  
But on her hopeful fancy smiles  
The bright new green of summer bowers.

Her trusting glances, never dim,  
Pierce swiftly through the twilight haze,  
And meet the tender face of Him  
Whose love is watching both our ways.

Ah, little girl, across the street  
My spirit flies to learn of thine!  
Thy childish faith, so calm and sweet,  
Is wiser than all thoughts of mine.

For hope is better than regret,  
And one who loves us both may be  
Waiting beside still waters yet  
In pastures green to welcome me.  
Leisure Hour. SARAH DOUDNEY.

## A VIGIL.

ON either side the gate,  
Looking out o'er the land,  
The two tall poplars stand;  
Silent they watch and wait:  
A red rose grows by the fastened door,  
And blooms for those who will come no more  
Up the pathway strait.

Empty are byre and stall,  
But the waters plash and gleam,  
And the low trees by the stream  
Let their yellow leaflets fall  
Bright as of old; and the waste vine flings  
Her strangling tangle of leaves and rings  
O'er the ruined wall.

Who cometh hushed and late  
Here in the dusk? For whom  
Do the blood-red roses bloom  
And the faithful poplars wait?  
What is it steals through the crumbling gate,  
With soundless feet on the pathway strait,  
In the twilight gloom?  
GRAHAM R. TOMSON.  
Longman's Magazine.

BACKWARD moves the kindly dial;  
And I'm numbered once again  
With those noblest of their species  
Called emphatically "Men:"  
Loaf, as I have loafed aforetime,  
Through the streets, with tranquil mind,  
And a long-backed fancy-mongrel  
Trailing casually behind:

Past the Senate-house I saunter,  
Whistling with an easy grace;  
Past the cabbage-stalks that carpet  
Still the beefy market-place;  
Poising evermore the eyeglass  
In the light sarcastic eye,  
Lest, by chance, some breezy nursemaid  
Pass, without a tribute, by.

Once, an unassuming freshman,  
'Thro' these wilds I wandered on,  
Seeing in each house a college,  
Under every cap a don:  
Each perambulating infant  
Had a magic in its squall,  
For my eager eye detected  
Senior wranglers in them all.  
C. S. Calverly in "Cap and Gown."

From The Fortnightly Review.  
LITERARY CRITICISM IN FRANCE.\*

WHEN the curators of the Taylorian Institution honored me with an invitation to lecture on some subject connected with the study of modern literature, I glanced back over my recent reading, and I found that a large part, perhaps an undue proportion of it, had consisted of French literary history and French literary criticism. The recent death of that eminent critic, M. Scherer, had led me to make a survey of his writings. I had found in M. Brunetière an instructor vigorous and severe in matters of literature; one who allies modern thought with classical tradition. I had beguiled some hours, not more pleasantly than profitably, with M. Jules Lemaitre's bright if slender studies of contemporary writers, in which the play of ideas is contrived with all the skill and grace of a decorative art. I had followed M. Paul Bourget, as many of us have done, through his more laborious analyses in which he investigates, by means of typical representatives in literature, the moral life of our time. And I had in some measure possessed myself of the legacy of thought left to us by two young writers, ardent students, interested in the philosophical aspects of literature, whose premature loss French letters must deplore, M. Guyau, the author of several volumes on questions of morals and æsthetics, and M. Hennequin, whose attempt to draw the outlines of a system of scientific criticism has at least the merit of bold ingenuity. It seemed to me that I had fresh in my mind matter which must be of interest to all who care for literature, and that I should not do ill if I were to try to gather up some of my impressions on recent literary criticism, and especially on methods or proposed methods of criticism in France.

Nearly a generation has passed since a distinguished son of Oxford, Mr. Matthew Arnold, declared that the chief need of our time — and especially the need of our own country — was a truer and more enlightened criticism. He did not speak merely of literature; he meant that we

\* Read as the Taylorian Lecture, Oxford, November 20th, 1889.

needed a fresh current of ideas about life in its various provinces. But he included the province of literature, the importance of which, and especially of poetry, no man estimated more highly than did Mr. Arnold. And as the essential prelude to a better criticism, he made his gallant, and far from unsuccessful, effort to disturb our national self-complacency, to make us feel that Philistia is not a land which is very far off; he made the experiment, which he regarded as in the best sense patriotic, to rearrange for our uses the tune of "Rule Britannia" in a minor key. His contribution to our self-knowledge was a valuable one, if wisely used. The elegant lamentations of the prophet over his people in captivity to the Philistines were more than elegant, they were inspired by a fine ideal of intellectual freedom, and were animated by a courageous hope that the ideal might be, in part at least, attained. Disciples, however, too often parody the master, and I am not sure that success in any other affectation is more cheaply won than in the affectation of depreciating one's kinsfolk and one's home. There is a Jacques-like melancholy arising from the sundry contemplation of one's intellectual travel, which disinclines its possessor for simple household tasks. Our British inaccessibility to ideas, our wilfulness of temper, our caprices of intellect, our insular narrowness, the provinciality of our thought, the brutality of our journals, the banality of our popular teachers, our incapacity to govern, or at least to be gracious in governing — these are themes on which it has become easy to dilate: —

Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

And with the aid of a happy eclecticism which chooses for comparison the bright abroad with the dark or dull at home, and reserves all its amiable partiality and dainty enthusiasm for our neighbors, it really has not been difficult to acquire a new and superior kind of complacency, the complacency of national self-depreciation.

As regards the criticism of literature, Mr. Arnold did good service in directing our eyes to France, and when we spoke of

French literary criticism any time in the fifties and sixties of this century, we meant first of all Sainte-Beuve. Here Mr. Arnold was surely right, nor did he depart from the balance and measure which he so highly valued when, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he described Sainte-Beuve as an unrivalled guide to bring us to a knowledge of the French genius and literature — "perfect, so far as a poor mortal critic can be perfect, in knowledge of his subject, in tact, in tone." We are all pupils of Sainte-Beuve. But to what Mr. Arnold has said of Sainte-Beuve, I should like to add this: that while the great critic was French in his tact, French in his art of finely insinuating opinions, in his seeming *bonhomie*, and at the same time in the delicate malice of his pen, French above all in his sense of the intimate relations of literature with social life, his method as a critic was not the dominant method of France; it was hardly characteristic of the French intellect; it was his own method, and it had been in great measure our English method.\*

For, while possessing extraordinary mobility within certain limits seldom overpassed, the French intellect, as compared with that of England, is pre-eminently systematic, and to attain system, or method, or order in its ideas, it is often content to view things in an abstract or generalizing way, or even to omit things which present a difficulty to the systematizer. At the highest this order is a manifestation of reason, and when it imposes itself upon our minds, it brings with it that sense of freedom which accompanies the recognition of a law. But when by evading difficulties a pseudo-order is established, and when this is found, as it inevitably will be found in the course of time, to be a tyranny, then the spirit of system becomes really an element of disorder, provoking the spirit of anarchy, and, as M. Nisard has called it, the spirit of chimera. In a nation where the tendency towards centralization is strong, and a central authority has been constituted, an order of ideas, which is probably in part true, in

\* Mr. Arnold's *stipula* does not apply to the earlier writings of Sainte-Beuve, which were wanting in critical balance, and often in critical disinterestedness.

part false, will be imposed by that authority, and as years go by this will become traditional. So it was in France. The Academy was precisely such a central authority in matters intellectual, and from its origin it asserted a claim to be a tribunal in literary criticism. It imposed a doctrine, and created a tradition. But even among writers who revolted from the traditional or Academical manner in criticism, the spirit of system was often present, for the spirit of system is characteristic of the intellect of France. An idea, a dogma was enounced, and the facts were selected, or compelled to square with the idea; an age was reduced to some formula which was supposed to express the spirit of that age, and the writers of the time were attenuated into proofs of a theory.

Now Sainte-Beuve's method as a critic was as far as possible removed from this abstract and doctrinaire method. He loved ideas, but he feared the tyranny of an idea. He was on his guard against the spirit of system. Upon his seal was engraved the English word "Truth," and the root of everything in his criticism, as Mr. Arnold said of him, is his simple-hearted devotion to truth. Mr. Arnold might have added that his method for the discovery of truth is the method characteristic of the best English minds, that of living and working in the closest relation with facts, and incessantly revising his opinions so that they may be in accord with facts. It will be in the memory of readers of Sainte-Beuve that in 1862, in the articles on Chateaubriand, afterwards included in the third volume of "Nouveaux Lundis," he turned aside to give an exposition of his own critical method. He had been reproached with the fact that he had no theory. "Those who deal most favorably with me have been pleased to say that I am a sufficiently good judge, but a judge who is without a code." And while admitting that there existed no code Sainte-Beuve, he went on to maintain that he had a method, formed by practice, and to explain what that method was. It was that for which afterwards, when reviewing a work by M. Deschanel, he accepted the name of naturalistic criticism. He tells us how we are inevitably carried from the

book under our view to the entire work of the author, and so to the author himself; how we should study the author as forming one of a group with the other members of his household, and in particular that it is wise to look for his talent in the mother, and, if there be sisters, in one or more of the sisters; how we should seek for him in "le premier milieu," the group of friends and contemporaries who surrounded him at the moment when his genius first became full-fledged; how again we should choose for special observation the moment when he begins to decay, or decline, or deviate from his true line of advance under the influences of the world; for such a moment comes, says Sainte-Beuve, to almost every man; how we should approach our author through his admirers and through his enemies; and how, as the result of all these processes of study, sometimes the right word emerges which claims, beyond all power of resistance, to be a definition of the author's peculiar talent; such an one is a "rhetorician," such an one an "improvisator of genius." Chateaubriand himself, the subject of Sainte-Beuve's *causerie*, is "an Epicurean with the imagination of a Catholic." But, adds Sainte-Beuve, let us wait for this characteristic name, let us not hasten to give it.

This method of Sainte-Beuve, this inductive or naturalistic method, which advances cautiously from details to principles, and which is ever on its guard against the idols that deceive the mind, did not, as he says, quite satisfy even his admirers among his own countrymen. They termed his criticism a negative criticism, without a code of principles; they demanded a theory. But it is a method which accords well with our English habits of thought; and the fact is perhaps worth noting that while Mr. Arnold was engaged in indicating, for our use, the vices and the foibles of English criticism as compared with that of France, Sainte-Beuve was thinking of a great English philosopher as the best preparatory master for those who would acquire a sure judgment in literature. "To be in literary history and criticism a disciple of Bacon," he wrote, "seems to me the need of our time." Bacon laid his

foundations on a solid groundwork of facts, but it was his whole purpose to rise from these to general truths. And Sainte-Beuve looked forward to a time when as the result of countless observations, a science might come into existence which should be able to arrange into their various species or families the varieties of human intellect and character, so that the dominant quality of a mind being ascertained we might be able to infer from this a group of subordinate qualities. But even in his anticipations of a science of criticism Sainte-Beuve would not permit the spirit of system to tyrannize over him. Such a science, he says, can never be quite of the same kind as botany or zoology; man has "what is called *freedom of will*," which at all events presupposes a great complexity in possible combinations. And even if at some remote period, this science of human minds should be organized, it will always be so delicate and mobile, says Sainte-Beuve, that "it will exist only for those who have a natural calling for it, and a true gift for observation; it will always be an *art* requiring a skilful artist, as medicine requires medical tact in those who practise it." There are numberless obscure phenomena to be dealt with in the criticism of literature, and they are the phenomena of life, in perpetual process of change; there are *nuances* to be caught, which, in the words of one who has tried to observe and record them, are "more fugitive than the play of light on the waters." Sainte-Beuve felt that to keep a living mind in contact with life must for the present be the chief effort of criticism, to touch here some vital point, and again some other point there. In that remarkable volume, "Le Roman Expérimental," in which M. Zola deals with his fellow authors not so much in the manner of a judge as in that of a truculent gendarme, he lays violent hold on Sainte-Beuve, claiming him as essentially a critic of his own so-called experimental school; not, indeed, that Sainte-Beuve's was one of those superior minds which comprehend their age, for was he not rather repelled than subdued by the genius of Balzac, and did he not fail to perceive that the romantic movement of 1830 was no more than the

cry for deliverance from dogma and tradition of an age on its way to the naturalism of M. Zola himself? Still, says M. Zola, in certain pages Sainte-Beuve formulated with a tranquil daring the experimental method "which we put in practice." And it is true that there are points of contact between Sainte-Beuve's criticism, with its careful study of the author's *milieu*, and the doctrines proclaimed by M. Zola. But what a contrast between the spirits of the two men; what a contrast in the application to life even of the ideas which they possessed in common! M. Zola, whose mind is overridden, if ever a mind was, by the spirit of system; whose work, misnamed realistic, is one monstrous idealizing of humanity under the types of the man-brute and the woman-brute; and Sainte-Beuve, who in his method would fain be the disciple of our English Bacon; Sainte-Beuve, ever alert and mobile, ever fitting his mind to the nicenesses of fact, or tentatively grouping his facts in the hope that he may ascertain their law; Sainte-Beuve, whom, if the word "realism" be forced upon us, as it seems to be at the present time, we may name a genuine realist in the inductive study of the temperaments of all sorts and conditions of men.

Of M. Scherer I spoke a few days after his death in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, and I shall only say here that he resembled Sainte-Beuve at least in this, that he too feared the tyranny of the spirit of system. In his earlier years, indeed, he had aspired as a philosophical thinker and a theologian to the possession of a body of absolute beliefs; but he found, or thought he found, that all which he had supposed to be fixed was moving, was altering its shape and position. He saw, or thought he saw, a sinking of the soil on which he had built his house as if to last forever, a gaining of the tide upon the solid land; he recognized, as so many have had to recognize in this century of moral difficulty, the processes of the evolution, or at least the vicissitude, of beliefs. He ceased to hope for truth absolute, but it was not as one disillusioned and disenchanting that he took refuge in the relative. He felt that his appointed task of truth-seeking had grown more serious and more full of promise. It seemed to him that there was something childish in the play of building up elaborate erections of dogma, ingenious toy-houses, to be tumbled down presently by the trailing skirts of Time. The business of a man was rather, as he conceived it, to live by the

truth of to-day, trusting that it would develop into the completer truth of to-morrow, to contribute something of sound knowledge and well-considered opinion to the common fund, to work with all other honest minds towards some common result, though what that result may be, none of us as yet can be aware. He thought that he could perceive a logic in the general movement of the human mind, and he was content, for his own part, to contribute a fragment of truth here and a fragment there which might be taken up in the vast inductions of that mighty logician, the *Zeit-Geist*.

A critic of such a temper as this can hardly set up absolute standards by which to judge, he can hardly make any one age the final test of another, and condemn the classic because it is not romantic, or the romantic because it is not classic. Yet he is far from being a sceptic either in matters of faith or matters of literary conviction; he may possess very clear and strong opinions, and indeed it becomes his duty to give a decided expression to his own view of truth, even if it be but a partial view, for how otherwise can he assist in the general movement of thought? The discomfiture of the absolute, as Scherer has said, is an aid to tolerance, is even favorable to indulgence, but it need not and should not paralyze the judgment, or hopelessly perplex the literary conscience. And Scherer himself was indeed at times more inclined to severity than to indulgence; behind the man, who was the nominal subject of his criticism, he saw the idea, and with an idea it is not necessary to observe the punctilio of fine manners. He must at the same time make his own idea precise, must argue out his own thesis. Yet he feels all the while that his own idea, his own thesis, has only a relative value, and that his criticism is at best something tentative. Scherer's conviction that all our truths are only relative, and that none the less they are of the utmost importance to us, gives in great measure its special character, at once tentative and full of decision, to his criticism.

But Scherer came on his father's side from a Swiss family, and the Parisian critic had been formed in the school of Protestant Geneva; Sainte-Beuve's mother was of English origin, and his reading as a boy was largely in our English books. These are facts which may fairly be noted by one who accepts Sainte-Beuve's principles of literary investigation. The critical methods characteristic of the French intellect as contrasted with the English intel-

lect are not the methods which guide and govern the work of these writers. Their work lacks the large ordonnance, the ruling logic, the *vues d'ensemble* in which the French mind, inheritor of Latin tradition, delights. Without a moment's resistance we yield ourselves to such guides, because the processes of their minds agree with those to which we are accustomed, only they are conducted by them with an ease and grace which with us are rare. But perhaps we gain more, or at least something more distinctive, from contact with intellects of a type which differs essentially from the English type, minds more speculative than ours, more apt in bringing masses of concrete fact under the rule and regimen of ideas. These characteristics of the French intellect are exhibited in a very impressive way by two well-known histories of literature, which, as regards methods and principles of criticism, stand as far apart from each other as it is possible to conceive — Nisard's "History of French Literature," and the much more celebrated "History of English Literature" by Taine. The one is of the elder school of criticism, dogmatic and traditional; the other is of the newer school, and claims to be considered scientific. Both are works over which ideas preside — or perhaps we might say dominate with an excessive authority. A mind of the English type could hardly have produced either of the two.

The name of M. Désiré Nisard seems to carry us far into the past. It is more than half a century since he made his masked attack on the romantic school, then in its fervid youth, in his "Latin Poets of the Decadence," and put forth his famous manifesto against *la littérature facile*. It was in 1840 that the first two volumes of his "History of French Literature" appeared; but twenty years passed before that work was completed; and it is little more than twelve months since M. Nisard gave to the public his "Souvenirs et Notes biographiques," volumes followed, perhaps unfortunately for his fame, by the "Ægri Somnia" of the present year. Such a life of devotion to letters is rare, and the unity of his career was no less remarkable than its length. For sixty years M. Nisard was a guardian of the dignity of French letters, a guardian of the purity of the French language, a maintainer of the traditions of learning and thought, an inflexible judge in matters of intellect and taste. The aggressive sallies of his earlier years were only part of the system of defence which at a later time

he conducted with greater reserve from within the stronghold of his own ideas. When the first volumes of his "History of French Literature" were written, M. Nisard's doctrine and method were fully formed, and when, twenty years later, he finished his task, it seemed never to have been interrupted; and though the author was of Voltaire's opinion that he who does not know how to correct, does not know how to write, there was nothing to alter in essentials of the former part of the work. It is a work which cannot be popular, for its method is opposed to that which at present has the mastery, and its style has a magisterial, almost a monumental, concision, which is not to the liking of the crowd of torpid readers. It is, says a contemporary critic, a feature in common between two writers, in other respects so unlike, M. Nisard and M. Renan, that neither can be enjoyed by the common mass of readers, because "they are equally concerned, though in different ways, with the effort to be sober and simple, to efface colors that are over lively, and never to depart, in the temperate expression of their thought, from that scrupulous precision and exquisite *netteté* which Vauvenargues has named *le vernis des maîtres*." But though it cannot live the noisy life of a popular book, M. Nisard's "History" remains, and does its work, a work all the more valuable because it resists in many ways, the currents of opinion and taste in our age.

What, then, is M. Nisard's method? It is as far as possible removed from the method of Sainte-Beuve, as far as possible removed from what I may call the English method of criticism. A piece of literature — a poem, a novel, a play — carries Sainte-Beuve to the other works of the author, whether they be of the same kind or not, and thence to the author himself, to the little group of persons with whom he lived and acted, and to the general society of which he formed a member. M. Nisard views the work apart from its author and apart from his other works, if those other works be of a different literary species. He compares this book or that with other books of the same *genre*, or rather with the type of the *genre*, which, by a process of abstraction, he has formed in his own mind; he brings it into comparison with his ideal of the peculiar genius of the nation, his ideal of the genius of France, if the book be French; he tests its language by his ideal of the genius of the French language; finally, he compares it with his ideal of the genius of humanity as embod-

ied in the best literature of the world, to whatever country or age that literature may belong. Criticism, as conceived by M. Nisard, confronts each work of literature with a threefold ideal — that of the nation, that of the language, that of humanity: "elle note ce qui s'en rapproche; voilà le bon; ce qui s'en éloigne; voilà le mauvais." The aim of such criticism, according to M. Nisard's own definition, is "to regulate our intellectual pleasures, to free literature from the tyranny of the notion that *there is no disputing about tastes*, to constitute an exact science, intent rather on guiding than gratifying the mind."

Surely a noble aim — to free us from the tyranny of intellectual anarchy. We all tacitly acknowledge that there is a hierarchy of intellectual pleasures, and it is M. Nisard's purpose to call upon these individual preferences and aversions to come forward and justify themselves or stand condemned in the light of human reason. The historian of French literature has somewhere contrasted two remarkable figures of the Renaissance and Reformation — Montaigne and Calvin; Montaigne, a representative of the spirit of curiosity then abroad, and, notwithstanding his sceptical tendency, a lover of the truth; Calvin, a representative of theological system and rigor, a wielder of the logic of the abstract idea. We may describe Sainte-Beuve as a nineteenth-century descendant of Montaigne, with the accumulated erudition and the heightened sensibility of this latter time. M. Nisard carries into the province of literature something of Calvin's spirit of system, and we can hardly help admiring the fine intolerance of his orthodoxy as he condemns some heretic who disbelieves or doubts the authority of the great classical age of French letters. He would have criticism proceed rather by exclusions than by admissions, and has no patience with the "facile and accommodating admirations of eclecticism;" he sees a sign of decadence in the ambition peculiar to our time which pretends to reunite in French literary art all the excellences and all the liberties of foreign literatures.\* It is easy to indulge a diluted sympathy with everything; it is harder, but better, to distinguish the evil from the good, and to stand an armed champion of reason, order, beauty.

The genius of France, according to M. Nisard, is more inclined to discipline than

to liberty; it regards the former — discipline — as the more fruitful in admirable results. An eminent writer in France is "the organ of all, rather than a privileged person who has thoughts belonging to himself alone, which he imposes on his fellows by an extraordinary right." And hence, French literature, avoiding, when at its best, all individual caprice, all license of sensibility or imagination, is, as it were, the living realization of the government of the human faculties by reason. It is not so with the literature of the North; there the equilibrium of the faculties is disturbed, there liberty often prevails over discipline, there reverie or subtlety often usurps the place of reason. It is not so with the literatures of the South; there passion often prevails over reason, and the language of metaphor takes the place of the language of intelligence. But human reason did not come to maturity in France until the great age of classical literature, the age of Molière and Racine and La Fontaine, of Bossuet and Pascal, of La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld. Then first in French literature humanity became completely conscious of itself, then, first, man was conceived as man in all the plenitude of his powers, then, first, human nature was adequately represented and rendered in literary art. And since that great age, if we strike the balance of gains and losses we shall find perhaps that the gains are exceeded by the losses. In the eighteenth century, which claimed to be the age of reason, the *sæculum rationalisticum*, the authority of reason in fact declined, and the spirit of Utopia, the chimerical spirit, exemplified by Rousseau, obtained the mastery. As to our own century, the magisterial words of condemnation uttered by M. Nisard half a century ago have perhaps gained in significance since the day on which his "Latin Poets of the Decadence" appeared. We have, as he says, analyses infinitely subtle of certain moral situations; delicate investigations of the states, often morbid states, of individual souls; but where is the great art that deals with man as man in those larger powers and passions which vary little from generation to generation? The difficulties of our social problems, the mass of talents for which, in our old world, scope can hardly be found, the consequent restlessness of spirit, the lack of religious discipline, the malady of doubt, the political passions of the time, a boundless freedom of desires, ambitions, sensations, and almost no proportion between power and desire, a re-

\* Hist. de la Littérature Française, i. 13.

finement of intelligence which multiplies our wants — these were enumerated long since by M. Nisard as causes unfavorable to the growth of a great nineteenth-century literature; and though the word *pessimism* was not in fashion in 1834, the anxious physician of his age foresaw the modern malady.

No wonder that such a critic was not popular with young and ardent spirits in the first fervors of the romantic movement. But M. Nisard's work, as I have said, remains, and partly by virtue of the fact that he maintained the great tradition of French letters. In the literature of the age of Louis XIV., where M. Taine sees only or chiefly the literature of a court and courtiers, he saw the genius of humanity embodied and expressed by the special genius of the French nation. His view was determined by a deeper and a truer insight than that of M. Taine or of the romantic critics of an earlier date. The revolt of the romantic school itself testifies to the strength in France of the classical tradition, and no critic of French literature can be a sure guide who does not recognize the force and value of that tradition. We, who have had no one age supremely great, who have had the double tradition of the age of Queen Elizabeth and the age of Queen Anne, this embodying the truths of discipline and that the truths of liberty, can find in our literary history no one stream of tendency "strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full," at all corresponding to that derived in French literary history from the age of Louis XIV. We may feel sure that however the fashions of literature may change, the best mind of France must always, from time to time, make a return upon the wonderful group of writers, poets, thinkers, orators, epigrammatists, of the seventeenth century, and find in them undying masters of thought, of art, of literary style. And this is what the idealist school of critics, represented by M. Nisard, have rightly understood, and what the historical school, represented by M. Taine, has failed to perceive. At the present moment we may rejoice to see so eminent a critic as M. Brunetière taking vigorous part in the much-needed return upon the masters of the great tradition. He comes to them in no servile spirit to pay blind homage. Without accepting the ingenious paradox that every classic was in his own day a romantic, he perceives that these revered masters were in fact innovators, and encountered no little opposition from their contemporaries; they en-

larged the bounds of art; and one who now dares to enlarge the bounds and break the barriers may be in the truest sense the disciple of Racine and of Molière. He perceives that the immortal part of such a writer as Racine is not his reproduction of the tone and manners of the court. If Assuérus, in "Esther," speaks in the mode of Louis XIV., or Bérénice has a likeness to Marie de Mancini, this, as M. Brunetière says, is precisely what is feeble in Racine, this is the part of his work which has felt the effects of time, the part which is dead. The enduring part of his work is that which, if French of the seventeenth century, is something more than French, the part which is human, and which in 1889 has precisely the same value that it had in the fortunate days when his masterpieces appeared for the first time on the stage.\*

M. Brunetière, from whose review of a study of Racine by M. Deschanel I have cited some words, is, like Nisard, a critic who values principles, who himself possesses a literary doctrine, and who certainly does not squander his gift of admiration in various and facile sympathies. He has been described † as a less amiable, less elegant, less delicate Nisard; and it is true that he has not Nisard's fineness of touch nor his concinnity of style; but M. Brunetière suffers less than Nisard from the rigor of system, and he is far more than Nisard in sympathy with contemporary ideas. He is a combative thinker, with a logic supported by solid erudition and reinforced by a resolute temper which does not shrink from the severities of controversy. Yet to a certain extent M. Brunetière has been a conciliator, attempting, as he has done, to distinguish what is true and fruitful in that movement of the present day which has claimed the title of "naturalism," and to ally this with the truths of that other art discredited or extolled under the name of "idealistic." He recognizes the power of environing circumstances, the *milieu*, in forming the characters of men and determining their action; but, as becomes one who does honor to the great art of the seventeenth century, the art of Corneille and Racine, he recognizes also that (to use Sainte-Beuve's hesitating phrase) there is in man that which they call freedom of will: "Man hath all which nature hath, but more," wrote Matthew Arnold in a memorable sonnet, in which perhaps he

\* F. Brunetière, *Histoire et Littérature*, ii. 9.

† By Jules Lemaitre, *Les Contemporains*, i.



had that far more admirable poem of Goethe, "Das Göttliche," in his mind:—

Man, and man only,  
Achieves the impossible,  
He can distinguish,  
Elect and direct.

In an article on M. Paul Bourget's remarkable novel "Le Disciple," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 1st, M. Brunetière, in the interest of art and of sound criticism no less than in the interest of morality and social life, sets himself to oppose what he terms the great error of the last hundred years, the sophism which reduces man to a part of nature. In art, in science, in morals, argues M. Brunetière, man is human in proportion as he separates himself from nature.

It is *natural* [he writes] that the law of the stronger and the more skilful should prevail in the animal world; but this, precisely, is not *human*. . . . To live in the present, as if it had no existence, as if it were merely the continuation of the past and the preparation for the future—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. By justice and by pity to compensate for the inequalities which nature, imperfectly subdued, still allows to subsist among men—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. Far from loosening, to draw closer the ties of marriage and the family, without which society can no more progress than life can organize itself without a cell—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. Without attempting to destroy the passions, to teach them moderation, and, if need be, to place them under restraint—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. And finally, on the ruins of the base and superstitious worship of force, to establish, if we can, the sovereignty of justice—this is *human*, and this, above all, is an effort which is not *natural*.

I have quoted this passage from M. Brunetière because, as we are all aware, there is a school of literary criticism, brought into existence by the same tendencies of the present time which have given birth to what M. Zola somewhat absurdly names "the experimental novel," a school of criticism, led by an eminent French thinker, which reduces to a minimum the independence and originating force of the artist, and is pleased to exhibit him in a group with his contemporaries as the natural and inevitable product of ancestry and ambient circumstances. Since the publication of M. Taine's "History of English Literature" some twenty-five years ago, all students of literature and art have been more or less under the spell of that triple charm—the race, the *milieu*, and the moment, and every critic

has found it needful to get the magic formula by heart. A new dogmatism, which in the name of science holds all dogma in scorn, has set forth its *credo*; and the spirit of system, that passion for intellectual ordonnance characteristic of the French mind, has once again manifested itself in a powerful manner. M. Taine's great work is one which at first overmasters the reader with its clear and broad design, its comprehensive logic, its scientific claims, its multitude of facts arranged under their proper rubrics; it seems for a little while to put a new organon for the study of literature into our hands; and the rest of our time, I fear, is spent in making ever larger and larger reservation. The truth is, as Scherer noticed, that professing to proceed by the way of induction, M. Taine is constantly deductive in his method. "He begins by giving us a formula, and then draws from that formula the consequences and conclusions which, as he believes, are included in it." The works of this writer or of that are studied not for their own sakes, but in order that they may furnish proofs of the thesis of the scientific critic. "His crowd of descriptions, his accumulation of details"—I quote the words, eminently just, of Scherer—"his piled-up phrases are so many arguments urged upon the reader. We perceive the dialectic even under the imagery. I never read M. Taine without thinking of those gigantic steam hammers, which strike with noisy and redoubled blows, which make a thousand sparks fly, and under whose incessant shock the steel is beaten out and shaped. Everything here gives us the idea of power, the sense of force; but we have to add that one is stunned by so much noise, and that, after all, a style which has the solidity and the brilliancy of metal has also sometimes its hardness and heaviness."

Two debts we certainly owe to M. Taine, and we acknowledge them with gratitude: first, he has helped us to feel the close kinship between the literature of each epoch and the various other manifestations of the mind of the time; and secondly, he has helped to moderate the passion for pronouncing judgments of good and evil founded on the narrow æsthetics of the taste of our own day. We have all learnt from M. Taine the art of bringing significant facts from the details of social manners, government, laws, fashions of speech, even fashions of dress, into comparison with contemporaneous facts of literature. He has made it easier for us to ascertain, at least in its larger

features, what is called the spirit of an age. And this is much. But there are two things which as they express themselves in literature he has failed to enable us to comprehend: the individual genius of an artist, that unique power of seeing, feeling, imagining, what he and he alone possesses; and again, the universal mind of humanity, that which is not bounded by an epoch nor contained by a race, but which lives alike in the pillars of the Parthenon and in the vault of the Gothic cathedral, which equally inspires the noblest scenes of Sophocles and of Shakespeare, which makes beautiful the tale of Achilles' wrath and that of the fall of the Scottish Douglas. Of what is local and temporary in art M. Taine speaks with extraordinary energy. Of what is abiding and universal he has less to say. Each author whom he studies is presented to us as the creature of the circumstances of his time, or at the highest as a representative of his tribe and people. The critic does not possess that delicate tact which would enable him to discover the individuality of each writer; it suits his thesis rather to view the individual as one member of a group. Nor does he possess that higher philosophical power which would enable him to see in each great work of art the laws of the universal mind of man.

M. Taine has served us also, I have said, by moderating our zeal for a narrow kind of judicial criticism, which pronounces a work of art to be good or bad as it approaches or departs from some standard set up by the taste or fashion of our own day. He started indeed from a false position — that criticism was to attempt no more than to note the characteristics of the various works of literature and art, and to look for their causes. It was, he said, to be a sort of botany applied not to plants, but to the works of men. Botany does not pronounce the rose superior to the lily, nor should criticism attempt to establish a hierarchy in art; enough, if it records characteristics and ascertains their causes. But it will be remembered that M. Taine quickly abandoned his false position. In his lectures on "The Ideal in Art" he showed himself as ready to absolve or condemn as any disciple of the old æsthetic, and as I remember putting it in a review of M. Taine's volume which appeared soon after its publication, he said in unmistakable language, "Despise pre-Raphaelite art, it is ascetic;" "Despise the English school

of painting, it is literary;" "Admire above all else Renaissance art; it shows you what painting ought to show, straight limbs, well-developed muscles, and a healthy skin."

M. Taine, in fact, did not cease to be a judicial critic; but he endeavored to base his judgments on principles of a different kind from those accepted by the older school of judicial critics. He endeavored to find what we may call an objective standard of literary and artistic merit, one which should be independent of the variations of individual caprice and current habits of thought and feeling. A great work of art, he tells us, is one in which the artist first recognizes, in the object he would represent, the predominance of its central characteristic — the flesh-eating lust, for example, of the greater carnivora; and secondly, by a convergence of effects heightens in his representation the visible or felt predominance of that characteristic, so that with a great animal painter the lion becomes indeed — as a zoologist has described the creature — a jaw mounted on four feet. So also, in representing man, the artist or author who exhibits the predominance of the master powers of our manhood ranks higher than he does who merely records a passing fashion, or even than he who interprets the mind of a single generation. A book which possesses an universal and immortal life, like the "Psalms," the "Iliad," the "Imitation," the plays of Shakespeare, attains this deserved pre-eminence by virtue of its ideal representation of what is central and predominant in man. Thus M. Taine, no less than M. Nisard, attempts to establish a hierarchy of intellectual pleasures, and he has perhaps this advantage over M. Nisard that he does not identify the human reason with the genius of the French people, nor this again with its manifestation in the literature of the age of Louis XIV. If he does not reap the gains, he does not suffer from the narrowing influence of the French tradition of which we are sometimes sensible in M. Nisard, he does not yield to that noble pride or prejudice which once drew from Sainte-Beuve the impatient exclamation: "Toujours l'esprit français et sa glorification!"

M. Brunetière, in a thoughtful article on the "Literary Movement of the Nineteenth Century," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 15th, has justly distinguished M. Taine as the critic who has expressed most powerfully the tendencies of that movement which has carried literature

forward into new ways since the romantic movement has ceased to be a living force. The romantic movement was essentially lyrical in spirit; it subordinated everything to personal sentiment, personal passion, often to personal fantasy and caprice; it cared little for the life of the world at large; it consisted of an endless series of confessions in prose or rhyme uttered by great souls and by little; it perished because the limited matter of these confessions was speedily exhausted, and the study of outward things and of social life was found to be inexhaustibly rich in fruit. Hence the justification of that movement of our own day which has assumed the title of naturalism or realism, of which the error or misfortune has been that it has studied too exclusively and too persistently the baser side of life. M. Taine's critical writings have tended to reduce the importance of the individual, have operated together with the scientific tendencies of our time in antagonism to the lyrical, personal character of the romantic school; they belong essentially to the same movement of mind which has found other expression in the plays of Dumas, the poems, severely impersonal, of Leconte de Lisle, the novels of Flaubert, and the works of the modern school of historians which stand in marked contrast with the lyrical narratives of Michelet and our English Carlyle. A play of Shakespeare's, a group of Victor Hugo's odes or elegies, is for M. Taine not so much the work of its individual author as the creation of the race, the *milieu*, and the moment — a document in the history and the psychology of a people. We perceive, as M. Brunetière has justly said, the close relation between his principles of criticism and the doctrine of the impersonality of art, a doctrine drawn out to its extreme logical consequences in some of the recently published letters of Flaubert.

Scientific criticism, however, in the hands of its latest exponent comes to restore to the individual leaders of literature some of their alienated rights. M. Hennequin, while expressing his high esteem for Taine, as the writer who has done more than any other of our generation to advance the study of literature, was himself ambitious to remodel the method of Taine, to amend it in various respects, to widen its scope, and to set forth the revised method as a *Novum Organum* for the investigation of literature. He does not deny the influence of heredity, which Taine asserts so strongly,

but the race, considered as the source of moral and intellectual characteristics, seems to him to be little better than a metaphysical figment. There is no pure, homogeneous race in existence, or at least none exists which has become a nation, none which has founded a civilized state, and produced a literature and art. Nor is it true, as M. Taine assumes, that the intellectual characteristics of a people persist unchanged from generation to generation. The action of heredity on individual character is in the highest degree variable and obscure; we may admit it as an hypothesis, but it is an unworkable hypothesis, which in the historical study of literature can only confuse, embarrass, and mislead our inquiry. In like manner, as to the *milieu*, the social environment, we may admit that its influence is real and even important; but can that influence, in which there is nothing fixed and constant, be made a subject of science? It is in the power of the artist to shield or withdraw himself from the influence of his environment, and to create a little *milieu* in harmony with his peculiar genius; or he may prove himself refractory and react against the social *milieu*. How else shall we account for the diversity, the antagonism of talents existing in one and the same historical period. Did not Pascal and Saint Simon come each to his full development at the same epoch and in the same country? Did not Aristophanes and Euripides? Hume and Whitfield? Shelley and Scott? William Blake and David Wilkie? Mr. Herbert Spencer and Cardinal Newman? In truth, the influence of environment constantly diminishes as an art or a literature advances to maturity. Man has acquired modes of adapting circumstances to himself, and so of economizing the force of his individuality; in a highly civilized community every type of mind can find the local habitation and the social group which correspond with its peculiar wants and wishes. Nor indeed is the principle of life and growth altogether that of adaptation to surrounding circumstances; life is also "a resistance and a segregation, or rather a defensive adaptation, antagonistic to the action of external forces," and as the years advance the system of defence becomes more ingenious, more complicated, and more successful. Each of the great influences, the effects of which M. Taine attempts to ascertain, doubtless exists and is operative, but the action of each is occult and variable. If M. Taine's results have an appearance of precision, this

arises from the art with which he manipulates his facts and disposes his arguments.

Such in substance is the criticism of the younger thinker on the method of his master. He recognizes no fixed relation between an author and his race or his environment. On the other hand, such a fixed relation can certainly be discovered between an author or artist and the group of his disciples or admirers. He is a centre of force drawing towards him those who spiritually resemble himself. Thus a great author, instead of being the creature of circumstances, in fact creates a moral environment, a world of thoughts and feelings, for all those who are attracted, and as we may say enveloped, by his genius. The history of literature is the history of the successive states of thought and feeling proceeding from eminent minds and obtaining the mastery, often in the face of much contemporary opposition, over inferior minds of a like type. With much pomp of scientific terms — some of them possibly seeming more scientific because they are barbarous from a literary point of view — M. Hennequin brings us round to the obvious truth that a powerful writer, if he is in part formed by his age, reacts on his contemporaries and impresses his individuality upon them.

The central fact with respect to the contemporary movement remains, the fact dwelt on with much force by M. Brunetière, that literature has turned away from the lyrical, the personal, or, as they call it, the subjective, to an ardent study of the external world and the life of man in society. The lyrical, the personal, has doubtless a subordinate place in literary criticism, but the chief work of criticism is that of ascertaining, classifying, and interpreting the facts of literature. We may anticipate that criticism in the immediate future if less touched with emotion will be better informed and less wilful than it has been in the past. If it should be founded on exact knowledge, illuminated by just views, and inspired by the temper of equity we shall have some gains to set over against our losses. The subordination of self to the faithful setting forth of the entire truth of one's subject will be some compensation for the absence of the passion, the raptures, the despairs, the didactic enthusiasm of one great English critic; some compensation even for the quickening half-views and high-spirited, delightful wilfulness of another.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE OLD MISSIONARY.

A NARRATIVE.

BY SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, K.C.S.I.

IV. (*continued.*)

INDEED, I had at that time a trouble of my own, which might have inclined me to seek counsel rather than to tender it. Scarcely eight weeks had passed since I returned to the judge's house, after the Easter riot at the silk factory. During the last three of them a cloud had come over my relations with Ayliffe. It is not needful, after this lapse of time, to go into the details, much less to apportion the blame. I suspect, on looking back, that we were both right, and both too keen. Having been made a judge *malgré lui*, Ayliffe set himself not the less strictly and conscientiously to discharge the duties of his office. The subordinate native magistrates in the district found an exactitude enforced from them in their judicial work to which they had been unaccustomed. Some of them were men of the dignified old type, and their small knowledge of English made it difficult for them to master the hard-and-fast chapters of the new Penal and Procedure Codes. Their sentences were reversed right and left on appeal to the judge, owing to irregularities in the proceedings, and notorious offenders got off.

My difficulties, as the officer responsible for keeping down crime in the district, were increased by the circumstance that the Bengal police had also been reorganized by law on an entirely fresh basis. Both the officers and the men were new to their work, and they found their efforts checkmated by technicalities of procedure which they very imperfectly understood. Two fraternities of gang-robbers, whom we had tracked down with much difficulty, escaped on their trial before Ayliffe as sessions judge. A sense of discouragement began to pervade the whole executive of the district. The native magistrates came to me with their grievances; the English superintendent of police less discreetly lamented his wrongs to a friend at the seat of the government. Even Ayton, the assistant magistrate, who had the codes at his own finger ends, felt it his duty to urge on me the detriment which was being done to the peace and order of the district. "It is very well," he said, "for the legislature to launch forth new codes. But unless it can give new men to administer them, or until the old native magistrates have time to master them, a

judge defeats the purposes of justice by treating irregularities of procedure as fatal flaws in a case."

Living as Ayliffe and I were on the most intimate terms under the same roof, it was scarcely possible that we should avoid this subject. I pressed for the allowances which might fairly be granted to our half-instructed subordinates during a transition stage. He alleged the express provisions of the law. His sweetness of nature made anything like a quarrel impossible. But underneath his considerate courtesy of speech lay an immovable firmness of purpose. We both felt it growing dangerous to approach the subject which we knew was on each other's mind. A sense of separation arose. We kept more to our respective wings of the building during the day, and our chairs were no longer carried up to the roof for the old pleasant talks after dinner. I hurried on the work-people at my own house, and as soon as a few rooms could be made weather-proof I moved over.

One result of the change was that I more frequently found a spare half hour to look in on the old missionary. I thought it right to tell him that we had overheard what took place between him and the young Brahman. The venerable man, on learning that I was become aware of his hidden trouble, freely opened his heart. But he altogether refused to share in my perhaps too freely expressed indignation at the deacon's ingratitude.

"You cannot call ingratitude," he said, "a line of action that proceeds from a sense of duty. This affliction has fallen not less heavily on the youth than on myself. I trust in God that he will find a way for both of us through the trial. Meanwhile I have been marvellously renewed for the work laid upon me. The older and simpler among the people cleave to me; and I feel a strength not my own for the whole religious services of the week."

It became clear, however, as the hot weather dragged on its remorseless length, that the old man was overtaxing both mind and body. He had strange fits of lassitude, from which sometimes the only thing that roused him was the tinkle of the belfry calling him and his faithful few to prayer. The other business of the mission seemed to lose interest for him, while this single duty grew into an absorbing anxiety. A great unacknowledged fear took possession of him lest he should find himself one day unable for the work. The pupil-teacher, who read the Psalms and

other parts of the Bengali service which the blind pastor did not repeat from memory, complained to the missionary's little daughter of unwonted omissions and transposals in the Liturgy, which sometimes made it difficult for him to know when his own parts came in. The small, anxious face grew paler day by day, and occasionally one fancied that one caught something like a sob in her voice. With the pathetic half-perceptions of childhood, she felt the presence of a trouble which she could not alleviate, and a growing sense of calamity around her which she could not understand. For the first time, too, she seemed to divine the solitude of her poor little life. All she could do was to suffer in fear and silence. Even the small distractions of her lonely existence were one by one curtailed. Her father was now usually too wearied before evening to rouse himself for the slight exertion of a drive. I learned too, by an accident, that the child had given up bringing her lessons to him in the morning. She seems to have spent the long, stifling hours of the day in wistfully waiting on his slightest wishes; always watching, watching, with a child's keen sense of a great, undefined sorrow in the house.

It was in vain that we remonstrated with the venerable pastor against his persisting in duties which were evidently beyond his powers. "As my day is so shall my strength be," was all we could get from him in reply. Indeed it became clear that if he had not taken on himself the whole religious services of the mission the revivalists would have left him without any adherents whatever. They had formed a temporary congregation under the eloquent ministrations of the young deacon. The Brahman appeared, however, to hold back rather than lead the more fervid spirits. I afterwards heard that he rebuked from the pulpit certain of the catechists, who wished to widen the separation and make it permanent by applying for a new English missionary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in Calcutta. All this, and probably much more, must have been known to our old friend, and explains his intense anxiety to maintain the services, and so tide the mission over its great trial. The chapel bell at morning and evening seemed to have grown dear to him as the sole remaining symbol of peace.

One forenoon, just before the courts closed for the rest of the flaming day, I received a note from the doctor asking me to look in at the mission-house on my

way home. He himself met me in the veranda, and whispered that the painful complaint from which the missionary suffered the previous year at the end of the rains had broken out again. He did not, however, think the attack more serious than the last one, although the hot weather was against him. On entering I found the library turned into a sick-room. The bed on which the patient lay, a common country *charpoy* strung with coarse fibre, had been brought in from his sleeping chamber, and placed in the middle of the floor under the punka. For the first time since his blindness all the double doors and windows were shut up, and it took some moments before my vision accustomed itself to the darkness. The grand old face was flushed and red in its setting of white hair, the lips muttered in high fever, and the eyes from time to time moved with a restless brightness which made it difficult to believe that they did not see. One hand tugged ceaselessly at the sheet, the other was clasped by his little daughter, who sat on her low cane stool by the bedside. She had noiselessly arranged the familiar accessories of a sick-room on a small round table within her reach; the phials, and sponge, and cool porous earthen pitcher of water. Every few minutes she gently removed the hot cloth from her father's forehead, and replaced a newly wetted one on his brow. The pallid, wearied look that had pained us during the past weeks had gone out of her small face, and she watched every movement of the sufferer with a solemn and silent earnestness which was entirely unconscious of her own anxieties and deep trouble.

"He must have been struggling with illness for some time," said the doctor, when half an hour afterwards we went back into the veranda. "I suspect, too, that he got touched by the sun this morning as he walked across to the chapel, and so brought matters to a crisis. About seven o'clock a man came running to me in the hospital, crying that the *Padri Sahib* was in a fit. It appears that on kneeling down, after giving the benediction at the close of the service, he remained motionless for some time, and then fell forward on the pavement. I found him there unconscious, with his daughter holding up his head in her arms. The fever, I hope, is chiefly the result of the sun, and should pass off. But his former malady has been doing mischief again. The poor old man must have been in great pain for several days without telling any one. I

shall camp here for the afternoon, and as soon as my servant brings over my breakfast I hope to persuade the little girl to eat something, and get her off to bed for a couple of hours. It will be time enough to relieve me for my evening round at five o'clock, and you can arrange with the others for the night."

The division of duties was easily made. Ayliffe took the evening watch, and meanwhile at once sent off a servant to Calcutta to fetch up a block of Wenham ice in a new double stable blanket. For, although the railway had brought the capital within eight hours of us by train and relays of horses, ice was still only an occasional luxury in our small station, and local ice-making machines were then scarcely used in India. The assistant magistrate and district superintendent of police shared the night between them, and I came on at daybreak. The distant jail-gong was striking five in the still morning air, with the first dim pink just tinging the eastern sky, as I walked across to the old missionary's cottage. But I found the little girl already dressed and sitting on her cane stool watching the sleeper. Ayton told me that she had heard the runners come in with the ice an hour earlier, and at once presented herself to see it chopped up, and fold it in the handkerchief on her father's forehead. The old man quickly felt the relief, and after a restless night sank into a profound slumber. The doctor called shortly after six, and, without disturbing the sleeper, gave a good account of his condition. The improvement was maintained during the day, and we hoped that the attack was a mere touch of the sun, which would run its course and leave the patient little the worse for it.

But in a day or two the doctor told us that the former complaint had reasserted itself in a dangerous form, and that a small operation would be needful. Before the week was out we were compelled to accept the fact that our old friend was struggling for his life against prostration, and pain, and an exhausting fever which he did not shake off. His servant, a hard-working, devout old Musalman, who represented in that modest household the joint train of Hindu and Muhammadan domestics in ordinary Anglo-Indian establishments, never quitted the door of the sick-room except to prepare his master's food in the kitchen, or to pray with his face towards Mecca five times in the twenty-four hours. Day and night he was ready at the slightest call; always calm, always helpful, always in spotless white

garments, and apparently needing no sleep, save what he could snatch sitting on his heels, with a rocking movement, in the veranda.

The poor little girl broke down on the day after the operation, chiefly, I think, owing to the moans which the sufferer unconsciously uttered while in his fever. She was taken over to Ayliffe's house. But she pined there so silently and pitifully, that the doctor brought her back to her father, on condition that she should only attend on him during the later part of the day, when he was at his brightest. He usually rallied in the afternoons and talked quite cheerfully of the future. All the heavy anxiety about the work of the mission, which had pressed on him with a morbid consuming apprehension just before his illness, seemed to have disappeared. Nor from first to last, except during the semi-delirium of the recurring fever, did he utter a single complaint, or allow himself to give one outward symptom of pain. It was only from the doctor that we learned how much he suffered. He would not allow any of us to move him in his bed, lest the mere change of position should extort a groan. And, indeed, his old servant had an almost feminine tenderness of touch, and a slow gentleness of hand, that made us feel him to be a better nurse than any of us.

The little girl also rallied, now that she was restored to her father. The old man and the child spent the hours of each afternoon together, scarcely speaking, but quite happy as long as they felt the clasp of one another's hand. Only towards sunset, at the hour when the chapel bell had formerly rung for evening prayer, he became restless and watchful. Sometimes he would half raise his head in a listening attitude, and then, having waited in vain for the beloved familiar sound in the now silent belfry, the white hair would sink back on the pillow, while a look of pained perplexity settled on his face. During the night, when the fever was on him, he would ask again and again, in a weary tone, "Why did I not hear the bell, why do they not ring the bell?"

Meanwhile the news had reached the jungle country that the old missionary lay sick. Groups of short, thick-built hillmen began to encamp silently on the outskirts of his orchard. When it became known that his life was in danger their wives also arrived. In the early morning we saw them silently drawing water from the fish-pond; all through the burning day they sat smoking and waiting under the trees;

the dying embers of their cooking fires glowed with a dull red throughout the night. The doctor had wished to send them away, so as to keep the sick-house as clear as possible of human beings. But the old missionary pleaded for them, and, indeed, the space was large enough if they would only keep quiet. It was marvellous to see that gathering of hillmen, accustomed to the incessant chatter of their forest hamlets, stealing noiselessly about, or sitting in silent circles.

One afternoon the headmen of the Christian clans were allowed to come into the veranda, but the sight of their blind and prostrate leader, and the presence of unknown Europeans (the doctor and myself), seemed to take away their powers of speech. The old missionary talked kindly, but feebly, to them, while they stood shy and restrained, almost without a word. The interview threatened to end in awkward silence, when an aged grey-haired hillwoman, the mother of one of the prisoners whose release the missionary had obtained, forced her way through the men, and, throwing herself on her knees at the bottom of the bed, kissed the old man's feet with sobs and exclamations. Next week the hillmen and people from the outlying hamlets flocked into the station in such numbers that they had to be removed from the mission enclosure. The judge gave them leave to camp at the lower end of his park, where there was a large tank; and only the elders were allowed to come and sit in silence under the missionary's trees. The old Musalman servant went out to them five times a day, at his appointed prayer-times, to report how his master fared.

I had not met the Brahman deacon since the rupture between him and the old missionary; but I heard that Ayton, the assistant magistrate, had spoken to him in such unsparing terms as prevented him from coming near the mission-house. Their interview was a painful one. The young Brahman, confident that he was acting under divine guidance, yet very unhappy about the human results of his action, had sought counsel of Ayton, as the only Englishman who had previously come much in contact with him, or shown him kindness. Ayton, nerved by the harsh justice of youth, listened in silence until the deacon reached the point in regard to which the schism had actually taken place—the Athanasian Creed. Then he coldly observed:—

"You are an educated man, and a university graduate. Before you quarrelled

with your benefactor on such a question, you would have done well to consult your Gibbon."

"I came to you, sir," replied the Brahman, "seeking counsel, and willing to bear reproof; and you refer me to a scoffer."

"On a man who can act as you have acted," Ayton sternly answered, "counsel would be thrown away, and I have no authority to administer reproof. Nor am I aware that Gibbon, in his account of Athanasius, errs in anything unless on the side of a too enthusiastic admiration. But, although I have neither counsel nor reproof for you, I may plainly tell you that your conduct seems to me the basest ingratitude."

"I have but followed my lights."

"Followed your lights! Split up a community, and brought sorrow on your benefactor in his blindness and old age, for the sake of a creed which bears, as every one knows, a fictitious name; and whose damnatory intolerance, of the darkest period of the Middle Ages, is passed over in silence by most of the Christian sects, and by your own Church in America, and I believe in Ireland as well. How can you look around you at the good lives and patient endurance of millions of your countrymen, and dare to assert they will perish everlastingly? You say you have come to me for advice; but what advice can avail you as long as you are in mutiny against the man to whom, by every tie of personal gratitude and constituted authority, you owe obedience?"

When the old missionary was taken ill, I heard that the deacon used to steal into the kitchen (an outhouse at a little distance from the cottage) after dark, and tremulously question the old Musalman servant about his master. In his deep dejection the youth even went to Ayton's pandit, a fine old Brahman of the strictly orthodox school; but with whom the convert now felt a new bond from their common anxiety about their stricken friend. Each morning the pandit, arrayed in delicate white muslin, came to make his salaam at the door of the venerable scholar, and sometimes he was allowed a short talk with our patient in the afternoon. He kept the deacon informed of what was going on inside the cottage, with the calm urbanity which was due to his own sacred character as a pandit of high caste, but without any pretence of sympathy for the convert. One evening the unfortunate young man was tempted in his desolation to try to get within the barrier of politeness which the courteous native scholar

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3542

habitually interposed. He poured forth the successive episodes of the inward struggle which made up the story of his short life; a struggle which had cut him off from all he held dearest in boyhood, and which now separated him from the sorely stricken master whom he revered and loved.

"Tell me, pandit," he concluded, "you who have lived long, and who seem to have attained to so perfect a peace, what is my duty? How shall I find rest?"

"Poor youth," replied the pandit, with calm compassion, "what rest can there be for one who was born a Brahman and has fallen away from Brahmanhood? During thousands of years your fathers in each generation have sought after divine knowledge, and the same burden was laid upon you by your birth. In your boyish impatience you listened to teachers who thought they could give you the truth, which you are compelled by your own nature to search out as long as you live for yourself."

"But, sir, you forget that the truth which they gave me was given not of themselves, but was revealed by God."

"A revealed religion," continued the Brahman impassively, "is a short cut to a false sense of certainty in regard to divine things. It is useful for the lower castes, whose lives of toil do not leave them leisure for severe and continuous thought. Therefore our fathers provided incarnations for the common people, and so summed up and shadowed forth in visible forms the various conceptions which they themselves worked out regarding God. But they never set fetters on religious thought by confining it within the limits of any single or final revelation, well knowing that, from the first, man has made God in his own image, and continues to thus remake him in each succeeding age. A mind compelled by its nature to go on inquiring throughout life after truth, yet shut up within the prison-walls of an ancient and final revelation, can neither dwell in peace with its fellow-captives nor find peace for itself. In such a religion a Brahman, if he is to obtain rest, must stifle his Brahman's nature by eating beef, and drinking beer, and absorbing himself, as the European gentlemen do, in worldly anxieties and successes."

"Sir," interposed the deacon reverently, "my peace of mind in the future I leave to God; but what is my present duty?"

"You have been born a Brahman, and, although fallen, you cannot divest yourself



of your birth. Your duty is not to disgrace it. Your new religion allows you, a young man, to set up your immature ideas of divine things against the ripe knowledge of your teacher, and leads you to desert him in his blindness and old age. In such a religion I can find for you no rule of conduct. But as a Brahman you are bound by the first rule of your Brahmanhood to obey your spiritual guide. You have chosen your spiritual guide for yourself. Submit yourself to him."

Meanwhile the rains were due in our district in ten days, and if our old friend could only last till the great climatic change, the doctor gave us good hopes of him. A second operation, of a painful although not serious nature, had been found necessary; but the perfect peace of mind of the patient helped him through the crisis. He passed the long, hot hours with his hand clasped in his little daughter's, very placid, and apparently without any burden of outward care, except when the silence of the chapel bell at sunset awakened some painful memory. The good Jesuit had journeyed into the station to visit his sick friend, and stayed to take his share of the nursing. Indeed, what between this kindly priest, and the old Musalman servant, and the little daughter, our turn for attendance now came only every second night, and the strain on the few Europeans in the station passed off. The stream of life flowed feebly in our old friend, yet without perceptible abatement. Each morning, too, the telegrams in the Calcutta newspaper announced stage by stage the approach of the rains, with their majestic cloud-procession northwards across India, bringing nearer by so many hundred miles a day the promise of relief.

The Jesuit father had his quarters in my half-repaired house, and late one Saturday night, as he was pacing up and down the veranda in meditation, I heard a voice address him in a low, appealing tone. It was the unhappy deacon, tempest-tossed with internal conflicts and agonies, who had come to him in the darkness.

"Reverend sir," he said, in short, agitated sentences, "take pity on me. I am in great misery. My conscience tells me I am acting right, but my heart accuses me of acting wrong. Oh, help me to the truth! There is no one else to whom I can go. Those with whom I am joined feel no doubts. They reproach me with mine. I come to you, as a priest, to tell me what to do."

"My son," replied the Jesuit father, "you cannot come to me as a priest. For you have halted half-way between the darkness of heathendom and the light of the Church. But although you cannot come to me as priest, you may come to me as a friend. And as a friend I earnestly counsel you to seek forgiveness for the wrong you have done."

"But how can I go against my conscience, and sacrifice to my human affection the appointed order of my Church?"

"Your conscience," rejoined the Seminarist, "is in this case only a name for your private judgment. You and your aged teacher have equally applied your private judgments to what you call the appointed order of your Church. The question is whether you will submit your private judgment to his, or set up your private judgment above his. He is your master and your benefactor. Again I say, seek his forgiveness for the wrong you have done."

No words followed, and the deacon disappeared into the darkness out of which he had emerged. Years afterwards, he told me that he wandered in desolation throughout that night, finding himself unconsciously circling round and round the mission enclosure. The thought took possession of his mind that each of the very different counsellors to whom he had gone had enjoined on him the same course. Obey your superior officer the assistant magistrate had practically said. Submit yourself to your spiritual guide, repeated the Brahman sage. Ask forgiveness, commanded the Jesuit priest. His pride broke down under the self-questionings of the slow, solemn hours of darkness and solitude. But his duty to those who looked to him as their leader, and guide filled his mind with an obscurity deeper than that of the night. Only as the sun rose was his resolution taken. Worn out, haggard, and his clothes dripping with the dew, he went round to each of the catechists and their chief followers, and summoned them to the room which they used as a place of worship. It was Sunday morning, and they came expecting some new revival excitement. After an earnest prayer he made a public confession before them. He told them in a few humble and touching words that he felt he had wronged his master. Without judging others, he declared his own resolve to seek forgiveness of the old missionary. Then, commending himself to their prayers, he left the room amid a dead silence.

The old missionary got his best sleep

in the cool of the morning, and on that Sunday he awakened rather later than usual. He had finished his small invalid's breakfast, and was listening to his little daughter reading a chapter of St. John's Gospel, when a familiar voice, not heard in that house for many days, asked through the heavy venetians, "May I come in, sir?" In another minute the young deacon was kneeling by his bedside sobbing out his repentance, and covering the wasted silky hands with tears and kisses. "My son, my dear, dear son," was all that the old man could say.

For some hours he remained in an ecstatic state of joy and peace, until, wearied out by excess of happiness, he sank in the afternoon into a profound slumber. Before he awoke it was evening, and the chapel bell, after weeks of silence, was giving out its gentle sound on the other side of the fish-pond. During some moments a smile played over the face of the sleeper. Then, completely awakening, he raised his head on his arm, and listened with a look of beatified repose. The Brahman deacon, who was still by his bedside, kissed his worn hand, and rose to go to the chapel. "My father," he said, "once more give me your forgiveness and blessing." The old man stretched out both hands on the youth's head, offered up an almost inaudible thanksgiving, and added, "Let them sing 'Forever with the Lord.'"

It was one of his favorite hymns, and he had translated it with rare felicity both into the Bengali and the hill language. The highland people thronged into the chapel from their camping ground at the lower end of the judge's park. The catechists and their followers were also there. The schism was at an end. The congregation, perhaps for the first time in the history of the mission, overflowed the chapel, and filled the whole space between its door and the lotus-covered pond. The deacon's voice, as he read the service, came clear and soft, in the silent Sabbath evening, across the small piece of water. When they raised the hymn, the old missionary listened for a second almost in awe at the unwonted volume of sound, and clasped tighter his little girl's hand. Each cadence rolled slowly forth from the mixed multitude of lowlanders and hillmen, to that exquisite air in which pathos mingles so tenderly with triumph. As they came to the beautiful lines, "Yet nightly pitch my moving tent a day's march nearer home," the old man suddenly sat up erect, and ejaculated, "Lord, now lettest Thou

thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Then, folding his little daughter, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, in his long, thin arms, he whispered, "My darling, my darling!" and pressed her close to his breast. There was silence for a minute. Presently the little girl gave a frightened cry. The old missionary was dead.

Next evening we buried him. Amid the ceaseless changes of Anglo-Indian life there is one spot — only one — that is always quiet. Let a man revisit even a large Bengal station after a few years, and which of the familiar faces remain? He finds new civilians in the courts, a new uniform on the parade ground, strange voices at the mess-table, new assistants in the indigo factories. The ladies who bowed languidly from their carriages are bowing languidly elsewhere; as for the groups of children who played round the band-stand, one or two tiny graves are all that is left of them in the station. The Englishman in India has no home, and he leaves no memory. In a little station like ours the graveyard was very solitary. Of the sleepers beneath the tombs not one had a friend among the living. Some of them had fallen with sword in hand, some had been cut off in the first flush of youthful promise, some had died full of years and honor. One fate awaited all. No spring flowers were ever left on their forgotten graves, no tear was ever dropped, no prayer ever breathed, beside their resting-place. At the beginning of each cold season the magistrate entered the walled enclosure with the public works officer to see what repairs were needful; at the end of the cold weather he inspected it again, to see that the repairs had been carried out. During the rest of the year the dead lay alone, through the scorching blaze of summer and under the drenching deluge of the rains, alone, unvisited, forgotten.

Yet the solitary place in our small station had a beauty of its own. In its centre rose an aged tamarind-tree, which spread out its great arms and clouds of feathery foliage wide enough to overshadow all the graves. The oldest sleeper in that sequestered spot was a little girl. A judge of the last century lost his only daughter, and, in the absence of any consecrated plot of ground, buried her under the tamarind at the foot of his garden. On its lowest arm the father had put a swing for his child. The branch yet faintly showed the swollen rings where the ropes cut into

the once tender bark. Beneath might be read the inscription on her tomb: "Arabella Brooke, obiit 6 November, 1797."

Soon another father had to lay his child under the shade of the tamarind-tree; and the spot was decently walled off from the rest of the garden. Less than seventy years added about forty English tombstones; but the graves of little children still lay thickest. More than one young mother sleeps there with her baby on her breast. A tomb, without name or date, to a lieutenant killed while leading his detachment against the hillmen, had been set up by hasty comrades, who passed on before it was ready for the inscription. Beneath another lies a youthful civilian, who had come out to India, and reached his first station only to die. They lay so close to us, those lonely dead people, and yet were so far away! As we chatted evening after evening in our long chairs on the top of the Mount, after our swim in the judge's lake, we could have thrown a pebble among the tombs. Yet, except for my two brief official inspections to see to the repairs, none of us had ever set foot within those high walls. One feature of the place spoke plaintively of the sense of exile and longing for home; all the graves looked wistfully towards the west.

Never had the little enclosure witnessed such a gathering as that which conveyed the old missionary to his resting-place. The wild grief of the hill people, and the wailing with which the lowland women rent the preceding night, had settled down into a sense of loss too deep for utterance. The bereaved Israel followed their father and leader in silence, broken only by an occasional low sobbing, to his grave. The repentant deacon and catechists and the headmen of the hill Christians carried the coffin. Ayliffe and I, with the little girl between us, came next. By a short will, written a few weeks before, with the last rays of his fading eyesight, her father had appointed us joint guardians of his child. The three other English officials and Father Jerome followed; then the great stricken multitude. Nor were the mourners only those of his own people. The news had spread with Indian swiftness into the hills, and the non-Christian tribesmen hurried in under their chiefs, forty miles without a pause for food or water, to do honor to their white father and friend. The last time that the clans marched into the district

they had come with weapons in their hands and a line of blazing hamlets on their track. Crowds of Muhammadans of all ranks, from the senior native magistrate and the maulas of the mosque to the shopkeepers from the closed bazaar, lined the wayside and salaamed as the coffin passed. Further off a group of Hindus and pandits of high caste stood apart, in respectful silence. As we reached the gate of the enclosure, Father Jerome withdrew from the procession and knelt down by himself outside the wall.

The little girl stood, weeping noiselessly, between Ayliffe and myself beside the open grave. One small hand trembled in mine, the other clasped Ayliffe's left, while in his right hand he held the Prayer-book from which he read the burial service. As the final words of consolation melted into silence, and the jungle-villagers began to fill up the grave, the deacon raised in Bengali the hymn which had been so suddenly broken off the previous evening by the summons of death. Again the air of blended tenderness and triumph soared aloft from the multitude of hill people and men of the plains — its refrain now sounding as a song of assured victory — "Forever with the Lord." When they ended, Ayliffe said to me softly, "Come home to me again. The differences between us are over, for I leave immediately to take our little ward to England. He would have wished her to be with us both, during her remaining days here." The last act of the old missionary had been an act of forgiveness and blessing; the first influence of his memory was an influence of reconciliation and peace.

At a sign from Ayliffe the crowd quietly dispersed, leaving us three for a few minutes beside the newly filled grave. When at length we turned slowly away, the sun was sinking behind the distant ranges, with two isolated, flat-topped hills in front standing out like guardian fortresses on the plain. It was the sunset land of brief splendor, towards which the little girl had so often strained her eyes from the wooded height in the judge's garden, when she wished for the shepherds' perspective glass through which Pilgrim looked from the Delectable Mountains. She now gazed through her tears on the far-off glory for a moment in silence, and then whispered, "At last, at last I see the gates of the Celestial City."

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POETRY BY MEN OF THE WORLD.\*

DISSIMILAR, pointedly dissimilar, in style, in tone, in thought, these two volumes have one common feature, one likeness in difference, which makes it possible, without incongruity, to put them side by side. In an age fertile of poets, who are understood to devote themselves with single-hearted passion to the work of strictly meditating a muse thankless or thankful, here are two gifts of song from men of the world, the one a man of action and affairs, the other — what would Mr. Wilfrid Blunt himself elect to be called? A political enthusiast, a zealot in the cause of human weal? It is a rule that may admit of exceptions, but it is certainly a rule, that the very greatest poets have seldom been those most exclusively absorbed in the pursuit of poetry. In the work of some poets of very high rank indeed there is a good deal of a certain amateurishness — Byron is an instance. He seems to turn away with impatience and petulance from the drudgery of his craft, and whether the result is chiefly loss or gain it would not be easy to say.

Among metrical writers, Pope is the immortal type of an author who is all author, sleeplessly on the *qui vive* for epigram, antithesis, trope; holding life to be important mainly as material for couplets; and the irony of results is curiously shown in the fact that he, the one poet whose days and nights were a perpetual vigil on Parnassus, is also the writer whose claims to be considered a poet at all are still the subject of controversy. To be sure, Pope was himself a man of the world, but we feel that to him the world was not interesting primarily for its own sake; it was eminently worth knowing, because it offered such a rich field for the satirist. This unwearied patience as a hunter, ever on the lookout for literary quarry, made him the unapproached master of a particular art, but it also determined the rank of that art as secondary. Great writer as he is, he seems something less than a poet, because we cannot get rid of the feeling that he is something less than a man. Probably most of us have come in personal contact with at least one possessor of the Pope temperament — some utter devotee of literary fame, who, as a human being, grew quite parched and desiccated by a process of sedulously extracting all natural sap to convert it into

\* Verses Written in India. By Sir Alfred Lyall. (Kegan Paul.) A New Pilgrimage and Other Poems. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (Kegan Paul.)

literature. A living poet of some repute, whose life has been in this way exclusively dedicated to the making of verse, told a friend of the writer that he could not like a man who was indifferent to his poetry! Men of the world, on the other hand, who not only know the world like men but who find it well worth knowing, apart altogether from its convenience as literary subject-matter — men of this class, when they do write poetry, write it with a directness of tone, a freedom from affectation and attitudinizing, and a certain careless grace which gives to their verse an air of happy fortuity. It is this merit which establishes a certain fellowship between two poets in most respects so very unlike each other as Sir Alfred Lyall and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

Amongst our subject millions in the East, Sir Alfred Lyall has not made a point of cultivating in his own person that majestic vice of mental insulation which has earned for Englishmen the character they enjoy of being unsympathetic and spiritually non-conducting in their relations with foreign and especially with dependent races. Whilst remaining a thorough Englishman he has, nevertheless, felt intensely the fascination, curiously shot through with repulsion, which the mysterious Eastern nature exercises over all impressionable Western minds. This strange people who call us master, with their subtle, sinuous intellects, their half-developed moral sense, their profound mysticism, underlying the barbarous rites and grotesque forms of a monstrous mythology, have been very real to him. The spectacle of their immemorial nationalities jostled by our hard, shrewd, bustling civilization — modified by it, yet never coalescing with it — has been to him inexhaustibly interesting. In a remarkable poem called "Meditations of a Hindu Prince," he pictures for us the brooding Oriental nature, touched by the questioning spirit of the West.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I  
never have trod,  
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs  
and steps of a God?  
Westward across the ocean, and northward  
across the snow,  
Do they all stand gazing, as ever; and what  
do the wisest know?  
Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover  
and swarm  
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or  
the gusts of a gathering storm.  
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on  
the rocks are seen,  
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and  
what may the wonders mean?"

The attitude of a mind cradled in polytheistic faith, but feeling profoundly the seeming injustice of the human lot, the unintelligibility of life, the apparent anarchy of things, is powerfully depicted:—

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer  
in a pass of the hills,  
Above is the sky, and around us the sound of  
the shot that kills;  
Pushed by a power we see not, and struck by  
a hand unknown,  
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press  
our lips to a stone.

The trees with their phantasmal arms  
"wave a shadowy answer," and to the all-  
miscreative eye of superstition "the form  
and the nod of the demon are caught in  
the twilight dim," but still the eternal  
problems remain unsolved, and the prayers  
of the nameless millions seem only to beat  
against the iron ear of an irresponsible  
heaven. He is haunted and oppressed by  
that past which surrounds him with dim  
forms and dread symbols.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit  
of an ancient name,  
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and  
women who died in flame.  
They are gods, these kings of the foretime,  
they are spirits who guard our race;  
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a  
marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the  
legion of muttering priests,  
The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeak-  
able feasts!  
What have they wrung from the Silence?  
Hath even a whisper come  
Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas!  
for the gods are dumb.

Shall he seek knowledge from the English?  
This mastering race who subdue the visi-  
ble world, have they laid victorious hands  
on the invisible also? No; their religion,  
even as his own,

Is nought but the wide-world story how the  
earth and the heavens began,  
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity  
once was man.

What, then, is this world whose mean-  
ing forever tantalizes and baffles him? Is  
it but a many-hued phantasmagory, and

Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a  
tent that is gathered and gone?

The darkness vouchsafes no answer, and  
this sombrely fascinating poem begins and  
ends, as is befitting, with the note of mel-  
ancholy inconclusiveness which is its artis-  
tic reason of being.

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence  
the hail and the levin are hurled,  
But the wind that is swept around us by the  
rush of the rolling world?  
The wind that shall scatter my ashes and bear  
me to silence and sleep  
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting,  
and voices of women who weep.

Some injustice would be done to Sir  
Alfred Lyall as a poet if an impression  
were conveyed that his volume is entirely  
permeated by this gloomy tone of thought;  
such is not the case, but the general effect  
produced is undoubtedly sombre. It is  
his distinction, in an age prolific of pleas-  
ant versifiers, who skim the surface of life  
and recoil with a shiver from any sugges-  
tion of its obscure depths, that he has  
really felt and faced the darker facts of  
existence, that he has not spent his time  
singing comfortable hymns of optimistic  
praise to Vishnu, but has dared to peer  
into the terrible eyes of Sivā the malign,  
and tell us what he saw there. At times,  
however, he is even not without a hover-  
ing gleam of humor, humor of the semi-  
tragic sort, whose essence is a perception  
of the immense incongruities of circum-  
stance, the sharp contrasts and pointed  
antitheses of life. Humor is scarcely the  
word for it either; but howsoever the  
quality itself may be defined, it is illus-  
trated in such verses as the following, en-  
titled "Badminton," from "Studies at  
Delhi, 1876."

Hardly a shot from the gate we stormed,  
Under the Moree battlement's shade,  
Close to the glacis, our game was formed;  
There had the fight been, and there we  
played.

Lightly the demoiselles tittered and leapt,  
Merrily capered the players all;  
North, was the garden where Nicholson slept,  
South, was the sweep of a battered wall.

Near me a Musalman, civil and mild,  
Watched as the shuttlecocks rose and fell;  
And he said, as he counted his beads and  
smiled,  
"God smite their souls to the depths of  
hell."

A certain rather grim strength is more  
frequent in Sir Alfred Lyall's verse than  
softness or charm, but at times he is not  
without tenderness—witness the beauti-  
ful stanzas called "After the Skirmish:  
Rohilcund, 1858," where he tells how they  
found a dead comrade lying "mid the  
broken grass of a trampled glade," deep  
in an Indian forest, and how

With the funeral march still echoing round,  
We had spread the mould o'er his tartan  
gory;

But as we turned from the shapeless mound,  
Sweet rose the music of "Annie Laurie,"

Full and clear from the pacing band,  
Passionate strain of a lovelorn story;  
How can they breathe it in strangers' land,  
Air of our northern "Annie Laurie"?

For he whom we leave in the lonely brake,  
Watched by the Himalay mountains hoary,  
Will not his brain from the death-sleep wake,  
Touched by the magic of "Annie Laurie"?

To the fact that Sir Alfred Lyall has little sympathy with selfish and cynical officialism disguised as patriotism, his administration of the North-West Provinces bore practical testimony; but in the poem called "Rajpoot Rebels," his superiority to the mere British garrison point of view finds even more emphatic expression than some readers would be prepared to expect. The vigor with which it gives utterance to native patriotic sentiment is, at all events, a fine instance of dramatic flexibility. A certain intensity of emotional force is common to all the poems springing directly or indirectly out of the events of the terrible year 1857-58. To those surviving Anglo-Indians who actually "bore the blast" of that "tremendous time," these poems will have more than a literary interest. With others, to whom the story of the great Mutiny is but a story, fast becoming as a tale of "old, unhappy, far-off things," the purely literary interest of these poems will still be considerable. By far the finest of the group is "Retrospection" — a poem whose title has not the merit of indicating its nature or range, being a story of romantic love and death, told in brief, passionate strokes, and in picturesque, rapid verse; verse full of action, and nerve, and fire. It is too organic as a whole to be represented with any adequacy by extracts; and, indeed, I have already made about as free with the contents of this volume as courtesy permits, yielding to a temptation which does not arise too often in these days, when skilful mechanism and a process of intelligent manufacture are usually the highest things one calculates upon finding in newly published poetry. Nor will space allow of more than passing reference to poems of later date, bringing us to the Russo-Afghan question, and the political atmosphere of the scientific frontier and the sacred covenant. "The Amir's Soliloquy" gives a powerful picture of the splendid solitude and unseful

greatness of a prince like Abdur-rahman, throned in a capital where the smouldering fires of treason are ever ready to flame afresh, and in a palace where each chamber remembers some turbulent kinsman quieted by dagger or diamond-dust. In the poems dealing with subjects borrowed from the ancient world, Sir Alfred does not seem to me equally successful; and if he were confessedly a poet of the poet-or-nothing species, a critic might reasonably expostulate with him concerning some of his sins as a rhymester; such lapses from austere virtue as "worker — Noverca," "siren — tiring," "odors — pagodas," etc.; and one might also venture to ask why his preference for dactylic and anapæstic measures, admirably as he uses them, has been allowed to have its way to the almost utter banishment of the iambic, thus producing a rather regrettable lack of metrical variety. But Sir Alfred Lyall has not scorned delights and lived laborious days for no other end than the making of verses, and may claim as his due some relaxation of rigid technical tests. He is not a "professional" lyrist; it is his better distinction to be one of that race of effective Englishmen who made good poets in spite of the fact that their main business in the world was to be good soldiers or administrators or diplomats — who found it possible to reconcile the life of action with the life of imagination, and add a grace to both.

To Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, both as poet and politician (in which latter capacity, however, it is no part of the object of this article to discuss him), the powers that fashion us have

given  
So much of earth, so much of heaven,  
And such impetuous blood,

that in virtue alike of his excellences and his defects, he may be said to have the specific temperament of genius. In this temperament some mundane alloy, some "mortal mixture of earth's mould," is very necessary; and, indeed, without it, we should have something quite too mercurial and volatile. Shelley, with whom Mr. Blunt betrays some affinities, had certainly too little of it; Mr. Blunt himself has not too much, but he has just enough to give us the needed assurance that Prospero with his worldly-experience is at hand to direct and utilize the powers of an else too wayward Ariel. Of course, the possession of the distinctive poetic temperament does not of itself necessarily imply great poetic genius. If that temperament consists in an exquisite openness to all impressions

of beauty and mystery and terror in the physical and moral world, such a poet as Sydney Dobell may be said to have had it in perfection, and he had high gifts of expression too; yet he was not a great poet. On the other hand, most of us would hesitate to say that Dryden had that temperament in any marked degree, yet as a poet he ranks among our greatest. How much of his strength does he owe to the equipose in him of the pure artist and the pure worldling—a conspiracy of opposites, a marriage of alien forces? These considerations may not appear immediately germane to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's poetry, for the accomplished author of "The Love-Sonnets of Proteus" is not precisely a pure artist, and assuredly not a pure worldling; for the one, he has too much enthusiasm, for the other, too little restraint. But he has led the dual existence—the life empirical, the life ideal; and this twofold personality gives to his verse a breadth and range which mark it off sharply and unmistakably from the work of the mere professional verse-makers, the writers who seem poets by choice and men by accident.

Mr. Blunt, in a short preface, maintains the view that English critics, abetted by the poets, are imposing far too restrictive conditions as to form and rhyme-arrangement upon the writers of sonnets. Certainly a good deal has to be sacrificed to the exigences of the pure Petrarchan form, and Mr. Blunt considers that more is lost than gained by adherence to that difficult orthodox model. After all, however, it is a matter which must be left largely for individual preference to decide. If a poet of his own free will chooses to ride Pegasus handicapped, why not? A good deal may be said on both sides. For instance, few persons will deny that if Shakespeare had restricted himself to the Italian form, with its octave based upon two rhymes, and its sestet on two or three, foregoing the couplet-ending—of which the convenience lies in its giving sometimes a rather illusory air of completeness to a thought imperfectly worked out—anything like the wonderful series which we know would never have been written. On the other hand, if Milton and Wordsworth had wedded themselves to the Shakespearian form—the sequence of three quatrains and a couplet—is it conceivable that anything so weighty, so massive and monumental as their greatest sonnets could have been cast in that lax and facile mould? Mr. Blunt, however, would seem to have grown dissatisfied

with both forms, and has constructed a sixteen-line stanza, which he asks us to acquiesce in as a sonnet. With less questionable elasticity of phrase, he gives the title of sonnet to the fourteen-line stanza which serves as the metrical vehicle of "A New Pilgrimage." In some degree this poem follows the lead of "Childe Harold," avoiding the one feature which, while it gives that poem its scenic splendor, also makes it a little tedious to modern readers, namely, the rather showman-like air with which Byron unrolls before us his diorama of history. Weary and dispirited—a prey to the mood in which man delights us not, nor woman either—the new pilgrim goes forth to flee, if he can, the persecuting presence of himself.

I will break through my bondage. Let me  
be  
Homeless once more, a wanderer on the  
earth,  
Marked with my soul's sole care for company.

"I ask nothing," he cries in his dejection,

But to forget the story of my birth,  
And go forth naked of all name, but free.

He bids adieu to that England whose  
role amongst the nations he can no longer  
applaud.

At the Folkestone pier  
I left the burden of my sins behind,  
Noting how gay the noon was, and how clear  
The tide's fresh laughter rising to no wind.

He catches something of the contagious  
good spirits of his fellow-passengers on  
board the steam-packet,—

Where all alike, peers, pedlars, squires, and  
dames,  
Forswore their griefs fog-born of Father  
Thames.

His "glorious goal" is Paris—Paris, the  
lovely, irresistible, voluptuous queen, the  
Cleopatra of cities, of whom he tells us  
frankly that he

loves her well,  
With her broad roads and pleasant paths to  
hell.

His apostrophe to the splendid courtesan  
has certainly the note and accent of high  
poetry.

To-day there is no cloud upon thy face,  
Paris, fair city of romance and doom!  
Thy memories do not grieve thee, and no trace  
Lives of their tears for us who after come.  
All is forgotten—thy high martyrdom,  
Thy rage, thy vows, thy vaultings, thy dis-  
grace,

With those who died for thee to beat of drum,  
And those who lived to see thee kingdomless.

He regards her follies tenderly, and sees some redeeming nobleness in her maddest caprices.

For thus it is. You flout at kings to-day. To-morrow in your pride you shall stoop low To a new tyrant who shall come your way, And serve him meekly with mock serious brow, While the world laughs. I shall not laugh at you.

Your Bourbon, Bonaparte, or Boulanger, Are foils to your own part of "ingenue" Which moves me most, the moral of your play.

You have a mission in the world, to teach All pride its level. Poet, prince, and clown, Each in your amorous arms has sealed the breach

Of his own pleasure and the world's renown. Till with a yawn you turn, and from your bed Kick out your hero with his ass's head.

Though he sees her given over in part to low ideals, he has faith in her immense potentialities of self-regeneration.

The France which has been, and shall be again,

Is the most serious, and perhaps the best, Of all the nations which have power with men.

She alone among nations is untouched by hypocrisy; but "let her put off her folly," let her "forego her Tonquins," let her

make good

Her boast to man of man's high brotherhood.

And then follows a superb passage of denunciation, Hebraic in its wrathful fire; but the reader must go to Mr. Blunt's volume to find it in its entirety.

For lo! the nations, the imperial nations Of Europe, all imagine a vain thing, Sitting thus blindly in their generations, Serving an idol for their God and King. Blindly they rage together, worshipping Their lusts of cunning, and their lusts of gold; Trampling the hearts of all too weak to bring Alms to their Baal, which is bought and sold.

He would fain have France complete her revolutionary century by another revolution. He bids her

arise and warn,

Not folded in thy mantle, a blind seer, But naked in thy anger, and new-born, As in the hour when thy voice sounded clear To the world's slaves, and tyrants quaked for fear.

He counsels her to "leave to England her sad creed of gold," and "plead man's rights, clean-handed, as of old." Whatever may be thought of all this on the score of practical political wisdom, the disinterested lover of poetry cannot but hear in it the ring of very splendid and strenuous verse.

But even Paris, even this Cleopatra's "infinite variety," cannot long hold her restless Antony enchained, and presently he is in Switzerland, Rousseau's chosen shelter, and hence "the birthplace of all sentiment, the fount of modern tears." Even here, however, his melancholy pursues him, and nature herself seems to have lost her old power either to stimulate or to assuage.

The mountains which we loved have grown unkind,

Nay, voiceless rather. Neither sound nor speech

Is heard amongst them, nor the thought enshrined

Of any deity man's tears may reach.

The Alps only oppress him with their austere sublimity, their indifference to his personal joy or grief. He pines for some more humanized grandeur, and soon his unrest drives him to Rome, where the superincumbent past, if also oppressive, is at least human. And here his poem breaks off unfinished, like its great prototype, with tantalizing abruptness.

From the passionate and stormy notes of "A New Pilgrimage" to the lightness and buoyancy of "The Idler's Calendar" is a sharp transition. This group of twelve little pieces, commemorating some salient experience in each month of the year, is as pleasant as it is unpretentious. In May he still loves London, and turns no cynical eye upon its shows and gaieties.

I love the "greetings in the market-place,"

The jargon of the clubs. I love to view The "gilded youth," who at the window pass, Forever smiling smiles forever new.

In July, at Goodwood, where he takes care "neither to make nor mar a fortune," he is equally in the humor to be pleased on easy terms. Such lines as

I would not for a million not have seen

Fred Archer finish upon Guinevere,

may not be poetry exactly, but there is a happy-heartedness about these bagatelles which makes them welcome. "Worth Forest: a Pastoral," has some charming landscape and still-life pictures, and one moving human episode; but the luxury of quotation must not be further indulged.

In "Sed nos qui vivimus," the poem with which the volume concludes, Mr. Blunt's attempt to reconcile the English ear to assonances in lieu of rhymes does not seem to me to give much promise of attaining its end. It is no use pitting oneself against the order of nature, and the order of nature has decreed that we En-



lish, we kinsmen of Chaucer and Milton, shall love verse with rhyme, and shall love verse that is frankly without rhyme, but shall hold no parley with the bastard thing that is a compromise between these two. Theoretically it may be defensible, but theory breaks down before the simple fact that we enjoy rhyme, and that no philosophy will persuade us to enjoy assonance. The Spanish have been born and bred to assonance, but then the Chinese have been born and bred to birds'-nest soup. In woman's dress, I believe, even sharp contrasts of color are preferred to a "bad match," and assonance is a bad match. Besides, rhyme does really seem to have a basis in some law of nature, by which "nothing in the world is single," but all things are better paired. It is the law of balance and correlation and symmetry. Mr. Blunt himself tells us that he is not sanguine as to the success of his experiment, and, indeed, it is an experiment self-doomed to failure; but, then, is it not characteristic of a certain strain of noble Quixotism in Mr. Blunt's nature that he has a passion in literature as in public affairs for leading forlorn hopes?

WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Fortnightly-Review.  
RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

#### DISHONESTY.

"I BEG to tender my heartfelt thanks to Mr. Rudzky, tradesman of this city, for having restored me my watch, which I inadvertently left on the counter in his shop a few days ago. When I offered him money as a token of my gratitude, M. Rudzky refused to accept it, saying that he had only done his duty. This is an example worthy of imitation!—Signed, Madam Karasteleva."\* This pithy pæan, curiously characteristic of the country, was published in one of the principal papers of one of the principal cities of Russia about a year ago, and must have made M. Rudzky feel as if his originality bordered on suicidal mania or some equally dangerous form of eccentricity. Neither such spontaneous testimonials, however, nor the absence thereof, are needed to prove that Russia can boast of numbers of obscure but upright men whose sterling

\* The first sentence is quoted from memory; the others are taken from the *Novoye Vremya* of the 30th August, 1889. The paragraph appeared in the *New Russian Telegraph* (Odessa) about the 25th of that month.

honesty will bear comparison with that of the noblest characters described in history or besung in fable. It would be indeed sad were it otherwise. No society, however rude, is wholly destitute of these pioneers or survivors of a higher stage of social life, without which it could no more exist than falsehood lacking a grain of truth to leaven it. What this outburst of gratitude really implied, and what few foreigners who possess no special knowledge of the country would willingly take for granted, even on the word of the most trusted ethnologist, is the great paucity of such moral giants as Rudzky. It is estimated that there are in Russia about thirteen millions of Dissenters all told, considerable numbers of whom belong to rationalistic sects such as the *Molokani*, the *Stundists*, and others—chaste, veracious, honest Puritans, whose theology is pure morality, and whose dealings with all men are regulated by the principles of the strictest justice. But the sectarians scarcely amount to the eighth of the entire population, and the rationalistic sects are but a fraction of the sectarians. The great bulk of the Russian nation not only does not associate dishonesty with criminality, sinfulness, or ethical deformity, but holds it to be rather a meritorious employment of heaven-sent gifts which it would be sinful to let rust for want of exercise. At the root of all the dealings of the people among themselves, and of all the commercial relations of the nation with foreigners, like the serpent gnawing at the root of the tree Yggdrasil, lies ineffable contempt of the practice of common honesty, which is held equivalent to hiding in the earth those talents of worldly wisdom which it should be man's first object to increase, reaping where he sowed not, and gathering where he has not strewed. And it is upon this view that they shape the conduct of their lives with all the persistency of which a feeble-minded, fickle, nerveless people are capable.

It would be a mistake to call this degeneration. It is merely stagnation, arrested development; for the Russia of to-day, when stripped of the outward hull, which is varnished and modern, will be found to differ in no essential respects from the Russia of the Middle Ages. The German Hanseatic cities, which strictly forbade their merchants to give Russians goods on credit, to lend them money\* under any pretexts, or even to borrow of them, under

\* Liev. Ehst. und Kurländisches Urkundenbuch nebst Registern; Reval, 1852-1864. II., 576, 583.

pain of speedy punishment,\* are now mere memories of the past. Reval, which was equally careful about guarding itself from the consequences of Russian dishonesty, has lived to become a flourishing city of the Russian empire. But the characteristic traits of the people are still what they were; and the frequent complaints of the Germans and Belgians of the fourteenth century, that Russian traders put lying brands and false trade-marks on their goods; that light weight went hand-in-hand with bad quality, heavy bricks being freely added to consignments of adulterated wax; † that sham furs were so common that foreigners ceased to buy any furs, good or bad, wherever Russians traded; that enormous sums had to be distributed in bribes to the Russian authorities before the Germans could get these evils diminished to a point at which trading was possible; these and countless other complaints of long-forgotten times would, if published without mention of persons or dates, pass with the student of contemporary Russian history for cuttings from the newspapers or extracts from consular reports of to-day. Russian merchants are no longer permitted, as in the seventeenth century, to pawn their kith and kin, their wives and children, whom they were supposed to love and live for; but they still cheerfully sacrifice whatever they are allowed to pledge: good name, friendship, honor, with the same frequency with which their great grandfathers used to let their wives and children be sold, prostituted, enslaved for debts that they could have easily discharged; ‡ and if the average merchant of the present day were to set about following the advice of the Roman poet, to wrap himself up in the mantle of his own integrity, it would prove no better protection from the cold blasts of a wintry world than the Italian beggar's coat, which was described as being made mostly of fresh air. On the other hand, the Russian merchant may be said to be living almost as well up to his lights as his colleague the German or the Englishman; it is not his fault if these lights are just sufficient to intensify the gloom about him. He has been brought up to deceit

\* *Urkundliche Geschichte des Ursprunges d. deutschen Hanse*; Hamburg, 1830. II., N. ix., p. 27. It would be wrong to imagine that the Russians did not complain on their side of occasional dishonesty on the part of foreign merchants. It is nowhere recorded, however, that they found it so frequent or so ruinous as to justify them in "boycotting" Germans or Belgians.

† *CL for ex. Lielvland, Urkunde, VI.*; Aristoff, *Russian Industry in Ancient Times*, p. 213 (Russian).

‡ *Collection of State Documents*, III. N. 60.

and trickery from his childhood; he has sucked it in with his mother's milk, he has inherited it from generations of dishonest ancestors, it is the lesson daily, hourly taught him by his government and his Church; and if in the teeth of all this he were to stand out in strong contrast to his fellows, an honest, straightforward, veracious man, we should be safe to regard him as a genius, a monster, or a sectarian.

But merchants and traders, though they have more frequent opportunity for its cultivation than others, have no monopoly of dishonesty. It is universal, Pan-Russian. According to a popular writer who had a life-long experience of his countrymen, studying them from various coigns of vantage, as bureaucrat, governor, author, journalist, and suspect, "roguey is one of the forms of social life,"\* and it is Hobson's choice; he who is not hammer is anvil. "If you manage the estate of another," complains this same writer, "and forbear to take advantage, to the detriment of him who trusts you, of what is called your 'opportunity' to enrich yourself, it is hard to be told that you are green—ah, yes! very green." † You are made to feel in such cases that you have been guilty of a social sin, of something not far removed from treason in thus swimming against the current, and every man's hand is straightway raised against you for refusing to raise yours against any man. It is difficult under such conditions for a Russian who has outwitted a friend that implicitly trusted him not to feel as flushed and as happy as the self-respecting Fijian of a few years ago after swallowing the last morsel of a savory enemy. One of the truest patriots Russia ever possessed and one of the most acute observers of the age has given us a series of masterly life-like sketches, illustrative of what is meant by saying that roguey is one of the common forms of social life, from which I subjoin one or two.

"On the perron of a solitary house (in a country town) unprotected even by a yard, two men were sitting dressed in morning attire, smoking cigarettes and chatting together before retiring for the night. 'Well, you know that Kharin lost that suit of his?' one of them said. 'You don't mean it!' 'Oh yes, no doubt about that. He's a fool and so he lost it.' 'How so?' 'Doesn't everybody know that the deceased lost the use of his hand before his death. Why, the whole town is well

\* *Schtschedrin, Well-Meant Discourses*, p. 29 (Russian).

† *Ibid.*

aware that Margaret Ivanovna forged the will the day after his death. Ay, and that the archpriest wrote it, too! Oh yes! no doubt at all, she forged the will; the archpriest himself, when half-seas over, blurts it out often enough. But for all that Margaret Ivanovna is now the owner of a cool million, while Kharin has to shoulder a beggar's knapsack. And all because he's such a fool! 'No mistake, he is a fool, but still' — . . . 'Oh! he's a fool, and that's the long and short of it. Margaret Ivanovna offered to compromise the matter: "Take twenty thousand," she said, "and joy be with you." Why didn't he accept, since he knows that he's a fool? Then he had another chance; the father archpriest and Ivan Therapontitch also made him offers: "Give us ten thousand apiece," they said, "and we'll make a clean breast of it in court as witnesses; we'll speak according to our consciences; we'll say we signed the will from lack of circumspection, and there'll be an end to it." Why didn't he close with that, since he knows he's a fool? Margaret Ivanovna, she didn't wait to be asked twice, I warrant. She accepted fast enough. She whipped out the money and handed it over in a twinkling. But he was as obstinate as a mule. And if they had asked him for the hard cash, there would be some excuse for him, but no — all they wanted was an I.O.U. Why couldn't he have given it and then later on think better of it and lead them a pretty dance for the money? He might say that he had not signed it, or that it was not given for value received. The unmitigated fool.'\* Macaulay once said of Italians that so perverted was their moral sense of right and wrong in the matter of cunning and deceit, that if Othello were represented before an Italian audience, the entire sympathy of the public would be with Iago, while his dupe would come in at most for their contemptuous pity. This is emphatically true of Russians, though, strange as it may seem, far from engendering universal distrust, it co-exists with a degree of credulity that borders on the miraculous. The following is another of these typical conversations preserved by Schtschedrin, which throws more light on the social and moral conceptions of modern Russians than volumes of statistics: —

"Nay, but do listen to the way he fooled the German. He bought twelve hundred roubles' worth of timber from him, had it brought home, and then told

the German to call on him for the money. He came, was made much of, treated to refreshments, champagne and all the rest. "Now," he says, turning to the German, "you write your receipt, while I'm getting the money ready," and with this he began to count the notes. The receipt being drawn up in a moment, he took it, glanced at it, found it in order — a legal receipt for twelve hundred roubles — and then clapped it and the money into his pocket. "You have acknowledged here, Bogdan Bogdanovitch," he said, "that you have received the money in full. I don't see that you have anything further to wait for." Ha! ha! ha! That, brother, was a stroke of business. Oh, how we did laugh! I thought my sides would split. But listen to what's coming. At first the German looked as if he did not grasp what was the matter, and then when it suddenly dawned upon him, he cried out, "You are a thief!" "All right," was the answer he got, "you Germans invented, they say, the ape, but here am I, a Russian, bringing in one moment all your contrivances to naught." Bravo! No, but you should have seen the German's phiz, frightened and incredulous, his hands feeling his pockets the while — wasn't it rich? Germans are still green-horns in such matters; they're fools and nothing else.'\* †

These pictures are not overdrawn, they do not even do full justice to the subject. Take up any daily paper or monthly review, or printed book with the stamp of contemporariness upon it, and you will be struck by the close resemblance between the life therein described and the scenes depicted by Schtschedrin. Open any of the monthly magazines, and read their realistic descriptions of the ethical conceptions and practical maxims of the average Russian, and you will ask yourself in wonder whether it is a question of wild anarchical tribes in central Africa or the backwoods of Brazil, or of a people ruled by a government alive even to its own paltry interests. The *Northern Messenger*, which I take up almost at random, describes, for example, in detail, how a whole company of peasants in Manuilovka split their sides (or, as they themselves picturesquely put it, tore their intestines) with genuine, hearty laughter at the recital of how a hay merchant cheated a poor woman, selling her the same load of rotten hay three different times. †

\* Well-Meant Discourses, p. 31.

\* Well-Meant Discourses, p. 34.

† *Northern Messenger*, N. 7, 1888, p. 54.

The relations of capital and labor, which are rapidly developing into the relations of governors and governed, are hopelessly vitiated by duplicity, breach of faith, downright roguery, with which no amount of Draconian legislation can successfully grapple. A few years ago laws were made empowering landowners and farmers to hire laborers for several years' service, and enacting a long list of severe penalties for breach of contract. In practice these laws have proved as efficacious as a gossamer veil spread out to stay the fury of the hurricane.

Every autumn and winter the newspapers are filled with descriptions of the harrowing scenes enacted in the country districts between the men who raise the corn and those who take it. Agricultural laborers of both sexes taken on by the year, or by the five years, frequently run away, leaving their masters in the lurch at a most critical time, when there are no other laborers to be had to replace them, and think no evil of it.\* In the government of Tamboff, for instance, farmers and landowners, taking time by the forelock, secured a band of laborers in advance, at what seemed a fair rate of wages under the circumstances. The men eagerly accepted the terms, and a portion of the wages in advance as earnest money; but they seem to have felt no obligation to come and work when harvest-time came round; and the employers were left lamenting. Complaint was made to the magistrate, and warrants taken out to bring the delinquents to justice, and very likely many of them may have been punished; but that was cold comfort for the landowners whose corn was rotting in the rain and whose affairs were going to ruin.† Similar tales reach us from the south, north, and east of Russia, where the people are suffering the effects of their own dishonesty, while they grumble — if at all — only at fate.‡ In one place we read of all the ponderous machinery of the law being brought to bear against the defaulting peasants, with the result that matters were left just where they were before. The fugitives were discovered by the police and restored to their masters by force, after the harvest to be still more severely punished; but in three days they arose again, and, shaking the dust off their feet, went away, saying, "This time, no man shall find us." Nor were they discovered, in that classic land of passports

and police supervision.\* If in all these cases the employers played the melancholy part of victims, the presumable explanation is that the conditions were unfavorable for their assuming that of oppressors. They were indignant, like Bill Nye with the Heathen Chinese, at the success rather than at the iniquity of the proceeding. The great majority of such employers take the utmost advantage of their legal position; cheat their workmen, starve them, grind them to grist like the corn in their mills, and then gibe and jeer at them, as rustics poke caged bears with sticks. The Moor has done his work, the Moor can go, is their device. Thus we hear of bands of laborers in the fertile, smiling Crimea, weak and emaciated as if recovering from typhus or dying of consumption, who, working like helots, are fed "upon something which is not bread, but a black, nauseous mass, the indigestible ingredients of which no man can determine."† Others are duly hired at the uniform rate of four roubles a day during the entire season, and when they arrive on the scene of their labors and have worked some time are told that they will receive but two roubles a day.‡ In Samara a numerous party of agricultural laborers were hired at five roubles and a half per *dessatine* (about two and three-quarters acres), and having journeyed to the district where they were wanted at their own expense, were informed that on consideration the employer could only pay them somewhat less than half that sum (two roubles and a half). They returned at once in disgust and spent their last coins on the road.§ In other places whole companies of harvest laborers come home as poor as they went, without a copper coin in their pockets, because the landowners keep back a third, or even a half of each man's earnings, relying on the reluctance of the men to undergo the loss of time, the trouble, and the worry of suing for their wages through the law courts.|| Numbers of such famishing wretches, returning from their harvesting, roam despairingly about the streets of the towns and cities on their way, begging for bread to keep them alive, and asking for alms to take them home, and having asked in vain, they seize upon as thieves what was denied to them as beggars.

The pursuit of trade, properly so called,

\* *The Don Speech*, N. 91.

† *Tamboff Governmental Gazette*, N. 78.

‡ *Cl. v. g. Odessa News*, N. 1042.

\* *Odessa News*, N. 1030.

† *Crimean Messenger*, N. 111.

‡ *Gazette of Samara*, N. 155.

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Yuschny Krai*, N. 2591.

as a means of livelihood, requires in Russia no special training of the individual as in other countries. Inherited racial aptitude, mother wit, natural shrewdness, and inborn unscrupulousness are deemed amply sufficient. It is scarcely to be wondered at that men with no more varied mental and moral outfit should have transformed trade and commerce from powerful instruments of civilization into a labyrinth of "ways that are dark," a very quinksand of deceit and chicanery. The most heartless trickery, covered over with a frank, childlike look and a voice clear as an echo from the well of truth, passes current as easily as a counterfeit coin. The average trader makes no bones about overreaching his customers, native or foreign, and of swearing to the truth of the most audacious falsehood ever invented, with all the cheerfulness of a man performing a pleasant duty, and easing his mind. For his chief business maxim is that he may, nay, must —

Stamp God's own name upon a lie just made  
To turn a penny in the way of trade;

though he often does it for even less than a penny. If caught in *flagrante delicto* and convicted of downright roguery, he is no more abashed than if it were a question of his hair growing gray; and eying you with all the tenderness he can infuse into a look, he will say: "I must live somehow, your honor; if not by washing, then by mangling, as the saying is. I could have dealt with your honor without lies or cheating, but then your honor is not everybody — indeed, I might journey on foot from here to Kieff and not meet with your equal." The perfect ease with which he shuffles off the weight of his ill-doings, as a goose shakes off drops of rain-water, forcibly reminds one of Wainamoiren, the Ancient Truthful One of the Finnish Epos, who advances the most deliberate, uncalled-for lies, and when convicted thereof, with astonishing simplicity makes answer: "Well, I did lie somewhat," and conscientiously proceeds with the previous question. "If you don't lie, you won't sell," is a proverb, for which the Russians can scarcely put forward an exclusive claim, though it must be admitted that they act upon it as no other people, ancient or modern, have dared to act. "In the way of trade," said a Russian Orthodox priest of forty years' standing, in conversation with me on the subject some months ago, "a Russian would sell his soul to the Evil One and then pledge it to the Lord; and if an angel from heaven were to tell him

that he had swerved somewhat from the path of virtue, he would smile incredulously and continue to transgress."

The evil has been frequently discussed and explained in Russia, but the explanations are one-sided, incomplete. The press is inclined to attribute it to the overmastering passion for gold and to the Russian's proverbial impatience to grow rich, in order that he himself may spend the money he has collected.\* This account of the matter is partially true, but only partially. Russians are open to a charge of rapacity, to insatiable cupidity, but not to anything savoring of niggardliness. He loves money far less for its own sake or for the advantages it can procure him in future than for the opportunity it affords him of playing the king. He can no more hoard and pinch and stint than an average Bushman can play the part of Beau Brummel in the London of to-day. He regulates his budget as behoves a firm believer in the doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive; scatters money lavishly to the right and to the left, giving away his last hundred roubles as royally as if he had a Fortunatus's purse to fall back upon. There are scores of needy wretches in want of a dinner, who once were rich men, in St. Petersburg, Odessa, Moscow, Kieff, who built up their own fortunes almost in a night, and then scattered them to the winds as if they were all mere gold of Tolosa. There used to be a Scotch beggar in London who attributed his poverty to a single miscalculation. He began, it appears, at the age of thirty-five to spend a fortune of £20,000, unexpectedly left to him, at the rate of £1,000 a year, living in ease and idleness the while, in the belief that his span of life would not exceed sixty years; and after the rapid flight of some twenty-two or three years was stupefied to find himself healthy and a beggar. None of the Russian spendthrifts whom I ever saw or heard of could with truth allege that they entertained any, even the most slipshod, calculations before frittering away a fortune.

On the other hand it cannot be denied that hot haste in the pursuit of riches is a characteristic of the Russian merchant, and does much to intensify that spirit of improbity which it did not create. Many merchants are so impatient to do business that they cannot even wait till their customers enter their shops, but must needs

\* "In all things," says the *Novoye Vremya*, "the specific quality of the Russian mind is unbridled lust of sordid gain." (29th September, 1889)

sally forth, lay violent hands upon them, and drag them in. This is at bottom the same kind of ardor that the mythical Lien Chi Altangi observed in the London shopmen of last century, only duly intensified and Russianized. "There," cries the mercer, showing me a piece of fine silk, 'there's beauty. My Lord Suckeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats.' 'But I do not want a waistcoat,' replied I. 'Not want a waistcoat!' returned the mercer; 'then I would advise you to buy one. When waistcoats are wanted, depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside.'" You are certainly very ill-used at times if you do not buy before you want in Russia, where brute force so often does duty for persuasion. A friend of mine walking for the first, and last, time in his life along the streets in the *Apraxin Dvor* — a sort of miniature city composed of the shops and stores of the genuine Russian chapmen, whose manners, morals, and mercantile methods have been admirably painted by the playwright Ostroffsky — was forcibly drawn into a ready-made clothes shop, his coat slipped off and another fitted on in the time it takes to tell it. He pleaded, protested, threatened; the assistants alternately bullied and cajoled him, but after a long struggle released him amid a shower of picturesque epithets. He had not had time enough to collect his scattered senses, when he was lifted bodily into a trunk store and shown a capacious trunk. "But I don't want a trunk, not even gratis," he apologetically pleaded. "Well, this is gratis, or nearly so, only fifteen roubles." "But I assure you I do not" . . . "Oh! you think it's not the best of its kind. Well, sir, God is witness that you won't get a better trunk in all Petersburg, nor a cheaper. You are not used to bargaining? We like honest men of your stamp, take it for ten roubles." "Let me go; I will have none of your trunks." "Not till you've seen some more. Ivan, take the gentleman up-stairs and show him all the trunks we have. Take your time, sir; a trunk is bought not for a day or a way, it's for a lifetime, sir." But my friend, who preferred a money loss of ten roubles to unknown and possibly more serious sacrifices, paid the money, had a droschky called, and drove away.

The newspapers have been constantly full of complaints of the same description. "Moscow knows," says the *Russian*

*Courier* of Moscow, "what the Knife Row is, and St. Petersburg realizes what the Cerberi of the Apraxin Dvor are, how they fight among themselves over a customer, how often a whole squadron of them fall foul of a passer-by, drag him into their shop and violently force him to buy something. The police-courts in Petersburg, where a long series of prosecutions have arisen from attacks on the public in the Apraxin Dvor, treat the merchant Cerberi with all the severity of the law."\* Laws in Russia, however, are seldom efficacious for long and we find the police prefect of Warsaw ordering all merchants in that city to bind themselves over to cease in future from dragging passers-by into their shops and warehouses, and threatening them with all the rigors of the law if they break their promise.† Such violence is not always visited on the purchaser only. At Saratoff the other day a gentleman entered the shop of a fish salesman, named Krynkin. While he was making a selection, a fishmonger a few doors off, entered, seized the inoffensive customer by the throat and dragged him into his own shop. Krynkin expostulated, but was knocked down and severely beaten by his rival, who then returned to serve the unhappy man whom he had dragged along the street like a shark. There were a number of people looking on, but they only took a speculative interest in the proceedings. The strokes of business that are daily done in these stores and warehouses by shaggy-bearded, inoffensive-looking barbarians would prove a revelation to Ah Sin himself. The following sketch is taken from the journals, and can be vouched for as characteristic. A middle-class state functionary enters a ready-made clothes shop to purchase a suit of clothes or a coat. When trying it on he notices in one of the pockets an article of value (a watch, silver cigar-case, etc.) put there designedly by the tradesman. The intending purchaser covets the watch as well as the coat, and keeps his own counsel. He pays the price demanded almost without haggling, such is his anxiety to leave the shop. The tradesman charges twice as much as under ordinary circumstances, and having received the money, stops the happy purchaser who is rapidly gliding from the shop, with the words, "I beg your pardon, but I forgot to take my watch from your pocket," and having removed it, adds,

\* *Russian Courier*, July, 1887.

† *Odessa Messenger*, 27th July, 1887.

"You may go now, many thanks." The other day a certain N. went into one of these shops to purchase an overcoat. He was exposed to the above described temptation and succumbed. Seduced by the massive silver cigar-case stuck in the pocket, he paid £2 12s. for an article worth £1 10s. at most, and at the threshold of the door he was relieved of his prize and left the shop meditating revenge. A few days later he returns to the same stores, treats for a morning coat, puts it on and feels the inevitable cigar-case. Having hastily substituted a tin cigar-case silvered over for the genuine bait, he haggled a little to save appearances, declined to buy, and went his way. When the theft was discovered the tradesman was *naïf* enough to bruit it abroad and to inveigh against the rascality of the St. Petersburg public;\* forgetting that dishonesty is less the monopoly of any one profession than a talent lying latent in all his countrymen, waiting only for the occasion, like the Æolian harp for the caressing breeze.

If the Russian public were alive to its own vital interests, nothing less than force would cause it to consume many of the articles of food that are sold in the shops. When such an article as pepper is adulterated to the extent that a pound of that condiment contains but two ounces of real pepper, and a *pud* (about thirty-seven pounds), which sells for twenty-four roubles, costs the vendor only three, one can form an adequate idea of the proportions assumed by adulteration. Two years ago a correspondent of the *Moscow Gazette* interviewed a well-known Moscow wine-merchant, whose piety is equal to his business qualifications. This is what they said to each other: "How is business?" "We can't complain, thanks be to God. Last year I sold no less than eighty thousand bottles of Madeira alone." "Where did you get such a large quantity of that wine? The island of Madeira produces altogether ten thousand barrels (?) of wine, of which only three thousand come to Europe. The wine-merchant smiled and answered, "God sends it. What do you suppose I pay a chemical expert three thousand roubles with board and lodging for? And what profit could I make if I sold mere wine? It would cost me from 4½d. to 5½d. a bottle; I might sell it for 8d. or 9d. If I were to conduct my business like that I might just as well throw the beggar's sack over my shoulder at

once. It's a vastly different thing if out of this wine you fabricate Madeira, and a bottle of it costs you 9d. or 1s., while you sell it for 3s. or 4s.; that's what I call business." "Yes, but that is adulteration, falsification," I objected. "Now you're a man of 'education,'" said the merchant, "and yet you call my Madeira an adulteration. Do you eat beetroot?" "Yes." "And is sugar made of beetroot?" "Undoubtedly." "Well, and do you call sugar a falsification. And when the confectioner makes sweetmeats from sugar, is that adulteration?" "No doubt confectioners' sweets are at times harmful and even poisonous; but your sherries and Madeiras, with their noxious ingredients, are extremely common, and you are seriously injuring the health of those who consume them—sometimes you poison them outright." The merchant smiled and answered according to his piety: "If God does not send death, you may drink any stuff you like, and you will be safe and sound. 'And if you drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt you.' Do you know whose words these are? If you know you are bound to believe. You may drink water without praying over it and sicken."\*

Occasionally the police, dissatisfied with their share of the spoils, make a raid and seize on a hogshead or two of alcoholic poison, or a chest of sand called tea, and prosecute the public poisoner. But long before the unwieldy machine of the law can be brought to bear upon him he again makes friends with the mammon of iniquity, and the "wine" and "spirits" in the casks carefully sealed up by the law officers, mysteriously changes to pure water or evaporates. In such cases, says an Odessa journal, either the *vodka* completely disappears from the vessel, which was sealed with the seal of the revenue office, or at the very least it changes to water.† Adulteration of food is common to all countries, and even in England people are slow to realize the extent to which they are imposed upon by unscrupulous speculators. The special features of the Russian practice, however, are its universality, openness, and the impunity enjoyed by the merchants whose profits are dependent upon it. Coffee bought in Moscow in April, 1887, for 1s. 6d. per pound was analyzed. It was fine quality to look

\* *Moscow Gazette*, October, 1887; cf. also *Saratoff Gazette*, 23rd October, 1887.

† Cf. *Odessa News*, 20th June and 4th July, 1888, where cases of transformation and evaporation are described in detail.

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 18th August, 1888.

at, and had a delightful aroma. Many of the berries, however, appeared less bright-looking than the others, and when taken out and examined by the analyst of the university were found to consist of clay mixed with chicory, without a trace of coffee.\*

Turning to banks and counting-houses, we find that they have become a byword in Russia. It is only a few days since that a new law was launched against the sharp practices of some of the best-known and apparently respectable banks of St. Petersburg †—a law which will prove as efficacious as the feather of a young humming-bird employed to tickle the side of a healthy rhinoceros. Within the eight years most of the "best" banks in Russia have stopped payment, and tens of thousands of peasant farmers, clergymen, widows and orphans who put their trust in these establishments approved by the government were turned adrift on the world to beg from door to door. The horrors of war have been many a time described with realistic vividness by artistic pens in prose and verse. It would require a masterly hand to depict the wailing and the weeping, the cries of anguish, the looks of despair, the suicides, the robberies, the hideous crimes, and heartrending sufferings that ensued upon the failure of the banks of Skopin, Kozloff, Orel, wherein were swallowed up millions of roubles laboriously scraped together by the thousands of units within whom, in spite of all their inborn recklessness, stirred a faint perception that providence and thrift might after all be worth a fair trial. The tale of wholesale, cold-blooded spoliation that was unfolded during the trials of the galaxy of swindling bankers who have reduced thousands to beggary during the past eight or ten years, might well cause any but the most sanguine patriot to despair of the future of Russia.

Men can never wholly escape the influence of their age and country; and it is to

\* The following is taken from an official report on teas supplied by well-known firms: Green tea, 14s. a lb.: Of poor quality; contains boiled tea leaves, and is largely colored with ultramarine. Black tea, 4s. 4d. a lb.: Contains very little tea, mixed with boiled tea leaves and willow herb, colored with burnt sugar; 27 per cent. of sand. Reddish tea, 4s. a lb.: 60 per cent. of boiled tea leaves and 12 per cent. of sand. Black tea, 3s. 9d. a lb.: Contains no tea; is made of boiled tea leaves, elm and willow herb; 40 per cent. of sand. Black tea, 5s. 5d. a lb.: 50 per cent. of willow herb and elm leaves. Black tea, 6s. 6d. a lb.: 50 per cent. of boiled tea leaves, and others of a plant unknown; colored with logwood; 7 per cent. of sand. (*Warsaw Diary*, 16th April, 1888.)

† Cf. *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, 26th September, 1889. *Graschdanin*, 26th September, 1889. *Novoye Vremya*, 26th and 27th September, 1889, etc., etc.

be regretted rather than wondered at that enlightened physicians, men of science, whose education and mission would seem to give promise of better things, should compete with professional swindlers in this inglorious race for ill-gotten wealth. Last spring a wealthy gentleman called upon a well-known and "respectable" dentist of Moscow, reputed to be a brilliant light in his profession, and ordered a complete set of teeth in gold. When it was ready his expectations were fulfilled to the utmost in all but the color of the metal. "Excuse me, doctor," he said, "but is this pure gold?" The scientific light blazed out angrily: "How can you doubt it? For whom do you take me, sir?" on which the gentleman felt ashamed of himself and left. He went straight to a chemist's laboratory, however, and had the usual tests applied, when it was made evident that the metal was copper without a trace of gold anywhere.\* "Our hydrotherapeutic establishments," says one of the principal organs of the St. Petersburg press, "under cover of philanthropic advertisements, announce that they charge, say, twenty-five roubles for a course of treatment. A patient of scanty means believes and begins the course, and it is soon made clear that he has been lured into a swindling trap. They charge him for everything as extras, and, instead of twenty-five roubles, exact forty-five or even fifty. The patient, not possessing the means of defraying these unforeseen expenses, is first stripped of everything of which he can be relieved, and then turned out when half the course is over. He is thus fleeced of his money, gets no benefit in return, and sometimes incurs positive harm by abruptly breaking off a drastic water-cure." †

It would be no easy matter to point out a trade, a profession, a calling followed by genuine Russians, in the code of which elementary honesty has a place. It is not merely the unwritten law, the vague, shadowy borderland of sharp practice that lies between mere infamy and the more palpable terrors of stone walls and iron bars, that is daily encroached upon, but the Rubicon of the Penal Code is continually passed with a calm tranquillity that guaranteed immunity from mere human penalties could scarcely justify. The bland simplicity with which wholesale robberies are carried on for years within the knowledge of the public, the priests, and the

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 13th April, 1889.  
† *Graschdanin*, 18th September, 1889.



police, amazes even travellers who have lived long in China. That light weight, now as of yore, should be eked out by heavy stones,\* that trademarks should be forged; food adulterated; goods despatched to distant purchasers which are infinitely inferior to the samples that elicited the orders, is no doubt highly reprehensible, but might still, perhaps, be glossed over as venial errors by a moralist willing to make allowances for exceptional human weakness under strong temptation. But notorious vulgar robbery, propped up with perjury, forgery, and every conceivable form of chicanery, and raised to the dignity of one of the recognized methods of trade by representative men of good standing, who can yet be religious without blasphemy, and edifying without hypocrisy, would seem in sober truth to imply a standard of ethics specifically different from that of civilized nations.

There is a curious class of discount booksellers in Russia who thrive and prosper while the fate that continually threatens and often overtakes the publishing firms whose works they trade in is insolvency and ruin. Vast palatial buildings that yield a handsome yearly income, prove that they drive a brisk trade in books, and give the lie to the saw, that honesty is the best policy. Their method is simple: they usually fee young apprentices of the principal publishing houses to steal whatever books are in demand, and to deliver to their own boy apprentices, who are also members of the conspiracy, as many copies of them as may be required by their customers. That the consciences of these tradesmen give them no uneasiness needs no more convincing proof than the fact that some of them are bringing up their own children to the business. Nor could it well be otherwise. Trade is held in high esteem by men of all countries, classes, and confessions, and to their thinking trade is merely the art of robbing your neighbor without exposing yourself to his vengeance. The first part of this definition is tersely expressed by the proverb, "Wherein one deals, therein one steals," while the moral blamelessness of robbery could scarcely be proclaimed with greater force than in this other proverb: "Why not steal, so long as there's no one to hinder it."

\* Take as a typical instance the firm of Messrs. Weingurt, of Odessa, who received from the factory with which they deal and sold to their own customers without having previously verified it, sugar in which to nine hundredweight of sugar there was one hundredweight of stones. (*Odessa News*, 7th December, 1887.)

Another of these booksellers, we are told, did a thriving little trade, in addition to the sale of books, in wax candles made by the monks, in accordance with the canons of the Church. He obtained the candles in the same way that he came by the volumes: the little boys who were assisting the monks to sell them being paid to steal them. "*He was often detected*, and occasionally threatened with the legal consequences of his acts." It was on these occasions, we are told, that the religious principles to which he always tenaciously clung buoyed him up and bore him safely out of danger. "I say, Masha!" he would cry out to his wife who was sitting in a little parlor inside, "take a wax candle, a good thick one, mind, and run off and light it before the *icon*."\* And his faith was strengthened by the knowledge that his fervent prayers for a way out of the difficulty were always heard and granted. A less pious colleague was proportionably less fortunate, and once had to stand his trial. He made up in sharpness, however, for what he lacked in piety, and "wriggled out of the accusation in a truly masterly manner." Chatting after his acquittal with his neighbor, the man who had prosecuted him for the theft, "What a green-horn you are, to be sure!" he exclaimed. "If, when you caused the raid to be made on my shop, you had only looked under the counter, you would have found all the stolen books there. But it's evident that, to punish you for your litigiousness, God turned your eyes away."†

E. B. LANIN.

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 21st October, 1888.  
† *Ibid.*

From The Nineteenth Century  
IN PRAISE OF LONDON FOG.

It has been said that no city in the world is so beautiful as London on a fine day. Whether this is true or not seems very doubtful. But the converse of this proposition, viz. — that nothing is like the beauty of London at night, or during a foggy day — though apparently paradoxical, is most certainly true. Such beauty does not indeed come under the received classical forms and types, and, should we turn to the old Latin adage, *Pulchra sunt, quæ visa placent*, we might find much difficulty in bringing it within the scope of that definition. There is nothing at all agreeable in being out in the fog; neither the man of business nor

the man of pleasure can possibly help disliking it; and as for the artist (taking the term now and for the whole of this paper as equivalent to the *Seeker of the Picturesque*), accustomed as he is to look for beauty along certain fixed lines, he scarcely ever suspects that he can find anything to please his æsthetic sense in other directions. He will go into ecstasies over a starry night, or the pale crescent of the moon shining through the jet black fir-trees in the forest; but the beautiful, as it reveals itself in a London street by night, will too often escape his attention.

And yet this ought surely not to be so. Dead nature, landscape nature, attracts us by far too much. Real as its charms indubitably are, they belong to the superficial rather than to the internal order of things. And hence it comes that their study is so frequently carried to excess, and that their descriptions are so hackneyed as to become ridiculously trite; so much so, that a writer who seeks to be original and graphic in his delineations of scenery is almost forced to be unintelligible at times.

While, therefore, these inferior manifestations of loveliness in color and in form are so much sought after, living human nature, which is always new, which never can become the stale and hackneyed object of the artist's toil, both on account of its infinite variety and of its being so close at hand, so near to us — man, with his works and thoughts, as typified in this vast city of the world — is comparatively given over to oblivion; I mean, of course, from one particular point of view sufficiently pointed out in the foregoing lines. Yet it is but the merest truism to say that there is more of real beauty in a human face, in a stone carved by a human hand, in a toy invented for a child by a human mind, than in the cataract of Niagara or the most dazzling snow-clad summits of the Alps. And if so, what of London? Life is in movement, and here, what movement, what life! Beauty is in life; and here, therefore, what beauty! Artistic natures, that love whatever is colossal, magnificent, and sublime, could not fail to love London if they would only open their eyes and look around them on every side. Samuel Johnson would have willingly given up the country, with all its verdurous and smiling landscapes, for the scenery that his dear Fleet Street offered to his view. And the present writer, without, however, thus restricting his preference to any one part of the great metropolis, ventures to hold a similar opinion.

In many respects, London has no advantage over other cities; in several points, it is even inferior to some. The good taste shown in the architecture of its palaces and public buildings is not unfrequently questionable, to say the least. The West End itself contains few mansions that would not find their equals in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin. The old monuments scattered here and there about the town, are hardly more curious than those of most other nations, and sink into complete insignificance when we remember those of Rome. The public gardens and parks, trim and well kept as they are, exhibit nothing that, to a greater or less extent, is not to be found in every wealthy capital in Europe. But that which can be seen nowhere but in London — that which gives it its peculiar stamp and its special beauty — is its night and its fog.

Night in London!

Stand upon Westminster Bridge, and gaze at the innumerable glories reflected back by the Thames; the avenues of gas lights and rows of illuminated windows, repeated in the heaving waters, and trembling and undulating as the waters heave; the solitary electric lamp that shines out from the immense station of Charing Cross; the red, blue, and emerald green lanterns on the railway bridge far away, and the long cloud of white smoke that, iris-like, takes the color of each lantern over which it rolls, while it marks the passage of a fiery messenger along the rails; the lights of the swift, graceful steamboats below, plying upwards against the tide, or downwards with it, and making the brown waters foam and sparkle; the factories on the south side of the river, all ablaze with a thousand radiances; the long, straight line of lamps, that stretches as far as the eye can see, above Westminster Bridge, where Lambeth Hospital faces, not unworthily, the great Houses of Parliament; and with all these splendors surrounding you, and in the midst of this whirlpool movement ever more and more rapid, ever louder and louder, as the great city swells to vaster dimensions year by year — go and talk nonsense about the stars and the light of the moon! Prate about cornfields and green grass, sheep and oxen, when you see, streaming past you over the bridge — out of the darkness, into the darkness — thousands of living fellow-creatures, all of them thinking and willing, many of them loving and hating, some of them like unto holy angels, and some like fiends from hell! Oh, the dread intensity, the wonderful meaning, the turbulent grandeur of the

scene! Starlight and moonlight may indeed embellish it; the towers of Westminster, silvered with celestial radiance, may indeed look more splendid than when they loom, black and solemn, out of the lamplight and the starless obscurity; still, to my mind, these occasional interferences add but little to the scenery, and their absence does not matter much. But what would the fairest of capitals — Venice, for instance — be at night, without those lamps of Heaven? Only London gives out enough light to be, like the Medusa, beautiful by its own phosphorescence.

But still, this beauty is of a sort that the common mind, accustomed to judge of all things by precedent, is able to understand without any very great difficulty. Let us now turn to another part of the town, and walk through Drury Lane on the evening of a bank holiday, or on Saturday night. We find ourselves transported at once to an unutterably strange region, dismal to dwell in, squalid beyond description, and inhabited by a population of tame savages. An Orpheus, in the shape of an organ-grinder, makes his appearance and metaphorically "strikes the lyre," and behold, ragged and tawdry beings of all sizes, from the three-year-old child to the girl of sixteen and more, come trooping out of their unsavory wigwams, and hop about in the murky open air, under the flaring gas. "Music bath charms," it would appear; and whether this can or cannot be called music, it has indescribable charms for them. The rain begins to fall; a thin drizzle at first, it quickly becomes a heavy shower; but the dancers will not be balked of their enjoyment. So that they get all the benefit of the ball, what do these children of nature care for a drop of rain or a splash of mud more or less? And indeed the ball-room is most brilliantly lighted, and there is no want of partners; no glacial coldness, or polite ceremonial, or questions of etiquette, come in here to make the party a failure. They enjoy themselves as thoroughly and as wildly as it is possible to do. On the begrimed (but not *painted*) faces; on the scowling, laughing, saucy, devil-may-care (but never languid) countenances that move to and fro in time with the music, the fitful flickering of the gas-flames tells with admirable effect. Rembrandt might perhaps do justice to the scene. For my part, I have often stopped in my way to look at it, and would quite as willingly see that as any war-dance or bear-dance, with torches, and screams, and whoops, such as travellers tell us are to be witnessed

among the Choctaws and the Kickapoos. And yet who would care to step out of his way and view the performance? No one; or at most, very few. Why so? because "it is so low a part of the town." Now, this is just what I should like to deny. That these poor people are below the aristocracy and the highly bred portion of the middle class is, of course, undeniable; but, in my opinion, the underbred middle class is, in reality, much lower than they. Vulgarity, the very essence and perfection of vulgarity, lies in the affectation of social tastes and manners which are not natural, and this surely is the infallible criterion of a nature that is low. Supreme vulgarity is attained when persons imperfectly civilized attempt to appear more civilized than they are. Every station, when kept, has its own peculiar picturesqueness; if it is much departed from, the departure becomes ridiculous; if less so, merely vulgar. The African monarch who spoiled the picturesque bronze of his nudity with a dress coat, a white collar, and a pair of slippers, was absurd. The grocer's daughter in Dickens, who was horrified to see her father wring off half-a-dozen shrimps' heads and eat what remained at one mouthful, was vulgar. I know people who do not eat periwinkles "because it is so vulgar to do so;" not because they do not like them. Just as if the abstinence itself was not a token of vulgarity.

Now, the denizens of Drury Lane and the neighboring slums and alleys are assuredly nearer to nature than these. In their lives there is no artificiality, no make-believe, no stiffness, no inherent falsehood of any sort. If they love you they will say so; if they hate you they will curse. Lie as they may, their falsity is but upon the surface, and is less false than the truth-speaking of many other social grades. So also of their amusements; and hence it comes that, throwing their whole soul into them, they give us the picturesque, where we had least expected to find it. To see them in the excitement of the dance, when the music-man has come round to bestow a little melody and happiness upon them, is well worth many a spectacle more elegant, more sought after, and seemingly more æsthetic, and surely worth a thousand of those balls in which the daughters of the very small *bourgeoisie* purchase a few hours of fictitious amusement at the cheap rate of half-a-crown. Oh, it is a lively sight! In the background, a fruiterer's shop, adorned with plenty of gas, festoons of bright red carrots, set off with bright green leaves and bundles of snow-

white turnips, not without crowns of verdure; while the pyramids of golden oranges, and heaps of blushing apples, the red rhubarb stalks and the delicately pallid celeries complete the picture to perfection. Just in front stands the grinder with his instrument; out of pure philanthropy (for certainly he never expects to get a copper out of any of the young dancers) he turns and turns the handle with disinterested pleasure — art for art's own sake, so to speak; while on both pavements, in the gutter, and even to the middle of the street, moves a motley throng, now practising the jerky movements of the double shuffle, and now the active steps of the Highland reel; even occasionally — though here, I am sorry to say, Drury Lane verges upon true vulgarity — attempting a clumsy and dragging imitation of the waltz. But the music has ceased; a grinder cannot work forever at nothing an hour. The crowd disperses; and the children, having danced a jig or two on their way to the public house, slink home with the long-expected jug of beer, much in danger of being severely called to account for their delay. All is over. If you doubt whether the sight is worth seeing, go and see.

But the ugliness that is everywhere to be met with! — the bleary-eyed wretches that crouch, intoxicated, in dark corners; the loathsome habits of vice, graven on so many faces; the smell of the breweries and of the spirit-vaults; the rank odor of dried fish, overpowering you from the open doors of innumerable eating-houses; are these no drawbacks? can we call the scene picturesque taken in its entirety? Unreasonable objector that you are, I by no means deny that these are drawbacks that interfere *with our enjoyment* of the scene; but does it follow that it is any the less picturesque? Perhaps you do not like the smell of varnish; but would that render Raphael's Madonnas, when freshly painted, any the less beautiful? We exist in a world of real facts, which it is the business of the artist to idealize while he represents them. He must, in order to perform his task, either totally abscond from the hideous, or only bring the latter into his picture in order to set off the beautiful by contrast. Look at that comely girl, with brilliant, coal-black eyes and mantling ruddy color in her cheeks, holding in her arms a puny, weazen, leaden-faced baby; here the contrast may perhaps increase the artistic effect. But the drunken hags that stagger to and fro before the pot-house door belong to the

philanthropist and the police reporter; art has nothing to do with them, if they cannot be brought in to advantage. "Then, after all, you have to pick and choose, in order to make up your picture?" Of course; nowhere, and not more in the country than anywhere else, is everything delightful to every sense. Even in the most flowery gardens there are odors very different from those of the rose and the honeysuckle. Is there nothing unsightly in the aspect of some human animals there, nothing loathsome in the hog that wallows in filth, nothing discordant in the ass's voice? Yet we set these images aside and cling to "a bold peasantry, its country's pride;" we gaze on the swan that "on still St. Mary's Lake, floats double, swan and shadow;" we hear the song of "the wakeful nightingale" singing "all night long her amorous descant." With what consummate art Virgil, in his *Georgics*, looks at the poetical side of everything, even of a cattle plague!

The fact is that most people are under a strange delusion as regards the country and the town. Plenty of green grass and shady nooks, luxuriant foliage, waving corn, hills and valleys — all this takes us at first by surprise, and we foolishly imagine it to be the highest ideal of beauty. But after a time all these things pall upon the senses, like the decorations of a theatre when the actors have left the scene, and a feeling of insupportable lassitude takes hold of us. In the town, on the contrary, we first see nothing but the unpicturesque side — the long, straight streets, the parallel rows of houses, the want of space, and the dull sky; but if, throwing aside all foregone conclusions as to what is and what is not beautiful, we venture to call in question this sweeping condemnation, and look for beauty around us in the town — a beauty which should not be an imitation of the country, but something apart, something *sui generis*, something that belongs to the essence of the town, *as town*, and which grows necessarily greater and greater, more and more sublime, with the growth of the town itself — our search will soon be rewarded, and ever more abundantly as it is more careful. Life in town, commenced in weariness, will little by little turn to delight; while country life, beginning in delight, gradually changes into weariness. London by night, from Westminster Bridge, is darkly picturesque; in Drury Lane, wildly picturesque. It now remains for us to see London weirdly picturesque.

I was crossing the narrow bridge for

foot-passengers that runs by the side of the Charing Cross railway bridge. It was broad daylight — that is, as broad daylight as we got all that day. And yet I could see neither whence I came nor whither I was going. Men and women, like shadows, some passing one way, some the other, came out of invisible regions, and vanished into regions invisible. I looked downwards; I could just see the turbid waves below me, and their uneasy undulations to and fro. I looked upwards; a faint, hazy, bluish tint told me that there was a sky overhead. But in all the broad expanse before me I could not tell where the dark-brown hue of the Thames melted into the pale azure of the firmament. Nothing could be distinguished — absolutely nothing. The nearest bridges above and below, the houses on either side, Cleopatra's gigantic Needle, the boats and coal-barges — if, indeed, any were then moored upon the river — were all completely out of sight. I was suspended in the air between the dimly seen sky and the dimly seen waters, on a bridge that neither ended nor began, or rather, of which the beginning and the end were a few yards off from me on either side. A dozen feet or so of railing, right and left; trains constantly whizzing by, with thundering noise and exploding fog-signals; human beings, indistinct in the near distance, distinct for a moment while they pass, and then again at once indistinct and swallowed up in the cloud; a most perfect gradation from the seen to the unseen, throughout all possible varieties and shades — would not such a sight be eminently worthy of a great painter's pencil, or a great writer's pen?

Or take another point of view: Waterloo Bridge on a foggy evening; not, however, when the vapors are densest, but when they just begin to thicken, rising from the Thames. How the eye plunges down the long vista of lights — some fixed, some mobile — in the vain endeavor to distinguish Blackfriars Bridge, otherwise than by the stream of sparks that flit backwards and forwards upon it! And the eddying mists — now thicker, now thinner, as the wind's direction changes — make the lights twinkle like the stars of heaven, and more than they; some appear all but extinguished and then again revive suddenly, while the accumulated fog is driven hither and thither, up or down the stream. To use a homely comparison, the vanishings and reappearances of the lamps in the uncertain distance are not unlike the train of scintillations that

we see running on the black and shrivelled surface of paper which has just been burnt.

And has not a foggy morning its beauties too? I was not long ago journeying from Clapham to Westminster on the top of an omnibus, while a thick mist, curling and shifting about, alternately hid from view and partially revealed the rows of houses that glided past us like grey spectres. Above their roofs, but scarcely above them, the red sun peeped, or rather bounded along to keep pace with us — which he did. Sometimes he was for an instant concealed behind chimney-stacks, steeples, or public edifices, and then he again showed his fiery orb, broad and brilliant. And, as we pass before Kennington Park, the skeleton trees one after another cover the golden globe with a delicate, black, ever-changing network of branches — a sight not to be despised. Now we turn away; our direction has changed, and the sun disappears. Shall we no more see him beaming jovially and genially into our faces — not a god too bright to be gazed at, but the familiar companion of our journey? Yes, there he is! — again, though but for a short time, we see him bounding along the horizon, as if to bid us farewell.

Now all that effect is owing to the fog. Say what you will against it, I still maintain that no one can truthfully deny the picturesque beauty obtained by the agent that, instead of letting you shut your eyes from the dazzling sunbeams, brings the great giver of light himself into the landscape, and contrasts his living, burning globe of flame with the cold, angular outlines of the grey, shrouded houses and the dead, leafless boughs of the desolate trees. Is not this contrast beautiful? Yet nobody notices it, because it is at our doors. How many remarked it that morning from the tops of their omnibuses! And if I saw it, small merit to me; had I chanced to have been reading a paper, Sir Robert Morier's quarrel with young Bismarck or Boulanger and M. Jacques would have absorbed me completely. Life in London does not, for most men at least, exhaust all the possibilities of the picturesque; only we get accustomed not to seek for it, not to think of it even, in connection with our daily life. And no wonder. "What we have seen a thousand times is not worth seeing;" such is the instinctive axiom of the common mind, than which nothing can be falser or more foolish. For, if the fact that we have gazed upon anything rendered that thing less beautiful, we must

have the evil eye. The children of Israel in the desert grew so used to see, day after day, night after night, the cloudy pillar and the pillar of fire, that at last they took no notice at all of these wonders, and in their presence, broke out into idolatry and rebellion against Jehovah. They were a stiffnecked generation; and so are we.

Not all of us, however. Some men have souls, artistic souls that rise above this dead level. And their souls yearn for mystery. From the clear, hard light of science they fly, when wearied, to the dusky, misty regions of faith. After having waked, we must sleep; one state comes in aid to the other; each is the half of life. And so is faith also the half of thought, with its mysteries and its indistinct revelations of we know not what. The fog symbolizes all this. It figures forth with marvellous truth the conditions of our knowledge, beginning in ignorance, ending in ignorance, and spreading only a very little way around us on each side. In the weird indistinctness that it sheds upon everything in this world of London — clothing the Houses of Parliament with phantom drapery, effacing the hands on the dial of the clock tower, and annihilating to the eye the mighty dome of St. Paul's, while leaving its foundations and walls intact — the fog throws the glamor of mystery over all, and thus gives a touch of poetry to a wilderness of buildings that would by themselves be too prosaic, too matter-of-fact.

But it may be said that I plead for the fog in general, not for the London fog. What is there of the beautiful in this dingy yellowish monster, shedding flakes of black snow all round, and almost stifling you in the thick folds of its close embrace? I own that this dinginess, this jaundice hue, this combination of smoke and mist that gives the very sun a "sickly glare" and extinguishes the electric lights at a hundred yards, seems to be, and is, repulsive. But take away the idea of mere annoyance, of trifling inconvenience, which the fog suggests, and try to substitute that of a terrible calamity of which it might be either the cause or the accompaniment; you will no longer say that the fog's appearance is "horrid" or "disgusting," but rather confess it to be fearful and grand in the extreme. When you see at the end of a long, interminable street a thick volume of fog settling down and rolling onwards in triumph, fancy that it is the plague-cloud, conveying deadly germs into every household that it reaches; or

imagine that London, besieged by the enemy, is burning, and that the fog-signals are the detonations of shells from hostile batteries; or think that Vesuvius, when about to overwhelm Pompeii, began by rolling forth such a cloud down its sides. You will soon find it terribly picturesque. And, therefore, as the fog is not so, that arises only from our associations, disagreeable indeed, but without the element of grandeur that might attach to them.

London, the metropolis of the world, is unique; it is meet that its beauties should be unique also. At the hour when the charms of Nature vanish from sight, or only come forth if the heavens lend their aid, London, all the year round, spreads before all beholders a constant panorama of splendor and of brilliancy. In the lowest depths, in the mud abysses of this ocean of humanity, we often and often perceive wild glimpses of rude and savage, but joyful and exuberant life. And at those seasons when the enchantment of verdure ceases in the groves, when the magic of sunlight loses its power in meadow and field, the enchantment of another magic lends to the buildings and the streets of London a mysterious charm for him who has eyes to see.

M. H. DZIEWICKI.

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From Murray's Magazine.  
JOEL QUAIFE'S RETURN.

I.

IN one of the most solitary ranges of the South Downs a man was fighting his way against a storm of wind and rain, which seemed to beat upon him from all quarters of the heavens at once. Night was coming on, and heavy clouds were blowing up from seaward. Sometimes the "denes," or valleys, were full of mist, and the man looked round him every now and then as if he were not sure of his track. A sort of mystery always hovers over the South Downs in the dim light of a winter's evening. The winds rush in and out of the hollows with strange, wild sounds. Sometimes they fill the air with cries which seem to come from human beings in pain. A nervous or superstitious person might imagine that the weird spirits which, as the old people believe, still linger in these secluded hills were holding high carnival, and seeking to drive the intruding mortal from their domain. Every such sound evidently had an effect upon the man who was battling against the storm

on this December night. Wet, cold, and miserable, he looked eagerly round for some place of shelter. There was nothing better than the thick furze, which, in some places, had grown to a height of ten or twelve feet. A pile which had been cut for fuel stood ready to be carted off by the side of the faint track the man was following. He threw himself down at the back of it, so as to get some shelter from the wind, and lit a short, black pipe. For a little while he sat motionless, puffing jets of smoke from his mouth; then he began talking in a low voice, as if some one had silently joined him.

"I was a fool to come here at all," he said; "but I never till now fancied there was any danger in it. Night and day, something was always pushing me on to come back. If it all turns out right, I shall say it was luck; anyhow, it can't be worse than it was over there in Canady. *There's* a starvation hole for you, if you like! I thought I might as well be hard up here as there — if you've got to starve, may as well do it in your own country. It comes a bit easier at home — anyhow, I fancied so. Must die somewhere — what's the odds where, provided it isn't —" Here the man stopped short, and stood up and looked round him nervously. There was a hunted look in his eyes; for a moment or two his hand shook so that the pipe fell from it, and lay in fragments on the ground. This mishap appeared to rouse him from his dreams.

"That's gone," said he, with an oath, as he kicked the broken pipe from him; "it was about the only thing I had left. What the deuce came over me all at once?" He shook himself impatiently, and strode on towards the ridge of the hill, in the hope of descrying some cottage or barn before the night set in. His head was bent down, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he went along at a pace which showed that he was still in the full vigor of his powers. By the time he neared the ridge, there was so little daylight left that he could scarcely see more than a few yards round him in any direction. The only object on which his eyes fell was a small cottage, in a hollow of the Downs, with a large, rambling barn standing near it — a place where, at least, a rough shelter might be found. The man quickened his steps until he got close to the cottage, when some unaccountable impulse seemed to stop him, and again the hunted look came into his face. In a moment he had hurried from the direction of the cottage down towards the valley.

"Anywhere but there," he muttered, as he tried to retrace his steps. "I thought I was miles away from here. The round tops of these hills are enough to confuse the very deuce. But I know where I am now. I can get to Newhaven in an hour."

The darkness had come on so quickly that the hour had passed away, and another after it, and still the traveller was as far as ever from Newhaven.

## II.

A FEW minutes after he had turned away from the cottage, a strange-looking figure was advancing towards it from an opposite direction. It was dressed in a long coat reaching to the heels; on its head was a dilapidated felt hat; in the right hand it brandished a long, ash stick, which it sometimes threw with sure aim at a small herd of cows. Presently a cry was heard from the direction of the cottage, a cry several times repeated: "Barbara, Barbara!" The person in the long coat answered with a peculiar whoop, which rung through the hollows far and near. Apparently the signal was understood, for the call was not renewed. The cows were shut up in the barn, and the long-coated figure made its way towards the cottage, at the door of which an old man was standing.

"Here you be at last," said he querulously; "I began to be afeared you was lost. Come in, gal, come in! My rheumatics is worse than ever, and I be that dog-tired I can scarcely stand. I brought in the 'ood, and lit the fire; let us have our bit o' supper afore it gets bedtime. What's the good o' bein' so late?"

The long coat was taken off, and the wearer shook her black hair free from the rain which had gathered in it. Her frame was vigorous and strong, but in her eyes there was a half vacant and wandering look, and she seemed unconscious even of her father's presence after the first greeting. She went about the cottage talking to herself as she spread a homely, but clean, cloth for the evening meal. In the corner stood her father's crook, the true crook of a South Down shepherd. It had belonged to John Zone's grandfather, and few are to be seen like it in these degenerate days. The girl touched it in a friendly way as she passed, threw a fresh heap of faggots upon the fire, and then took her supper by fits and starts, the father watching her with uneasy glances. At last she sat down on a low stool by the side of the fire, and rocked herself to and

fro, humming broken snatches of songs, as if she were singing a child to sleep.

"Ay, that's the way she goes on now," said the old man, with a heavy sigh. "That's been her way ever since the night her mother died. It's over ten years ago this very month, and she gets worse and worse. At first she would talk to me now and then; now she says nothing for two or three days together, unless I ask her about them cows. Barbara, Barbara, I say!" and here the shepherd raised his voice a little, "the beastës have got the disease down at Mus' Vinall's farm. It be a spreadin' all over. Has any o' your cows been took?"

"No, father; there's one a little lame, but it be'ant the disease. I don't let them go near Mus' Vinall's land." Then she relapsed into dead silence.

"Ask her a question about the beastës," muttered the shepherd, "and she'll answer you like any Christian; but if you speak to her 'bout sothin' else, she turns deaf or foolish, like she is now." The girl was looking straight at him, but apparently she did not see him. Her mind, for the moment, was a perfect blank.

"She saw that man," muttered the father, in a lower tone; "perhaps she actually saw it done. She was took the same night as her mother died — I thought she knew who did it. But she could not speak; for a long time she was a daft. She were allus fond of her mother, poor gal, and still thinks she's comin' home some day."

The shepherd lit his pipe, and sat down opposite his daughter at the fireside, but she took no heed of him. Her hands were clasped round her knees, and except for the crooning sound which she occasionally made, and her rocking motion, she showed no sign of life or consciousness. The shepherd had fallen half asleep, and his daughter appeared to be asleep too; but at length she turned her head towards the door, and drew herself up in a listening attitude. The storm had increased in violence, and swept over the Downs in sudden gusts which shook the cottage until doors and windows rattled. But these were not the sounds which roused the girl. She stood up and put her hands on her father's shoulder.

"What's the matter with thee now?" he asked. "One of thy bad dreams comin' on? Better have it out up-stairs, gal. Go to bed; it's a'most nine, I reckon." But she did not change her position. She pointed to the door, and said, "There is some one coming; we must let him in."

The father looked up astonished. "It's one of they tramps," he replied; "why should we let him in? He must go on furder, I reckon, for I won't have him here. The last one we took in gave us a lot of trouble before we were rid an him. There were no tramps on these Downs when I was a lad; but now they're all over the country, for beggin' comes easier than workin' to some folk. I allus thought it must have been a tramp that was here the night your mother died; but no one can tell now — unless it be you."

"There it is again," said the girl, apparently not hearing him. Three loud blows upon the door resounded through the little room.

"It be the wind; haven't ye larned to know its tricks yet? Doesn't it sometimes nearly break the door in, ay, and make the walls quake like as if they'd coom down? I tell ye there be nobody theer; why dost look so scared? If it is a tramp, ye needn't be so afear'd — ye've seen one afore to-day, surely?"

"I know who it is," said the girl, with a strange fire in her eye, "and he must come in. I knew he'd be here at last."

"Who do you mean?" asked the shepherd, taking the girl by the shoulder, as if trying to awaken her. "Why don't ye go to bed?"

"I tell you, father, he must come in," she repeated; and there was something in her manner which compelled him to give way. She motioned him towards the door, and a spell seemed to be upon him. He took up his crook, and went to the door, while his daughter watched him as if all power of movement and speech had been taken from her.

### III.

THE bolt was drawn back, at the same moment the latch was lifted from without, and a man hustled himself into the room. For a moment or two he stood as if bewildered, and there was a strange silence. The stranger's gaze was fixed from the first moment upon Barbara. He stood staring at her as if she had been the ghost of one whom he had known long ago, and under the first influence of some strong emotion he turned to the door to face the storm and darkness again, but a look from the girl seemed to hold him fast. He was a man of about fifty, with a grizzled beard and thin hair, wrinkled and worn in feature, and a restless look hovered over his face.

"Well, some of you here know me, I suppose," said he, with a hard laugh, as



he threw his hat upon the floor, and passed his hands over his dripping clothes. "I've been out there long enough, and thought I'd just drop in to see you, in a friendly way. I reckon *you've* seen me before, anyhow," and he turned to the shepherd as he spoke. John Zone looked at him doubtfully, then went up closer to him and peered into his face.

"So you're back again," said he, when he had finished his scrutiny; "I thought you were dead long ago, Joel Quaife!" The daughter started slightly when the name was mentioned, and she again fixed her eyes searchingly upon the stranger. Her gaze irritated him, and he turned impatiently away.

"Dead men don't come back, John Zone," said he, "whatever they may tell 'ee. The women folk may, though," he added, with a sort of shiver; "leastways, I know of one as does, and not only at night nuther; I've seen her at times when I knew I was awake. You can't keep 'em from worritin' of ye, livin' or dead." He moved round to the fire as he spoke, and sat down on the stool before it.

"What brings thee back here when every one thought thee dead?" asked the shepherd suspiciously.

"I came back because I was tired of furrin parts," replied the stranger. "I thought all my old friends would be glad to see me again; but you don't seem to be over glad."

"Have ye been far away?" said the shepherd, not committing himself to any opinion.

"Ay, to Ameriky, Canady, all sorts of places. At last I wanted to see the old country again; but I'm thinkin' I'd better ha' stayed where I was. I've been wanderin' round this house the last three hours at least—lost! These Downs all look alike at night."

"Coom a little nearer the fire," said the shepherd, moved to sympathy, in spite of his distrust.

"I'll be glad enough to do that, for I'm nearly starved with the cold. I did my best to get on to Newhaven, but somehow I was always brought back to your cottage, and glad I was at last to see the light in your window. I thought to sleep among the furze, but it was too cold and wet. So I had to come here after all—it's what they call fate, and you can't run away from that. Anyhow, I'm here, and I can't stand that cold outside any more to-night. So you'll let me bide here, John, for the sake of old times?" As he spoke his eye rested upon Barbara, and a fit of ague

seemed to seize him. He trembled all over, and his teeth chattered violently. The shepherd looked at him in alarm.

"Don't be scared," said the man, "you've seen the shakes before to-day, down in the brooks yonder. I caught mine in Ameriky. They're bigger over there, to match the country." As he spoke, Barbara came softly to the fire and threw more fuel upon it.

"That's right," said the stranger, rubbing his hands gleefully; "there was always lots o' dry fuzz about here, and it makes a good fire when you can't get nothing better. On with it, lass. There's a wind outside enough to freeze a man's heart in him, if he had any to freeze. Who is she?" he said to Zone, pointing to Barbara. "She stares at me as if I had come out of a wild beast show. What ails her?"

"It's my darter. Don't you remember her?"

"I never see her before as I know on, but she'll remember *me* next time." The girl laughed aloud, but there was a ring in her laugh which the stranger evidently did not like. He left off rubbing his hands, and looked hard and long at the girl.

"Is she a natural, or what?" he asked. He seemed to shrink as the girl returned his gaze in an undaunted manner.

"She's never been right," exclaimed Zone, "since that awful night we had here ten years and more ago. We found her in the marnin', all soft and foolish like, tryin' to hide away from us, and her senses never came back to her. You were away, then, I reckon? Did you hear tell of it?"

"Hear of what? What are you mumbly about? You've got a nice family party here!—one of ye quite cracked, and the other three parts. You must make each other lively these long nights!" He burst into a hard, grating laugh, which seemed to jar on Barbara's nerves. She shivered as she turned her face from the man.

"The night when the poor missis died," said Zone, who had been plunged in his own thoughts. "Of course you've heard how it all happened?"

"How should I hear of it when I was in another country?" replied the stranger irritably. "What's the good of rakin' up all your old troubles? Let 'em sleep, man; that's what I do, leastways, when I can. It doesn't pay to go pokin' and rummagin' into one's past life—you a'most always find something you didn't want to see again. Let sleeping dogs lie, and tell that gal o' your'n to get me something to

eat. You've got a crust of bread and cheese, I suppose? Now, my lass!" he added sharply.

"Let her bide," said the shepherd. "She don't understand 'ee. Once in a while she can tell what I say to her, but it's all unsartain like. She's got one of her fits on her now." The poor old man looked at her attentively and shook his head. "Anybody would think," said he, "that there was something about you that frightened her. She ain't often like this." Barbara had crouched down in a corner near the door, moaning softly as if in pain. "I told you she's been light-headed ever since she was a child. It was cruel hard on me, comin' just after I lost her mother. Nay, man," he went on, seeing that the stranger was rapidly losing his temper, "never mind her starin' at ye like that; it's only her way. Likely as not she doesn't even see you. She's in a sort o' mizmaze."

"Well, anyhow, let's have something to drink," said the man, with a dark look still on his face. "It may be all right what you say about the gal, but I shouldn't care to see her often. You've got whiskey, I suppose? Pull it out; my throat is as dry as a limekiln. This place and your mad wench have upset me. Give us something to drink, and be quick about it." His manner was rapidly becoming insolent, and now he struck his fist heavily on the table as he spoke.

"I got nothin' but a little whiskey that I keep for the rheumatics," said the shepherd nervously. Little observant though he was, he could not fail to notice that his unwelcome guest had already been drinking, and he rose reluctantly to get his bottle. Once more the stranger struck the table so violently that the girl was startled into consciousness, and made a sudden movement to reach a knife that lay upon the table; but in an instant her mood changed, she nodded to the man vacantly, and again turned away.

"Roof all off," said the man, touching his head. "Why don't you shut her up in an asylum? It's all she's good for. Out with the whiskey," he went on impatiently. "Pack the gal off to bed; we've had enough of her." He seized the bottle, and tossed off a glass of the spirit with a quick, nervous movement. "Keep it for rheumatics, do you?" said he, as he put down the glass. "That's about all it's good for. I needn't have come all this way to drink bad whiskey — there's plenty of it in Ameriky. And so the girl was born like that?"

"No, no; I told you it was only since her mother died. Sometimes we think she must have seen what happened in the old barn yonder. All her singin' stops short when she comes in sight of that place. If she saw that night's work, it was enough to drive her crazed, surelye. The poor missis had never done harm to any living creature, and" — the shepherd lowered his voice and spoke in an awe-struck whisper — "they murdered her for my week's wages. And you never to hear tell on it! Why, everybody was a-talkin' about it, and folks did say as it war in a' the papers. The people actially knew of it away up in Lonnon."

"Well, I didn't," interrupted the man, more and more irritably, "and for a good reason. I was far enough from here long before that night as you keep on talkin' of. Don't you remember me goin' off to get work? Well, I've been knockin' about ever since. I wasn't doin' well, and I thought I'd like to see the old home again, down yonder." His voice and manner softened a little as he spoke these words. "That's a feeling you don't seem to get over, no matter where you go. Though I don't suppose there'd be any one but you hereabouts who'd know me now; that's why I thought I'd look in on you, and ask you to let me stay the night. You won't mind doin' that much for an old friend?"

"Ay, do it, father," broke in the girl suddenly, to the intense astonishment of both the men. "We'll take care of him till the marning, and then" — again she burst into a loud, vacant laugh, which seemed to send a thrill through the stranger.

"Never mind her, I tell 'ee," interrupted the shepherd, seeing that the visitor had risen from his chair and seized the girl by the wrist; "she don't know what she says. Why, man, you look as if you were afeard of her. Let her go, and sit 'ee down, if ye don't want to make everybody oncomfortable. She ain't much to frighten anybody! She just picks up a word here and there, but don't understand you, nor nobody else. She'll never be different now, they tell me. Doctor says it was a shock as did it. A shock of some kind, that's what the doctor says. And a great shock it must ha' been if she saw her mother killed. My poor missis was a lyn' in the barn over yonder, stretched out on the straw, stark dead, with a great big cruel stab in her. It was done for the little wage she'd been down to the farm to get. It must have been dark when she

got back, for it was about this very time of the year, and she never left the house till nigh fower."

"Cut the story short," said the man, muttering an oath. "Haven't you got anything more sociable like to talk about?"

"Not till nigh fower," the shepherd went on, too intent upon his story to heed interruption. "I was makin' a fold for the sheep down in the bottom, where the feed was, and once I thought I heard a strange kind of cry. But I was hammerin' at the wattles, and worn't sure; besides, you know how the wind sounds up here very often, just like women and children screamin' and shoutin'. It is as if some one was close behind you. But that night when I stopped to listen I didn't hear nothin'; it was still as death all at once. After an hour or so I got home, but the missis worn't there. I thought mebber she'd gone into Lewes to do some marketin' and taken the girl with her; she was about ten year old then. Neither of them came home. I waited and waited; bimeby summat or other took me out to the barn, and what do you think I seed there?"

"Confound you — how should I know?" The stranger poured out another glass of spirits, and drank it almost at a gulp. He gave a vicious kick at the fire, and was evidently falling into a half drunken, quarrelsome fit. The girl had her head hidden in her hands, apparently fast asleep.

"It was my missis lyin' all bleedin', her bonnet tore off, her pocket cut out of her gownd, and all the money gone."

"Did she say anything?" asked the man eagerly. In spite of himself this part of the shepherd's story seemed to interest him.

"How could she say anything? Don't I tell 'ee she was stone dead?"

"And did you see nobody about?"

"Nobody but the old dog. My little gal — her as you see theer — had run away or suthin'. But the next marnin', when I opened the door, there she was sittin' down outside, all shrivelled up with the cold, and lookin' to'rds the barn as if she see'd some'at that scared her. Soon as I opened the door she ran in and throwed herself on her bed up-stairs alongside our'n; and there she lay for a week, and scarce ever raised her head. The doctor came over once from Newhaven and said she wouldn't get well; but she did, except here," and the shepherd placed his hand gently upon her head. "She is fit for nuthin' now but mindin' the cows, and that she does better than any one else.

Bless ye, she gives 'em all names, and they knows her ever so far off."

Joel Quaife nodded sullenly, and again helped himself to Zone's hoard of whiskey, which was now all gone. Then he drew from his pocket a flat stone bottle, and quickly emptied that, and before the shepherd had finished his story — for he went over it more than once — he had fallen into a stupid, heavy, drunken sleep. The shepherd also was tired and drowsy. His voice fell, his chin sunk upon his breast, and soon all was silent in the room.

Barbara raised her head, and looked cautiously round. Her first glance was at the stranger. She soon saw that he was unconscious of everything around him. She approached him closely, and bent over him for two or three minutes, intently scrutinizing every feature. A strange excitement was upon her, and yet there was an alertness in her movements, and a keen look in her eyes, which her father had never seen there before. She touched him slightly, and he looked round at her in a gaze of startled amazement.

"What's the matter, gal?" He spoke in a whisper, so much had the change in his daughter's face surprised him.

"Hush!" She put her finger on her lips, and whispered back a few words to the old man. He seemed as if he had not understood her. She moved quickly and silently to the other side of the table, and as she did so her sleeve touched the stone bottle, and it fell with a crash to the floor. The noise awoke the stranger in an instant. He stood up and gave a quick glance of alarm round the room, and snatched the heavy iron poker from the fender. The girl watched every movement closely, but evidently without a trace of fear.

"Where am I?" said he, turning to the shepherd. No one answered him. He looked unsteadily round, and sat down again. "It's all right," he murmured to himself. "There's only that old fool and his idiot girl here. I must have been dreamin'." He was about to sink off into his drunken sleep again, when the shepherd went up to him and shook him.

"When be you agoin', Joel Quaife?" he shouted in the man's ear; "it be a-gettin' late, and we must be up airy. You've drank all the whiskey long ago." But the man did not seem to hear him. His senses were confused, and blank oblivion was evidently stealing over him.

"Better for 'ee to go over to the barn, if ye cannot get on further to-night," said Zone, still speaking as if his guest were deaf.

"Didn't you say *she* was killed in there?" murmured the man, with a partial gleam of consciousness.

"What's that to thee? It was over ten years ago, and there's nothing to harm any one now. We've nowhere else to put 'ee. So come along, man — here, Barbara, bring the lantern. It's warm and comfortable in there; but if he likes outside better he can stay there among the fuzz."

"This way," said the girl, taking the man by the other arm, and leading him along. A curse was growled from between his teeth, but both father and daughter were strong, and with little trouble they got him over the few paces which separated the cottage from the barn. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold than he sank down in a heap on the floor among the straw, the shepherd took up the lantern, and his daughter followed him back to the cottage — though not before she had put up the heavy wooden bar which secured the door of the barn. What was inside now had to stay there till the morning.

## IV.

How long Joel Quaife had been sleeping he knew not, but suddenly he was roused by a voice calling to him out of the darkness. He sat up and listened, but there was no sound. He tried to go to sleep again, but a light seemed to be dancing before his eyes, and the shepherd's story about the murdered woman found its tangled way into his drink-sodden brain. In the midst of the unearthly stillness of the night a wild shriek seemed now and then to rend the air, and once more his name was called aloud. He tried to drag himself to the door, but he seemed unable to make the slightest exertion. All his senses were partially stupefied. With uncertain and rambling fingers, he gathered the straw round him, and relapsed into a deep but uneasy sleep.

An hour later all was still. In the cottage the inmates were apparently at rest; there was no light, and no one was stirring. But Barbara Zone was still waiting and watching, all her delusions gone, and a new intelligence alive within her long-shattered mind. There was no clock in the house, but she was accustomed to read the heavens, and knew the signs of the hours written there, by day or night. The moon was in its decline, and began to show its white crescent face over the top of the Downs. The bark of a dog miles away rang clear in the frosty air. From the fold below there reached her ears the tinkling of a sheep bell, melting as it trav-

elled along into a soft and plaintive melody. The wind had fallen, and but for these sounds the heavens and the earth alike were wrapped in silence.

Barbara Zone rose up and seized the short stake with which her cattle were familiar, and put on her hat and the long, tattered coat. She moved with a noiseless step, evidently fearful of waking the old man in the chamber above. She took a stout rope, which was sometimes used for tethering up the cows, gently opened the door, and passed out into the night. The steep "combes," deep in couch grass, were hidden in the darkness, but here and there could be discerned the white top of one of the old chalk roads, or "borstalls," which climb the sides of the Downs, and which for hundreds of years have been highroads between the scattered hamlets of the hills and the people of the plains. The girl looked round her nervously, for the old legends of the Downs were all realities to her. She had seen the rings on the grass made by the fairies in their midnight dances, and knew that they sometimes came in a single night. A few miles off, in one of the hollows, a gipsy woman had been found many a year ago, frozen to death. She still wandered about the Downs in dark or stormy weather; people had met her with a basket of knitted work upon her arm, on her way from village to village, just as she used to go when their fathers were little children. Barbara Zone had often looked out for her; but since her mother's death it was a different form which she was ever watching for, and which she sometimes believed she saw gliding through the furze, or along the lonely hollows. To-night she knew for certain that this form was near her, and that she was going to meet it. But every trace of nervousness passed from her face, and she walked with a firm and light step towards the barn.

She crept stealthily to the door, and listened breathlessly for any sound from within. There was none. Then she slowly and cautiously let down the bar, and opened the door wide enough to enable her to slide through. Once inside, she stood and listened again, and this time she could hear the heavy breathing of a man in a deep sleep. A few, faint rays of moonlight were visible here and there through the chinks of the wall and roof, but Barbara could have found her way in the dark. She moved carefully over the floor, until she came to the sleeping man. As she stood over him she could see that he was being racked with terrible dreams.

There were moments when he was trying to cry out, and others when he was enacting some part in a fierce struggle, for his chest heaved convulsively, his hands clutched at the straw on which he was lying, and he made a desperate effort to rise to his feet. Barbara looked on with a hard, fierce expression in her eyes, and noiselessly lit a candle, placed it in her lantern, and stood it on the ground in such a way that the light was hidden from the man's eyes. She then stooped down and gazed into the sleeper's face. There was something in her own expression as she watched which seemed to take all traces of the woman out of her features. Her lips were compressed, and a fierce light gleamed in her eyes. She crawled nearer and nearer to the man, who was still stupefied with the whiskey, and with a quick and dexterous movement she passed the rope she had brought with her round his arms above his elbows, and again round his wrists, and with still greater rapidity she carried one end of it in a loop round his neck, and made it fast to the head of the stall to which the man had retreated for warmth. Then she stood back and laughed, for she saw that, the more violently her prisoner struggled, the more certain he was to strangle himself.

## v.

So expertly had Joel Quaife been pinioned that he was not fully roused from his sleep before he was entirely helpless. The great physical strength of the girl, and her skilful handling of the rope, had put the stranger in her power before he regained consciousness. The first movement he made tightened the rope round his neck, and a cry of terror burst from his lips. He tried to spring up, but the noose held his neck as in a vice; he tried to get his hands free, but the harder he pulled the tighter became his bonds. The shepherd's daughter sat down and watched his efforts with a savage delight. "Father taught me how to tie a rope like that years ago," she said to herself; "I never thought it would be so useful as it is to-night." As Quaife's senses slowly returned, he looked at the girl with a sort of dim surprise. "It's only the mad wench," he muttered. "At first I thought it was—the other one. I must get out of this place, or I shall go mad myself." But he could not move without pain, and presently he lay back and looked at the girl, and a horrible fear crept into his very heart. He roused himself from this, and

cursed the girl from between his blanched lips.

"What devil's tricks are you up to now?" he said hoarsely. "Come and undo this rope, you crack-brained hussey, or I'll wring your neck for you. What are you staring like that for? Do you know me?"

"Ay, well I do," replied the girl, with a calmness which increased the dread that had stolen over her prisoner. Was her madness of the night before merely feigned? The rope seemed to be eating into his neck as the suspicion crossed his mind. "Well do I know thee," she continued. "Do you think I could forget you after what I have seen? I knew I should find you some day, because she has come in the night and told me so. But it seemed a long time waiting for you, and sometimes I thought you were never coming. When you put your face in at the door last night I knew you the first moment. This is the very place—do you remember?"

"Remember what, you mad moll? I've never seen you before, nor you me."

"Ay, keep on saying that, Joel Quaife, and see who'll believe you after they've heard what I've got to tell 'em. I was lookin' in at yonder door, ten years ago, when a man came out of the barn with a knife in his hand. He turned round and almost saw me, but I hid myself, and ran away, and crouched down in the furze. I saw him all the while, though he didn't know it." The man uttered a growl like that of a wild beast, and glared at the girl with a fury which might well have made her tremble, but she looked on at him calm and unconcerned.

"Many a time since," she went on, "I have seen that man's cruel face, on the Downs or in the combs, and always as it was as he came out of that door—with a streak of blood across it. I forgot everything else, but not that. My head has been in a whirl these many years, but now it is right again. You were that man, Joel Quaife!"

"It's a lie, you lunatic," growled the man.

"Last night, as you sat by the fire, I made up my mind what I would do. Father could not have helped me, and I should have been afraid for him to go near you. So I had to manage you myself, and I think I have done it pretty well."

Quaife gave one more violent wrench at the rope, but was soon obliged to admit that the girl spoke the truth. Her work

had been done so well that there was no chance of undoing it.

"I am going to wait till father comes," said the girl, watching every movement of her prisoner; "he will go over to Lewes, and fetch the police. You will be tried for killing my mother, and hanged over yonder at the jail."

"Why, you idiot," said Quaife, with a forced laugh, "do you think any one will believe you? Don't everybody know you ought to have been sent to the 'sylum long ago? Come, undo this rope, you Jezebel, or I'll make it worse for you."

"I'm not afraid about their believing me," said the girl quietly. "You've washed the blood off your face, but you can't wash out the murder. You killed her for a few shillings, and she was buried in the little churchyard below. But she has been following you ever since, and at last she has brought you here again — to be hung. You couldn't help comin', and you can't help yourself now."

"Come now," said Quaife, in a coaxing tone, "there's been enough of this. I tell ye, I never saw your mother in my life. You've made a mistake, my girl. Undo this rope like a good wench, and I'll give thee a sovereign. There's plenty of time for me to get away before your father comes, and I'll tell no one what has happened. You've had a kind of nightmare, but I don't bear thee any grudge. Only loose this rope, and let me be off."

"The rope has made a red mark round your neck," said the girl, in a tone which made Quaife's blood run cold. "It is the hangman's mark! He will know you by it when he sees you, and he'll not have long to wait."

The man uttered a groan, and threw himself down under the head of the stall, in such a position as to lessen the strain of the rope. "Go and fetch your father," he groaned. "Tell him to come and see the wild beast show as you've set up here. Tell him there's two tigers, a male and a she-male, and hang me if the she-male isn't the savagest."

At that moment the voice of John Zone was heard calling for his daughter. She gave the peculiar cry which was her usual signal, and in a few minutes her father appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, father," said the girl, with a faint smile; "it's only Joel Quaife. He is waiting to go to the big jail. We both began to think you was never coming. Get your breakfast first, father — I don't want any to-day — and then you can go and fetch a policeman."

"Barbara, my lass," said Zone, with a half-frightened glance at his daughter, "what ails thee? Go back in the cottage, and get thy breakfast. This is goin' to be one of thy bad days. Why, what have you been doing in here?" His eye for the first time fell upon Joel Quaife, and he started back astounded, for he had taken his daughter's words as nothing more than an indication of a fresh delusion. When he saw Quaife a prisoner, unable to move without pain, the old shepherd trembled, for the event which he had in secret long dreaded seemed now to have happened — the harmless craze of poor Barbara had turned into a dangerous form of madness.

"Why, Joel," said he, in a sorrowful voice, "how cam'st thou to let her tie thee up like this?"

"She came on me when I was asleep, four or five hours ago. And she's been watching me ever since. She'll bring thee into trouble, John Zone; you've no right to have a raving lunatic like this at large, trying to murder people. Come, man, don't stand gaping there — take that knife from your mad wench, and cut the rope. I ought to have been well on my way to Newhaven long ago." He saw that Zone was hesitating, and in his nervous anxiety he bit at the rope round his wrists, and struggled until it almost cut into his flesh.

The shepherd stood helpless and stupefied. The first fear of his daughter's utter madness had taken possession of his senses; but as he looked at her, and noticed her calmness, a new idea came into his mind. Evidently, she knew what she was about. Had Quaife been trying to rob him, and had the girl discovered it in time? There was not much to lose in his poor cottage, but enough to tempt a ne'er-do-well like Quaife. "What made you do this?" he asked the girl.

"Come on, John Zone," the prisoner burst out feverishly, "she doesn't know what she's doing. Cut this cursed rope, and I'll say no more about it. The gal is not responsible for anything she does. Only look sharp, man. If you'd ha' been tied up here like a hog all these hours, you'd be ready to be cast off by now. So look alive."

As John Zone moved forward to obey him, his daughter stood in his way and caught him by the arm. Her cool manner and her deliberate words made him pause in a moment.

"You must not let him go, father," said she. "The police must come; if you

undo that rope now, he will murder you — the same as he killed my mother!"

The shepherd fell back as if he had received a heavy blow.

"He — Joel Quaife — killed your mother?"

"She lies!" hissed out Quaife; but his lips were white and parched, and a horrible fear once more entered into his heart. "If you keep me here much longer, it will not be *me* that the police will want, but *you*, John Zone! You shall pay for this as sure as you're born. I never see the gal or her mother afore, and don't want to see 'em again.

"Go to Lewes, father," said the girl, in the same quiet tones which had overawed the old shepherd, "and tell the police what I have done, and ask them to come up here. I saw this man come out of the barn the night my mother was killed. I was only a child then, but I recollect it. What happened to me, father?" She put her hand upon her father's arm, and looked earnestly into his face, as if to read the mystery which was hidden from her. "Have I been ill? I remember all that happened that night — the man there; my poor mother lying bleeding; the knife on the ground. Then I felt something break in my head, and the hills all turned round, and since that I cannot recollect anything, till last night. Have I been away, father? Is it long ago since that night? The man there — I see him just the same as he was when mother died. He came over the hill in the evening, after she got back with your wages. It was bitter cold, snow was comin' on, and mother went into the barn for some wood. This man was watching her from the thick furze — I saw it all, though I did not know what it meant. I saw him go into the barn, and afterwards I heard mother scream. I ran and looked in, and mother was lyin' down, and then this man ran past me, and threw down a knife. I picked it up, and went in to see what was the matter with mother, but I could not make her hear me. See, there are two letters on the handle of the knife — J. Q. I never told anybody where I found it, but there's many who know it to be Joel Quaife's. Twenty in the village can prove it to be his'n. So now let the police settle with him. Ask him if he did it? He will not deny it when all the people come before the judge." The girl leaned over Quaife as she spoke, with the knife outstretched, and glared at him with a look that made him shudder.

"It's his knife, sure enough," said the

shepherd. "I remember it well, for I've borrowed it off him before now."

"She stole it out of my pocket a few minutes before you came in," said Quaife desperately. "Come and uncut the rope with it, and don't be a fool."

"Not just yet," replied the shepherd slowly. "There may be something in what the gal says. Anyhow, she's got the knife, and some one else ought to hear her story. I shall just do as she says, and go and tell the police. But suppose he gets loose while I'm away?" He turned to the girl as he said this.

"No fear," said she, with a hard laugh. "And, if he did, you forget I have this!" She held the knife up as she spoke, and Quaife fell back in silence. He seemed to have made up his mind to give up the struggle, and the shepherd was far on his road before he knew that he was gone.

#### VI.

"WE'VE suspected Master Joel all along," said the superintendent, when he had heard John Zone's story; "but we hadn't much to lay hold of, except something that was said long after by a woman he had lodged with. She dropped a few hints about this and that, but she was generally drunk, and her story would not have been believed without anything else at the back of it. She went away from these parts, but I rather think I can lay my hands upon her. Didn't they say Quaife was dead?"

"Everybody believed it," replied a policeman, who had known Quaife well.

"I've heard it dozens of times," struck in Zone; "he died about six years ago. That was what folks said, and I donno as it isn't true."

"But I thought you said he was up at your barn now?"

"Well, so he be," replied the shepherd, half doubting the reality of all he had seen and heard during the past twelve hours; "or else it is some one as might pass for him. My darter found it all out; she has come back to her senses all at once. At first I thought the person as came to my cottage was a ghost, though they do tell as there be no such things any more. I reckon you couldn't tie a ghost up with a rope to a stall, and hold him there all night?"

"I never heard of it being done," said the superintendent gravely.

"That's what my darter did. She is main strong in the wrist, pretty much what her mother was at her age. Joel

Quaife is the only one that's mad up there now, 'cardin' to my opinion."

"Well, if the girl can tell her story straight, I wouldn't give much for that fellow's chances," murmured the superintendent, as he slipped on his great-coat. "There's a good deal of other evidence that would help, though it mightn't have been enough without this. Come along, Zone. I'll go with you myself." He whispered an order to one of his men, and in a few minutes the dog-cart was bowling swiftly towards the Downs.

"Never walk when you can ride," said the superintendent to the shepherd, who now began to think there must be something in his daughter's story, or why should so clever a man as the superintendent put himself out of the way about it? "I suppose you don't often see a four-in-hand up your part of the world? Well, never mind, we'll go as far as we can with this trap, and see what happens."

#### VII.

BARBARA ZONE stood on the summit of the Downs, with her face turned in the direction of the town to which her prisoner had been taken a few weeks before. Her eyes were strained as though she expected to see some one in the far distance, but the clouds were dark and lowering, and even the valley below was hidden. Little by little, a damp white mist gradually crept up the sides of the hill, and stretched its cold and clammy fingers over the edges of the combes—a ghost-like mist, which seemed as if it had power to blot life and sunshine out of the world. The girl stood watching it, until it reached the Downs, and completely enshrouded her form. Then she stood rigid, motionless, listening intently, her whole being absorbed in that one act of listening. Suddenly her eyes flashed, and a wild gleam of exultation passed across her face. Through the mist and over the valley there came the sound for which she had been waiting—the dull and mournful tolling of the prison bell, counting out at each heavy stroke the fast ebbing moments of the life of Joel Quaife. L. J. JENNINGS.

From Temple Bar.

#### RECREATIONS OF A DOMINICAN PREACHER.

It is seldom the outside public are permitted to get such an interesting peep at the private life of the cloister as is, perhaps  
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unconsciously, afforded in the two volumes which narrate the life and doings of the celebrated Dominican Father Tom Burke, the Irish Massillon, the friend of Longfellow, and the antagonist of Mr. Froude.

Father Burke was born in Galway in the year 1830. His mother was a woman devotedly attached to the performance of religious duties and entirely destitute of humor. His father on the contrary loved a good song, told a good story, and enjoyed a good joke. It was from his father then that Burke inherited his comic vein. To him the son owed its development in spite of the reproaches of the good woman who frequently assured her husband that his want of decorum would be the ruin of his child.

The boy as he grew up exhibited a playful disposition, and was given to playing practical jokes upon his friends and acquaintances, and even upon his parents. He would imitate a well-known ballad singer so accurately as to extract a charitable coin from his father. Sometimes when Mrs. Burke happened to call her husband from another room the youth, mimicking his father's voice, would answer for him and contrive to introduce some pert remark which could hardly fail to rouse retorts. Still personating his father he would call out from the head of the stairs some protest against an imaginary act, the more irritating because undeserved. One word would lead to another, a matrimonial quarrel would be the inevitable result, till at last, breaking down in laughter, the perpetrator of the joke would be revealed to his astonished parent.

The lad did not always escape the consequences of his fun. On one occasion, being detected in a prank at the expense of the clergy, his mother brought him into an inner room, where, locking the door, she knelt down and repeated the prayer, "Direct, O Lord, our actions, etc.," after which she administered a sound thrashing. In after years Burke said, "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the cross, and solemnly invoke the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew I could expect no mercy. I never got such a beating as that one directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it."

When seventeen years of age young Burke made up his mind to enter the Church, and fixed on the order of St. Dominic as that to which he would belong. He left Ireland in 1847 to study in Perugia, in the very convent of the founder of the order. Here he remained four years,



and exhibited such marked promise that the young man was sent to England as novice master to a small community established at Woodchester. The Italian fathers, preparatory to his start for England, rigged him out in second-hand clothes from the Ghetto, so that he looked more like a smuggler than a friar. To this was added a long Roman hat, like a capsized canoe, which the general of the order urged him to wear, but which Burke exchanged at Paris for a jockey-cap, that being the cheapest head-gear procurable.

The once high-spirited youth arrived in London, but how changed! His spirit was so crushed by the rigor and merciless severity of the cloister that he accosted the porter at Paddington station with the same deference which he would have used towards his superior, and presented so abject a figure of wretchedness that the porter thrust a hunch of bread and a piece of herring under his nose, saying, "Here, poor devil, take that!"

For the first twelve months succeeding his monastic training Burke was never seen to smile.

The routine of a Dominican convent is somewhat as follows: matins, 4-5 A.M.; contemplation 5-6; Angelus Domini, 6 (repeated at 12 noon and 6 P.M.); mass, 6.45; collation, 7.15. From bedtime till after mass next day profound silence reigns, which it is a grave fault to break. Simple silence is observed till after dinner at 12.30. After dinner converse is allowed till vespers at 1.30 P.M. Study or instruction is then resumed, ending generally with a walk. Then come compline, rosary, and benediction. In some convents meat is altogether excluded, and during dinner only one friar is allowed to talk. The Dominican fast lasts for seven months, during which period only four ounces of dry bread are allowed for the morning collation, but a good dinner is permitted to atone for this enforced abstinence. At Woodchester the prior had peculiar ideas as to what should be regarded as a good dinner. He laid in a stock of salt herrings, which he purchased by the cask. This was varied by a present of a keg of mullets which were in a semi-putrid state, and which after a strong remonstrance from the new novice master received funeral honors in the convent garden.

The great object aimed at by the rule of St. Dominic is the development of humility, and the prior tested the progress of his novices in this valuable virtue by imposing upon them the most menial

tasks. Some would be sent to clean out the cells, or perhaps the church. One day Burke directed a novice to go to Brother Dalmatius (commonly called Brother Damnation) for the broom. The messenger returned with the reply that the lay brother was using the broom. The envoy from Perugia told the novice to go again, and a second time he returned without the broom. "What does he say?" inquired Burke. "He says he will give it to you about the back," was the reply. A complaint was lodged with the vicar, and Dalmatius was summoned before his august presence. "Did you say that?" "Yes, father." After a long pause: "Did you mean it?" "No, father." "There, Brother Thomas, are you now satisfied?" And Brother Thomas was satisfied, and the parties dispersed, lost in admiration of the vicar's wisdom.

Between the vicar and the novice master the lives of the inmates must have been truly wretched. The vicar was rigid to a degree as to abstinence, but was not in favor of corporal punishment. Burke, on the other hand, whilst willing to give more generous food, was unreasonable as a flogger and scourger. The law of scourging he laid down not only theoretically but practically, and insisted on its public practice whenever he presided in chapter. Nor did he desist from its public practice till the understanding was established that the disciplines should be taken three times a week in private.

Every opportunity was taken to make the students humble. It is a habit in the cloister to drop very disparaging remarks hurtful to the feelings of those who cannot resent the unkindness. This is looked upon as teaching humility. Burke, however, had not it always his own way. There happened to be amongst his pupils an English convert of high attainments, who on his superior enforcing obedience to any mandate or instruction invariably responded "Haw." Burke often confessed he would rather receive a torrent of Irish abuse than hear that simple monosyllable. Many years later, when at the height of his fame, and justly regarded as the most eloquent preacher of the Roman Catholic Church, a Dominican states he had seen the distinguished friar for some trivial fault compelled to kiss the feet of his novices, and afterwards eat his dinner on his knees in the midst of the refectory, his plate resting on the seat of a chair, the convent cat eating out of the plate also.

From Woodchester Burke was summoned to undertake the charge of a new

Dominican establishment at Tallaght, seven miles from Dublin, at the foot of the Dublin Mountains. In this lovely spot he had leisure not only to lay up a store of learning, but to cultivate his gifts of speech. It was not till four years afterwards, towards the close of 1859, that the sermon was delivered which made the preacher famous. The occasion was the opening of a new organ at St. Mary's, Sandymount. A popular Dominican was asked to occupy the pulpit, but at the last moment was unable to attend, much to the disappointment of the parish priest. He had promised however to provide a substitute, and on the appointed Sunday morning a tall, unprepossessing young man appeared with a singularly vacant and stupid expression of countenance, which Burke assumed through a spirit of wag-gery. The assembled clergy were horrified, but nothing could be done. The preacher ascended the pulpit, his manner and countenance changed, the clergy were lost in surprise. A sermon was delivered on the connection between art and the genius of the Catholic Church, the fame of which ran like wildfire and attracted attention even in France. From that day Burke was ranked as one of the greatest of pulpit orators, and in his own style without a rival amongst Roman Catholic preachers.

What gave Burke his peculiar charm, especially with the audiences that thronged to hear him both in this country and in America, was his marvellous dramatic power. When in Rome his Lenten discourses were attended by strangers who could not understand a single word of English, but who were impressed nevertheless by his wonderful action, or rather acting, in the sense of the word used by Demosthenes. He was such a master of this difficult art that on one occasion in the midst of friends he undertook to preach a sensational sermon without uttering a word. His face, expressive of suitable emotions, aided by the movement of his eyes, at one moment was darkened by furrowed lines, the next instant seemed lit up with seraphic beauty. His imposing attitudes and gestures defied description. One unspoken sentiment was strengthened by pointing tragically down, another by outstretched hands and eyes raised to heaven.

The mastery of voice and features exhibited by Burke was almost miraculous. In his student days whenever he got a copy of *Punch* he employed his vacant moments in endeavoring, by means of a

looking-glass, to work his features into the form of some comic portrait which adorned its pages. When in Rome he would spend hours in the Vatican with a friend, imitating the pose of the statues in the great sculpture galleries. At one moment he was the Dying Gladiator, the next a Sphinx, drawing over his head the white hood of his habit, sometimes a Burmese idol, erect, impassive, with legs crossed in a way which would have puzzled an athlete to imitate. The ancient statues of the fauns, and satyrs and other mythological monstrosities had a strong attraction for him. He would pause and grin, and produce with his own features a facsimile of the figure before him. On one occasion he stood for a long time before the Laocoön, and looking round found there was no one in sight. "I'll try him," he said to a friend. And in a twinkling there was the Laocoön in flesh and blood; the strength of the terrible struggle, the despair, and the agony displayed in the realistic effort of the Dominican. "Is that like him?" he cried, almost breathless.

At that moment a party of ladies and gentlemen appeared, gazing in amazement, now at the statue, and then at its imitation. Completely taken aback, Burke could only articulate, "I was trying my hand at the statue," as a kind of explanation, and disappeared as quickly as he could.

Towards the end of his career, whilst conducting a mission in London, the erection which occupies the site of Temple Bar took his fancy. He studied closely the monumental griffin, and on his return home that evening, with the aid of a stick produced a perfect imitation of that very peculiar figure. An ecclesiastical architect was so much struck with Burke's grotesque imitations that he offered him great inducements if he would give him a few sittings for these faces and figures to ornament a grand Gothic church he was about to undertake. The Dominican was greatly tickled with the idea, and at the possibility of being one day on the steps of the altar of that very church confronted with a distorted stony self gaping at him from the capital of a neighboring column. "I wish to be a pillar of the Church," he replied, laughing. "You want to make me only a grinning gargoye."

Burke was equally successful with living subjects. Whilst a novice at Perugia several Dominicans arrived from Luconia in the Philippine Islands. One day the young student yellowed his face, donned a fez, and addressed them in a gibberish

with which he mingled words he had picked up from their own conversation. The visitors were puzzled, and at last said, when unable to answer him, that he must have come from some unknown island of the Philippine group.

More daring, however, was his successful attempt to pass himself off as an Eastern prelate during the session of the Vatican Council. A large number of eminent ecclesiastics were the guests of an English Roman Catholic, and amongst them a number of Oriental bishops. A suite of apartments was arranged for the latter, as far as possible after the fashion of their own clime. There was a divan well cushioned, and an abundant supply of aromatic coffee and delicious tobacco. The prelates sat cross-legged on luxurious cushions, and sipped their coffee in solemn silence as clouds of smoke arose to the gilded ceiling. Burke was with the English guests, and a mysterious door covered with baize attracted his notice, more especially as the fragrance of tobacco accompanied its opening and closing. He opened the door, peeped in, and seeing some Eastern garments hanging quite close, he slipped them over his shoulders and, making a profound salaam, sat down cross-legged, and joined the company in their devotion to the heavenly havanna. Towards the end of the evening the host and his European guests paid a visit to the Orientals and conversed with them. Burke carried on a conversation with several who were his intimate friends without being detected, till at last an Irish bishop, after much study, cried:—

"Why, Father Tom, is that you? What brought you here?"

"Well, my lord," said Burke, "there was plenty of tobacco and coffee to be enjoyed here, and I saw no reason why these good things should be resigned by a Western, and I wanted also to show that there are wise men in the West as well as in the East."

Burke's popularity as a preacher was unbounded. He never spared himself in promoting a good work, such as building a chapel, procuring funds for a charity, or helping some religious community to wipe out a debt which pressed unduly upon them and hampered their usefulness. His eloquence thronged the churches where he appeared to such an extent that standing-room could not be got. As a car-driver put it, "Bedad the church is full within and without."

A ludicrous incident occurred at Kilmarnock Cathedral in the presence of Lord

Kenmare and all the local magnates. Burke was preaching for the Presentation Brothers' schools, and his sermon reached an unusual length. The brothers, anxious only for a good collection, began rattling the tin plates as a hint to the preacher to stop; the bishop, Dr. Moriarty, frowned from his throne, and the noise ceased. The portly prior advanced from his stall and took up his position in front of the pulpit, full in the view of all present except Burke. The preacher was just then expatiating on the zeal of the brothers. He pictured forth the pale, ascetic monk, his emaciated frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He was surprised to find the audience were smiling. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and over-worked monk. The audience could hardly contain their merriment. There in front of them was the rotund figure, the broad, jolly face of the prior, beaming like a full moon, visible to all but the preacher, and fully enjoying the beautiful description of the ascetic monk. Greatly disconcerted, the preacher concluded as quickly as he could, and it is but right to mention the collection did not disappoint the fraternity.

Whilst prior of Tallaght, Burke enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Cullen. "Come up here, Father Tom, and tell some of your funny stories," was the usual invitation after dinner. He would give imitations of some Italian priests who had become popular as preachers in Dublin. His first move was to cast the folds of his robe with demonstrative vigor over the left shoulder, and then in broken English proceed to lecture the faithful. With upraised finger he warned them to avoid "otiosity," to become "tinkers" (thinkers), and to remember that "without faith you cannot be shaved (saved)," concluding each section of his homily, which seemed to be teaching how to avoid the doom of sin, with the words, "You be da-a-mned," uttered in low, earnest tones. Some of their mistakes were ludicrous. One Italian spoke of Lazarus as reposing in Abraham's womb, and another constantly referred to the whale in Jonah's belly.

For many years no banquet took place at the archiepiscopal residence which Burke was not asked to enliven, his pictures of Italian low life being greatly relished by the cardinal. The quack dentist from Tuscany who with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet drove down the Piazza di San Agnesi at Rome, the man playing the mandoline, the improvisatore, and finally

the Roman barber, were standing dishes. The great piece of acting was a series of imitations of a well-known mendicant family often heard in the streets of the Eternal City. The voices of the father, mother, and daughter, the latter a real alto, were faithfully given, accompanied by the twang of the three distinct instruments they played, so that one could almost believe that three several persons were engaged in giving the performance. Another favorite scene was that of a troubadour serenading his love. Near the Convent of Perugia lived a Juliet who was frequently brought to her casement by the "Com' è gentil" of some love-sick swain. It was rich to see Burke at an assembly of clerics lean back in his chair and strike up on a tongs, if no guitar was at hand, a tum-tum accompaniment to his burst of passionate melody.

He possessed a tenor voice of much power and compass. Many a night when tired out he would stay till a late hour singing the "Melodies" or choice English songs. "Tom Bowling" was a favorite, also "Drink to me only with thine eyes," "My mother bids me bind my hair," and "What are the wild waves saying?" In a lecture on English music which he delivered in Liverpool a vocalist sang "The Death of Nelson." The lecturer resumed by saying he doubted whether England ought to be more proud of her Nelson or of the bard who perpetuated his name in song.

During the visit of Cardinal Franchi to Dublin a large assembly of prelates and priests was gathered together by Cardinal Cullen. After dinner Burke began mimicking the pulpit oratory of an English cardinal and other distinguished preachers. One prelate thought the mirth too uproarious for the grave-looking Italian, and gave a hint that the proceeding should be stopped, which it was. Next evening the two cardinals with a large company were entertained by a Dublin gentleman. In the drawing-room Burke gave his fun and fancy full reign. Cardinal Franchi, who had now come to understand him, screamed with laughter at his performance. "What is that you are doing with the handkerchief?" enquired Cardinal Cullen, sidling up to the group. The fact was Burke had twisted his white handkerchief round two fingers and the thumb of his right hand, forming a preacher with expressive action, the whole surmounted by a miniature mitre, while Cullen's voice and bows were given to perfection. Cardinal Franchi and the Dominican, when-

ever they met, lived in cloud-land, both being inveterate smokers.

It must not be supposed that Father Burke's merits as a preacher were overlooked by his superiors, though he lived and died a simple friar. Bishoprics and archbishoprics were offered to him in vain. It was his ambition to be a preacher and nothing else. Perhaps he thought also that he lacked the dignity which high ecclesiastical rank would require. Be that as it may, he refused to have his name put forward for the bishopric of Galway, his native town. When requested to become coadjutor archbishop of the port of Spain with jurisdiction over the West Indian Islands his reply was, "I would prefer Irish stew to a Turkish bath." During the Vatican Council an effort was made to persuade Burke to accept the coadjutor archbishopric of San Francisco, but in vain. That the celebrated preacher remained to the end of his days neither more nor less than the most insignificant member of his order is due entirely to his own wish.

For one who possessed unlimited powers of expression united to comic perceptions, very few *mots* are recorded of him.

A candidate for orders was directed to preach before him and his students, and the opinion of those present was invited on the performance. "It is all in Hay," said one, referring to a well-known volume of sermons. "Whether it is Hay or not," replied Burke sharply, "it is long before you would be able to make a *suggawn* (Irish for a hay-rope) out of it."

A friend of his, Father Towers, was a person of imposing rotundity of form. Both travelling together by train, an American tourist, pointing to an object of archæological interest, inquired what it was. "That is one of the round towers of Ireland," replied Burke; "and here is another," said he, pointing to his companion.

An exquisite to whom he had been introduced described his mother as being so delicate that she was obliged to live on jelly and champagne. "I have a mother," said Burke, "who lives on snuff and aspirations."

A severe operation was about to be performed on Burke for the cure of an internal cancer. When the surgeon reached the seat of the disease it was suggested that his confessor should be sent for. "It is not necessary," was the reply; "he has known my *interior* for years. Besides, there is an axiom in theology, 'Ecclesia non judicat de internis!'"

A Dublin Capuchin named Father Ashe, a man who had a high opinion of himself, remarked to Father Burke that he would end his course with joy if his remains should be consigned to the catacomb of his order in Rome. "Not much fear of that," replied the Dominican; "they will never make an *Ashe*-pit of it."

Previous to a visit to Lisdoonvarna Father Burke conducted a retreat for the clergy of a western diocese. In one of his discourses he drew a picture of a curate, who, yielding to some hospitable host, was led to indulge more than once in a "second tumbler." "Cases of that sort," he added, "generally wind up with a trip to Lisdoonvarna." Lisdoonvarna is a well-known health-resort in the north of the county Clare, and is connected with a small port on Galway Bay by a circuitous path called the Corkscrew Road. The homeliness of the remark with regard to intemperance made a deep impression on the hearers. When the retreat was over, and some of the clergy took their usual holiday at their usual resort, what was their surprise to find Burke there before them. "What!" said they, "*you* of all men to be here!" accompanied with looks of triumph at the seemingly disconcerted preacher. "Oh," replied Burke, "you mistake me. I only alluded to those who come by the *Corkscrew Road*."

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QUEEN LOUISE.

BY MRS. FRANCIS G. FAITHFULL.

THERE is at Paretz, near Potsdam, a flower-bordered walk leading from a grotto overlooking the Havel to an iron gate, above which is inscribed "May 20, 1810," and the letter "L." Within the grotto an iron table bears in golden characters, "Remember the absent."

These words were engraved by order of Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia; and the "absent" he would have remembered — "the star of his life, who had lighted him so truly on his darkened way" — was the wife who died of a broken heart before reaching middle age.

Louise Augusta Wilhelmina, third daughter of Duke Charles of Mecklenburg Strelitz, was born on the 10th of March, 1776, in the city of Hanover. Her mother died when she was six years old, and henceforth she and her sister Frederica lived with their grandmother, the landgra-

vine of Darmstadt, sometimes at the Burgfreiheit Palace, sometimes at a chateau in the Herrengarten, surrounded by formal gardens and orangeries. The girls were brought up simply, making their own clothes, and going much among the poor. Now and then they made expeditions to Strasbourg or the Vosges Mountains; and, when the emperor Leopold was crowned at Frankfort, the Frau von Goethe housed them hospitably, and was highly entertained by the glee with which they worked a quaint sculptured pump in her courtyard.

Two years later the advance of French troops compelled them to seek refuge with their eldest sister, the reigning duchess of Hildburghausen; and on their homeward way they visited the Prussian headquarters, that the landgravine might present them to the king. His sons were with him, and long afterwards the crown-prince told a friend, "I felt when I saw her, 'tis she or none on earth."

The wooing was short. On April 24th, 1793, he exchanged betrothal rings with Louise, and then rejoined his regiment. Soon after, the princesses of Mecklenburg went over to the camp, Louise appearing "a heavenly vision" in the eyes of Goethe, who saw her there.

In the December of that same year Berlin, gay with flags and ablaze with colored lamps, welcomed Duke Charles and his daughters; and on Christmas eve the diamond crown of the Hohenzollerns was placed on her fair head, and in her glistening silver robe she took part in the solemn torch procession round the White Saloon.

Then her young husband took her home to their palace in the Unter den Linden. They were very happy. In the sunshine of his wife's presence the prince's spirit, crushed in childhood by a harsh tutor, soon revived, while Louise, though the darling of the court, was always most content when alone with him.

"Thank God! you are my wife again," he exclaimed one day, when she had laid aside her jewels.

"Am I not always your wife?" she asked laughingly.

"Alas! no; too often you can only be the crown-princess."

The king never wearied of showering kindnesses on his "princess of princesses." On her eighteenth birthday he asked if she desired anything he could give.

"A handful of gold for the Berlin poor," was the prompt petition.

"And how large a handful would the birthday child like?"

"As large as the heart of the kindest of kings."

The Castle of Charlottenberg, one of his many gifts to the young pair, proving too splendid for their simple tastes, he bought for them the Manor of Paretz, about two miles from Potsdam. There Louise busied herself with household affairs, while her husband gardened, strolled over his fields, or inspected his farm stock. They played and sang together, or read Shakespeare and Goethe, while to complete this home life came two baby boys: Fritz, born in October, 1795, and Friedrich Wilhelm, in March, 1797.

Some one once asked Louise if this country existence was not rather dull.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed; "I am quite happy as the worthy lady of Paretz."

But in the late autumn of 1797 the king died, and the quiet freedom of Paretz had to be exchanged for the restraints of court life. Little as either of the two desired regal pomp, they played their new parts well. Friedrich Wilhelm, stately in bearing, and acknowledged as the handsomest man in his realm, looked every inch a king; and if his laconic speech and caustic criticisms sometimes gave offence, the winning gentleness of his beautiful wife more than made amends. Nobles and citizens, statesmen, soldiers, and savants were alike made welcome; and Louise knew instinctively how to make each show at his best. With eager interest she discussed Pestalozzi's ideas with his disciples; and when Gotlob Hiller, the poet-son of a miner, was presented to her she led him aside, and by the friendly ease with which she talked of things familiar to him, speedily banished his shyness. Indeed, ready as she was to recognize high gifts and to learn from all able to teach, yet it was to the obscure and suffering that her tones were most soft and gracious. Even in trifles her thoughtfulness was un-failing. When a count and a shoemaker were announced at the same moment, she gave audience first to the shoemaker. "For time is more valuable to him."

At Dantzig she constantly wore an amber necklace, because it had been the gift of the townsfolk. The voice which in childhood had pleaded for the panting footman running beside her grandmother's coach might still be heard interceding, for when the royal carriage was overturned near Warsaw, and the oberk of Messterin rated the servants, Louise interposed: "We are not hurt, and our people have assuredly been more alarmed than we."

Sometimes the midday meal was spread beneath a forest tree, and from far and near the peasants flocked to get "even a glimpse of her lovely face." They followed in crowds while she and the king climbed the Schneekoppe on foot, but loyal shouts died into awed silence when, at the summit, Friedrich Wilhelm bared his head, and the two standing side by side gazed at the glorious view. "That was one of the most blessed moments of my life," Louise said afterwards; "we seemed lifted above this earth and nearer our God."

They entered the mines at Woldenberg by a swift-flowing stream, and twenty years afterwards the steersman of their boat was fond of telling how, in the dark cavern—"The Foxes' Hole"—he saw her well by the torchlight. "In all my life I never saw such a face. She looked grand, as a queen should look, but gentle as a child. She gave me with her own hands two Holland ducats. My wife wears them when she goes to church, for what she touched is holy."

One lovely summer evening the whole family were gathered under a great oak on the Pfanen-insel to hear Bishop Eylert preach on the story of Ruth. The sermon was ended, but the king and queen still sat listening to the band playing a chorale set to the hymn, "In all my doings I ask counsel of the Most High." The setting sun lighted the western sky, the moon was up. Suddenly the king rose, and pressing his wife's shoulder, said low, "It shall be so, dear Louise; I and my house will serve the Lord."

He moved away to a copse by the river, leaving the queen and bishop alone together. "I am very happy," she said simply, "and most happy because in religion I am in perfect sympathy with the king. I have grown better through him. I think he is the best man, the best Christian on earth;" and then, with tearful eyes, she repeated, "as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. I am very happy." And yet she must have had some foreboding of the troubled days at hand. She must have divined the cares haunting her husband even here, while he wandered, book in hand, across the quiet lawns of their island home.

Louise had never meddled in foreign politics. She had been, she designed to be, only the *Landesmutter*, and even when the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, seized on Prussian soil, aroused in Berlin a storm of indignation, in which she fully shared, she yet sympathized in the mental distress which found vent in her husband's

often-repeated words, "I cannot decide for war."

At last he did decide. In October, 1805, Napoleon ordered Bernadotte to march his army corps through Anspach. This contemptuous comment on Prussia's ten-years' forbearance was too much for the king's pride. Armies were raised in Franconia, Saxony, Westphalia, and while the excitement was at fever point the czar came to Berlin. All his rare charm of manner was brought to bear, and at midnight, in the presence of Louise, the two monarchs, standing with clasped hands beside the tomb of the great Friedrich, solemnly pledged themselves to a close alliance.

Alexander departed to lead his Russians to Moravia, and Friedrich Wilhelm despatched a protest to the French camp; but the envoy, Haugwitz, arriving on the eve of Austerlitz, waited the issue of the battle, and then, withholding his packet, proposed to the victor a fresh treaty with Prussia. There was wrath in Berlin when his doings became known. The king at first disowned the disgraceful compact, but Austerlitz had just taught him what Napoleon's enemies might expect. French troops were already massing on his frontier, and in an evil hour he broke faith with the czar!

To Louise, who neither feared foe nor deserted friend, that was a bitter time, doubly sad, indeed, since most of the long winter was spent by the dying bed of her youngest child. When she lost him her own strength broke down, and the doctors ordered her away to drink the Pyrmont waters. In the late summer she was able to rejoin her husband, and he had startling news to tell, for war with France was close at hand.

Since Haugwitz's fatal agreement Napoleon had heaped injuries on Prussia. Now, at least, king and people were of one mind. The young Prussian officers sharpened their swords on the French ambassador's window-sills, patriotic songs were hailed with thunders of applause in street and theatre, and when the queen, clad in the uniform of her own huzzars, rode at their head through the city she was greeted with passionate loyalty.

Unhappily, Friedrich Wilhelm, hitherto too tardy, was now too precipitate. He had been passive while France crushed Austria, and Austria, suspicious and disabled, neither could nor would assist him. Russia, with better reason for distrust, responded generously to his appeal, but he did not wait for her promised aid.

For all his haste, Napoleon, with one

hundred and eighty thousand men, was nearing the Thuringian Forest before the Prussian troops left Berlin. They were very confident, those Prussian troops, and the shouting multitudes who watched the well-trained artillery and cavalry defiling by hardly dreamt of disaster; yet it came almost at once. The Saxon corps led by the king's cousin, Prince Louis, pushing on too fast, was surprised and surrounded, and the gallant young commander, the queen's dear friend, the idol of the army, fell while rallying his men.

Louise, who had hurriedly joined the king from Weimar, could hardly be persuaded to leave him, but on the evening of October the 13th he confided her to a cavalry escort, promising speedy tidings of the coming battle. As she threaded the lonely passes of the Hartz Mountains she heard the distant cannonading, and a broken sentence now and again fell from her lips: "We know that all things work together for good." Late in the misty October twilight she drove into Brunswick. At Brandenburg a courier brought the news her trembling heart awaited. All was lost! Twenty thousand Prussians lay on the fields of Auerstadt and Jena, and the French were already in Weimar. The king was alive, but two horses had been killed under him. Grief-stricken, travel-worn as she was, Louise must not halt. Before she reached Berlin her children had been sent to Schwedt-on-Oder. She followed thither, almost terrifying them by her changed, despairing looks. As soon as she could check her weeping, she told her boys all she knew about Prince Louis's death.

"Do not only grieve for him. Be ready for Prussia's sake to meet death as he met it," and then, in burning, never-forgotten words, she bade them one day free their country and break the power of France.

The king lingered awhile in Magdeburg, hoping against hope that his broken forces might hold out within its walls till Russian allies and fresh Prussian levies should arrive. But Auerstadt and Jena were beyond retrieval. The Duke of Brunswick and four other generals were dead or dying. The fugitives from the two battles, crossing each other in the darkness, had become hopelessly intermingled, and Napoleon was kinging it in Friedrich Wilhelm's own palace despite the helpless rage of the Berlinese.

For Friedrich Wilhelm himself there was nothing to do but to follow his wife to Custrin. Bad news came to them every day. Prentzlow surrendered. Magdeburg

with its garrison of twenty-two thousand opened its gates to a force of ten thousand. Fortress after fortress fell without firing a shot. There seemed only a choice between utter destruction and utter submission, and yet when Napoleon demanded the cession of almost the whole kingdom, Friedrich Wilhelm and his wife agreed that "only determined resistance can save us."

She was slowly rallying at Königsberg from a fever caught in the crowded city, when the cry was raised of the coming French. Propped by pillows, swathed in shawls, she drove through blinding sleet to Memel, the one fortress still left to the king. At her first halting place the wind whistled in through a broken window, and the melting snow dripped from the roof on to her bed. Her companions trembled for her, but she, calm and trustful, hailed as a good omen the sunshine which welcomed them within the walls of Memel.

A week later, Benningsen and his Russians, who had been wading knee-deep through Polish forests and fording swollen streams, always with ninety thousand Frenchmen in hot pursuit, turned to bay amid the frozen lakes and drifted snows of Eylau. Next day those snows for miles around were red with blood.

It was hard to tell with whom the costly victory lay, but Napoleon despatched Bertram to the Russian outposts to propose an armistice, and Benningsen sent him on to Memel, reminding the Prussian king that it could not be their interest to grant what it was Napoleon's interest to ask. The terms were, indeed, far easier than those offered after June; but Friedrich Wilhelm, true to the ally who had held the field almost single-handed through that terrible winter, would make no separate agreement, nor did Louise receive more favorably a message to herself, conveying Napoleon's wish to pay his court to her in her own capital.

Though the piercing Baltic winds tried her strength greatly, she employed herself whenever able in reading and visiting the over-full hospitals. To a dear friend she said, "I can never be perfectly miserable while faith in God is open to me." "Only by patient perseverance," so she wrote to her father, "can we succeed. Sooner or later I know we shall do so."

It was not to be yet. On June 14, 1807, Napoleon annihilated the Russians at Friedland, and four days later Dantzic fell. Her tone grew sadder. "We are not yet bereft of peace. My great sorrow is being unable to hope."

As the czar could resist no longer and

Napoleon desired peace, they met at Tilsit, and there, on a covered raft moored midway in the Niemen, arranged the outlines of a treaty. The next day Friedrich Wilhelm, yielding to stern necessity, accepted terms "to the last degree hard and overwhelming."

The czar believing that Louise might move even Napoleon to clemency, her husband begged her to join him at Tilsit. On reading this summons she burst into tears declaring this the hardest task ever given her to do. "With my broken wing how can I succeed?" she pathetically asked.

Talleyrand, however, misdoubted the influence of her —

Whose charm the coldest zeal might warm  
The manliest firmness in the firmest form.

Napoleon paid his respects soon after her arrival, and they met at the stairhead. Louise, for Prussia's sake, forced herself to utter courteous regrets that he should have to mount so steep a staircase.

He answered blandly that no difficulties were feared when striving for a reward beyond. Then, touching her gauze robe, asked, "Is it *crêpe*?"

"Shall we speak of such trifles at such a time?" was her only reply.

He was silent; then demanded, "How could you make war on me?"

She told him that they had overrated their strength.

"And relying on the great Friedrich's fame you deceived yourselves."

Louise's clear eyes met his steadily.

"Sire, resting on the great Friedrich's fame, we might naturally deceive ourselves, if, indeed, we wholly did so."

Then she told him that she had come to entreat him to be generous to Prussia. He answered respectfully, but made no promise. Again, with exceeding earnestness, she implored at least for Magdeburg. Just then Friedrich Wilhelm entered, and Napoleon abruptly took leave.

"Sire," said Talleyrand warningly to him when they were alone, "shall posterity say that you threw away your great conquest for the sake of a lovely woman?"

Louise meanwhile dwelt again and again on Napoleon's words, "You ask a great deal, but I will think about it." Yet her heart was heavy, and when arrayed for the evening banquet in the splendid attire so long unworn, she likened herself sadly to the old German victims decked for sacrifice.

Napoleon, placing her at his right, talked garrulously.

Something was said of the ceded Prus-



sian provinces, and Friedrich Wilhelm observed gravely that it was hard to lose territories which were the cradle of his race.

The Corsican laughed carelessly. "The child grown to be a man has little time to remember his cradle."

"A mother's heart is the most lasting cradle," Louise adroitly interposed.

Napoleon offered her a rose. She hesitated, then said inquiringly, —  
"With Magdeburg?"

The answer was discouraging. "I must point out to your Majesty that it is for me to beg, for you to accept or decline."

Yet perhaps he feared to be betrayed into compliance, for hardly had she departed than, summoning Talleyrand and the Russian ambassador, he signed the treaty.

One final effort Louise still made. As he led her to her carriage the next evening, she asked if it were indeed true that he would deny her the satisfaction of gratitude.

"Madam," he replied, "I lament that so it must be. It is my evil destiny."

"I have been cruelly deceived," she vehemently exclaimed, as she drove away.

They never met again, but Napoleon said of her afterwards, "I knew I should see a beautiful woman and dignified queen; I found the most interesting woman and admirable queen I had ever known."

The Treaty of Tilsit restored to Friedrich Wilhelm a fragment of his kingdom, but even this was to be held by the French till after the payment of a huge indemnity, Napoleon's threat that he would make the Prussian nobles beg their bread had hardly been a vain one, for the unhappy Prussians had to feed, lodge, and clothe every French soldier quartered in their land.

Dark as was the outlook, Louise was upheld by loving pride in her husband. "After Eylau he might have deserted a faithful ally. This he would not do. I believe his conduct will yet bring good fortune to Prussia."

To help forward that good fortune they sold most of the crown lands and the queen's jewels, and had the gold plate melted down. Amid their heavy anxieties and pains they were not wholly unhappy, these two, who loved each other so entirely.

"My Louise," the king said to her one day, "you have grown yet dearer to me in this time of trouble, for I more fully know the treasure I possess."

She, too, could write of him, "The king

is kinder to me than ever, a great joy and reward after a union of fourteen years." Still those about her told of sleepless nights when prayer was her only relief. Her eyes had lost their brightness, her cheeks were pale, her step languid.

By the Christmas of 1808 the last French soldier had quitted Prussian soil; but it was not deemed safe for the royal family to return at once to Berlin, and they spent the summer at Hufen, near Königsberg. Parents and children were constantly together, and the mother taught herself to believe that the sharp trials of those years would tell for good on her boys and girls. "If they had been reared in luxury and prosperity they might think that so it must always be."

By degrees hope revived. She found comfort in the 126th Psalm: "You hear in the distance the triumphant songs of the victors rising above the tumultuous waves of sorrow;" and the words of another Psalm were often on her lips: "When the Lord shall liberate the captive and the heavily burthened shall be released, then all will appear to us as if we had been dreamers."

It was not till the end of 1809 that the long dream ended and the exiles turned their faces homeward. They travelled slowly, for the queen was still feeble. Everywhere a glad welcome greeted them; and on December 23, the day on which, sixteen years before, she had entered the capital a girl-bride, Louise drove through its familiar streets in a carriage presented to her by the rejoicing citizens. Her father was waiting at the palace gate. He helped her to alight and led her in. Three years had gone by since she last crossed the threshold of her home, and what years they had been! Nor was the return all joy, for she knew and dreaded the changes she would find there. Napoleon and his generals had not departed empty-handed. They had stripped the rooms of paintings and statues, of manuscripts and antiquities.

As the doors closed a great shout arose from the vast crowd before the palace. Presently she appeared in the balcony, and all saw the traces of long anguish in the lovely face, now bright with grateful smiles.

After a solemn service in the Dom, the king and queen drove through the illuminated city to the opera-house. "The queen sat beside her husband" — so wrote Fouqué afterwards — "and as she talked she often raised her eyes to him with a very touching expression. . . . Our beloved queen has thanked us with tears.

Buonaparte has dimmed those heavenly eyes . . . and we must do all we can to make them sparkle again."

The bare walls, the empty cabinets of the palace accorded with the almost ascetic habits now maintained there. Self-denial was made easy by one belief, that Prussia would arise from her great suffering stronger than before. The king and queen were not left to work alone towards that high end. Able generals replaced those who, through treachery or faintheartedness, had surrendered the fortresses. Stein, now chief minister, curtailed the rights of the nobles, and gave the serfs an interest in guarding the soil they tilled; while Scharnhorst, by an ingenious evasion of Napoleon's edict limiting the Prussian army, contrived to have two hundred thousand men rapidly drilled and trained. The universities founded at Berlin and Breslau became the headquarters of secret societies for the deliverance of the Fatherland. Princes and professors, merchants ruined by the Berlin decrees, and peasants ground down by French exactions joined the *Jugendbund*, and implicitly obeyed the orders of its unseen heads. Through town and country spread that vast brotherhood, fired by the songs of Tieck and Arnim to live or die for Prussia.

And Louise watched thankfully the dawning promise of better days, "though, alas! we may die before they come."

Perhaps that sad presentiment haunted her husband too. If she jested with her children he would say wistfully, "The queen is quite herself to-day. What a blessing it will be if her mind recovers its joyous tone!"

That spring Louise was attacked by spasms of the heart. They did not last long, and when the court moved to Potsdam she seemed to regain strength, and showed much interest in discussing with Bishop Eylert how best to train her boys so that they might serve their country.

Before the war she had promised to visit her father, and it was thought now that the change might do her good. She started hopefully, and though the meeting with her aged grandmother proved too agitating, she had her usual bright welcome for her husband when he arrived a day or two later; and the same evening, sitting at her father's desk, she playfully wrote, "*Mon cher père. — Je suis bien heureuse aujourd'hui comme votre fille et comme l'épouse du meilleur des épouses. Louise, née Strelitz, ce 28 Juin, 1810.*" They were the last words she ever penned.

Though very weak she accompanied her family to Hohengieritz, the king perforce returning to Berlin. The loving eyes that watched her saw signs of amendment, but early on Monday, July 16, the spasms recurred. For hours no remedies availed. She could only gasp for "Air! air!" and when the sharp pain had passed lay exhausted, now murmuring a few words of some hymn learned as a child, faintly thanking God for each solace sent her, or entreating her grandmother to rest. No complaint passed her lips; she was only "very, very weary."

They told her that couriers had been despatched for the king, and she asked anxiously, "Will he soon come?" Before dawn he came, bringing the two elder boys. For those who tried to cheer him he had only one mournful reply. "If she were not mine she might recover." A gleam of joy lighted her pale face when he came to her bedside, but perceiving his emotion she asked, "Am I then so very ill?" Unable to reply he hurriedly left the room, and she said to those standing by, "His embrace was so wild, so fervent, that it seemed as though he would take leave of me. Tell him not to do that, or I shall die at once."

He returned bringing in the children.

"My Fritz! my Wilhelm!" She had only time for one long gaze, and then the agonizing pain came again. One of the doctors tried to raise her, but she sank back. "Only death can help me;" and as all watched in breathless silence she leaned her head against the shoulder of a faithful attendant, murmured "Lord Jesus, shorten it!" and with one deep-drawn breath passed away.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

THE name of Dorothy Wordsworth is inseparably associated with that of her brother. What he owed to her self-denying affection, to her rare intellect, and to her profound love of nature, the poet has acknowledged in words as familiar as they are beautiful. This "beloved sister," at the most critical period of Wordsworth's early manhood, came to him with the "healing power" which his noble verse has given so largely to others —

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares and delicate fears;  
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy.

Her influence was abiding. She had herself a poet's soul without his faculty of singing; and to her inspiring sympathy, expended without a thought of self, we are indebted for some of her brother's finest poems. Again and again she expressed the thought, which he uttered afterwards in song; and in prose as well as poetry Wordsworth used Dorothy's mind as if it were a portion of his own. She might have earned a literary reputation of no common order, but all her ambition was centred upon William, and her faith in his genius was unbounded.

Dorothy Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet, was born at Cockermouth in December, 1771, and, having lost both her parents in childhood, lived partly with a relative at Halifax, and partly under the care of her uncle, Dr. Cookson, a canon of Windsor, who, it is said, was a great favorite with the court. It was not until 1795, when a small legacy left Wordsworth free to follow his own wishes, and to dedicate his life to poetry, that the brother and sister, bent on "plain living and high thinking," kept house together on £70 a year. Their first home was at Racedown Lodge, in Dorsetshire, and there began the acquaintance with Coleridge, which speedily ripened into one of the most memorable friendships recorded in literature. Rich indeed was the poetical fruit which resulted from this intercourse. Coleridge was already a married man, but his "pensive Sara," a good woman, possessed of many admirable qualities, was not, at least in her husband's judgment, sufficiently intellectual to appreciate his genius. It is not surprising, therefore, that Dorothy Wordsworth's sensitive nature and perceptive intellect should have charmed the emotional poet. "She is," he wrote, "a woman indeed—in mind, I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.'"

In addressing this dear sister in the lines composed near Tintern Abbey, Wordsworth alludes to the shooting lights of her wild eyes, and De Quincey, who was struck by her great sensibility and ardor, also observes that her eyes were "wild and startling and hurried in their motion." In De Quincey's judgment Mrs. Wordsworth was very much more of a

lady than her sister-in-law, who "did not cultivate the graces that preside over the person and its carriage."

"On the other hand," he adds, "she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually. . . . The pulses of light were not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathizing attention. Her knowledge of literature was irregular and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things, but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart."

In order to be nearer Coleridge, who then lived at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, the brother and sister removed to Alfoxden, three miles distant from that place. The house, which they took furnished, was a large mansion, standing in a park containing deer and commanding a beautiful prospect. There was an excellent garden, too, well stocked with fruit and vegetables; and how on an income of less than £100 a year the Wordsworths managed to secure such a country seat, Dorothy does not tell us. But we learn from the report of a visitor that it was hired for a trifle, and that an old woman living in an adjoining cottage attended to the wants of the inmates. It was a fruitful time for poetry, and intercourse with Coleridge was constant. "We are three people," he said, "but only one soul;" and when, two months after leaving Alfoxden, Wordsworth and his sister sailed for Germany, Coleridge was their companion. After a few days spent together at Hamburg, they parted company, Coleridge going to Ratzeburg, and Wordsworth and Dorothy to Goslar, where they had no society, and contented themselves with talking to the people of the house and reading German. On returning to England, some months were spent at Sockburn-upon-Tees, but for a long time they were undecided as to a future residence. At the close of the year 1799 they settled at Grasmere, and from that date the lives of Wordsworth and Dorothy are associated with the Lake country. Having mentioned these few incidents in a career very uneventful, so far as outward circumstances are concerned, it will be well to turn to Miss Wordsworth's own writings for indications of her character.\*

At Alfoxden, Dorothy began her first

\* The new and exhaustive biography of Wordsworth, in three large volumes, by Professor Knight is especially interesting for the copious extracts from Miss

journal, in which we see already the minute and loving observation of nature, and the intense joy in natural objects which inspired her brother's poetry. Winter has as many, or perhaps even greater, charms for her than the summer.

"A winter prospect," she writes, "shows every cottage, every farm, and the forms of distant trees, such as in summer have no distinguishing mark," and she observes that a real lover of nature will find it a pleasure to give winter all the glory he can, since "summer will make its own way and speak its own praises." And yet again, brooding on the same theme, she exclaims, "O, thought I, what a beautiful thing God has made winter to be by stripping the trees and letting us see their shapes and forms. What a freedom does it seem to give to the storms." The simplicity and lack of literary effort in Dorothy's journals add greatly to their charm. Sometimes she is content simply to jot down with an artist's eye for color what nature shows her—the oaks thick with feathery sea-green moss, the hollies pendant with their white burden of snow, the springing wheat like a shade of green over the brown earth, the sheep glittering in the sunshine; but often we come upon passages, and these are the most beautiful, which show that Dorothy Wordsworth sees nature also with a poet's imagination.

The germ of some of Wordsworth's loveliest poems is to be found in her journals. Two years, for instance, before his poem on the daffodils was composed, Dorothy wrote: "I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above slates; some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing." The two were talking one day of the pleasure they always felt at the sight of butterflies. Dorothy said that when a child she used to chase them a little, but that, as she was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings, she did not catch them, and the sister's confession was repeated in the brother's verse. So also was Dorothy's statement that when a child she would not pull a strawberry blossom; and no doubt it was to Wordsworth's perusal of her Grasmere journal, two years after the

Wordsworth's hitherto unpublished diaries; and to these volumes the writer of this paper is therefore largely indebted.

incident occurred, that we owe "The Leech Gatherer."

"Blessings on that brother of mine," she writes with a sudden burst of affection, and it may be hoped that the loving wish was returned with equal heartiness, for never was poet more richly dowered with a sister's love, and, we fear it must be added, more exacting in his demands upon it.

Before his marriage to Mary Hutchinson, the homeliest household cares devolved upon Dorothy. At the same time, she was her brother's constant companion out of doors, and his amanuensis at home.

"There is no doubt," Professor Knight says, "that their long walks on the mountains, and the utter want of regularity, as to hours for meals, etc.,—perhaps an inevitable element in that poetic household—injured the sister's health. The records in her journal (which are not published) giving signs of this are most pathetic; and while her ministry of service to her brother is one of the most beautiful things recorded in the annals of literature, it may surely be said that the brother should not have accepted so much, and should have noted the injury she was inflicting on herself."

Wordsworth, though abundantly kind when occasion called for it, was not genial, and the Cumberland peasantry thought more highly of Dora. One of them said, "You could tell fra the man's faace his poetry would niver have no laugh in it." He was always "booing about," writing his verses, and, according to a Rydal farmer, "When a man goes in a family way he keeps together wi' 'em, but many's a time I've seed him a takin' his family out in a string and never geein' the dearest bit of notice to 'em; standin' by hissel' and stoppin' behind a-gapin' wi' his jaws workin' the whoal time; but niver no cracking wi' 'em, nor no pleasure in 'em—a desolate-minded man, ye kna. Queer thing that mun, but it was his hobby, ye kna. It was potry as did it."

According to the best local authorities, Dorothy Wordsworth was much more sociable and friendly. "As for Miss Wordsworth," says one of them, "she ud often coom into back kitchen and ask for a bit of oat-cake and butter. She was fond of oat-cake and butter till it, fit to steal it a'most. Why, why, but she was a ter'ble clever woman was that. She did as much of his potry as he did, and went completely off it at the latter end wi' studying it, I suppose. It's a very strange

thing now that studying didn't run on in the family."

Strange, indeed, to the rustic mind. A carpenter brings up his son to the trade, why should not a poet do the like?

Dorothy's bright intelligence and genial ways made a stronger impression on the Cumberland peasantry than her brother's verse, for there's "potry as takes a deal of mastery to make out what's said;" but the warmth of Dorothy's heart and the kindness that beamed through her eyes were always easy to understand.

The little cottage at the town end of Grasmere was the poet's home for about eight years, and it was not until four of these years had gone by that Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, who had long been the friend both of the brother and sister. "She was the perfect woman nobly planned" and "with something of angelic light" immortalized in the famous lyric, and though, according to most accounts, far from beautiful, was blessed with "a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness," such as De Quincey states he never saw surpassed. Wordsworth's career, by the way, was full of the happiest incidents, and the good gifts of life fell, as it were, into his lap without much exertion on his part. At a supreme crisis his sister came to comfort and sustain him, and at the very spring-tide of his genius Mary Hutchinson came to add a double blessing to his life. There never was a man more favored, and one feels sometimes wickedly inclined to ask whether his satisfaction in his "womankind" was altogether in accordance with their deserts. His affection, no doubt, wore well, like Mrs. Primrose's wedding gown, but of the first and passionate love that gives a new glory to the sky and new witchery to the earth Wordsworth knew nothing. Just before the wedding he started for a tour with his sister, and on the day of the marriage wandered into a churchyard to inspect the tombstones, and, before reaching Grasmere, wrote a poor sonnet wholly unassociated with love or matrimony. The sister's journals would be still more interesting if she were a little alive to her brother's defects, and could enjoy a kindly laugh at his expense. But the sense of the ridiculous and the humor that gives a zest to life were unknown either to Dorothy or William.

To the journals I will now return, for they reveal far more of the real character of the writer than is to be gained from other sources. Her sensibility was so great it was well that household cares, which included making bread and mend-

ing stockings, kept her from too much brooding. Sometimes the loveliness of nature oppresses her, and she can hardly drag herself away, she is so sad; sometimes its solemnity "calls home the heart to quietness;" sometimes there is the simple enjoyment of natural objects, as when she writes, "I sate out of doors great part of the day, and worked in the garden. The little birds busy making love, and pecking the blossoms and bits of moss off the trees. They flutter about and about, and beneath the trees as I lie under them." Often her descriptions are a mere inventory of what she sees jotted down, so that the scene, with its coloring, may be brought once more vividly before her.

Here is an illustration or two. "It was a delightful day, and the views cheerful and beautiful. . . . The colors of the mountains, soft and rich with orange fern; the cattle pasturing upon the hilltops; kites sailing in the sky above our heads; sheep bleating and feeding in the watercourses scattered over the mountains. They come down and feed on the little green islands in the beds of the torrents, and so may be swept away." And, again—the scene in this instance being viewed from a hilltop near Alfoxden: "The landscape wildly interesting. The Welsh hills capped by a huge range of tumultuous white clouds. The sea spotted with white, of a bluish grey in general, and streaked with darker lines. The near shores clear; scattered farmhouses, half concealed by green, mossy orchards, fresh straw lying at the doors; haystacks in the fields. Brown fallows, the springing wheat, like a shade of green over the brown earth, and the choice of meadow plots—full of sheep and lambs—of a soft and vivid green; a few wreaths of blue smoke spreading along the ground; the oaks and beeches in the hedges retaining their yellow leaves; the distant prospect on the land side, islanded with sunshine; the sea like a basin full to the margin; the fresh-ploughed fields dark; the turnips of a lively rough green."

During the earlier period of Wordsworth's residence at Grasmere, Coleridge was living at Greta Hall, Keswick a house forever associated with the memory of Robert Southey. He was dissatisfied with himself and with his wife, who, there can be little doubt, had already good cause to be dissatisfied with him. Dorothy, knowing nothing of the evil that was beginning to blight the poet's life, knew only that he was unhappy and needed sympathy, and her warm heart gave it to him in ample measure. Many were the

walks and conversations they had together, and after a visit to Keswick she writes, on returning to Grasmere: "Every sight and every sound reminded me of Coleridge — dear, dear fellow, of his many talks to us by day and by night, of all dear things. I was melancholy and could not talk, but at last I eased my heart by weeping. . . . O! how many, many reasons have I to be anxious for him."

Within a year of Wordsworth's marriage he started with Dorothy and Coleridge, on a visit to Scotland, Mrs. Wordsworth being unable to accompany them. The "Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803, by Dorothy Wordsworth," was published by Principal Shairp in 1874, and is one of the most delightful books of the kind in the language. The obstructions to Scottish travel in those days were not trifling, but Dorothy was untroubled by them. Sometimes food was scarce, and so occasionally were beds. The inns were often dirty and comfortless; often, too, the travellers were drenched to the skin, and struggled on through difficulties unknown to tourists in our day. Samuel Rogers was in Scotland at the time, and met Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Dorothy "making a tour in a vehicle that looked very like a cart." "Wordsworth and Coleridge," he says, "were entirely occupied in talking about poetry, and the whole care of looking out for cottages where they might get refreshment and pass the night, as well as of seeing their poor horse fed and littered, devolved upon Miss Wordsworth. She was a most delightful person — so full of talent, so simple-minded, and so modest!"

In the third week of the tour Coleridge left them, "being afraid to face such wet weather in an open carriage," and in the sixth and last week of the excursion they visited Walter Scott at Lasswade, and afterwards met him at Melrose on his way to the assizes at Jedburgh in his character of sheriff of Selkirk, and to that town they accompanied him. Then when the business of the assizes was over Scott travelled with the Wordsworths in their car to Hawick, and scarcely passed a house of which he had not some story to tell. "I believe," Dorothy writes, "that by favor of his name one might be hospitably entertained throughout all the borders of Scotland;" and she adds, "We wish we could have gone with Mr. Scott into some of the remote dales of this country, where in almost every house he can find a home and a hearty welcome." And it was not his fame as a poet that made Scott thus welcome, for this was

two years before he published the "Lay," but the irresistible charm of manner and warmth of heart which won the love of every one who had the good fortune to meet him.

A regret has been expressed that, instead of a minute description of outward objects in this Scottish tour, Dorothy Wordsworth had not recorded the conversations between her brother and Coleridge, but she had not in the slightest degree the art in which Boswell excelled, and it was natural that in keeping a journal never intended for publication she should do that which she felt herself the best qualified to do. The whole record of the six weeks' tour is written with the utmost simplicity. Throughout the volume there is as little indication of literary effort as in the paragraph with which Dorothy concludes her "Recollections:" —

"Breakfasted at a public-house by the roadside; dined at Sheffield; arrived at home between eight and nine o'clock, where we found Mary in perfect health, Joanna Hutchinson with her, and little John asleep in the clothes-basket by the fire."

The Scottish tour was made, as has been said, in 1803, when Miss Wordsworth was thirty-two years of age. In 1814 Wordsworth visited Scotland again, and on this visit took with him his wife and her sister, leaving Dorothy to keep house at Rydal Mount, the beautiful home to which they had removed in the previous year.

The next fact that broke the even tenor of Dorothy's life was a journey on the Continent in 1820 with her brother and his wife. The two women both kept diaries of this tour, and Wordsworth used them on his return in writing the series of poems which memorialized the tour. "It is hard to say," says Professor Knight, "whether the jottings taken at the time by his wife or the extended journal afterwards written out by his sister is the more admirable, both as a record of travel and as a commentary on the poet's work." Crabb Robinson, a highly accomplished man and a warm friend of the Wordsworths, accompanied them. He also kept a diary, and writes that he did not know when he had felt so humble as in reading Mrs. Wordsworth's journal — it was so superior to his own. He must also have been much struck with Dorothy's, for he advised her to publish it, but she replied, with her usual self-abnegation, that her object was not to make a book, but to leave to her niece "a neatly penned memorial of those few interesting months of

our lives." There was a time, however, when Miss Wordsworth did think of publishing her tour in Scotland, and the poet Rogers was consulted about it. "The fact is" her brother wrote in 1822, "she was so much gratified by her tour in Switzerland that she has a strong wish to add to her knowledge of that country, and to extend her ramble to some part of Italy. As her own little fortune is not sufficient to justify a step of this kind, she has no hope of revisiting those countries unless an adequate sum could be procured through the means of this MS." Rogers thought highly of the "Recollections," and Dorothy wrote to him expressing a hope that the book might produce £200, "a sum," she says, "which would effectually aid me in accomplishing the ramble I so much, and I hope not unwisely, wish for." The wish was never fulfilled, and seventy years passed away before the volume was published by Mr. Shairp.

In September, 1822, Dorothy made a second tour in Scotland with Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Joanna Hutchinson. The excursion lasted seven weeks, of which three were spent in Edinburgh. Still harping on the Italian journey, Dorothy wrote to Crabb Robinson, three years later, of a scheme for which "all their savings must be heaped up — no less than spending a whole winter in Italy, and a whole summer in moving about from place to place in Switzerland and elsewhere." This project was abandoned, and Miss Wordsworth's next tour was in England, and later on she visited the Isle of Man with her nephew. As usual, she wrote a journal on the occasion, which if not otherwise remarkable, shows that in approaching old age the faculty of enjoyment was undiminished. This was to be her last pleasure-taking excursion. In 1829 she was keeping house for her nephew, John Wordsworth, then a curate at Whitwick, near Ashby, and there, for the first time in her life, she was taken seriously ill. She recovered slowly, and on her return, by easy stages, to Rydal, had a second attack. Henceforth Dorothy Wordsworth's life was that of an invalid, although for some time she did not altogether give up the hope of restoration to health. Writing to Charles and Mary Lamb, she says, "Wishes I do now and then indulge of at least revisiting Switzerland, and again crossing the Alps, and even strolling on to Rome. But there is a great change in my feelings respecting plans for the future. If we make any, I entertain them as an amusement, perhaps,

for a short while, but never set my heart upon anything which is to be accomplished three months hence, and have no satisfaction whatever in *schemes*. When one has lived almost sixty years one is satisfied with present enjoyment, and thankful for it, without daring to count on what is to be done six months hence."

Dorothy's health was a constant grief to her brother. "Her state," he wrote, "weighs incessantly upon every thought of my heart." And in another letter, referring to Coleridge, he says, "He and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted, and they are now proceeding, as it were, *pari passu* along the path of sickness — I will not say towards the grave; but I trust towards a blessed immortality."

Many a year passed away before the end came, for Miss Wordsworth survived her brother, but they were years of sorrow for those who loved her, and especially for him to whom through the glad days of early and later manhood she had proved a second self. Not long before he died, Mrs. Wordsworth said that almost the only enjoyment her husband seemed to feel was in his attendance on his sister, and that her death would be to him a sad calamity.

In 1805 Wordsworth wrote some beautiful lines addressed "To a young lady who had been reproached for taking long walks in the country." His biographer states that they were meant for his sister. If so, the poetical license in the verses is considerable, for Dorothy was thirty-four, and had little prospect of showing, as a wife and mother, —

how divine a thing

A woman may be made.

And unfortunately the prophecy of a serene old age, "lovely as a Lapland night," was not his sister's lot. The long walks for which she had been reproached were one cause, it is thought, of the comparatively early failure of mind and body. When her brother was dying, Miss Wordsworth heard of his condition with composure, and after his death, upon being carried past the door where the body lay, she was heard to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" She survived the poet nearly five years, and died at Rydal Mount in January, 1855, at the age of eighty three. "And now," to quote Mr. Shairp's words, "beside her brother and his wife, and others of that household, she rests in the green Grasmere churchyard with the clear waters of Rotha murmuring by."

JOHN DENNIS.

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## CONTENTS.

I. THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	131
II. THE TAKING OF OSMAN OĞLOU,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	141
III. ANCIENT ARABIA. By Professor Sayce,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . . .	145
IV. AMONG THE SARDES,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	149
V. A LOTHIAN FAIR,	<i>National Review,</i>	. . . . .	157
VI. A MODERN EASTERN MARTYR,	<i>Good Words,</i>	. . . . .	161
VII. HOW A RUSSIAN OFFICER RODE TO THE EXPOSITION,	<i>Supplément Littéraire du Figaro,</i>	. . . . .	170
VIII. STAMPING OUT PROTESTANTISM IN RUSSIA,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	. . . . .	173
IX. CHARLES DIBDIN,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	180
X. CANVASSING THE RUSTICS,	<i>Time,</i>	. . . . .	186
XI. BROWNING AND TENNYSON,	<i>Spectator,</i>	. . . . .	190

## POETRY.

A SNOW PARABLE,	. . . . .	130	RONDEL, . . . . .	130	
THE WANING YEAR,	. . . . .	130		LITERATURE AND NATURE,	130
ITINERANTS,	. . . . .	130			

MISCELLANY, . . . . . 192

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## A SNOW PARABLE.

BY A. L. SALMON.

SOFTLY falls the snow and slowly, slowly,  
O'er the solitude of wold and hill;  
Winds are breathing desolate and lowly  
Where the wearied world is lying still.

All the dismal blackness of the city  
Lies enshrouded with a perfect white:  
God in wonderful eternal pity  
Sends his snowy message through the night.

Like a cloak of pardon and remission  
Falls the snow on city den and street—  
Emblem of the contrite heart's condition,  
Earnest of forgiving love complete.

Where the sin and sadness are unsleeping  
Lies a purity which is not theirs;  
Thro' the night there comes a sound of weep-  
ing,  
Thro' the night there comes a voice of  
prayers.

Turn, O hungry souls that tire of sinning,  
Take the peace which earth can never give!  
Leave the by-gone for a new beginning,  
Leave the dreariness of death, and live.

Softly falls the snow and slowly, slowly,  
O'er the solitude of street and mart:  
Hear, O Father! Thou art holy—  
Lay its whiteness on the sinner's heart.

Good Words.

## THE WANING YEAR.

WITH faded leaves her path was strown—  
Gold of the elm and beechen red:  
She wandered—she was all alone—  
The summer and her hopes were dead.

She murmur'd—for her pulse beat low,  
"Oh, we were glad in springtime here!  
Who would have thought it ended so?"  
She murmur'd—and let fall a tear.

"The air is full of voices faint;  
The rain is cold and dim the day;  
No ear gives heed to my complaint—  
'Tis time I were away!"

Academy.

## ITINERANTS.

WHENCE come these wanderers, from what  
southern clime,  
Playing before my window in the street,  
This man and woman in whose presence  
meet  
Impassioned whisperings of a world sublime?

As though their sires had sat in olden time  
Within the Forum, or at Cæsar's feet,  
He, sternly gracious, seems my gaze to greet  
With the weird grandeur of a Dantesque  
rhyme;  
And she, who moves so gently—she whose  
mien  
Might grace a Beatrice or adorn love's  
queen—  
Perchance hath near the Pincian known of  
yore  
The love-lit welcome and the light of home!  
Yet vain is all surmise, we'll guess no more.  
I said, "Whence came ye?" and she an-  
swered, "Rome."  
S. WADDINGTON.

## RONDEL.

SHE came to me when Spring was in the land;  
I could not separate her from its flowers;  
She was inwoven with the budding hours  
When Summer's dainty leafery is planned.

We stood a day or two on Friendship's strand,  
As rightly met as April sun and showers:  
She came to me when Spring was in the land;  
I could not separate her from its flowers.

And though we go not hence linked hand in  
hand,  
Nor as a gentle friend my life she dowers,  
Lent-lilies will recall those rides of ours;  
I'll say, when primroses their buds expand:  
"She came to me when Spring was in the  
land."  
Chambers' Journal.

## LITERATURE AND NATURE.

'MID Cambrian heights around Dolgelly vale,  
What time we scaled great Cader's rugged  
pile,  
Or loitered idly where still meadows smile  
Beside the Mawddach-stream, or far Cyn-  
fael—  
No tome or rhythmic page, no pastoral tale,  
Our summer-sated senses would beguile,  
Or lull our ears to melody, the while  
The voiceful rill ran lilting down the dale.  
In London town once more—behold once  
more  
The old delight returns! 'Mid heights  
how vast,  
In Milton's verse, through what dim  
paths we wind;  
How Keats's canvas glows, and Wordsworth's  
lore,  
As tarn or torrent pure, by none surpass'd,  
Sheds light and love—unfathomed, un-  
defined.

S. WADDINGTON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.\*

THE study of English literature in our schools and colleges on a scale proportionate to its importance is of comparatively recent date. I suppose we should not be far wrong in fixing that date at about thirty years back. Up to that time, although the colleges in London and other great centres could boast distinguished professors of the subject, it had hardly been recognized, even in the higher forms of schools at all. School histories of England, in an appendix to the successive chapters, may have furnished the names of the great authors in prose and verse who adorned each reign, with a list of their more important works, but that was all. To whom the credit is due of leading the movement which has brought about the remarkable change in this respect, it might be difficult to say. But there is no doubt that the movement received a great impetus about the time just mentioned by the publication, through the Clarendon Press at Oxford, of a series of selected works of the great English classics, thoroughly edited and annotated, under the general direction of the late Professor Brewer, of King's College. Single plays of Shakespeare, separate portions of the "Canterbury Tales," selected poems of Dryden, and so forth, were one by one issued, under the care of the editors best qualified for the task, and at a price that made them available for use in all the higher class schools and colleges in the country. "The authors and works selected," so ran the prospectus of the series, "are such as will best serve to illustrate English literature in its *historical* aspect. As 'the eye of history,' without which history cannot be understood, the literature of a nation is the clearest and most intelligible record of its life. Its thoughts and its emotions, its graver and its less serious modes, its progress or its degeneracy, are told by its best authors in their best words. This view of the subject will suggest the safest rules for the study of it."

\* An address delivered at University College, Bristol, at the opening of the session 1889-1890.

Admirable words, worthy of the large-minded and large-hearted scholar who inspired, if he did not actually frame them; and we can well understand how they must have brought light and inspiration to many a schoolmaster and student, who had never entertained the idea of Chaucer and Bacon as possible factors in education, though it had seemed the most obvious thing in the world to study the masterpieces of Schiller, Dante, or Molière. At the time we are speaking of, the average schoolmaster would have scouted the idea of an English classic becoming a text-book in his school. He might indeed give out a canto of "Marmion" to be learned by heart as a holiday task, but that was for a mere exercise of memory, or to keep the lad from being too noisy on a wet day. I remember how Dr. Arnold, in one of his letters, expresses an ardent wish that he might have the opportunity of studying a play of Shakespeare with his sixth form, on the same scale of attention and precision as they studied a book of Thucydides! But this was but an aspiration, and the times were not ripe for a change, even if the remorseless limits of years and months admitted of any diminution of the space allotted to Latin and Greek.

I do not at all say that the prejudice of the average teacher against the introduction of English writers into the curriculum of his school was altogether unworthy, and to be laughed at. It had its root in a true conviction that nothing was worth teaching that did not involve some labor and trouble on the part of the learner—that did not awake and exercise in him some new powers—that was not, in a word, a discipline. It was this feeling that was sound and worthy of all respect in the prejudice against English literature as an element in education. The picture of Addison, or Pope in a boy's hands connected itself with that of a half-hour of idleness—harmless perhaps, but still idleness—spent in an armchair by the fire or on a sunny lawn, a half-hour withdrawn from more serious and profitable study. And if any one, reading these suppressed thoughts of the teacher, were to retort that after all Addison and Pope might be as

worthy literature as Horace and Aristophanes, the answer would be ready: "Yes, but it takes some trouble to get at the meaning of Horace and Aristophanes. The language in which they wrote obliges the student to give thought and trouble to the subject. An English book does nothing of the kind."

And it was to those who cherished this conviction, and yet were quite aware that Hooker and Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton, De Foe and Swift must have an important message to those who spoke their tongue, that, as I have said, such words as Professor Brewer's came like something of a revelation. English literature, it now appeared, might ask some labor and attention on the part of the student, might evoke and train some new powers. It might link itself with history, or rather claim to be itself a department of history, and history had long ago been established as a necessary branch of education. And moreover, as such, it admitted of being examined in, and the final test by examination has always, I suppose, been present to the mind of the teacher when considering the appropriateness of a subject for his pupils.

From the first, then, English literature has been regarded by the teacher as something to be examined in; and from the first this has largely determined the form in which it has been taught. The connection of an author with his own time — how far he has either reflected the deeper convictions and aims of that time, or perhaps only its passing moods and fashions; the obligations of the writer to foreign models, or to the influence of a revived study of ancient literature — these and many such inquiries were seen to be wholesome and instructive ways of studying the author, and throwing light upon his genius and our appreciation of him. And in all sound teaching of the subject such topics have always, of course, found a place. But even here and in the hands of teachers of real and wide scholarship, I think may be perceived the first shadow of a danger which might in time spread and overcast the entire subject. In the hands of a teacher who himself loved, and enjoyed the author he was treating of, it

would be impossible but that something of his own taste and appreciation should be transferred to the student who listened to him, provided always that the student had in him the germs of taste and appreciation at all. But here again the terminal examination began to cast its "shadow before." How are you to examine upon a young student's enjoyment of the "Fairy Queen" or the "Rape of the Lock"? Even though he has learned to feel, and ardently to relish, the exquisite yet wholly different flavors of these two poems, how is this to be tested by an examination paper? Moreover, if a taste for these writers is to be found by studying them — not for the history or archæology in them, but for their own sakes and for the enjoyment of them — there is no time for this in the class-room, for that time is wanted for the historical and critical questions that arise; and the student at home has no time for that leisurely and deliberate reading that brings about a love for an author, as distinguished from a mastery of his difficulties (if an ancient writer) of language or allusion. And thus the danger might arise, even with the ablest teaching, that the student would leave the study of an author with a considerable knowledge of his language, his allusions, and his relation to other writers, and yet with but a moderate degree of pleasure derived from the writer himself.

And if, even with our ablest and most scholarly teachers at work, there exists this possibility of the writer himself being neglected for the sake of the facts about the writer, how certain is it that the study of our literature in places of education where such scholars are not procurable (and scholars of fine and catholic literary taste do not grow on every hedge) must tend to resolve itself more and more into questions that can be set and answered in an examination paper, with questions of a writer's biography, of facts and dates connected with his writings, of popular quotations from these writings and the like — with perhaps a list of the general and time-honored verdicts that it is considered safe for any one, not a genius, to repeat in society. We all know what to expect when we take up an examination paper in

English literature as set to the higher form of a good school; it is sure to contain questions something after this model:

"Name the authors of the following works — 'The Hind and the Panther;' 'Beowulf;' 'Acis and Galatea;' 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay;' 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters;' and 'Adonais.' Give a brief account of the contents of these works. To what class of literature do they belong?"

"Write a life, with dates, of Sir John Suckling. What do you mean by the 'metaphysical' poets? Discuss the appropriateness of the term."

Now I am not citing this style of question to condemn or ridicule it. No knowledge can be entirely useless, and there is no saying when and where it may not be useful to an upper middle-class English man or woman to know the authors of the aforesaid works. But this at least is certain, that a student might obtain full marks in such a paper without its proving that he or she was any the better, wiser, or happier for any of the literature of which it treats. To begin with, there may be ample time in one school or college session to get up all the information requisite to answer such a paper, when there would not be time enough for the profitable study of any one of the writers named, if read for the sake of his works and not for the sake of being examined about him. And it is obvious that if literature is pursued in this kind of way, there is hardly any limit to the extent of ground that the student may be asked to traverse in a single year. I have myself been more than once invited to set the examination papers in this subject in an institution that I will not name. The syllabus of the lectures given during one session has been laid before me, to assist me in framing my questions, and I could only gather from this that in the course of a single year the whole range of English literature from "Piers Plowman" to "Waverley" had been dealt with by the lecturer, and therefore after a fashion supposed to be profitable to the learners. Imagine five centuries of our noble classics in verse and prose — the greater and the minor prophets of our literature — so much as touched

upon to any purpose in such a space! No doubt the area covered looked well in the prospectus of the lectures. It displayed the comprehensive character of the instruction given, and by consequence the complete knowledge of English authors carried away by a daughter after only a year's work — "and still the wonder grew, how one small head could carry all she knew." Yes! the old, old fallacy! The area nominally cultivated — *this* the wonder and the attraction. No thought of the depth to which the plough has gone, or whether any really valuable seed had been sown at all! No thought of whether any genuine pleasure had been acquired through experience of any one of these English writers! Yet only through some pleasure given, I venture to assert, is any profit afforded by the study of an English writer.

May I tell two anecdotes, for which I can vouch, illustrating the opinion I am upholding, drawn not from the class-rooms of our own rank, but from the "simple annals of the poor"? You know that of late years, in our national schools under government inspection, the higher standards are allowed to learn and study some passage of defined length from an English poet — a scene from Shakespeare, a poem of Cowper, a canto of Walter Scott. Well, I once knew of a village schoolmaster who actually chose Milton's "Lycidas" for the purpose, and, stranger still, the inspector did not put his foot down upon the absurdity. It is quite easy to divine why the schoolmaster, who had perhaps studied the poem in his own training college days, chose that poem. "Lycidas" has always been one of the happiest of hunting-grounds for the examiner. It is full from end to end of names, phrases, allusions in mythology, geography, scripture-history, on which questions can be framed. Just recall a few — the "Sisters of the sacred well," "the Fauns and Satyrs," "the Druids," "the gory visage sent down the stream," the "sanguine flower inscribed with woe," and all the rest of it. The examiner could go on constructing paper after paper, and yet leave something untouched. And so, for the sake of proving to the examiner how many

Clarendon Press notes could be made to stick fast in the sixth standard boy's memory, this consummate poem was drummed into him — a poem, the nobility and beauty of which could not by any possibility be brought home to his ideas and feelings, because his whole line of learning in the school supplied him with nothing to which the poem could in any intelligible way link itself. The allusiveness of the poem — saturated at every turn with a recollection of something in Virgil or Theocritus — essentially a poem to delight scholars and students, how should it test anything in the village boy, save a parrot-like capacity for learning isolated facts and phrases, and reproducing them on paper or by word of mouth? This is one of my anecdotes. Here is the other. Some five-and-twenty years ago, when I was a curate in Staffordshire, our village schoolmaster (it was before the days of regulation English literature in national schools), having to find something to read to his upper class as a lesson in dictation, thought he would try as an experiment Lord Tennyson's "Dora," that tender and charming idyll of the farmer whose son would not marry according to his father's wishes — a story of sorrow and suffering, courage and loyalty, and final reconciliation. I suppose that no one would dream of choosing such a poem to provide material for an examination; at least I cannot remember any single word in it to make a question out of; and in this case the poem was not set for that purpose, but primarily for an exercise in writing from dictation. But the master, having found the story touching and interesting, doubtless hoped his pupils might also find it so, and thought like a sensible man that he might confer two separate benefits in a single lesson. What was the result? The boys and girls were moved and charmed. They obtained permission to make permanent copies of it with pen and ink. They took them home, and read them to their fathers and mothers; they in their turn were interested and moved by the picture of village loves and sorrows, touched by a master's hand; and thus one very unromantic Staffordshire village was drawn for the moment closer together under the spell of genius. Now, I ask you confidently, in which of these two cases had English literature really justified its admission into schools — its installation as a worthy part of education? In which instance had literature done its high and blessed service — that in which the poem had been studied for its own sake, or that

in which it had been studied for the sake of the notes?

I do not apologize for this digression into village life, while addressing the students of this distinguished college, for it serves my purpose, which is to assert for English literature a function and a mission which seem to me sometimes in danger of being overlooked in the very zeal for teaching it. Whenever the use of literature in education comes to be sought for in the opportunity for setting papers in it; if ever the *notes* and not the *text* should come to be treated as the life of the subject; then *propter vitam* the student may come to overlook the very motive and justification for that life. The danger indubitably exists of wearying the younger student by confining his attention to the accidents of the subject, and never finding time to come to its essence at all. Take for example the greatest name of all in our literature — Shakespeare. He is indeed the best of all subjects for the lecturer, because he is the greatest. But he is also the best from another point of view; because he is so full of interesting subordinate matter — so full of history, archæology, folk-lore, allusiveness to obsolete manners and customs, sports and pastimes of our ancestors, together with a vocabulary and grammar sufficiently unlike our own to justify and necessitate any amount of careful study. One could lecture for a whole session upon the difficulties in "Coriolanus" (where there is also for the examiner the additional joy of an extremely obscure text), without ever arriving at the nobility and pathos of the dramatist's treatment of his subject. One might even achieve a famous traditional impossibility, and so study the play of "Hamlet" as to leave out the Prince of Denmark altogether! But do not suppose for one moment that I think all this subordinate matter superfluous or unimportant. It is of the first importance and absolutely necessary. I at once admit that no study of Shakespeare is worth anything that does not primarily take account of such things. Any one coming to that study with no previous acquaintance with Shakespeare's grammar and idiom — with the general differences of Elizabethan English from our own — does indeed "see through a glass darkly." Without some knowledge in the directions I just now indicated, how large a part of Shakespeare is obscure; how many of his similes and allusions miss their mark; how much of his wit and humor is absolutely without point! ~~We~~ are really indebted to the scholar and the

antiquarian for any thorough enjoyment of a dramatist separated from us by three hundred years. Without their help (to use a homely metaphor), we are as those who gaze at a beautiful landscape through a window of imperfect glass, soiled and overcrusted with age; to enjoy the view, it is absolutely necessary that the window be first cleaned. Now by successive scholars and antiquarians this service has been amply rendered; and in our time two scholars, Mr. Aldis Wright and Dr. Abbott, have done invaluable work towards this end. The former of these gentlemen has done more to make Shakespeare intelligible, and therefore profitable to younger students — yes, and to children also of a larger growth — than any one I could name. To have mastered Mr. Wright's notes to the plays in the Clarendon Press series is to have become in the most effectual way acclimatized to Elizabethan English. And few of the most generally well-informed Englishmen can afford to despise such help. Now and then we meet with those who profess to find their Shakespeare quite intelligible and to be scornfully intolerant of the commentator's proffered aid. I should very much like to test such persons with a few picked passages, and see whether by the light of nature alone, and their own good wits, they can make sense out of metaphors drawn from some superstition or sport familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries, but of which no trace now remains. Take Shakespeare's metaphors from hawking, for instance. That being the one familiar field-sport, dear to all classes of society from the king to the yeoman, no wonder that in the hands of a great poet it becomes a perpetual fountain of imagery — from Desdemona's "I'll watch him tame" to Othello's magnificent threat: —

If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my own heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
To prey at Fortune.

Mr. Aldis Wright in one of his prefaces mentions that various correspondents had demurred to his filling his notes with matter of this kind, and had wished for some fine-art criticism instead. Mr. Wright most wisely declined to listen to any such allurements. "Sign-post criticism," as he called it, he distinctly refused to supply. He knew well enough what the invitation meant, in too many cases. It meant that certain young critics of Shakespeare wanted to be able to descant authorita-

tively on Shakespeare's beauties and defects, his strength and weakness, and to exchange æsthetic speculations with their friends at a society, without taking any preliminary trouble even to understand the words of the author they were talking about. And this ambition the editor had no intention of gratifying. His purpose was to make it certain that the critic of the future had mastered this preliminary knowledge, without which to pretend to an opinion at all on Shakespeare's or any other author's merits or demerits is mere vanity and impertinence. And therefore you will not misunderstand me in what I have already said of a grave danger incident to the study before us, that the notes to any author should receive more attention than the text; and in judging that there was something wrong somewhere when, as I remember once to have seen, a young girl of fourteen or fifteen despairfully roamed up and down a drawing-room with one of Mr. Aldis Wright's little orange-tawny volumes in her hand, exclaiming wearily, "Oh! how I hate Shakespeare!"

We are used to this melancholy state of things in the instance of an ancient language. That an average schoolboy, having to read (let us say) Tacitus for the sake of the Latin tongue, should come to hate Tacitus, has long come to be accepted as a natural event. For we know that an extinct tongue must be studied in those writers whom care or chance has preserved from perishing through the world's stormy ages; and as a rule these are the writers of real mark. In these the Latin and Greek idiom must be studied. It is one of the penalties of the "survival of the fittest." For similar reasons, the notable writers of our own early history have naturally survived; and if we would have our young men and women study to the best advantage an important dialect of the time of Edward the Third, we cannot well avoid having recourse to Geoffrey Chaucer, even if the humor of the Lady Abbess and the pathos of Griselda should perish in the process. The "Canterbury Tales" must be for a while approached as in a strange tongue. But it need be but for a very brief space. No fairly intelligent boy or girl, of decent preliminary training, should need more than a few hours' instruction to enable them to master all the excellences, and taste all the delights of the father of English poetry. Nothing but the will and the taste is wanting. How are the desire and the taste to be fostered? This is the one real

problem. Any one who wants to read and enjoy Chaucer can learn to do so with a very few hours' attention and study. The inflected system of the language Chaucer wrote — the allusions and obscurities in Shakespeare — these are not the real obstacles to the student, and the real despair of the teacher. The real difficulty is, that when the editor and commentator have done their part, the love for the writer himself has not thereby been produced. If the young student at the end of it all does not go the length of crying, with the young lady just named, "How I hate Shakespeare!" at least he does not exclaim, "How I love him!"; and unless the teaching of the great writers of England ends in producing some genuine love and admiration for their works — in one word, some real enjoyment of them — the end of English literature as a means of education is not attained. The end and object of all the notes and note-makers, of Mr. Wright and Dr. Abbott, of all editions and all editors, of all critics and commentators, is to make the writers they deal with more endeared, because more intelligible, to the reader.

The great end, then, I submit, of English literature as an element of education is to *give pleasure*. I well know what opposition — even what contempt — is likely to be excited in some minds by this avowal. The image, already referred to, of the lazy boy reading "Ivanhoe" on the sofa for his amusement is sure to rise before the mind's eye of many, and to such persons the image is one of mere waste of time. "After all, we were right," will exclaim the schoolmaster of the old pattern, who from the first was suspicious of the introduction of English authors side by side with those of Greece and Rome, Germany or France. "We were right; this new education is another name for shirking work — at least, for mere diletanteism." I remember once maintaining this position, that the highest object of the study of literature was to make us the happier for it; and a little later in the conversation a young lady remarked, "You know, Mr. Ainger, you said just now that we were to read chiefly for our amusement!" I knew this was said only in fun, for the speaker was a very thoughtful and accomplished woman; but I treasured up the retort just because it illustrated a real confusion that exists in the minds of many. To the unthinking, "joy," "happiness," "pleasure," "amusement," are words that perhaps convey much of the same idea. But it only needs

that those who *do* think should recall the kind of pleasure that they have derived from some great writer — from Shakespeare or Milton, Jeremy Taylor or Sir Thomas Browne, Goldsmith or Lamb, Coleridge or Wordsworth — to understand that to speak of that pleasure as *amusement* would be a profanation and an indignity. I am not saying that if the study of literature only succeeded in providing its disciples with a larger field of amusement, it would be wholly thrown away. Better to find amusement in the authors it has to deal with, than in the myriads of ephemeral works that are no part of literature at all. Better to read "Ivanhoe" on the sofa — to find the merest amusement in the genuine romantic vein of Sir Walter, than in the pinchbeck-romantic of —, and —, and — (for I dare name no names), whose books seem to be hardly in existence a month before they are in their two hundred and fortieth thousand. But I need not before this audience waste words to prove that by joy, or pleasure, I do not mean amusement, but something differing from it *toto caelo*. And it is through pleasure — high and noble pleasure — that almost every good and perfect gift must ultimately *work* out for us its mission.

To make us happier by introducing us to sources of pleasure hitherto unexplored, and to render more intelligible and interesting the notable works that we had failed to draw pleasure from before — these are the primary objects of teaching literature. And therefore to add to our knowledge of everything that can make these writers give up to us their fullest meaning and spirit — to remove all obstacles in them, and in ourselves, which hinder us from enjoying them, is among the first duties and privileges of the teacher. The lecturer on Shakespeare has to help his pupil to understand Shakespeare; but he has done this to no purpose, or rather he has not done this at all, unless he has deepened the pupil's admiration for, and thus helped him to gain pleasure from, the poet. The aspiring pupil perhaps (like those whom Mr. Wright spoke of as demanding "sign-post criticism") thinks this superfluous. He is eager at once to exercise his judgment, his critical powers — to be able quickly to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Let him not be in a hurry! *Love* must come first — *Criticism afterwards*. You wish to know why Shakespeare is greater than all other dramatists of that wonderful period. Well, your teachers

could provide you with a dozen sound and excellent reasons for this, which nobody could dispute. And you could carry them away, and reproduce them in an examination paper, and air them at a mutual improvement society, and be not one jot the happier and wiser for the knowledge — whereas, a companion who had by quiet reading, steeped himself in the divine pathos of "Lear," in the pastoral sweetness of the "Winter's Tale," in the delicate comedy of "As You Like It," would have discovered, without its having been pointed out to him, that in all these qualities, and a hundred other, even the tragedy of Ford and Webster, and the tender humanity of Heywood, must bow the head before the master of them all. And if it be asked, what room then is there for the lecturer and professor? I say that he is the best lecturer and professor who has best succeeded in inducing his pupil to adopt this quiet and patient method; to take this open but little trodden path to the understanding and true appreciation of our great English writers.

And then, as I have said, appreciation and affection being kindled, the critical faculty begins to grow. For having tasted, and become used to the very best of its kind, second and third and fourth best begin to lose their charm. And this is what I meant when I said that love is the parent of criticism. Criticism, you know, has a bad name with many people. To them, it means carping, fault-finding, or at best a habit of analyzing and dissecting that is fatal to the genuine enjoyment of anything. "Why do you criticise?" asks the bewildered parent or guardian, when his daughter throws down with weariness a new volume of verse, written by some popular contemporary, consisting of faint echoes of the verse of Shelley or Tennyson. "Why do you criticise? Why cannot you be content to admire and enjoy?" Alas! the question is easily asked; but it is as futile a question as to ask why, when we have eaten a piece of roast mutton, we have discovered it to be a bit of very inferior and insipid meat! The request that a person will eat and not taste, is a mere mockery, though made with the best intentions. "There are many echoes in the world, but few voices," was one of Goethe's great sayings; and our education in literature has few worthier functions than to teach us to distinguish the echo from the voice — the copy from the original.

We claim therefore for English literature as an instrument of education that it

shall raise, by instructing the general taste; that it shall teach us better how to covet earnestly good literature, and not encourage, or waste time over what is inferior or worthless. And this should supply an additional answer to those who ask what practical value there is in the study of our older authors. We most of us read books — or at least those periodical effusions which now do duty so largely for books — and even if all reading were waste of time, it would be certainly better to read good than bad. And there is a great deal — an enormous deal — that is bad every year written and published. I do not mean bad in a serious sense — subversive of our elementary morals and faiths, though there is very much of that — but bad in art, and in style; exciting, but not elevating or inspiring; unreal and pretentious; the cleverest electro-plate passing itself off for silver; sham eloquence, sham sentiment, sham poetry, sham philosophy, and sham humor. Would it be a worthless result of two or three years' study of the great realities, of which these are the counterfeits, to be able to detect the base coin, and at once nail it to the counter? I am well aware that fine taste is a very rare faculty indeed. "Taste," that admirable critic, the late Edward Fitzgerald, used to say, "is the feminine of genius;" and like its male companion, it must always be the heritage of the few. But there are degrees of it, and it may be developed by training, and though the best teaching in the world will fail to give some young persons a relish for Milton or Spenser, the average of failures need not be greater than in other and older-established subjects of instruction. After all, these same students, who have been bored perhaps with Clarendon Press manuals, will by-and-by be found to be in possession of a great deal of taste, though as the gentleman in the old story added, it may be very bad taste. When we find tears being shed over some cleverly wrought sentimentality; or loud laughter raised by some miserable burlesque; or hands and eyes uplifted at some very tall talk that passes in the world's market for eloquence, we feel sure that if true pathos, and humor, and the eloquence of having something to say and knowing how to say it nobly, had ever been studied in the masterpieces of old time, the reader or hearer could never have been misled by these transparent imitations. Take that last-named quality of *eloquence*. We have writers endowed with this power still among us; men who having noble thoughts



and cultured minds, can give utterance to their meaning in language touched with genuine emotion. But probably many of these have never passed for eloquent at all; the word has been reserved for fluent and flowery commonplace; or what our American friends call "high falutin'." That all true eloquence is inherent in the thought expressed, and not in the words, is seldom recognized at all in popular criticism. I would ask whether the heart of an educated man does not sink within him when he is entreated to come and hear the new curate, because his sermons are "so eloquent." He knows, I mean, almost for certainty what it is that he will hear, if he accepts the invitation. However, to leave this ground (which I feel is somewhat delicate), let me only say that it is surely a good work to teach our young men and women in this matter also to detect the true from the spurious; to show them how with the most ornate writers, such as Jeremy Taylor, or Edmund Burke, or the Mr. Ruskin of forty years ago, the beauty of the language is organically connected with the originality or beauty of the thing said; that the efflorescence has a root lying deep below, which gives it all its real importance and permanence. Or, once more, take *humor*, of which the counterfeits in circulation are so many. If only we had brought our students really to enjoy the humor of Chaucer, and Shakespeare, of Sterne, and Goldsmith, and Addison, yes, and of Scott and Miss Austen, of Dickens and of Lamb, and of the many other delightful masters in this kind that our literature boasts, how could they afterwards fail to note how much that passes for humor in this day is not grounded, like the true thing, in sympathy with humanity, but in scorn of it; that a vast proportion of the most popular humor of the day is really cynicism. To distinguish true humor from mere mockery, its most abundant substitute, this is one of the surely useful tasks of the teacher in the study of those branches of English literature that seem to be the most frivolous, — the nearest approach to a mere amusement.

"Then after all," it may be retorted on me, "criticism *does* consist in picking holes and finding faults; and the result of all you have said, if accomplished, will be to limit our sources of innocent enjoyment, and to make us fastidious and one-sided." Nothing can be farther from the truth. We may truly say of criticism, as was said of religion in Dr. Watts's hymn, that "It never was designed to make our pleasures less." It is true that it purifies

and elevates them, but it does not diminish them in the process; it incalculably widens them. It cuts off from our serious attention a vast amount of inferior writing; it teaches us to know the echo from the voice, the pale imitation from the real thing; but while it takes away with one hand it gives with the other, and gives far more than it takes away. Criticism is meant to make us fastidious — fastidious, that is, as to the quality of any particular kind of literature; but at the same time, if it is worth anything, it extends indefinitely the width of our sympathies and likings. It tells us not to admire unreal things and feeble imitations; but it also tells us how many things there are of first-rate excellence to which our eyes may have been hitherto sealed. It tells us that though Shelley may be a greater poet than Longfellow, yet that an original Longfellow is worth any number of imitation Shelleys. It tells us that to affect to see no excellence in one kind of literature, because we see a great deal (or think we do) in some other more exalted kind; to wonder what on earth people ever admired in Pope because we see a great deal to admire in Tennyson; that this is a sign, not at all of the "higher criticism," but of a very low and poor criticism indeed; and any education in taste that has ended in diminishing the number of remarkable writers that we can derive pleasure from, is shown thereby to have been no true education, and to have missed its mark.

So that you see, after all, I *do* believe in what Mr. Aldis Wright called "sign-post criticism." He rightly refused to supply it, because he found that some young people wanted to pose as critics before even they understood the meaning of the writer they proposed to criticise. But there is, I am certain, a place for it in the teaching of English literature. It is very salutary for us all, at a certain stage in our education, to be taught that certain writers are to be treated by us with respect whether we like it or not. I remember some years ago a picture in *Punch*, by Mr. Du Maurier, of a fashionable lady leading a troop of daughters, catalogue in hand, into the opening room of the Royal Academy Exhibition. "Now, girls!" cheerfully exclaims the mamma, "now, girls! which are the pictures that we are to admire?" Of course the satire is obvious and just. The mamma wanted to admire the right pictures, but to her the "right" pictures meant those that her most important friends admired. She wanted, in a word, to be "in the fashion" in this respect as

in all others. But there is a right and a wrong even in matters of taste, and while our own taste is in the process of forming, it is of first-rate importance that we should be instructed upon authority "what we are to admire;" that we should at least learn to suspend our dislikes and our prejudices till we are in some measure entitled to have them. There are certain writers in our literature who have come to be called classics. What is a classic? A classic is, I suppose, a writer who has attained, by the continuous verdict of successive generations of readers and critics, a certain rank which individual opinion is of no avail to disturb. Individual opinion no doubt very often does resent, openly or silently, the rank thus awarded to a writer. One of John Leech's youngsters, you may remember, confided to another youngster (his friend) that he considered even Shakespeare a much over-rated man. And if such a stretch of independent judgment as this be rare, there are certainly many other authors of the rank called classical, whose claims to such recognition our young men and women frankly question. Now I conceive that it is one of the best services the lecturer on English literature can render, to point out that in this, as in some other matters, the verdict of continuous generations is more likely to be right than that of the young man or woman, however brimming over with the higher culture. There is a remark of Mr. Francis Palgrave in the preface to that delightful book, "The Golden Treasury," which it would be good to instil into the mind of every student of literature. Speaking of the principle that had guided him in making his selections, Mr. Palgrave added: "As he closes this long survey, the editor trusts he may add without egotism that he has found the vague general verdict of popular fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on poetry to the selected few of many generations." Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that in due degree deserved it."

The only limitation I would have added to Mr. Palgrave's last sentence is this — I would have said "not many appear to have gained reputation, and kept it, without some performance that deserved it." It takes time to make any writer a classic. Call no writer "happy," in this respect, until a second generation at least shall have confirmed the verdict of the first. And when changed times and fashions have yet agreed that this or that writer

deserves the name of a classic, then it is for individual likings and dislikings to bow to the opinion of the larger public. A series of generations is wiser than any single generation. Of course no teacher of literature can make his students ultimately like any particular author. You can take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. You may lead your pupils to the refreshing streams of Wordsworth, and they may sip, and turn away. You may lead them to Crabbe, "Nature's sternest painter," and they may refuse even to moisten their lips. But the teacher may at least give his students a fair chance and opportunity to learn what it is in these writers that has made men admire and love them; he may warn them that any writer of individuality has a claim upon some patience, and some modesty, in those who approach him as reader and critic; that he cannot be judged, or understood, or loved, in an hour, or a day. The teacher may do good service by pointing out that if some of the noblest and profoundest thinkers of this century have confessed that they owe more wisdom and happiness to the poetry of Wordsworth than they can ever acknowledge, a young critic should never think that the last word on the subject is spoken when he has quoted the opening lines of the amusing parody in the "Rejected Addresses."

You see, ladies and gentlemen, I am pleading for authority in matters of literary judgment or taste. I know that such pleading is likely to fall on unwilling ears. In the general wave of anarchy that has passed over our century, criticism on literature has not escaped, and the right of every one to his own opinion, and to reconstruct for himself the catalogue of authors who are or are not worth attention, is severely claimed. The very name of a classic is unpalatable to some of the young and ardent, as implying that it represents the judgment of old fogeydom, which it is their mission to correct. A certain protervity (an intellectual *skittishness*, may I translate it?) in the young of this day resents the accumulated judgment of past generations. The fact that a writer like Crabbe was a cherished poet and teacher to minds and natures so different as Walter Scott, Jane Austen, John Henry Newman, Lord Tennyson, and Edward Fitzgerald, perhaps would hardly weigh with them for a moment in the scale, against a present verdict which says that he is gloomy, or monotonous, or prosaic; or that he is so unlike Byron or

Keats or Rossetti. But once again I say that in such matters the accumulated verdict of the finer imaginations and intellects of the past is of first-rate importance in deciding for us — if not what we should *like*, at least what we should *try* to like, or at least to understand the reason of other people's liking.

The position, then, at which I have tried to arrive is this — that the one object of any teaching of English literature in schools or colleges is to give pleasure, and to extend the range of our pleasures, and that if it fails to do this, all the incidental and subsidiary labor in studying it, misses its chief purpose. I do not say that this labor has been useless. Far from it. No knowledge is useless. To learn all about Jonathan Swift — the moral of his tragic and pathetic story, or the influence on him of political events of his time — is full of interest. And we cannot even attempt to gain an insight into his genius without taking these things into account. But we are not necessarily nearer to enjoying the marvellous literary force, the irony, the humorous gravity of Swift — by trying to sound the mystery of poor Stella; any more than is the young enthusiast for Shelley nearer to understanding his idol by qualifying himself to "chatter about Harriet." To gain pleasure from Swift, we must *read* him. A truism, without doubt; but as a rule, truisms are not things that are superfluous to say, but things that need constant reiteration. How many of those, I would ask, who know a good deal about Swift, ever read him, except perhaps portions of a Bowdlerized "Gulliver" in the nursery? I know that he, like many other writers, must be approached from the proper side; and it is another of the privileges of a teacher of literature to make sure that his pupils take hold of every author *by the right end* — that they do not begin with his inferior writings (for every author has best and worst), or with what is longest and apt to tire the young patience. But in any case, an author must be read. And as, while we lecture *upon* an author, we cannot ensure that he shall be read, I have often felt that to *read* a considerable portion of an author with a class — allowing his power or his pathos or his charm to grow and win upon us as we went along — is really almost the only certain way of ensuring that the writer shall ever produce the good we seek from him. I know the difficulties in the way; want of time, the chief. And then it looks so easy and so indolent! "Why should I send my

daughter to a class to read a book?" asks the aggrieved parent. "She can do that at home. Why should I pay that professor to do what cannot cost him any trouble or preparation — any one can listen to a pupil reading a book?" Alas! alas! how little people know! And what is the consequence? That, to repeat an illustration I used at the outset of my lecture, many a young student can write out a "Life of Sir John Suckling with dates," which is not literature; and never come to the point of gaining pleasure from those two or three charming lyrics which he has left us, and of perceiving that the "Ballad of a Wedding," or the song, "Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?" are for real gaiety, humor, and vitality, worth nine-tenths of the machine-made rondeaux and triplets which make up the *vers de société* of to-day. And to understand this, is to have got so far towards understanding what literature is, and why certain writings have become classical and certain others have not. And, to repeat yet once more what I said at the beginning, the love of the text may then awaken an interest in the notes. But that process is not capable of being reversed. What is Sir John Suckling to me otherwise?

If he be not fair to me —  
What care I how fair he be?

When, some time since, I was thinking over my treatment of this subject for this evening, there was placed in my hands an address by Mr. Goschen, delivered to this college just ten years ago, a truly admirable address, full of wisdom and judgment put in the most telling way. Some things that Mr. Goschen said encouraged me at once to take the line I had proposed — notably his warning all interested in education not to confine that word to studies that would produce immediate practical results for the student when he began the work of the world — results that would "pay." For certainly English literature studied for those ends for which I have maintained this evening it should be studied, is not a subject that means money-making or immediate success in your profession or business. Even for those who thought of adopting literature as a profession, I am afraid that it is not the highest kind of literature that offers the highest, or at least the most rapid rewards. And yet "we needs must love the highest when we see it." But there was one other part of Mr. Goschen's address that for a moment, I confess, did make me feel uncomfortable. For he was

very strong upon the necessity of our young students "selecting the severer as well as the more amusing studies for their labors." Yet even here I was soon reassured; for I had no intention of advocating the study of English literature as an amusement. I have tried this evening to show two things: (1) that happiness, or joy, as an end to be sought, is a wholly different—even a wholly opposite thing—to amusement; and (2) that the deep and profitable acquaintance with any great author can only result from a joint application of brain and heart that can never be easy, or consist with the mere instinct of killing time. It is not, let me say once more, by reading light literature—the Solomon Grundys among books that are born on a Monday and die before their little week is out—that we learn to know good literature from bad.

Education, people say, and rightly, is to fit us for the work of the world, and that is best which best fits us for it. As a mental training, I claim for English literature an important share in that preparation. But there is a leisure of the world, as well as a work; for most men and women have some hours of respite from the duties that are primary and urgent. And education is surely incomplete that does not prepare us to make the best of our leisure as well as of our working days. I fear I may not have seemed very practical this evening in my advice or suggestions. But during some years in which I have had opportunity of watching the methods of teaching literature in schools, I have felt more and more that one mistake has been to magnify (as I have put it) the notes above the text, and to teach round about the great writers, while all the time the great writers themselves leave the young student, if not wearied and glad to hear the last of them, at least uninspired by them, and with taste and discrimination hardly increased in the process. For I have known those who having learned during some years all about Shakespeare, Chaucer, Bacon, Hooker, have yet gone away still content to accept A. as a great poet, B. as a great philosopher, C. as a great orator, and D. as a master of romance. And yet, for all my cynical carping, I have maintained that to learn to criticise justly may make us fastidious, but cannot make us narrow; for it throws open to us whole new worlds of interesting writers, and of literary pleasures, up to that time unexplored and unimagined.

ALFRED AINGER.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE TAKING OF OSMAN OGLOU.

THE long, hot day was over at last, and with it Osman Oglou's career of crime. The *cadi's* mind (if it were worthy the name) was made up; the witnesses, Kurds and Yuruks of the Taurus, with keen, cruel eyes and matted hair, Turcoman women, whose unwilling testimony had been wrung, syllable by syllable, from shrouded lips, voluble Armenians or cringing Greeks, in all the filthy glory of Frank attire, whispered together or looked stolidly at nothing, according as they had borne false witness against or for the prisoner. The Armenian clerk surveyed the scene with that mixture of ineffable contempt and watchful servility which characterizes his race in the land of bondage; the perspiring faces which obstructed the little light and air which might have entered by the doorway lighted up with the faintest gleam of interest; and the ragged *zaptiehs* roused themselves and edged nearer to Osman. There had never been any real doubt as to the result; and when the *cadi*, with many a pious parenthesis and circumlocutory formula, had delivered himself of the expected sentence of imprisonment for life—or rather, as all knew, for death—no one, not excepting the prisoner, showed the faintest spark of emotion. True, he turned his head a moment, as the *zaptiehs* were hustling him away, and glanced at one of a knot of peasant women, now beginning to make their way out of the court with *yashmaks* drawn tight over their heads, and held together at the chin; but the old woman's eyes did not meet his, and, drawing the veil closer over her mouth, she passed on with bowed head among the crowd; while the weary *zaptiehs*, admonishing the most obvious portions of Osman's person with the butts of their *Winchesters*, pressed out of the court by another door.

Perhaps Osman Oglou was thinking that, as things went in Karamania, he had not much to complain of. For ten long years no ruffian had been a greater terror than he to the travelling merchant, to his Imperial Highness the sultan's post, or the officials of the Régie; and tales of his huge strength, his daring, his brutality, were household words in all the vilayet of Konieh; how he and his band had captured the former *cadi* of Selefkeh himself, and by smearing him daily with petroleum and dancing round him with lighted torches, had extorted six hundred Turkish pounds from the old man's abject terror;

how all who had a quarrel with constituted authority had found in him their ready ally. But this wild freedom was over now, and, as he walked doggedly out of the court, his whole mien was that of one who had been beaten at last in a long and equal struggle with fate, and the tired zaptiehs felt that their old enemy would trouble them no more, as they slouched along the crumbling bank of the Calycadnus towards the prison where Osman was to lie this night before being transferred to the capital of the vilayet on the morrow.

The short twilight of the south was already passing into dark, and the swollen current of the river in which Barbarossa lost his life made a dreary music as it chafed the piers of the Selefkeh bridge. The court had sat so much later than usual, that only a small throng of loafers and beggars followed the four zaptiehs and their prisoner, keeping up a continual clamor of coarse banter, and approaching as near to the notorious Osman as the two guards who walked behind him would allow. But he took no notice; the game was up, and his head only sank lower on his breast as the little procession neared its goal. No way disheartened however by the immobility of the prisoner, the tail kept up the constant strain of badinage, most conspicuous in gibe and retort being a squalid old hunchback, with head enveloped in the filthy green turban which marks the Prophet's myriad and disreputable kinsfolk, and a patch, hardly to be distinguished from the browned and grimy skin, covering one eye—a fair specimen of the sturdy beggar who may be seen in any Eastern town. He seemed a man of some rude wit, and for its exercise selected a squat porter, who, having no job on hand, had followed in the ruck of the zaptiehs to gaze like the rest on so public a character as Osman. The day had been hot, and perhaps want of employment had ruffled the porter's temper, and ribald jests, each more obscene than the last, passed between the pair until, as the procession reached a point where the path narrowed and the stream swirled deep and fast below a low earthy cliff, a more than usually grave reflection on the porter's maternal ancestry exhausted his slender store of patience, and springing with a curse on the hunchback, he rolled over with him in the dust, amid the loud jeers of the rest. The two hindmost zaptiehs turned and struck at the combatants with the butts of their rifles, when, quick as thought, the prisoner hurled himself on the guard upon his left, pinned him in

his mighty arms, and staggered forward over the low cliff. With a yell of consternation the other three ran down the bank, ready to shoot as soon as Osman's head should emerge from the rapid stream; but the brigand and the zaptieh rose locked together, at some distance from the shore, and three bullets whizzed at the struggling heads, already scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom. They sank again, and were seen no more, and not till then did the distracted zaptiehs turn to look for the combatants who had been the indirect cause of this grievous hap. The porter was still sitting on the ground in an agony of perspiration and terror, but the hunchback had vanished.

Ridge upon ridge behind Selefkeh rises the Taurus, curving back from the sea in a vast crescent, of which Cape Annamur is the one horn and Mount Amanus the other. No peak breaks the even mass piled up against the skyline, but the mountains rise step by step, evenly as a mighty staircase, to the stony plateau which crowns the whole—an arid desert seamed by rocky ridges like the bones of Mother Earth picked bare. But before the traveller reaches this waste he passes through a very paradise of vegetation, fed the whole summer long by the morning mists of which the mountains rob the lowlands, and basking in the heat reflected from the great wall behind. Here in a succession of cañons, leading into the heart of the ridge, flourishes a dense forest of flowering thorns, arbutus, acacia, and trees peculiar to sub-tropic regions, but at home in this comparatively northern latitude thanks to the concentrated heat in these sheltered clefts. Above the forest rise on either hand the perpendicular walls of grey rock, and cleft opens out of cleft in an endless labyrinth, untenanted by man, and trodden only by wandering shepherds, whose goats force their way with a noisy jangle of bells through the dense under-wood.

To the remotest recesses of this secure retreat Osman had betaken himself after crawling from the river some five hundred yards below the point where he had dived for the second time. When he first rose he had taken good care to keep the struggling zaptieh between himself and the shore, and in the latter's head and back had lodged two of the three bullets fired at random from the bank; the third missed altogether, and when Osman came again to the surface the rapid stream had carried him out into the darkness. But he

had had a hard struggle, powerful swimmer as he was, to gain the other bank, and but for the malaria mist which overhung the marshy country beyond, must have been taken by the patrols before reaching the hills. But crawling from point to point, now lying still in a clump of maize to listen for any sound but the gurgling of the runnels or the heavy breathing of the wallowing buffaloes, now sinking up to his waist in the oozy pools, he had gained the limits of the forest, and thence by many a circuitous route, unknown to any but such as he, had made his way to a solitary hut, built long ago of wattles and fern by some shepherd. Here he proposed to lie quiet, feeding on roots or wild fruits till such time as the supine police should get tired of their hunt and the patrols be recalled — a consummation which he knew well would ensue in a week or two at most. Till then it was no great hardship, after months in the pestilential prison where he had lain before his trial, to be out here in the cañon, drinking the pure spring water, searching for roots and berries, and now and then snaring a bird or a hare to vary the monotony of vegetarian diet.

He was lying at the mouth of a little cave on the evening of the sixth day after his escape, meditating on the possibility of getting his band together again and resuming operations in some other part of Anatolia, when the train of his thoughts was broken by the distant sound of something pushing its way through the brushwood. In a moment the hunted look returned to his eyes, and clutching a large stone with his right hand, he crawled cautiously forward to the edge of the rocky shelf below his cave, and lying flat on his stomach peered into the tree-tops below. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and tighter and tighter Osman clutched the stone, his only weapon, until, emerging from the brake immediately underneath him, a tall Greek stood full in view panting for breath. A moment's intense scrutiny, and Osman, relaxing his hold on the stone, bounded down the slope to meet him.

"So it was thou, Dimitri," he cried, seizing him by both hands before the Greek could finish his low salaam, "it was thou who hast given me back freedom and life! By the beard of my father, it was long before I recognized thee in the court, with that lump on thy back and the patch over thine eye. But, by Allah, thou hast repaid me nobly for the life I gave thee seven years ago, when I took thee from

the midst of the pasha's guards; dost thou remember?"

"Can the child forget its mother, or the servant his master?" answered the Greek, bending gratefully to kiss the hands which held his. "But how did my lord escape from the swift waters and come hither?"

"Allah, the compassionate, upheld me," said Osman, and leading Dimitri up the slope to the cave, told him briefly the course of events after the plunge into the Calycadnus. "But," he concluded, "thou must tell me how it fared also with thee."

"I have nothing to tell," replied the other quickly. "I ran down the nearest alley while those dogs were shouting and looking for thee, and lay in the house of Hussein Mustapha for a night and a day, till it was safe to come up to thy mother's village. From her I heard where thou wert likely to have gone, and I would have brought thee meat and news two days ago but that the patrols were out night and day; but see, I have brought thee bread at last," he added, drawing from under his capote a parcel of unleavened Yuruk bread and dried meat, which the hunted man seized and began to eat ravenously. Suddenly he stopped and turned to Dimitri, whose eyes followed his every movement.

"And thy news? What of her — my mother? Quick — speak! What! have they killed her because they could not get me? Speak!" he cried vehemently, "for, by the head of Allah —"

"Nay, not yet," interposed Dimitri hastily, "not yet, but likely enough before long; for they came to thy village before the sun was set on the day after thine escape, and the binbashi himself broke into thy mother's house and tore the veil from her face because she would not say where thou wast to be found." He paused and seemed to watch the effects of his words on the dark face of Osman. Presently he continued: "And still she would not speak. Then he bade them tear the garments from her shoulders."

"And they beat her?" groaned Osman.

"How can I tell all to my lord?" said the Greek in a low voice. "Yes, they beat her in the presence of all, and her blood ran on the ground; and yet she spake not a word of thee. How can I tell more?"

Again he paused, and for a moment the brigand sat motionless; then, rising to his feet, he cursed with a frantic brutality, from which even Dimitri, old comrade in crime that he was, shrank appalled, all who had dared to lay a hand upon his mother, and finally swore by the beard of

Allah himself to deal with them even as he would deal some day with the dog who had sold him to the pasha's soldiers five months ago, if he ever succeeded in finding out who had been his betrayer. For some minutes there was silence, broken at last by the Greek:—

"One thing more I must tell thee. The mother of my lord herself said: 'Go, tell this to my son. Behold, I have been beaten with rods in the presence of the men, and my veil has been plucked from my face for thy sake. Thus spoke the binbashi also to me, "If thou tellest not the secret of thy son before three days are past I will lodge thee where thou art little like to see his face again." Come if thou canst to-morrow, two hours before sunrise, to the fountain which is near the cave of the rocks above the village, that I may see thee and talk with thee. The patrols are gone in again to the town, and thou canst come if thou wilt.' Thus spake the mother of my lord to her servant."

Osman pondered a moment; then, taking the two hands of the Greek, he held them between his own and spoke: "Swear to me by the God thou worshippest that, even as I once gave thee thy life and madest thee my comrade and gavest thee a share of all, so dost thou deal truly with me in this matter as thou hast ever done!"

"Even as I have done by thee, so do I in this; I swear it by God!" replied the Greek.

The moon was already low in the west and it wanted little more than an hour to dawn, when an old woman, barefooted and closely shrouded in her long white yashmak, stole cautiously forth from a hovel of a little mud-built village which lies in the foothills above Selefkeh, and passed quickly down the garbage-littered street. No one was stirring; only here and there a great yellow dog, dozing in the hot, faint air, raised his head and growled as the woman passed, or sent out a half-hearted yelp to be taken up languidly by half a score of his kind in other quarters of the village and die again into silence. Climbing the slope above the village she halted a moment and directed a furtive look back on the vista of flat mud roofs lying tier below tier on the hill. But the sleeping figures of the peasants curled up in the open under their quilts did not move, and she resumed the ascent, making apparently for a little fountain which shone white in the moonlight.

Simultaneously what had appeared to be a log lying in the shadow of a great

boulder high up the hillside became endowed with motion, and after looking stealthily round, wormed itself through the bushes to a point whence the fountain and village were visible. For a few minutes it looked steadily down the slope up which the white figure was painfully toiling, and then, rising to a crouching posture, glided rapidly from bush to bush and rock to rock down the hill. It was Osman. Presently he reached the top of the little cliff which overhung the fountain at which the woman was already seated expectant, and, pausing a moment, whistled softly. The white figure looked up, beckoned, and rising, moved slowly towards a little cave some twenty yards away; Osman dropped down the cliff and followed rapidly, and coming up with her a yard or two from the cave's mouth, stretched out his hands as though he would have folded her in his embrace, but with a fearful look towards the village she eluded his grasp and passed quickly into the opening. Osman followed and, with a low cry of "Mother!" clasped her to his breast, with gentle force drew her veil aside, and stood face to face with—Dimitri!

With an oath of astonishment he started back, and then, quick as lightning, sprang at the Greek; but the supple figure eluded his mighty arms, and, slipping aside, tripped him and brought him heavily to the ground. At the same instant dark figures sprang out of the recesses of the cave and precipitated themselves on the prostrate brigand. Yet he struggled to his feet, and dashing one of his assailants against the rock-wall, crushed his skull like an egg-shell; but a blow from the butt of a rifle felled him once more, bleeding and stunned, and when he came to himself he was lying gagged and bound in the moonlight outside the cave, while two or three zaptiehs were washing wounds received in the struggle at the fountain hard by.

"Well, my fine fellow," said the binbashi, kicking the prostrate figure, "thou hast been trapped for the last time."

"Ay," put in a fawning voice beside him, "and have I not well earned the hundred medjidiés which his Excellency promised me by the beard of the Prophet even as he gave me fifty for trapping him five months ago? My lord will not forget to report how well I have kept my word once more."

The officer turned upon his heel and regarded the cringing Greek with an aspect of unutterable contempt; then, turn-

ing to a private, he bade him bring a certain bag which he had entrusted to him. Dimitri's eyes followed the man's movements with eager interest, and as he drew from his tunic a chinking canvas pouch the wretch's face lit up with the light of greed.

"Thus spake my most noble lord the pasha unto his servant," said the officer, taking the bag: "'When, by the grace of Allah, thou hast the devil safe bound, then shalt thou pay to the giaour who has brought him to thee the hundred medjidiés which I promised by the beard of the Prophet (whom Allah bless!) that I would give him.' Here is thy money; count it."

With a whine of pleasure the Greek grasped the pouch, and turning out the large silver coins in the moonlight, counted them slowly and lovingly, keeping ever a furtive eye on the zaptiehs standing at ease by the prostrate figure of Osman or sitting on the low rocks binding up their wounds and scratches. The bin-bashi showed signs of impatience, and Dimitri, hastily concluding his count, rose to his feet, salaamed low, and would have kissed the officer's hand in token of gratitude, but the latter drew it back and spoke again:—

"Thus also said my most noble lord the pasha unto his servant: 'This shalt thou pay to the giaour because for the second time he hath delivered his master into my hand, and because of the word I spake to him; but I know the blackness of his heart, and that but for him the robber had not escaped from my hands seven days ago; it was needful that I should promise that I might recapture the runaway, but when I shall have no further use for this carrion, let it not longer pollute the air of Allah. See thou to this.' Soldiers, seize him!"

Before the stupefied Greek could move more than a step the zaptiehs had pinioned the shrieking wretch hand and foot and bound him to the nearest pine-tree. Retiring ten paces the officer formed them in line; a few seconds silence, broken only by the groans of the traitor, and then the sharp ping of the Winchester rang out in the dawn, and the miserable soul was sent to its account.

"Take the money from him," said the officer, pointing to the still quivering corpse. "Forward!"

Four days later a gunboat which had been lying in the Selefkeh roads put out to sea, and on board was Osman Oglou.

She returned before sunrise next morning, but no one saw or heard more of the brigand. Had he been transferred to some other prison?—had he fallen overboard? Who can say? Many accidents happen at sea, and the sultan, who is the father of his people, will not sign the death-warrants of his children.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
ANCIENT ARABIA.

BY PROFESSOR SAYCE.

IF there is any country which has seemed to lie completely outside the stream of ancient history, it is Arabia. In spite of its vast extent, in spite, too, of its position in the very centre of the civilized empires of the ancient East, midway between Egypt and Babylon, Palestine and India, its history has seemed almost a blank. For a brief moment, indeed, it played a conspicuous part in human affairs, inspiring the Quran of Mohammed, and forging the swords of his followers; then the veil was drawn over it again, which had previously covered it for untold centuries. We think of Arabia only as a country of dreary deserts and uncultured nomads, whose momentary influence on the history of the world was a strange and exceptional phenomenon.

But the restless spirit of modern research is beginning to discover that such a conception is wide of the truth. The advent of Mohammed had long been prepared for; Arabia had long had a history, though the records of it were lost or forgotten. The explorer and decipherer have been at work during the last few years, and the results they have obtained, fragmentary though they still may be, are yet sufficiently surprising. Not only has Arabia taken its place among the historical nations of antiquity, its monuments turn out to be among the earliest relics of alphabetic writing which we possess.

Arab legend told of the mysterious races of 'Ad and Thamud, who, in the plenitude of their pride and power, refused to listen to the warnings of the prophets of God, and were overwhelmed by divine vengeance. In the south the magnificent palaces of 'Ad might still be seen in vision by the belated traveller, while the rock-cut dwellings of Thamud were pointed out among the cliffs of the north; but the first authentic information about the interior of Arabia came to Europe from the ill-fated expedition of Ælius Gallus, the Roman



governor of Egypt, in B.C. 24. The spice-bearing regions of southern Arabia had long carried on an active trade with East and West, and the wealth their commerce had poured into them for centuries had made them the seats of powerful kingdoms. Their ports commanded the trade with India and the further East; already in the tenth chapter of Genesis we learn that Ophir, the emporium of the products of India, was a brother of Hazarmaveth or Hadramaut. Western merchants carried back exaggerated reports of the riches of "Araby the Blest," and Augustus coveted the possession of a country which commanded the trade with India as well as being itself a land of gold and spicery. Accordingly, with the help of the Nabathæans of Petra, a Roman army was landed on the western coast of Arabia and marched inland as far as the kingdom of Sheba or the Sabæans. But disease decimated the invaders, their guides proved treacherous, and Ælius Gallus had to retreat under a burning sun and through a waterless land. The wrecks of his army found their way with difficulty to Egypt, and the disaster made such an impression at Rome that the conquest of Arabia was abandoned forever. From that time forward to the rise of Mohammedanism the Roman and Byzantine courts contented themselves with supporting the native enemies of the Sabæan kings, or using Christianity as a means for weakening their power.

As far back as 1810 Seetzen, while travelling in southern Arabia, discovered and copied certain inscriptions written in characters previously unknown. Later travellers brought to light other inscriptions of the same kind, and eventually, with the help of an Arabic MS., the inscriptions were deciphered, first by Gesenius, and then by Roediger (1841). They received the name of Himyaritic from that of the district in which they were found — Himyar, the country of the Homerites of classical geography. The language disclosed by them was Semitic, while their alphabet was closely related to the so-called Ethiopic or Geez. In certain dialects still spoken on the southern Arabian coast, notably that of Mahrah, between Hadramaut and Oman, the peculiarities of the old Himyaritic language are still to be detected.

In 1841 Arnaud succeeded, for the first time, in penetrating inland to the ancient seat of the Sabæans, and in bringing back with him a large spoil of important inscriptions. Later, in 1869, another adventurous journey was made by M. Halévy,

on behalf of the French Academy, who was rewarded by the discovery of more than eight hundred texts. But it is to Dr. Glaser that we owe the better part of our present knowledge of the geography and ancient history of southern Arabia. Three times at the risk of his life he has explored a country of which our modern geographers still know so little, and almost alone among Europeans has stood among the ruins of Mârib, or Mariaba, called by Strabo the metropolis of the Sabæans. He has collected no less than 1,031 inscriptions, many of them of the highest historical interest. The first fruits of his discoveries have been published in his "Skizze der Geschichte Arabiens," of which the first part has just appeared at Munich.

For some time past it has been known that the Himyaritic inscriptions fall into two groups, distinguished from one another by phonological and grammatical differences. One of the dialects is philologically older than the other, containing fuller and more primitive grammatical forms. The inscriptions in this dialect belong to a kingdom the capital of which was at Ma'in, and which represents the country of the Minæans of the ancients. The inscriptions in the other dialect were engraved by the princes and people of Sabâ, the Sheba of the Old Testament, the Sabæans of classical geography. The Sabæan kingdom lasted to the time of Mohammed, when it was destroyed by the advancing forces of Islam. Its rulers for several generations had been converts to Judaism, and had been engaged in almost constant warfare with the Ethiopic kingdom of Axum, which was backed by the influence and subsidies of Rome and Byzantium. Dr. Glaser seeks to show that the founders of this Ethiopic kingdom were the Habâsa, or Abyssinians, who migrated from Himyar to Africa in the second or first century B.C.; when we first hear of them in the inscriptions they are still the inhabitants of northern Yemen and Mahrah. More than once the Axumites made themselves masters of southern Arabia. About A.D. 300 they occupied its ports and islands, and from 350 to 378 even the Sabæan kingdom was tributary to them. Their last successes were gained in 525, when, with Byzantine help, they conquered the whole of Yemen. But the Sabæan kingdom, in spite of its temporary subjection to Ethiopia, had long been a formidable State. Jewish colonies settled in it, and one of its princes became a convert to the Jewish faith. His successors

gradually extended their dominion as far as Ormuz, and after the successful revolt from Axum in 378, brought not only the whole of the southern coast under their sway, but the western coast as well, as far north as Mekka. Jewish influence made itself felt in the future birthplace of Mohammed, and thus introduced those ideas and beliefs which subsequently had so profound an effect upon the birth of Islam. The Byzantines and Axumites endeavored to counteract the influence of Judaism by means of Christian colonies and proselytism. The result was a conflict between Sabâ and its assailants, which took the form of a conflict between the members of the two religions. A violent persecution was directed against the Christians of Yemen, avenged by the Ethiopian conquest of the country and the removal of its capital to San'a. The intervention of Persia in the struggle was soon followed by the appearance of Mohammedanism upon the scene, and Jew, Christian, and Parsi were alike overwhelmed by the flowing tide of the new creed.

The epigraphic evidence makes it clear that the origin of the kingdom of Sabâ went back to a distant date. Dr. Glaser traces its history from the time when its princes were still but *makarib*, or priests, like Jethro, the priest of Midian, through the ages when they were "kings of Sabâ," and later still "kings of Sabâ and Raidân," to the days when they claimed imperial supremacy over all the principalities of southern Arabia. It was in this later period that they dated their inscriptions by an era, which, as Halévy first discovered, corresponds to 115 B.C. One of the kings of Sabâ is mentioned in an inscription of the Assyrian king Sargon (B.C. 715), and Dr. Glaser believes that he has found his name in a Himyaritic text. When the last priest, Samah'alf Darralh, became king of Sabâ, we do not yet know, but the age must be sufficiently remote, if the kingdom of Sabâ already existed when the queen of Sheba came from Ophir to visit Solomon.

The visit need no longer cause astonishment, notwithstanding the long journey by land which lay between Palestine and the south of Arabia. One of the Minæan inscriptions discovered by Dr. Glaser mentions Gaza, and we now have abundant evidence, as we shall see, that the power and culture of the Sabæans extended to the frontiers of Edom. From the earliest times the caravans of Dedan and Tema had traversed the highways which

led from Syria to the spice-bearing regions of Yemen. Three thousand years ago it was easier to travel through the length of Arabia than it is to-day. A culture and civilization existed there of which only echoes remain in Mohammedan tradition.

As we have seen, the inscriptions of Ma'in set before us a dialect of more primitive character than that of Sabâ. Hitherto it has been supposed, however, that the two dialects were spoken contemporaneously, and that the Minæan and Sabæan kingdoms existed side by side. But geography offered difficulties in the way of such a belief, since the seats of Minæan power were embedded in the midst of the Sabæan kingdom, much as the fragments of Cromarty are embedded in the midst of other counties. Dr. Glaser has now made it clear that the old supposition was incorrect, and that the Minæan kingdom preceded the rise of Sabâ. We can now understand why it is that neither in the Old Testament nor in the Assyrian inscriptions do we hear of any princes of Ma'in, and that though the classical writers are acquainted with the Minæan people they know nothing of a Minæan kingdom.\* The Minæan kingdom, in fact, with its culture and monuments, the relics of which still survive, must have flourished in the grey dawn of history, at an epoch at which, as we have hitherto imagined, Arabia was the home only of nomad barbarism. And yet in this remote age alphabetic writing was already known and practised, the alphabet being a modification of the Phœnician written vertically and not horizontally. To what an early date are we referred for the origin of the Phœnician alphabet itself!

The Minæan kingdom must have had a long existence. The names of thirty-three of its kings are already known to us, three of them occurring not only on monuments of southern Arabia but on those of northern Arabia as well.

Northern Arabia has been as much a *terra incognita* to Europeans as the fertile fields and ruins of Arabia Felix. But here, too, the veil has been lifted by recent exploration. First, Mr. Doughty made his way to the ruins of Teima, the Tema of the Bible (Is. xxi. 14; Jer. xxv. 23; Job vi. 19), and the rock-cut tombs of Medain Salihh, wandering in Bedouin dress at the risk of his life through a large part of central Arabia. He brought back with him a

\* It is possible that a Minæan population is meant by the Maonites of Judges x. 12, the "Mehunims" of 2 Chron. xxvi. 7.

number of inscriptions, which proved that this part of the Arabian continent had once been in the hands of Nabatheans who spoke an Aramaic language, and that the Ishmaelites of Scripture instead of being the ancestors of the tribe of Koreish, as Mohammedan writers imagine, were an Aramaean population, whose language was that of Aram and not of Arabia. The Sinaitic inscriptions had already shown that in the Sinaitic peninsula Arabic is as much an imported language as it is in Egypt and Syria. There, too, in pre-Christian times, inscriptions were engraved upon the rocks in the Nabathean characters and language of Petra—in inscriptions in which a fertile imagination once discovered a record of the miracles wrought by Moses in the wilderness.

Since Mr. Doughty's adventurous wanderings, Teima and its neighborhood have been explored by the famous German epigraphist, Professor Euting, in company with a Frenchman, M. Huber. M. Huber's life was sacrificed to Arab fanaticism, but Professor Euting returned with a valuable stock of inscriptions. Some of these are in Aramaic Nabathean, the most important being on a stèle discovered at Teima, which is now in the Museum of the Louvre. About seven hundred and fifty are in an alphabet and language which have been termed Protoarabic, and are still for the most part unpublished. Others are in a closely allied language and alphabet, called Lihhyanian by Professor D. H. Müller, since the kings by whose reigns the inscriptions are dated are entitled kings of Lihhyân, though it is more than probable that Lihhyân represents the Thamud of the Arabic genealogists. The rest are in the language and alphabet of Ma'in, and mention Minæan sovereigns, whose names are found on the monuments of southern Arabia.\*

The Minæan and Lihhyanian texts have been mainly discovered in El-Ola and El-Higr, between Teima and El-Wej—a port that until recently belonged to Egypt—on the line of the pilgrims' road to Mekka. The Protoarabic inscriptions, on the other hand, are met with in all parts of the country, and according to Professor Müller, form the intermediate link between the Phœnician and Minæan alphabets. Like the Lihhyanian, the language they

\* The Minæan and Lihhyanian texts have been edited and translated, with an important introduction, by Professor D. H. Müller: "Epigraphische Denkmäler aus Arabien," in the "Denkschriften d. K. Akademie d. Wissenschaften zu Wien," vol. xxxvii. 1889.

embody is distinctly Arabic, though presenting curious points of contact with the Semitic languages of the north, as for example in the possession of an article *ha*. The antiquity of Lihhyanian writing may be judged from the fact that Professor Müller has detected a Lihhyanian inscription on a Babylonian cylinder in the British Museum, the age of which is approximately given as 1000 B.C.

We gather, therefore, that as far back as the time of Solomon, a rich and cultured Sabæan kingdom flourished in the south of Arabia, the influence of which, if not its authority, extended to the borders of Palestine, and between which and Syria an active commercial intercourse was carried on by land as well as by sea. The kingdom of Sabâ had been preceded by the kingdom of Ma'in, equally civilized and equally powerful, whose garrisons and colonies were stationed on the highroad which led past Mekka to the countries of the Mediterranean. Throughout this vast extent of territory alphabetic writing in various forms was known and practised, the Phœnician alphabet being the source from which it was derived. The belief accordingly that pre-Mohammedan Arabia was a land of illiterate nomads must be abandoned; it was not Islam that introduced writing into it, but the princes and merchants of Ma'in and Thamud, centuries upon centuries before. If Mohammedan Arabia knew nothing of its past, it was not because the past had left no records behind it.

A power which reached to the borders of Palestine must necessarily have come into contact with the great monarchies of the ancient world. The army of Ælius Gallus was doubtless not the first which had sought to gain possession of the cities and spice-gardens of the south. One such invasion is alluded to in an inscription which was copied by M. Halévy. The inscription belongs to the closing days of the Minæan kingdom, and after describing how the gods had delivered its dedicators from a raiding attack on the part of the tribes of Sabâ and Khaulân, or Havilah, goes on to speak of their further deliverance from danger in "the midst of Misr," or Egypt, when there was war between the latter country and the land of Mazi, which Dr. Glaser would identify with the Edomite tribe of Mizzah (Gen. xxxvi. 13). There was yet a third occasion, however, on which the dedicators had been rescued by their deities 'Athtar, Wadd, and NIKRÁHH; this was when war had broken out between the rulers of the south and of

the north. If the rulers of the south were the princes of Ma'in, whose power extended to Gaza, the rulers of the north ought to be found in Egypt or Palestine. Future research may tell us who they were, and when they lived.

But the epigraphy of ancient Arabia is still in its infancy. The inscriptions already known to us represent but a small proportion of those that are yet to be discovered. Vast tracts have never yet been traversed by the foot of an explorer, and there are ancient ruins which have never yet been seen by the eye of the European. What has been accomplished already with the scanty means still at our disposal is an earnest of what remains to be done. The dark past of the Arabian peninsula has been suddenly lighted up, and we find that long before the days of Mohammed it was a land of culture and literature, a seat of powerful kingdoms and wealthy commerce, which cannot fail to have exercised an influence upon the general history of the world.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
AMONG THE SARDES.

ON the whole the ancients seem to have had no good opinion of Sardinia. It was a capital corn-field, but a very undesirable place of residence. There was no better province whither to promote an obnoxious Roman of rank. If he did not die of the fever, he might be disgraced for his inability to control the Barbaricini, or mountaineers of the Barbagia district.

Cicero, in particular, is very hard on the island. True, he congratulates his brother, Quintus Tullius, on being sent there. But it is a sardonic congratulation. "You could not," he says, "be in a better place to be forgotten by your creditors." At another time he warns him: "Take care of your health, for, although it is winter, remember that you are in Sardinia." Elsewhere, in his legal capacity, as the opponent of Tigellius, the Sardinian poet, whose advocate he was to have been: "I esteem it," he says, "an advantage that I am not pleading for a man more pestilential than his country." Perhaps there was more of the bully than the judicial spirit in these and the like utterances; but such abuse, from so great a man, was sure to hit its mark.

In this paper I do not propose to enter the lists with Cicero, who probably never set foot in Sardinia, and spoke from hear-

say only. But my notes may none the less tend to show that he was too severe. So few of the tourist race trouble Sardinia that they may also be acceptable for their information. Even in Italy the island is regarded, somewhat romantically, as a country where old marble palaces of the times of the Arragon rule may be bought for a song, and where it costs nothing to live. And the average Italian, who knows anything about it, imagines that it is a barbaric land where he will find no cafés with chairs set in the sun or the shade, and the like concessions to the dissolute tastes of civilization.

Every evening a mail packet steams from Civita Vecchia into the red glow of the declining sun, and reaches Sardinia ten or twelve hours after she starts. This is the shortest route. It is also, I think, the most impressive; for one then lands with the mails in the Aranci Gulf at four or five o'clock in the morning, and the picture of the broken mountains, which grip the gulf like the curves of a forceps, rising phantasmally against a cloudy, star-spangled sky, stays in the memory. The dawn breaks before the train leaves for Cagliari, and allows one further to see the islets of ruddy granite in the pale purple water, and the long, undulated tongues of land which bind the bay. Rocks and slopes alike are matted with a tangle of wild mint, thyme, lavender, cistus, and gorse, and the perfume of the air is ravishing. Two or three white houses with vermilion roofs, and the longer white body of the railway station, are all the signs of human life in this the northern terminus of Sardinia. But, ere we depart, a score of yellow-skinned natives gather from Heaven knows where, to see us off. As types of manhood they are not very imposing. The moist air may not be very good for the lungs, but it is odd to mark these sons and daughters of the soil shielding their mouths with cloaks and shawls, as if they were in peril of fire-damp.

This is one's first experience of the Sardes, and I do not know that subsequent closer acquaintance alters the idea it gives of them. As we run through the land towards the capital, we see more of them. The railway stations here, as in the American States, seem to be the trysting spots of the adjacent villages. A big slate is set conspicuously on every station wall, with the day of the week and the date chalked upon it. The people may therefore pretend that they muster by the train for their education. Anyhow, there they

are; and as nearly each village in Sardinia boasts of a costume differing from that of its neighboring village, we have a kaleidoscopic picture of colors and very old fashions in the course of our jaunt. From early times the Sarde women have had a name for the indelicacy of their dress. Dante (*Purg.* xxiii. 94) taunts the ladies of Florence in his day with being even less decent than certain of their Sarde sisters. Unless they are at work in the fields, the latter wear their skirts long enough. But stays they abhor; and it is the meagre white linen covering they draw, or do not draw, over their shapely bosoms that has gained them this censure. But what a Sarde woman neglects in one particular, she atones for in another. Her festa bodice, for example, would dazzle British eyes. It is of satin, any color you please, and heavily broided with gold and silver lace. The thing is of course valuable. It may have been her grandmother's, or her grandmother's grandmother's; and, God willing, it will survive to be the pride of her granddaughter's granddaughter's soul. On festa days she wears other inherited treasure in the shape of filigree gold trinkets, earrings, necklets of triple fold, armllets, and brooches. A rich farmer lady of Sardinia is then a sight to see, and, discreetly, to laugh at. Her fortune is veritably all upon her person. And the jingle of her precious metals, as she struts cumbrously under a large green sunshade, ever and again glancing to see that she has dropped none of her ornaments, is enough to turn a Jew crazy with avaricious desire. Festa days occur daily in this or that part of the island, for the local calendar is notably rich in martyrs during the Diocletian persecution, and so one sees many of these bullion-clad dames at the railway stations. The men, too, are picturesque, with their guns and sheepskin jackets (the *mastruca*), but they are not to be compared with the women. What is a black Phrygian cap to a headgear of scarlet silk pocket-handkerchiefs! and how trivial is a white cotton skirt, short, and belted at the waist (the common apparel of a man), by the side of the ample gown of a large dame, covered in front by an expansive silk apron in a design of green and blue flowers!

The scenery of Sardinia, or rather such of it as the mere railway traveller sees, is less spectacular than the people. The island, as a whole, is very mountainous, but nature has left a series of broad, long flats from north to south, linked to each other by gentle rises and depressions.

These have of course attracted the engineers who were summoned to set a railway in the land. Thus we are eternally between mountains, and nearly always on the level. Many of the mountains are volcanic, and old lava streams are to be distinguished between their shorn cones and rounded humps and the valleys. Here and there we steam across spacious areas of nothing in the world but gum cistus bushes, blooming their very best. It is as if a snow-storm had come upon the land, and each flake had stayed unmelted where it had fallen. Then there are oak woods, interspersed with cork-trees reft of their bark; and under the oak myriads of asphodels lift their pale, stately heads.

All this is, however, the exception. The eye gets accustomed to level meadows, broken by purling brooks with ferny banks, from which the yellow oxen give us lazy stares of greeting. A few shaggy shepherds, mounted, and with guns slung to their shoulders, also grin at us from these watering-places. Otherwise there is not much to keep one in mind that this is Sardinia.

Not much; but something. For whether we are in the woods, or going dryshod through a swamp, or groaning up to a new watershed, every now and then we pass a building like a Martello tower, or a windmill shorn of its sails. These are the famous *noraghe*, about which so much has been written. To this day the world cannot determine whether they were temples or guard-houses, or an ancient form of cottage, or sepulchres, or altars of sacrifice. They are of massive construction, so that the modern Sardes in search of convenient building material cannot do more than lift the upper stones from them. This explains their ruined state whenever they are near a village. But there are many hundreds of them in the wilds, on remote plateaux and elsewhere, far from habitations, and thus guarded from the spoilers. Some are half hid among the woods, and overgrown by ivy and scrub. Others stand nakedly on the spurs of the mountains, whence they are landmarks for a score of miles. Others, again, are set in the plains, with commonplace surroundings of meadow-land and grain-fields. The latter-day Sardes accept them as an essential feature of their country; they do not even puzzle their wits about them. Formerly incantations and midnight spells were worked within and around them; they were ransacked for treasure; or they served as convenient haunts for the bandits who swarmed in the land. But now

they are nothing but so many ruined towers, whispering of Carthage and Tyre, who had a hand in their building; of the Saracens, who wrecked multitudes of them; and of the various popes of Rome, who for centuries preached in vain against the Sarde idolaters that probably worshipped within them. The Sardes of the nineteenth century offer no explanation of them. If you question them on the subject, they shrug their shoulders, that is all.

Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia, is a sufficiently interesting city of the hot southern type, fringed with prickly pear, and having gardens of orange-trees set about with palms. It is very old, of course. Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Spaniards, and Italians have all had a hand in its creation or mutilation. One may here stumble over ruins, and muse in an amphitheatre, to one's heart's content. There is a whole suburb of ancient sepulchres, hewn in the rock, most of which have been turned into donkey-sheds or cow-houses. To guard themselves from the flies, these quadrupeds thrust their noses into the niches that once held honored dust. Only one of these sepulchres is protected. This is called "the Viper's Grotto," because of the two vipers chiselled on its elaborate pediment. The inscriptions hereon unfold a pathetic tale. One Philip, a Roman, his wife Pomptilla, and their family were here interred. Pomptilla seems to have given her life for her husband's, and the different verses commemorating the sacrifice suggest that the poets of Sardinia were here summoned to a competitive examination on the subject—for their common immortalization. From the tomb one looks down at the *stagni*, the blue bay of Cagliari, and the distant mountains of the south-west corner of Sardinia.

These *stagni* are a pleasant or unpleasant feature of Sardinia, according to the season. In winter and spring they are bright and innocent enough. Cagliari is flanked by their broad glistening expanses, one of them being not less than thirty miles in circumference. For most of the year, scores of thousands of flamingoes may here be seen standing knee-deep in the water. Late in the spring, however, they withdraw to Africa to breed. The Sardes call them by a name meaning "the red people." Of old they were esteemed good to eat, though modern experimentalists say they are tough. But in summer the *stagni* lose this element of color. They also lose a good

deal of their water, and much fever is the result. At such a time they are to be avoided, save by the hardy native fisher who plunges to the neck into their tepid depths, in quest of the cockles which abound in them.

The pope Pius V. in his day described Cagliari as "*Hortus cœlestium plantationum*." I believe the phrase was due to the discovery of an infinite quantity of bones under the cathedral, which bones were, without impartial inquiry, assumed to be the relics of some of Sardinia's many saints. From his Holiness's point of view, Cagliari may be what he calls it, but to the ordinary person of unsublimed intelligence and weak legs it is only a white town built at the base of a rock, and rising with the rock itself to the absurd height of about four hundred feet above the sea. The narrow streets all pivot from the summit of this terrible hill. They are, moreover, cobbled, so that the toil of climbing them is piquantly alloyed with a little pain. And they are used by the occupiers of the tall houses on either side as drying-grounds for the clothes from the washtub; so that, though the town is enlivened by the perennial supply of crimson petticoats and blue bodices which hang thus between heaven and earth, the pedestrian is bedewed by a rain that is not wholly celestial.

But in spite of these drawbacks Cagliari is an agreeable place, especially for those who live on the top of the hill and are under no obligation ever to descend it. It has old towers and old churches, and from its eyrie one may see Bruncu Spina, the highest mountain of the island, some seventy miles distant, on the one side, and nearly to Africa, across the sea, on the other side. Of its ancient towers, the one called the Elephant appeals most strongly to the imagination. It gets its name from the carven elephant over the mouldering portcullis of its entrance, and it was erected, as its inscription tells us, in the year 1307, when the Pisans held Cagliari. The builder of the pile, "Magister Capula Joannes," has for six centuries advertised himself as a man "never yet found remissful in his undertakings." It is a pity he has not lived long enough to profit by the reputation this tower would certainly ere this have procured for him. It was here that, in 1671, they suspended in an iron cage the heads of a number of men who had conspired together and assassinated the viceroy, a person obnoxious to them. For sixteen years these heads were allowed to grin changefully at the

passers-by. Only in 1688 did the king of Spain permit the friends of the victims to bury the skulls out of sight.

I did not stay long in Cagliari. The wooded crests of the mountains on the landward side of the city were far more attractive than houses and castle of stone. One looks at them across the broad, sunny plains of the Campidano — a semi-circuit of land and stagni, all as flat as a pancake. The Campidano is noted for its wines, its fruits, and its fevers, and for the extravagant richness of the costumes of its ladies. There are millions of olive-trees scattered about its hot surface. Indeed, nowadays, Sardinia is likely to draw most of her importance from the olive. Of old it was not so. The natives were too indolent to graft the wild olives which grew in the forests. But a decree of Victor Emmanuel, in 1806, conferring a patent of nobility on every landowner in the country who planted a certain number of trees, and raising to the dignity of count the man who planted twenty thousand, had its natural result. These "olive lords," as they were called, were not much esteemed half a century ago. By this time, however, their descendants have forgotten the source of their nobility.

One may get well among the mountains of Barbagia by a little narrow-gauge railway from Cagliari. But there is so much bone-shaking to be endured on this ill-made track (hardened sailors are made seasick by it) that I preferred to rely upon the diligence for the first stage of the journey. We started early one morning from an ancient inn of the kind described in "Don Quixote," and which was doubtless contemporary with Cervantes. Its two-storied premises formed the four sides of a square; the lower story being devoted to the horses of the travellers, while each traveller occupied the room immediately over his horse. This diligence was a terrible old vehicle, but the horses were good, and so, after eleven hours, I was turned adrift in St. Vito, a Sarde village of the more primitive kind, and the end of the stage.

The country we had traversed was wild rather than beautiful. We passed through but one village during the fifty miles, that of Quartu, distant four Roman miles from Cagliari. Its houses, like those of other villages in the Campidano, are built of large, sun-dried bricks of mud and chopped straw. The bricks are deluged with water while the mason puts them one upon another, and this suffices instead of mortar. As a rule, the houses are strong, but the

building material is not always a success. Occasionally a very heavy storm of rain saturates the walls, so that they collapse like a soaked sugar-loaf. An entire village full of wretched inhabitants have thus on a sudden found themselves involved in a woful domestic bog.

From Quartu we ascended into the mountains of Burcei, one of the least frequented parts of the island. Here the rocks are still shaggy with oaks and cork-trees, interlaced with wild vines. They are broken eccentrically into white and ruddy pinnacles and scars of granite, clothed with brushwood, and so precipitous that even the charcoal burner cannot get at them for his unholy work of denudation. Wild boar, deer, and the shy moufflon make these peaks their home.

St. Vito is fairly distant from civilized influences, but not quite sufficiently so. To be sure, the speech is Sarde, not Italian, and the costumes are lively. Here, too, I saw the Sarde dance, or *ballo tondo* — as demure an exhibition of gaiety as I ever beheld. It was on Whitsunday. Men and maids in their finest bravery mustered in the square before the rickety, worm-eaten old church. The elders squatted on the ground by the church door and elsewhere, looking as if they regretted the past days of their youth. A brace of rather tipsy pipers blew at their bagpipes (for Sardinia has these in common with the Highlanders, though they are of ruder workmanship). The dancers took hands and formed one wide circle, and then, to the unearthly music, the circle moved slowly round and round. The footing was of the most trivial kind, and no one smiled. But for the color of the silks and satins and the jewellery of the ladies, their hearty bronzed cheeks and their black eyes, it would have been a very depressing spectacle. Nightly, too, the streets of the village echoed until past the witching hour with the dolorous chants of native troubadours. They tinkled accompaniments on mandolines or concertinas. It is curious that the islanders of the Levant all delight in airs of the most distressful kind. One and all, these islands have suffered sad vicissitudes; is it that the spirit of their history seeks thus to perpetuate itself? Who shall say? Off the western coast of Sardinia is a little unpeopled islet, inelegantly called "Stomach-ache Island." For my part, I believe it owes its name to some stranger who hurriedly fled thither from the main island, preferring the society of the waves and the gulls to the concert with which the Sardes thought,

hospitably, to entertain him; and who christened his haven after the manner of his feelings. Be that as it may, the Sarde melodies are of an unhappy cast. But, as I have said, St. Vito is in daily connection with Cagliari, and therefore, in spite of its ballo tondo and native strains, likely to have its primeval quaintnesses somewhat tarnished.

Accordingly, one day I took horse and guide, and rode away into the heart of the Barbagia mountains, by the valley of the Flumendosa. For hours we saw nothing of mankind. The hills fell around us in startling cliffs, or in long slopes studded with great trees upon the greensward. We could count the trout in the river by our side by hundreds. Hawks were in the air over our heads, and eagles above the brows of the boldest of the mountains. We lunched under the shade of a spreading fig-tree, wild by the water-side; and oleanders in full flower grew ten and twelve feet high further along the banks. While we dozed and smoked thus during the noontide heat, a pair of ancients joined us by the cool brook which here flowed into the river. They wore sheepskins, and their greasy black hair fell low on their backs. Their faces were corrugated with wrinkles, and in their eyes was an expression of plaintive hardness, the outcome of their gentle pastoral life. This honest couple of Sarde Strephons set down their guns, and lay along the grass with us for an hour or two.

When we were well rested we remounted our horses, and climbed a mountain by a prodigiously steep trail. My guide, who was a tough old septuagenarian and a retired brigand, when he discovered that I had a taste for out-of-the-way places and unhackneyed things, said he would take me to a friend in the village of Armungia; and this was our way thither.

Armungia is built bleakly on the crest of the mountain, whence it looks across a ravine at the village of Villa Salto on another mountain. A great noraghe stands up in its midst, and this the villagers, who are delightfully barbaric, use as a cow-house. Nevertheless, I climbed to the top of it and looked about me. The native houses are dull hovels enough — all of one story; offering their backs to the public thoroughfare, the front entrance being through a stoutly walled courtyard, where the pigs and poultry play with each other. This architectural feature is universal in the outlying districts of Sardinia. It reminds one of the times when Pisans and Genoese, or Arragonese and the native

rulers of Arborea (the westernmost of the four provinces into which the land was divided as independent principalities), were eternally skirmishing over the country, possessing it one after the other, and giving the hapless sons of the soil no tenure of security. Among these poor huts were two or three tall houses, painted pink and blue. Here lived the syndic in his official and private capacity, and the schoolmaster — both of whom were fetched in haste to see the stranger.

We sat for an hour in my guide's friend's house to receive visitors; and I was glad thus to make my first acquaintance with a genuine Sarde interior. The wall of the long reception-room was snowy white, it being an article of domestic faith to keep it so by constant washing; and the interstices of the juniper beams which composed the roof were closely filled with long reeds, blackened by smoke. A number of spits for the roasting of lambs, larks, or wild boar hung against the wall. On a ledge was a row of water jars, no way differing in design from those used by the Carthaginians of Carthage. Some cheeses lay on a wooden shelf cannily slung over the hearth-stone. Five or six circular straw sieves, tufted with bits of red and yellow cloth, were also suspended on the walls. These were for the sifting of the flour ground by the donkey in the corner, and are a popular and useful wedding present in Sardinia.

Save the above articles, the room was empty of movables — always, however, further excepting the donkey and its machine. Nothing takes the fancy in Sardinia more than the omnipresent pot-bellied little ass which, with a hood over its eyes to protect it from giddiness, goes round and round, crushing the grain between the two mill-stones, to which it is attached by a rotating beam of wood. The patience and diminutiveness of the creature are alike remarkable. As there is an ass, or "miller" (*molenti*, the miller, is its native appellation), to every house, it is the custom to appoint a man to look after all the millers of the community during their hours of relaxation. At a certain time in the day, therefore, one may see the little donkeys capering out of the houses, with many a bray of satisfaction and greeting to each other, all frolicking in a troop towards the pasture-ground of the commune. During playtime they are as full of spirit and antics as they are methodically industrious when harnessed to the mill. In the morning, however, the ass-herd reappears among them to recall



them to their toil. Sometimes he pipes them homewards, and they trot along, kicking playfully at each other as if they liked the music. But when the village is reached, each little ass in a sobered manner steps over the threshold of its master's house, and, with its tail between its legs and drooping ears, listlessly submits to its fate, like a schoolboy about to be catechized by a dame.

But to recur to my entertainer in Armungia. He was a tall, sinewy gentleman of the pastoral order, wearing, among other interesting garments, a deerskin vest embroidered with variegated silk. A demijohn of wine, crushed from his own vineyard, was in a twinkling brought and set on the ground of the floor between our legs. The syndic and the schoolmaster gladly consented to help us in drinking it. Neither of these gentlemen could, for the life of him, understand why a stranger, of his own free will, should come among them. "You have the whole world to choose from, and you come to Sardinia!" However, they could not but take it as a compliment, and so we became very friendly over the wine, which was excellent, though worth only a penny a pint to the grower. When we parted, the syndic, who was an old man, with the mirth of fifty clowns in his large, down-trending nose and his expansive mouth, said to me, as he held my hand between his two brown palms, "On your return, my friend, to Sardinia and Armungia, I beg you to seek me in the churchyard, and there scatter a few flowers on my grave." They told me afterwards that the old man was in his dotage. At any rate, it was a tragi-comic dotage; and I think with pathos of his whimsical red face and his farewell injunctions, to which I promised to give heed.

Before we scrambled down the mountain to our quarters for the night in the russet-roofed village of Ballao, it was needful to enter sundry other houses and drink more wine. My ex-brigand had a wide circle of friends, some of them queer fishes, and so there was much hob-a-nobbing round the fires of olive-twigs heaped in the middle of the rooms. The Sardes are, indeed, unconscionable tipplers. They go nowhere without a gourd of wine braced to their shoulders. Strangers who meet in the byways stop and drink to each other. Even the young girls who gave us "good-day" in the course of our travels were eager to stand awhile, take a pull or two, and discuss the quality of the vintage.

The quantity of wine my ex-brigand could consume in a day was astounding; and he never impugned the cellar of our host in the evening by retiring sober to bed.

In some sort, wine in Sardinia is a substitute for doctors. Wisely or not, the people pin their faith to it as a cure for divers ills. For the fever there is nothing to match it. The sound sleep that follows a quart of Vernaccia is said to be invaluable as a regulator of the system. It is also reputed an excellent palliative for the torture of the fleas which teem in certain districts.

Not, however, that doctors are lacking in the island. Every commune has one. He is paid a salary by the commune, and the people are entitled to be doctored without other charge than their proportion of the general communal taxes. This plan does not work satisfactorily. One can hardly expect the ordinary medical man in such circumstances to be enthusiastic about his patients. As for the people, they accept the doctor as they accept the tax-gatherer. They have no great esteem for him or his skill. A witch, if they could lay hands upon one in these sad days of enlightenment, were much more to their taste. Some of the old witches' remedies are still extant. Not so very long ago a sunstroke was cured by plucking and disembowelling a live fowl, which was then fitted upon the sufferer's head, to be worn as a skull-cap until it rotted away. Again, as healers the saints are much more popular than the doctors. The sick, and even sick cows and asses, are introduced in the wake of a religious procession. They hobble after the stout priests, the banners, and the music, strengthened by faith. If the unwonted exertion does the patient good, the saints' intervention is at once acknowledged by the grateful man with a waxen or silver cast of his limb or the other part that was affected, and the effigy is strung up in the church. A woman, in such a case, does not mind offering to the altar, for public exhibition, a waxen model of her breasts. And, worse still, coarse representations of ulcers and abscesses are to be seen dangling among the commoner votive offerings. One little church, near Cagliari, with better judgment, wears from the gallery in its western division a fringe of ostrich eggs, the donation of a sailor after a prosperous voyage. Under competition of this kind, one cannot wonder that the mass of the people trouble their doctor as little as possible. He is, perhaps, called in to a death-bed, when, as

a matter of form, he applies the mustard plaster which, I am told, is his remedy for most complaints. But neither the victim nor his tearful relations expect that good will come of it. Some time back it was customary in Sardinia to take the pillow from under a dying man's head, and to replace it by a stone. This was supposed to facilitate death. I fancy the doctor in these days plays the part of the stone.

Our accommodation for the night in Ballao was so typical of what we met with in other places that a few words about it may be welcome. We arrived at dusk, and stumbled up the uneven streets of the village, attended by a motley following that increased every moment. "Oh, you must not mind," observed my guide, when I growled at this conspicuousness. "It is a mark of respect for us," and he held his grizzled old head high as he spoke.

I do not think the farmer's wife whom we requisitioned for a lodging was very happy to see us.

The ex-brigand claimed to know her husband, but he was away. However, with the self-possession of a man of the world, my friend took matters into his own hands; bade the lady get together what edible luxuries she could for the evening repast, and give us a good bed. He deftly made her understand that she ought to be proud to receive a distinguished traveller; for, distinguished the man who underwent fatigues for no definite object could not but be.

One mortally annoying peculiarity of Sardinia is the heartless way in which you are left to hunger until the fashionable feasting hour arrives. Though you reach your host's house at two o'clock in the afternoon, there will be nothing for you to eat until nine or ten. Certainly, the wine will flow; but not every one can find comfort in wine. Here at Ballao, for instance, I spent several famishing hours amid my hostess's various babies. They, the cats, the pigs, and the poultry all found amusement about the floor of the room; and the molenti in the corner contributed the music of the mill to the other hubbub. Now and then a villager would look in, and, having said in a breath, "How do you do? There's nothing much the matter with me," would run off. My guide did all he could to get the priest of the parish to call, but his reverence, with excuses, sent the key of the church instead. However, at length the room was cleared; the children all put into one big bed; the

donkey turned loose; and supper announced. We sat four to table; my hostess and the eldest of her pretty, dark-eyed daughters joining us. It was a pity the husband was from home; for in the south the softer sex are not expected to add enlivenment to hospitality; and I fear we were a nuisance to the good souls. We had soup of sour milk, macaroni, lamb-chops moistened with lemon-juice, cold trout, and cheese; and no sooner was the meal ended than the lady arose with a bow, offered me the rushlight which had illuminated our feast, and wished us good repose. But good repose, for me at least, was out of the question. In the first place I had to share my bed with the ex-brigand, who stepped between the sheets unwashed, and divested of nothing but his boots; and, in the second place, our worthy hostess, to show her appreciation of our visit, had collected all the clocks of the house, and, I believe, borrowed those of her neighbors, and hung them upon the chamber walls, whence they ticked loudly against each other, as if for a wager. Amongst these clocks, and near my head, was one inhabited by a cuckoo, which every quarter came out with a brief song, and hourly sung for a minute or so. Add to this the scurrying of rats and mice, the efforts of the cats outside to get at these happy rodents, and the mysterious noises of certain hens, whose presence was subsequently declared by their eggs in the four corners of the room, and if you are fastidious you may understand that it was joy to see the dawn. Then, after a wash and a raw egg, I was allowed to give a florin to the maid (who kissed my hand in return for it), order the horses, and so, with smiles and good wishes from the lady, ride away into the cheerful outer air.

The next night, at the village of Nurri, on a plateau about fifteen hundred feet above the sea, was a curious contrast to this. Here our society was mainly masculine. The good man of the house was glad to the core to have us under his roof. He invited his neighbors to come and envy him his good fortune; and they came, and drank, and grew so noisy that the blackened old beams of the room resounded with their shouts. The women, on this occasion, sat aside by themselves, ever and anon glancing at each other, when something rather too coarse for their ears was spoken. But it was a memorable scene, for the men were in their festa clothes, and the gold buttons in their well-starched shirt-fronts gave them a touch of

distinction; and the fire flames from the hearth, where a lamb was roasting while we ate our soup, lit up the crimson and blue headgear of the women, and their strong, swart countenances. Here the evening was rather protracted. I cannot tell how much wine we drank. But I recall the passive reproach in the faces of the women during our bacchanalian indulgence, the heavy way in which at length they rose and gave their arms to their respective masters, and the tumult of reiterated good-nights which closed the scene. This night I slept by myself, among the wine barrels of the good man's store, having surprised my ex-brigand by informing him that in England I usually so slept, and that I would rather not repeat the experience of Ballao. That he might not fail in one tittle of his duties as host, our friend of Nurri, in the morning, strode a good mile or two with us on our way, and at parting filled our pockets with broad beans ("some fruit" he called it), gathered with the dew on them from his suburban garden.

From Nurri we labored into Barbagia, up mountains and down mountains the livelong day. I wish I could adequately describe the landscape beauties that were around us. I fear, however, that with most men the passion of scenery is but fleeting. They are not deeply enamored of anything that does not throb with the pulse of human life. One hour we were on the herby ridge of a calcareous giant that the hour before had seemed to tower sky high above us, and an hour later we had plunged to the foot of it on the other side by a trail that made the heart palpitate.

Barbagia may in part be compared to a number of rough concentric plateaux of which the mountain mass of Gennargentu is the culmination. The plateaux are not merely naked levels. Thick woods of virgin oak and cork-trees cover them largely, and dolomitic rocks of startling outline (called locally *tacchi*) spring from them like enormous turrets. Tremendous ravines separate the plateaux. In one part of the Flumendosa valley the cliffs are some six hundred feet vertical for miles. The rushing streams in the gullies are so many moats to these natural fastnesses. Thus, the red-roofed villages which perch in nooks on the mountain sides, though they may be well within gunshot of each other, are much more than a Sabbath day's journey apart.

It is due to the conformation of the

country that the Barbaricini held their independence for centuries after the rest of Sardinia. The Romans could not do much with them. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when Pisa and Genoa divided between them nearly all the rest of the island, the mountaineers were still untamed. And even in the eighteenth century, when Sardinia passed from Spain to Savoy, they were so monstrously old-fashioned in their methods of life that troops had to be sent them again and again, and the fathers of families nailed by scores to the village scaffolds, to impress upon them that cattle-lifting and other thieving and indiscriminate brigandry were no longer a mode of livelihood to be tolerated. Here, too, paganism lingered long after the rest of the island was Christianized. Most of the hideous little images known to the museums as "Sarde" idols hail from these mountains. The exhortations of the popes of Rome to the bishops of Sardinia to eradicate the pagan habits of the Barbaricini were for long as vain as the efforts of nations to subjugate them.

But though the mountains of Barbagia are rude and bleak like mountains elsewhere, the pent valleys are thoroughly charming. The rare meadows by the Flumendosa in its upper course are an untrained flower-bed. Our horses trod to the knee among pale dandelions, gentian, convolvuli, and poppies. From the wild olives and the pear and fig trees, which offer their fruit to the passer-by, nightingales sang to each other, and filled the hot air with their intensity. Of other birds I think we saw most goldfinches. Falcons and hawks, however, were always to be seen sailing aloft; and wherever a bleating of lambs was audible, they and the red-beaked crow were especially active. One day a fox tailed before us for several minutes, with a lazy disregard for us that ought to have been profoundly irritating. These valleys, beautiful as they are, do not attract residents. They are notably malarious in the bad season. It is only now and then that the villagers from far and near troop into them to celebrate a festa by this or that dilapidated old hermitage among the flowers. For a few days the rocks echo with their babble, and birds of prey are drawn thither by the scent of the roast meats. Men and women sleep side by side on the grass, or in the bedchambers they improvise with the stones and boughs around them. The priest says mass in the mouldy, rotting little church. There is a flutter of ban-

ners inside the building, and the children are marched to and fro in fancy dresses with symbolical lilies in their hands. But on the third or fourth day begins the exodus. The hermitage is locked until the next anniversary. Full of wine, good cheer, and spiritual joy, the villagers climb back to their nests; the priest returns to his cure; and when the hawks and the crows have spent another busy day or two among the relics of the feast, the valley has only a number of bones, bean-skins, and peascods to remind it of the late interlude in its life of monotonous solitude.

I suppose our chief feat during this tour in the mountains was the ascent of Bruncu Spina, the highest spot in Sardinia. But really it was no feat at all; for as day by day we lessened the distance that separated us from it, we also lessened its actual height above our heads. Finally, one morning we rode to the very summit of it (6,266 feet) from the village of Aritzo, itself 2,680 feet above the sea; and, having viewed, as it seemed to us, the whole of the great island, burnished by the sun, though we were under a dark bank of cloud, we rode down again, contented.

Brigand-lovers will, I am afraid, be sorry to know that their heroes have had their day in Sardinia. Though I gave these gentlemen every chance, I left the mountains unscathed. Not that the bandit instinct is quite dead in the land. My guide was dumb when I probed him for facts. He merely smiled and shook his head with the air of one who knew a thing or two of which the world knew nothing. But others were less reticent. "Banditti? Yes, sir; and within whispering distance of your honor," was the reply of a fierce-eyed magnate of a mountain village, when I questioned him on this fascinating subject. He hastened to add that I need have no fear: "You are perfectly safe, perfectly." I hope I do this candid gentleman no wrong in attributing my safety rather to his discretion than his generosity. In the face of good roads and the omnipresent gendarmerie, he had found brigandage to be no longer a lucrative business. Instead of a brigand, therefore, he was an honorable servant of the State, and he confided the subordinate branches of his labor to men with a reputation akin to his own. Thus civilization does its work.

But in truth Sardinia can dispense with robber-romances. There is enough various romance in her history; in the old customs and garbs of her villages; in her rocks, rivers, and valleys.

From The National Review.

#### A LOTHIAN FAIR.

A GREAT day indeed among the farm-hinds of the Lothians is that of the hiring fair. Upon their good fortune then in securing a place depends the livelihood and comfort of many of them throughout the coming term. Besides this, it is the day of the year on which they meet their friends and treat their sweethearts, and upon which the natural spirit of frolic and uproarious mirth, pent within bounds for many long months by the necessities of their calling, finds free and unquestioned vent. To the fair, therefore, they flock from far and near, some of them probably travelling thither on foot during a great part of the previous night.

A pleasant sight they make in the morning, thronging the main street of the market town — physically as handsome a set of men and women, perhaps, as may be met with anywhere. The women and girls have let down the sober-colored dresses of homely stuff kilted up during their morning tramp along the country roads, and, with cheeks as red as the bit of bright ribbon with which they are fond of trimming their hats, they look what they are, pictures of exuberant physical health. The men, sturdy ploughmen and farm lads of all capacities, are dressed almost uniformly in comfortable suits of strong, rough homespun, with low-crowned cloth caps to match, and bear about them an appearance of solid prosperity along with their ruddy strength. The burly figures of the younger men are well set off by their habit of always keeping their jackets closely buttoned; and a curious fashion they have of turning up the edge of the jacket behind in order to exhibit the bright warm color of the flannel with which it is lined, adds greatly to their look of comfort. These are the people of whose lives and pleasures Allan Ramsay long ago sung in his "Gentle Shepherd," and other poems. Healthy and happy are the lives they lead, close to the freshly turned earth; and if their condition be humble and their toil monotonous, their existence is by no means lacking in delight of its own. Theirs are the shy meetings of lad and lass by field gate and in deep farm lane of a summer night as the "kye come hame" in the gloaming; theirs the midday meal of simple fare, enjoyed light-heartedly, under the side of some leafy hedge in the sweet-scented clover fields; theirs the long noons of harvest-time, spent breast-deep amid the golden wheat. No wonder is it, therefore, that

they are ruddy of cheek and sturdy of limb. The very quietness of their usual life, besides, it is which makes the meeting with their friends and fellows on such rare occasions as the hiring fair so greatly to be enjoyed.

Business, of course, is the first thing to be attended to at the fair, and for this purpose the men and women waiting to be "arled," as they call it, stand along the sides of the main street, while the farmers in need of servants move about upon the causeway, scanning the appearance and physique of likely individuals, and putting a pertinent question here and there to such as take their fancy. The hinds, male and female, can, as a rule, in this matter very well hold their own. Experience has taught them what they want and what stipulations to make, and they are not slow to reject an offer which seems to them unsuitable. But it is a rough market, and one cannot help pitying some of the pretty, modest-looking young girls being haggled with by heavy-jawed, evil-coun-tenanced employers of labor.

Most of the farmers have driven to town in their own gigs or dog-carts; only a few of them being accompanied by their wives, who, in the latter case, may be in search of an indoor servant or an assistant in the dairy. Shrewd, calculating men, accustomed to the making of difficult bargains, these farmers form an interesting study by themselves. Each has developed a distinct individuality, entirely different from the smooth uniformity produced by city life; and in the course of long, slow years the character of each has become written legibly upon his features. To a keen eye wandering through the crowd these countenances are as open books. In the broad chin and firmly compressed lips of one may be read the slow determination and tenacity which have ruled a lifetime; in the coarse lips and heavy jaw of another, the impress of a strongly animal nature; and in the keen eye and sharp features of a third, the quick readiness to perceive and to follow up every offered advantage. Kindly hearts many of them have, beneath a somewhat rough exterior; but the shrewdness in looking after their own interests which has all their lives been a necessity of their existence has become in them a second nature, and the hiring fair is by no means a place for the display of tender feelings. And so the hinds are engaged entirely upon their merits, and the questions asked are as to what work they can do, and what wages

they expect. When an engagement has been made the matter is settled in black and white by a signature in some neighboring public house, and the farmer gives his man the shilling or two of arles or earnest money, which is supposed to complete the contract.

The hiring is usually over by an early hour in the forenoon, and then the quieter of the farmers, having transacted the business which brought them to the fair, and having enjoyed a chat perhaps with some chance friend over a little refreshment, get out their gigs and dog-carts and make for home. For the hinds, however, the enjoyment of the day is only beginning at this point. None are better aware of this fact than the proprietors of the booths and stalls of various descriptions which have been set up in the open market-place and along the sides of the street. During the morning, it is true, the cocoanut man has been patronized by several small boys who have found the pence burning in their pockets, and have been tempted by the apparent ease of throwing a nut through the hole in the upright board; while the women at the sweetmeat stalls have done some slight business with the same customers. But the owners of these and other attractions have been reserving their powers till later on, and it is only when the hinds themselves are free to attend to them that these people begin to exert themselves in earnest.

The first occurrence when friends meet in the crowd is naturally an eager question as to the fortune which has fallen to each, whether "a place" has been secured or not, and upon what terms. And sometimes the anxious look on an inquirer's face, sister or sweetheart, as she asks this information, gives the onlooker an insight into the homely dramas whose details are being acted out around him. Upon a hind's fortune in securing a favorable engagement at the fair much may depend, from the necessary share of an aged parent's support, up to the possibility of matrimony itself. This momentous question settled, however, the lasses drag their male companions off to "stand them their fairing," a proceeding in which the characters of individuals again appear strongly marked. The weaker or less experienced youths yield at once to the solicitations of the fair, with a soft acquiescence which robs the proceeding of all its delights. More knowing ones, taking full advantage of the situation, wait tantalizingly to be pressed, and hold out for a *quid pro quo*.

Others, again, curmudgeons at heart, betray for once their real nature, and, resisting stolidly all the blandishments brought to bear upon them, finally drag themselves away from their vexed and disappointed partners.

In this attempt to extract fairings, the efforts of sister or sweetheart are ably seconded by the proprietors of the nut and sweetmeat stalls, and, indeed, by this time all along the street the vendors of the various desirable commodities, such as gilt gingerbread and imitation malacca walking-canes, have become loudly voluble in praise of their wares. "Now, or never," is the motto with them, for if they do not succeed in disposing of their goods while their patrons have still cash to spend, they have the dismal prospect of carrying their stock in trade home again. Accordingly they do their best to cajole and wheedle the passers-by into becoming purchasers. Knowing well the simple folk they have to deal with, and the keys of human nature upon which to play, they make no scruple of using the broadest taunts and flattery to effect their purpose. "Buy yere sweetheart a chain, lad. Nae man wad see his lass gaun about without a fairin'. An' a bonnie lass like that, tae!" Such attacks occur every moment, and the insidious combination of praise and disparagement not infrequently proves irresistible.

In the centre of various crowds, at the same time, the cheap jacks are vociferously driving their trade. Perched, perhaps, on a cart, from which the horse has been unyoked, one of these fellows, with his wares laid out about him, will contrive to hold the interest of his audience for hours at a stretch—a feat many a budding politician would give a good deal to match. Well he knows how to play upon the little weaknesses and instinct for bargains of the crowd about him, and by giving to the purchaser of every trifle a bit of torn pasteboard or paper and bidding him hold it till he shall make it worth his while, he succeeds in retaining the attention of those below. "Sold again!" he shouts as he delivers an article to his latest customer; and the doubtful meaning of the announcement never seems to strike the minds of his audience. Then he proceeds, as he picks up another small article and begins with a flourish to undo the tissue paper in which it is wrapped. "Here, gentlemen, I have in my hand another useful article—a high-class gentleman's purse. It has three pockets, one for silver, one for gold, and one for five-pound notes. Will any gentleman give

me half-a-crown for it? Sixpence!" this with scorn to a scoffer behind. "Sixpence! You're witty this morning, mister, you are. Them I want to sell to is gentlemen, they are, as know a high-class article when they see it, and as can afford half-a-crown if they wants it. If *you* can't afford half-a-crown you can go somewhere else, *you* can." And having thus satisfactorily disposed of the railer, he turns again to the crowd. "Does any gentleman say half-a-crown? And I'll make it worth his while. Does any gentleman" (this with emphasis) "say seven and six? And I'll make it worth his while." At this he takes three half-crowns from his vest pocket, and proceeds in the face of the crowd to chuck them, one after another, into the purse. "Does any gentleman say seven and six?" Here the purse and its contents are bought for the sum mentioned by an individual dressed like a respectable farmer in the crowd below, who forthwith opens the purse and ostentatiously takes from it the three half-crowns, which he pockets with demonstrative satisfaction. The cheap jack loses no time in producing another purse, going through the same apparent process of clucking in half-crowns, and offering it also for sale. "Seven and six!" he bawls; and then, as this time there is no immediate offer, "Well, look here! I don't mind if I do give somethin' away, just to show you how I do my trade—five shillin's?" Here there are several candidates for possession of the purse. As a great favor the bargain is bestowed upon one of the applicants, this time a *bonâ fide* farm servant, who upon opening it discovers his purchase to contain the magnificent sum of three halfpence; and so on through a variety of devices during the day, the victims of the cheap jack's acuteness and sleight of hand being too much ashamed of themselves to make any disturbance.

As the afternoon wears on the purveyors of popular amusement wax louder in their demonstrations; and as the effects of public-house potations begin to be apparent in the crowd, their patronage increases. "Hyar, hyar, hyar!" roars the proprietor of the Champion Punching Machine. "Try yer strength! C'rect measure; no deception!" And for the sum of one penny he allows his customers the privilege of throwing themselves bodily at the projecting cushion of his machine, under the impression that the clock face above is registering the actual boxing-power of their fist. Close by, the owner of another strength-testing contrivance, a

short, pimply-faced man, with a red cravat tied about his neck, is also shouting his loudest at intervals, as custom comes and goes. "Come on, gen'lemen!" he bawls, in a voice not originally dulcet-toned. "Now's yer chance to show what ye can du!" And he keeps offering the handle of a huge wooden mallet to the most likely of the passers-by. Occasionally a knot of brawny-armed young fellows will gather about him, usually for the settlement of a wager, and then his utmost skill is exerted in pitting one man against another. The mechanism of his machine is very simple, a stroke of the mallet upon a wooden knob acting through a lever to send a recording index up a shaft behind, upon which the height is marked, and is supposed to indicate the weight of the blow. Abstractedly, as if ashamed of the transaction, some great hulking ploughman will pay his copper, and take hold of the mallet. Spitting upon his hands as a preliminary, he grasps the handle, and, swinging the heavy weapon over his head, brings it down with a terrific crash upon the machine. "Hi, hi, hi!" shouts the proprietor, as he pulls the string to let the index fall again. "Nut a bad shot! Very near as high as the last man that lifted the hammer. But he was a better man nor you." Such a taunt rarely fails to rouse the blood of the would-be athlete, and brisk business in consequence rewards for a time the owner of the machine. There are electric batteries, too, where one's power of enduring a shock may be accurately ascertained in foot-pounds, but these contrivances are not apparently very popular, being possibly too scientific, and savoring too much of the black arts for the rustic mind; and, accordingly, with the exception of a knowing fellow occasionally, who may bring his sweetheart in order to hear her scream and implore his help, they are but seldom patronized.

All sorts of Bohemian vagabonds contrive to reap a harvest among the surging crowd. Male and female ballad-singers, accompanied usually by an abnormally numerous and miserable progeny, take up a position in the gutter, and endeavor to move the sympathies of the passers-by with the succession of lugubrious ditties which they emit. A ragged piper, blowing with might and main, continues to march bravely back and forth along the causeway in front of a favorite public house, and in a neighboring vacant space Mr. Punch goes through his time-honored career of wickedness before an admiring crowd. In quiet corners, out of sight of

the police, sharpers may be found inveigling the unwary to back their quickness of sight over the pea and thimble trick, or at "prick the garter;" the latter being an ingenious though simple device, in which, a garter being first doubled, and then wound into a coil, the onlooker is invited to stake anything "from a shillin' to a sov'ring" that he will put a pin into the doubled end. The "game," as the gentleman who presides over it takes care to inform his hearers, is "entirely without risk" (a peculiarity shared by the majority of these "games"), for the manipulator, when unwinding the garter, has only to reverse one of the ends in his hand in order to make the pin hold or not, as he pleases. The fearful delights of gambling are indulged in by small boys, at the shabby roulette and *rouge et noir* tables which are furtively set up here and there; and sometimes all the excitement of Monte Carlo on a small scale is gone through at one of these establishments before the blue-coated representative of law finds it out and orders it off the scene, or marches its proprietor to the lock-up.

The afternoon is the harvest time, too, of the recruiting sergeants, who make a point of attending upon these occasions; and a very good thing they sometimes make of it. If the morning's hiring has not been brisk, and many men are left without engagements, it does not need more than a glass or two in the public house, and some big talk about the glory of war, to induce a number of them to enter her Majesty's service.

By the time when the dusk of evening falls, the fun of the fair has grown fast and furious. Then the loaded fly boats swing higher and higher, and the steam merry-go-rounds get into full blast, while the motley and fantastic scene is lit up by the yellow light of the oil cressets which flare and crackle everywhere in the darkness. By this time all the shows are in full swing — living skeletons, giants, fat women (who allow the public the satisfaction of measuring their ankle), and monstrosities of all sorts — and the shouting of "Walk up, walk up! Show just about to begin!" is to be heard in all directions. The trumpets and drums of the canvas circus keep up a terrific din, which is only matched by the hideous uproar of the steam organ belonging to the next establishment. A well-built fellow in dirty white tights and boxing-gloves occasionally thunders on a big drum at the door of a tent, above whose entrance is inscribed "Academy of the Noble Art of Self-de-

fence," and within which any gentleman upon payment of the modest sum of three-pence may have the inestimable pleasure of being knocked into a jelly in two minutes. And on the outside stage of the penny theatre, princes, dukes, and fairies dance in spangles (and very little else) before the gaping crowd, while the pipe-played clown makes faces, and, with due modicum of not very brilliant "business," cracks the stalest of antique jokes from another corner.

As the scene becomes more and more animated a greater boldness seems to inspire the manly breast, and affections which have lain latent during the day become every moment more apparent. Then it is that valiant swains, gathering courage from the dim and the darkness, their pockets by this time nearly as light as their heads, grasp their willing sweethearts by the waist and drag them across the flaring stage into the shows. The hiring fair does not come every day, and a little absolute enjoyment, even though it be somewhat rough in quality, surely need not be denied once in a while to these horny-handed sons of the plough. Within these canvas theatres, only half lit by the flame of the uncertain cressets, there are rare nooks for the kind of wooing that is done less by word of mouth than by physical demonstration. It matters nothing to these simple-hearted folk that the villain upon the stage is too obviously the beneficent but deceased uncle got up in another beard and pair of boots; and it is of no moment that "my father the duke," whom the hero states to be at Windsor attending his sovereign, "in his coronet and his golden carriage," is really for the moment taking the entrance coppers at the back of the pit. The play is a play, and as such is duly enjoyed; and when the hero, after a terrible combat, succeeds in thrusting his sword under the villain's left arm, and when that individual in dying reveals the hiding-place of a chest of specie and title deeds which belong of right to the heroine, and enable her to marry the hero with the full consent of "his father the duke," the happy and whole-hearted audience applauds to the echo.

Every pleasure, however, must have an end at some time; and at last even the delights of the fair begin to pall on folk who are accustomed for the most part to go to bed at nightfall. Gradually the crowd thins away. The crack of rifles at the shooting-gallery grows less frequent, and then ceases; and the proprietor of the penny theatre extinguishes the lights one

after another. Shortly after midnight, the town is empty; far out on the country roads the hinds are plodding their ways homeward in the darkness, and the fair is over.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

From Good Words.

A MODERN EASTERN MARTYR.

A PERSIAN STORY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY DR. C. J. WILLS, AUTHOR OF "IN THE LAND OF THE LION AND SUN," "PERSIA AS IT IS," ETC.

GULKHANDAN, which, by the way, means "laughing flower," was little more than a big child; but she was a very pretty child, so at least said the matrons of her quarter — and in Persia youthful female beauty is only seen by the matrons, for outside the harems among the upper classes, and beyond their own immediate family circle in the middle and lower ranks of life, the women go habitually veiled. If Gulkhandan had been a trifle less pretty her mother and her aunt would not have been as particular as they were in shielding her from the gaze of profane and curious men.

Gulkhandan then was fourteen years of age, and ever since her birth she had been betrothed to Syud Achmet, the son of her paternal uncle. Now our idea of a girl of fourteen years of age is a sort of female hobbledehoy — it's the only word that expresses it, and unfortunately hobbledehoy has no feminine. But in Persia women and fruit ripen quickly, and Gulkhandan was no hobbledehoy; she was a lovely, graceful girl, born in the city where loveliness — among the girls at least — is a matter of course. The nose aquiline, the complexion that of a brilliant brunette, the face inclined to roundness, the ever-parted lips arched and full of fun, disclosing a row of teeth of pearly whiteness. The women of Persia are often as fair as English women; but the brunette complexion is preferred; the delicate pink and white which we so much admire is there despised as a "cloying" style of beauty — according to the native idiom it is "without salt." There was nothing cloying about Gulkhandan; her great black eyes were full of fire, a fire which was shaded by their long lashes, the eyebrows perhaps were a trifle thicker than what we admire in Europe; but then, as the Persian poet says, "they are the accents which mark the beauty of the lovely eyes." There was a little *point d'amour*, too, a tiny mole upon her blushing cheek, just



the same little mole which Hafiz speaks of: "For the mole on the cheek of that girl of Shiraz, I would yield Samarkand and Bokhara." As for the waving masses of her curling hair, being a Persian girl she naturally had a profusion of jetty, luxuriant tresses. Now Glkhandan was a Shirazi, and Syud Achmet, her cousin, the man she was betrothed to, held tightly to the opinion of Hafiz with regard to the mole on her cheek. The young fellow literally worshipped her. He was ten years her senior; he had nursed her as a baby, and it was with a proud feeling of proprietorship that he had seen the big-eyed child ripen into the lovely girl who was soon to be his own.

Syud Achmet was an artist, and a distinguished artist too; had Syud Achmet been a European he would have possessed, being an artist, a sort of private pedestal of his own; but in Persia artists are a poorly paid race; they have no pedestal, they are simply day laborers. And though Syud Achmet was the most distinguished miniature painter in all Shiraz, yet it was with difficulty that he contrived to earn enough to keep body and soul together. Yet he was a man of importance in his way, for he was court-painter in ordinary to the provincial governor, the king's son, who, next to the shah and the prime minister, was the most powerful man in Persia. But the consideration which the young fellow received was partly due to the fact of his being a descendant of the Prophet, a holy man. His descent was traced to Imam Hamza, and, as a holy man of unblemished descent, Syud Achmet had already had several opportunities of making a brilliant marriage; but he was desperately in love with his cousin Glkhandan, and he declined the numerous tempting offers made him by the marriage-brokers. He would sit painting away in the great, cool, arched chamber over one of the palace gateways, which was his studio, and for which, as court-painter in ordinary, he paid no rent. A little four-legged table eighteen inches high and two feet square carried the implements of his art — a few rude cakes of paint and the tiny brushes fashioned by his own hand. He sat on the ground upon a big piece of coarse matting, and a charcoal brazier and half-a-dozen coffee-cups, with a kalia or hubble-bubble (the Persian water-pipe), formed the whole of the furniture of his official residence; they would have been dear at half-a-sovereign for the lot. And yet, strange to say, the great, bare, half-ruined room was one of the favorite loung-

ing places for the *elite* of the capital of the south of Persia. Grandees, learned men, lawyers, priests, and merchants, and the courtiers and hangers-on of the governor himself, delighted in frittering away their time in the artist's studio, in watching the composition of his numerous master-pieces, in talking scandal, philosophy, and politics, and in listening to the many subtle and dangerous theories which Syud Achmet, artist, poet, and dreamer of dreams, was accustomed to pour forth to their edification and astonishment.

The court-painter was a man of genius, his strongest point was his skill as a painter of miniatures; he had once actually received £40 in good sterling coin from the prince-governor himself, for the decoration of a papier-mch pen-case; it had cost him six months' hard work, and he painted steadily for eight hours a day. He was nearly equally strong in his ideal reproductions of flowers and birds upon book covers; in Persia every book cover is hand painted, and is in itself an original work of art. Syud Achmet also painted in enamel upon gold. Those of us who have been to South Kensington know what has been achieved in Persia, in what is fast becoming there a dying art. Upon the pen-cases and upon the enamels the subjects were ever the same, groups of birds and flowers, portraits, generally ideal portraits, of beautiful women in little medallions, and tiny crowds of innumerable figures, every individual face of which was a portrait.

It is a *sine qu non* in Persia that these ideal female faces should be handsome, and I am afraid that a good deal of the syud's success was due to his perpetual reproduction of the charming features of the girl he loved; not that he was a slavish copyist of himself, the ever-varying moods of the childish Eastern beauty gave variety to her numerous and too successful portraits. Whether he depicted her as Queen Balkis on her visit to King Solomon, or Zuleikha surrounded by the rival beauties, or as the delicious Shireen, the laughing, girlish face was ever transcendently beautiful.

The consideration shown to the young painter by all classes was not due to his official position or his artistic skill, it was but the natural tribute to his birth, to the blue blood which ran in his veins as a descendant of the Prophet himself, a fact which was proudly proclaimed by his dark green turban, and the bright green shawl artistically twisted in its many folds around his slender waist. The artist was

proud of his descent, prouder still of retaining in their traditional purity the very features of his great ancestors, for the face was not the face of a Persian; the lines were more refined, they were those of a pure-blooded Arab. It was the same face that had been handed down through generations in the artist's family, ever since the conquest of Persia by the Moslems under Sa'd, when they snatched the great kingdom from Yezdegird, the last of the fire-worshipping kings.

Now it might have been supposed that Syud Achmet being a Muslem of the Muslems was a pious Mussulman, but this was not the case. The real fact is, that Syud Achmet, though a holy man by birth, was no fanatic; he was worse, he was a sectary of the Baab, a communist, a philosopher, a disbeliever in the Koran and its traditions, a dangerous free-thinker, a man who, had his opinions been known, would have been unanimously adjudged by the whole fanatical body of the priesthood of his country as worthy of death. And his untainted descent would only have been an additional reason for putting the stern law against dangerous heretics into force. The Persians are tolerant, they do a great many things that stricter Mahomedans look upon as abominations. The artist's very profession as a depicter of the human face divine was in itself a crime against true Muslem tradition. Many of us have seen the glorious tiles with the metallic *reflet* which belonged to a pre-Mahomedan age, on which the faces of the figures have been carefully destroyed by religious enthusiasts; these things were done in the early ardor of the Mahomedan conquest, nowadays the Persians, in their earnest love of beauty, have allowed the old religious laws on this subject to become a dead letter.

But Syud Achmet was a prudent man, he kept his religious opinions to himself, and devoted his whole attention to earning as much money as possible, that he might be ready with the dowry which he had contracted to pay on his marriage with his cousin. Though they were living in a Mahomedan country, from the fact that they had been betrothed to each other since their childhood, that they had been children together, and that their parents' houses joined, they had been allowed almost as much license as an engaged couple with us. It is true for the last year, since Glkhandan in the eyes of her relatives had ceased to be a child, that she used to decorously veil herself, whenever she and her handsome cousin met;

but they used to chat away merrily and affectionately enough, even in their parents' presence; for the young people were very shortly to be married, and so, after all, where was the harm? Like Pyramus and Thisbe, they used to tell their love by the hour together in the long, soft summer nights, over the low, ruined wall which separated the great flat roofs of the two houses. Syud Achmet was his cousin Glkhandan's beau-ideal; and he worshipped her lovely features, the mole on her cheek, and the very ground she walked upon. The two young people were honestly and thoroughly in love with each other.

And then they were married. There was a tremendous entertainment at the wedding, there were at least a hundred invited guests at the house of the bride's father, the men in one courtyard, the women in another. The amount of pillaw, of stews, of hashes, of roast and boiled that was consumed by the hungry guests was enormous; they ate several hundredweight of confectionery, and a still larger quantity was given away. There was a rope-dancer and a juggler, and all the professional buffoons of the town attended with their performing monkeys to make money at the marriage feast. The prince-governor himself sent the happy bridegroom one of his own cast-off shawl garments as a wedding present. Syud Nadurs, the chief of the religious law, sent a sugar-candy basin decorated with pink paper of portentous size. Then, nigh upon midnight, the bridegroom and his friends, clad in their best, and mounted on prancing steeds, borrowed for the occasion, came with music, shouts, and lighted cressets to Glkhandan's father's house to demand the bride. The narrow streets were thronged with shouting well-wishers and sympathizers, the roofs of the adjacent houses were black with crowds of veiled women, who shouted their congratulations and clapped their hands with joy. And then the little bride, carefully veiled, and with a great sheet of pink spangled gauze thrown over her, was placed on a big grey horse borrowed from the prince-governor's stable; and the flood of guests bundled out pell-mell into the street to wish her well.

"May your steps be fortunate," said her mother in her ear, as she kissed her for the last time, and then the wedding procession began to move; fireworks were discharged from the house of the bride's father; up went the rockets in bewildering profusion; the musicians played their

hardest, the singers yelled their loudest, and above all resounded the bewildering crash of the great *dohol* or wedding-drum, a tremendous instrument used only at marriage feasts. The procession reached the bridegroom's house, a sheep was killed upon the threshold for luck, the wedded pair entered the building, the door was closed, and the shouting crowd dispersed.

"It's the very prettiest face," said the Syud Nadurūs to Mirza Mohamed, his cup-companion, "that it's ever been my good fortune to look upon," and he handed his new gold enamelled opium pill-box to his friend. "If the houris of Paradise are half as charming, my friend, I shall be more than satisfied."

To look at the Syud Nadurūs one might have taken him for a man of five-and-forty, who devoted a good deal of time to the immense and glossy black beard which reached nearly to his waist. But the syud was in reality over seventy, and the beard was regularly dyed every morning in the hot bath with indigo and henna. His beard was not the only deception about Syud Nadurūs,—the fact is that he was an arch-hypocrite; he was the chief of the religious law in southern Persia, a notorious fanatic, a Muslem pharisee whose phylactery was of the broadest; he had the Koran and the religious law at his fingers' ends. He never took a bribe openly, but his income from that source was extremely large. In public he was never seen to smile; he kept the great annual religious fast with the utmost strictness; he had made several converts, and had caused the execution of at least half-a-dozen apostates. He was universally respected, and everybody was afraid of him. Even the prince-governor himself courted the holy man, for Syud Nadurūs was eloquent; he had but to say the word to render a governor distasteful at once, and to make his governorship impossible. He had the ear of all the fanatics of the province, and he swayed the priesthood with an iron hand. When he passed through the streets with cast-down eyes, mumbling prayers as he went, and slipping the beads of his rosary through his fingers, the mob of hangers-on that followed him far exceeded in number the prince-governor's own retinue. The merchants and traders in the bazaar sprang to their feet to make him lowly obeisances. He affected a proud simplicity in his attire; he dressed in garments of a sombre color, dark broadcloth in winter, cotton and

chintz in summer, a plain cloak of striped camel's hair all the year round. There was no gold embroidery, not a thread of silk in his garments; he kept to the letter of the law. Crowds of beggars always thronged his gate, nor were they sent empty away, for charity was a part and parcel of the syud's policy. The men's quarters of his great house were large, dirty, and dilapidated, they proved the arrogance of his humility. His great tribe of hungry retainers got no wages, but they lived upon the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, and what they could wring out of the numerous litigants who sought audience with their master. We have said that the Syud Nadurūs never took a bribe, but Mirza Mohamed, his creature, was notoriously venal; the real fact was that the mirza took the bribes in his own name, and then handed them over bodily to his master; his own pickings were pretty considerable.

It was quite a small room, in the private courtyard of the chief of religion, in which the syud and his secretary were seated. A small carboy containing about half a gallon of raw arrack stood between them, a plain silver bowl was their drinking-cup, the time was midnight, and their potations had already been pottle-deep, for Mirza Mohamed, besides being the secretary, was the confidant and cup-companion of the holy man. They had no secrets from each other, these two.

"Soul of my soul," said the arch-priest as he emptied the goblet, "here's to the original of the charming portrait."

"You're doing the chief painter a great honor," said Mirza Mohamed with a knowing look; "they say it's his wife. Far too pretty a wife for an unsainted dog of a penniless artist."

"I wonder if it really is the portrait of his wife," said the holy man meditatively, as he gazed at the little golden box. "Of course he's flattered her."

"They say that is impossible," replied the secretary meaningly.

"Drink, pig," said his master as he passed the goblet to his confidant.

The mirza was nothing loath, and he swallowed a deep draught of the potent spirit at a single gulp.

"And the husband," said his master, "a clever, handsome ne'er-do-well, they say?"

"A syud, as we are," said the secretary with a laugh, "a holy syud. Ho, ho!" he added with a loud laugh, "and they say protector of the poor," he continued; "a dangerous man, an atheist, a philosopher,

a sectary of the Baab," he added in a whisper.

"May he die the death," said the high-priest piously, "and so meet the punishment he deserves in this world and the next." And then in his turn he raised the beaker to his lips: "Confusion to all Jews, infidels, and heretics," he mumbled.

"So may it be," said the mirza with pious enthusiasm.

"Sing, dog, sing!" cried his master.

Mirza Mohamed took up an elaborately carved lute which lay at his side, ran his skilful fingers over the strings, and in a high falsetto voice he gave a rather florid rendering of one of those mystic odes of Hafiz, full of the praise of women, love, and wine, which the imaginative Persian never fails to appreciate and remember. And, as he sang it, the aged debauchee, his master, still gazed fondly on the little box, beating time with his fingers to the plaintive and catchy air, and then he raised it to his lips and fondly kissed the portrait.

"The fellow's existence troubles me," said the arch-priest; "these heretics must be stamped out," he added with enthusiasm. "Is our holy Islam to be imperilled by the doings of wretches such as he? God and the Prophet forbid!" He gently stroked his long black beard, and his little bloodshot eyes rolled in drunken fury. "Let him be seen to, Mirza. In the meanwhile sing."

The parasite obeyed, and the secret carouse went on till the small hours of the early morning.

We have said that the numerous followers of the Baab, a dangerous fanatic, who declared himself an incarnation of the Deity, and who flourished some forty years ago, were communists and heretics. They are exceedingly numerous in Persia, and at the commencement of the reign of the present shah suffered a merciless persecution, in which many hundreds of them were cruelly put to death; nor had it been unprovoked, for a few of the more determined of the followers of the promulgator of the new religion had unsuccessfully attempted the king's life. The great city of Zinjan, the greater part of whose inhabitants had become converted to the new religion, had withstood a siege of several months, and on its capture had been given over to a general massacre, which spared neither age nor sex. But the new religion was very widely spread. Unfortunately, though the cult was a secret one, there was one unflinching test by which the Baabi could be assuredly recog-

nized. When called upon to curse the false prophet, the disciple of Baab invariably refused, preferring imprisonment, unheard-of tortures, and even death itself.

Among the throng of litigants who awaited an audience at nine o'clock next morning of Mirza Mohamed, the holy man's secretary, was the lovely Gulkhandan's newly married husband, the young Syud Achmet. One of the arch-priest's hungry servants had summoned him by a polite message but an hour before. And it was with the hope of a fresh commission that the handsome young fellow attended at the levee of the great man's confidential secretary. He had entered the room, which was already crowded with litigants and persons whose interest it was to pay their court to the great man, with a low obeisance.

"You're welcome, Syud Achmet," said the secretary with a genial smile; "sit here, sit higher up," he said, as the penniless artist was about to take a place near the door. "God forbid that I, a descendant of the Prophet, upon whom be peace, should fail to do the proper amount of honor to a lineal descendant of the holy Imam Hamza." And then he inquired very particularly after the artist's health, and insisted on his smoking his own great jewelled water-pipe.

"May your shadow never be less, Aga Mirza Mohamed; your condescension is too great towards the least of your servants," said the young fellow as he took the pipe.

"I'm full of business, full of business as you see, friend of my soul," said the great man; "but I have something to say to you, something for your private ear," he added with a little bow; and then he went on sealing documents, reading letters, dictating their answers, shouting and gesticulating, joking all the while, for Mirza Mohamed was a man of many words and of much wit withal, a popular man in his way.

Gradually the great crowd of litigants dwindled away as their business was transacted. At last the mirza dismissed his secretaries, and he and the court-painter were left alone.

"Sit nearer me, Aga Mirza Achmet," he said; "let us talk. Praise be to God you are a man of parts; in your conversation, oh Mirza, there is honey!"

The artist bowed.

"You know this box? It's a pretty toy," he said as he gazed at it appreciatively. "I want one like it. Ah, you artists, you're lucky fellows; we outsiders sel-

dom see such a face as this, even in our dreams. Tell me, happiest of men, does she exist?" And his eyes suddenly left the box, and were fixed upon the young artist's features. He had ceased to smile, and commenced to blush, taken aback at the suddenness of the question. "I needn't ask," continued the mirza. "Syud Achmet," he said slowly in a solemn whisper, "I am your friend. I am your father's friend, young man," he added solemnly. "It is dangerous at times to be too fortunate."

"I fail to comprehend your Excellency's meaning," said the painter, his eyes fixed discreetly upon the ground.

"I've heard strange things of you. They say, and they say it loudly too, that Syud Mirza Achmet troubles himself overmuch with strange religions. My son, it's very simple. Curse me the Baab."

The young man was silent.

"Ah, it is so then," said the other. "I said I was your friend," he repeated after a pause. "There's a great deal in blood; and I, too, thank Heaven, am a descendant of our holy Prophet. You have no wish to die, young man," he said very solemnly. "Listen to me, and take my hint, as it is meant, in good part. Divorce that wife of yours."

"Never!" cried the young fellow.

"Then your blood be on your own head," said the mirza, and he clapped his hands.

Two surly, ragged-looking fellows entered the room; they crossed their hands on their chests and bowed low.

"You will conduct the court-painter here to the House of Chains." (This is the poetic phrase which is always used to express a common gaol in Persia, nor is it inappropriate.) "You will take him there without any scandal or fuss. He's far too wise a man to attempt to run away, and should he be fool enough to do so, you will knock him on the head without hesitation. There is the order," he continued as he flung a little roll of paper across the room. "You will bring back a receipt for his body from the jailer. Wait one minute, however," he added, motioning them back as they advanced towards the young artist. "Syud Achmet," he whispered in the young fellow's ear, "you are a man of sense. Take my advice; write me out a letter of divorce of that wife of yours, and all may yet be well."

The young fellow shook his head sadly. "I give you till to-morrow to consider of it," whispered the tempter, "till then I am your friend; till then mind, I can save

you. Were I to do my full duty, you would be haled at once before the arch-priest himself, my lord the Syud Nadurūs. He is a fanatic, and never spares a Baabi who is once within his grasp. You would be condemned at once to a shameful death, and be dragged to the House of Chains in the midst of a shouting and infuriated mob, lucky indeed if you reached it alive. My heart bleeds for you, young man. After all, are we not both descendants of the Holy Prophet? If you are ass enough to repeat one word of our conversation, no one will believe you. Send me the writing of divorce, and you are a free man. Once publicly accused, neither the shah, the Baab," and he spat on the ground as he uttered the name, "nor the Devil himself could save you. Till this time to-morrow, then, you have your chance of escape, after that time you are practically a dead man. Remove your prisoner," he added in a loud voice. "Treat him with every consideration and respect, but don't forget that you answer for the safety of his person with your heads, for the charge is a serious one."

The artist rose and walked out of the room, followed closely by the two men; he knew that resistance was useless, escape impossible, for each of the two ruffians carried a curved dagger at his girdle, which he was quite certain they would not hesitate to use, as their master had hinted, should he attempt to give them the slip.

And then Mirza Mohamed sought the presence of the arch-priest with a smiling face.

The party of three had not far to go; they walked across the deserted square, the place where criminals are always executed at early morning, and approached a large building of mud bricks. There was a ragged sentry at the door; in the porch sat an evil-looking man in a dirty cloth coat which had once been scarlet. The scarlet coat told too well who the man was. It was the public executioner. The young painter turned away with a shudder, he and his companions entered the building, they passed through an inner wicket, at which was a second sentinel, and entered the courtyard, along the shady side of which, squatted on the ground, were seated the prisoners; each man was clothed in rags, each wore a heavy iron collar round his neck, from which passed a massive chain which was attached to the collar of his neighbor. There were some forty of these unfortunate wretches; murderers, thieves, and innocent men chained together haphazard. A short, thick-set

man rose to receive them, he made a low obeisance to the young court-painter. It was Koolf Beg, the jailer.

"Please step this way," he said. "What is your business with me, my master?" he added politely, and then Mirza Mohamed's servant handed him the warrant.

"It's quite correct," growled the jailer, and he drew his pen-case from his girdle and wrote out a formal receipt for the body of the prisoner, just as he would have done for a load of grain or a bag of money.

The two men bowed and departed.

"Follow me, oh, my master," said Koolf Beg, and he led the way to a low door in a corner of the courtyard. It was covered with plates of iron and had a grated aperture a foot square in its centre. Koolf Beg opened the door by means of a big key which he took from his bosom, then he struck a match and lighted a small oil lamp which stood in a little niche within the doorway. The air of the place was almost pestilential. It was some fifteen feet long by ten feet broad. Running down the middle of the floor of the dismal hold was a huge beam of wood in which were cut twelve grooves, just big enough to admit the ankle of a man, above each was a great iron hasp and a big padlock.

"You're lucky, oh, my master," said Koolf Beg. "In troublous times we are forced to accommodate twelve prisoners here, at present you are my only lodger, so it is comparatively cool and comfortable. This groove," said he, pointing to the first one, which was roomy and had rounded edges, "is a keran (toal) a day; you can take your choice, however, there's no compulsion. What do you say?" he added.

"Can't you leave me loose, Koolf Beg?" said the painter.

"I would if I dared, oh, my master," replied the jailer, "but the order is precise. Will you pay the keran?" he added roughly, "it's cheap at the money. I'll put your foot into one of the others if you like for an hour or so just to try, but it'll lame you for a week, I warn you; whereas in this one you'll be perfectly comfortable."

"Is this the best you can do for me, Koolf Beg?" said the painter.

"I daren't do more, oh, my master, the order is precise," he repeated.

The painter sat him down sadly in front of the great beam, the jailer removed his prisoner's shoe, fitted the ankle into the roomy groove, fastened down the great hasp and secured it with the padlock.

"It'll be half a keran for a pillow, and a keran a day for the light, if I leave it," he added meaningly, and he held out his hand.

There were tears in the young painter's eyes as he handed the two silver kerans to the jailer, for it was all the ready money he had about him.

"Shall you want any food?" continued the man. "Your rations of two loaves of bread won't be due till to-morrow, but I'll bring you a crock of good water."

"You've had my last farthing," said the painter with a sigh.

"Don't let that trouble you, oh, my master," replied Koolf Beg, "I can advance at least ten kerans on that handsome cloth coat of yours."

"Why, it's worth sixty," said the prisoner in astonishment.

"It's only worth ten here," said the jailer doggedly.

"You're a man without mercy, Koolf Beg," replied the young syud.

"I have to look after my lawful profits," retorted the man with a grin. "Only pay me, oh, my master, and there is no luxury that I will not procure for you: hot kababs from the bazaar, a good pillow at dinner-time, even a pack of cards and the forbidden juice of the grape if you will, are at your disposal, at a recognized and reasonable scale of charges, and I myself, should you wish it, will beguile the tedium of your solitude by my company, for a consideration."

"Leave me," said the prisoner impatiently.

"God be with you," said the jailer, with a low bow, and he left the dungeon, carefully closing the great door, and locking it from the outside.

And then the painter looked around him. Escape there was none, that he knew full well; there was no window, not even a loophole to admit the air. Roof and walls were black with the smoke of fires kindled there by prisoners in winter time. The place was alive with vermin; that was a matter of course in an Eastern prison. The young man's cup of bitterness was full, and he wept aloud. He knew that his life was in the hands of his enemies, for like his fellow-enthusiasts he would have died a thousand deaths rather than curse the name of the mountebank whom he worshipped as a divinity. And then he pondered. Divorce his wife, he would die first. Who was the enemy who coveted his newly married bride? Why had Mirza Mohamed shown him the little golden enamelled box? He put the two

things together, and then the hidden hand of Syud Nadurūs, the arch-priest, became visible to him, and then he cursed impotently and wailed aloud.

When Koolf Beg brought him the promised water, he was calmer. He thanked the jailer.

"Take the coat," he said, as he flung the garment from him, "I want you to send a letter."

"I dare not do it; oh, my master," said the jailer, with a melancholy shake of his head. "Order what food you will, oh, syud, and as long as your money lasts your orders shall be faithfully obeyed," he added, as he carefully folded the garment and placed it under his arm. "But by the head of Mortazza Ali don't ask me to send letters. You can't tempt me," he continued. "I did it once ten years ago, and my feet still tingle with the remembrance of the awful bastinadoing that was the result. But oh, my master, should your case prove a desperate one, never forget that for fifty gold tomans (about £40) I can deliver you by a timely bolus of opium from the man in red," and then he left the prisoner to his meditations.

At the end of twenty-four hours one of the same men who had conducted the artist to prison was admitted into this dungeon by Koolf Beg.

"Peace be with you, Syud Mirza Achmet," said the man, with a low obeisance. "Have you any letter or communication for my master, Aga Syud Mohamed?"

"Tell him," said the painter calmly, "that I curse him. May the graves of his ancestors be defiled. I spit on his false face," and the prisoner suited the action to the word.

The man bowed to the ground, and replied with a grin,—

"On my eyes, on my eyes, my master, I will faithfully deliver your Excellency's message," and then he departed.

Next day the court-painter was dragged before the king's son, the governor of the province of Fars, he was hustled through the crowded courtyard with blows and curses; loaded with chains as he was, he still held up his head, and stood erect and proud. His very intimates and friends turned their backs upon him; a little crowd of his relatives stood huddled together in a corner of the great hall of audience. The king's son, who was seated at the top of the apartment, stroked his moustache fiercely; by his side sat the chief of the religious law, the arch-priest the Syud Nadurūs.

"What have you got to say?" said the

young prince to the prisoner. "Speak, man, you are a syud. What are these abominations that have come to our ears? You, who are our favored servant, can it be true that you are a miserable sectary of the Baab? Come, curse me the impostor."

But the young man was silent.

"It is so then," said the prince after a long pause in a fierce voice. This is your business, oh, my lord," said he, turning to the Syud Nadurūs. "What says the Koran?"

"The words of the Koran, may I be your sacrifice," replied the arch-priest, "are these: 'Verily, those who disbelieve our signs, we will surely cast to be broiled in fire; so often as their skins shall be well burned, we will give them other skins in exchange, that they may taste the sharper torment; for God is mighty and wise.'"

There was a loud murmur of assent from every one present, including the wretched man's own father. There is no fanatic so cruel as a Mussulman.

"May I be your sacrifice, oh, shadow of the king, pillar of the government, strict justice demands that the young man should be burnt, but permit the least of your slaves to plead for him. He is of the sacred race of the Prophet himself, he is young, there is yet hope for him. I would then supplicate, I would entreat, that your Royal Highness would commute the terrible penalty of death by fire to that of ordinary capital punishment. I know I am exceeding my duty," said the Syud Nadurūs, "I may be even committing a mortal sin in making this my supplication, but my heart bleeds for the young man, I pity his youth; and your Royal Highness," he added, "he may yet repent and return once more to the fold of the faithful."

There was a noise of talking and whispering as the arch-priest concluded his hypocritical appeal.

"He has spoken well."

"If he errs, it is on the side of mercy."

"After all the dog is young."

"He will sing another tune when he stands in the square at dawn."

And then the cruel farce was played out to the end, for the arch-priest's intercession and the prince-governor's answer had been carefully settled beforehand.

"Have your way, descendant of the Prophet. As has been said, if we err let us err on the side of mercy, he is young. Let his friends and relatives have access to him. But remember, man," said the

young prince fiercely, addressing the prisoner, "that if by dawn to-morrow you have not come to your senses, the king's justice will be done upon you in the usual manner." And he drew his finger significantly across his own throat.

And then the prince rose to his feet and left the hall of audience, followed by the arch-priest and the crowd of courtiers.

Directly the young painter was ushered into the courtyard, he was surrounded by his weeping relatives, friends, and acquaintances. They pleaded, cajoled, entreated, and stormed at him by turns. His parents, his uncle, and his young wife entered the prison with him, and seated themselves around him in his dreadful dungeon. When they were alone the young Syud Achmet addressed them calmly.

"Bid me farewell, oh, my father," he said, "do not let us meet again, lest the sight of you all should unman me. To-morrow morning I shall go to take my place in another and a happier world."

"Are you mad enough then to confess your apostacy?" said his father. "Then you are no son of mine," he said solemnly, as the painter nodded sadly, "I and my brother we disown you." The uncle gave a gesture of assent.

"It is but natural," replied the son. "In forsaking the religion of my fathers, I become an outcast and a pariah in their eyes. It is but natural," he repeated bitterly. "Uncle, father, forgive me, ere you go," but the two men turned their backs upon him. His wife and mother clung to him and they covered his face with their kisses, and his fettered hands with their tears. They pleaded, they entreated with the wretched youth, but all in vain; and then he whispered in his mother's ear, "Would you know my real crime? Oh, my mother, it is here;" he said, and he laid his hand upon the clustering locks of his young wife, upon the head of the girl who was sobbing on his bosom. "I could have had my life," he said, "if I would have yielded up possession of the girl I love."

"Is it so, my son," she replied eagerly, "is it so? And who is your persecutor?" she added fiercely.

"The man who pretended to save me from the flames," he said calmly, "the Syud Nadurüs. But I have no proof, no witnesses," he added, with a sigh.

"Do not hesitate, my son. The arch-priest is all powerful, it is useless to fight against fate. Yield while you may, oh, Achmet. Please God we may both live to defile the arch hypocrite's grave."

Again he shook his head.

"Never," he said solemnly. "Farewell, my mother; see that she does not fall into his hands alive."

The child-wife, who had heard his words, looked up into his face and whispered through her tears, —

"We shall not be parted for long, Achmet. Farewell, my darling, till we meet."

And then she fell in a dead swoon into his mother's arms.

Next morning at dawn they led him out into the square, and bade him kneel upon the fatal spot where so much innocent and guilty blood has been shed from time immemorial. There was an excited mob surrounding the place of execution. The young man's hands were bound behind his back. Close to him stood the arch-priest.

"Will you recant, oh, man?" he said solemnly.

"No, dog," replied the prisoner. "I curse you and your false religion with my dying breath. I go to join my master and I summon you, oppressor of the poor, to appear before that throne where I can obtain the justice which is denied me here."

The arch-priest made a single gesture with his hand, and the evil-looking man in the tattered red-cloth coat stepped forward and slew the young court-painter, the descendant of holy Imam Hamza, as they slay a sheep.

That night when all the lights were out, Gülkhandan and her mother-in-law sat weeping together in the ruined home. The girl kissed the aged woman. "Farewell, wife of my uncle," she said. "I see his beckoning hand. I hear his loving voice calling to me from within the gates of Paradise. Heaven will avenge us both. Oh, mother, farewell forever!" And before the astonished woman could stretch out her restraining hand, the girl had precipitated herself into the great open well which yawned in the corner of the courtyard.

That same night the arch-priest, the Syud Nadurüs, was stricken with a fit of apoplexy in the midst of his usual nocturnal carouse. Whether his death was the result of his continued potations, or whether the appeal of the murdered man to Heaven's justice had been answered, who can tell?

This little story is no exaggeration of the state of things in Persia at the present time. The writer's personal friends have been publicly done to death in the manner above described, because they refused to deny the new religion, and be-



cause their wealth was a too tempting bait to men in power. The writer has himself seen an aged priest dragged to execution, and the old man preferred to yield his life rather than recant his opinions. Oppression, fanaticism, and misgovernment ride rampant in the present day in wretched Persia. Not a year ago a man was executed in Ispahan for conscience' sake.

From The Supplément Littéraire du Figaro.  
HOW A RUSSIAN OFFICER RODE TO THE EXPOSITION.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

LAST autumn, when the imperial manœuvres were taking place in southern Russia, a number of young officers seated round the table of one of their number began discussing the various qualities of the war horse of Russia. They all agreed as to his strength and his powers of endurance. From horses to horsemen was no great step, and they went on to relate the various equestrian exploits known to them. Especial mention was made of a certain Count Zubovitch, who, fifteen years ago, rode to Paris from Vienna. This exploit had been always considered by sporting men something remarkable.

"I could do more than that. I am ready to ride from this place (Lubny) to Paris," quietly remarked Lieutenant Mikhael Asseeff of the 26th Dragoons.

The rest of the party laughed.

"On what kind of a horse?" said one of them.

"On any horse, so long as he is a Russian charger."

This assertion seemed so rash that those present looked on their comrade with amazement. Asseeff was a well-built young man, with a resolute look in his face, soft eyes full of intelligence, and his comrades knew him to be incapable of making a vain boast about anything.

"Your horse would give out long before you reached Paris, and yourself too," said one of them gravely.

But Asseeff was not a Cossack officer for nothing. He was thoroughly familiar with horses. He was not only a remarkably skilful rider, but was gifted with what we call in Russia, an iron frame.

He persisted in declaring that such an exploit was quite possible, not even very difficult.

When the party broke up that evening the guests went back to their quarters, whispering among themselves that Asseeff

was a queer fellow with some odd ideas in his head.

After that, whenever two or three of them met him, they invariably asked him the same bantering question, with good-humored irony,—

"Well, Asseeff, when are you going to set off for Paris on horseback?"

"I'll wait for the opening of the Exposition," was invariably his answer.

At last spring came. The young lieutenant got leave of absence, and a passport, and then he disappeared.

Nothing was heard of him for two weeks, and then it was in connection with a somewhat curious circumstance. He had been arrested at Novgorod-Volink by order of the ispravnik or chief of the district.

It was a blunder, but a very natural one. The too zealous official had been informed that a young man, wearing a leather vest cut after the Swedish military fashion, browned by the sun, and covered with dust, was passing through the town on horseback, leading another horse by a leading-string. His bearing was thought to be that of a soldier. His holsters, his saddle-bags, and his cloak, rolled up in military style, were all his baggage.

Whither was he riding in such haste? And this question being asked him, the young man had answered, "To the frontier."

The nearest frontier was that bordering on Austria. Now just at that moment all the newspapers were writing about three Austrian officers who were visiting the frontier, drawing plans, and taking notes. Two had been arrested, but the third was still at large. Was it not evident that this young man was the spy—the man wanted by the police at St. Petersburg? True, his papers seemed all in order, but everybody knows that those whose consciences accuse them of wrong doing take care to have their passports all right.

So the spy was marched off to the watch-house.

When he was searched, loaded pistols were found upon him, a guide-book, and a portfolio full of stenographic notes. All these were convincing proofs of his culpability.

The watch-house proved to be the place of residence of the ispravnik. Duty may demand severity, but it does not exclude courtesy. Besides, an Austrian officer on service, and a Russian officer on half-pay are, after a fashion, comrades; so, until the affair should be cleared up, the spy was invited to take his meals at the family table, and was seated next to the master

of the house. This gave great uneasiness to the lady of the *ispravnik*, who whispered to her husband to be on his guard; for suppose the Austrian officer should commit such an impropriety as to strike a blow under the table with his dinner knife at the representative of the autocrat of all the Russias!

But her husband had made up his mind to risk everything. He meant to discover the truth should it cost him his life.

"Tell me now frankly," said he to his prisoner, "since you are caught, what were the instructions given you by your government?"

The criminal's only answer was a hearty laugh.

This detention cost *Asseeff* two days. It was his first, but not his last adventure upon Russian soil. Everywhere he met with great suspicion. Though he took the precaution whenever he entered a town or village to call at once upon the chief of the rural police, the *stanovoi*, or on the *ispravnik*, he was not always made safe by this prudent measure.

One day in a little village near Kiev, a rural policeman would not let him pass till he had minutely scrutinized his papers. He got off at last, and had ridden about twelve miles from the village, when he found himself pursued, and heard cries of: "Stop! Stop!" It was the rural official. "Well; what is the matter now?" "Our chief has ordered me to take a copy of all your papers."

In selecting his route *Mikhael Asseeff* followed the example of the emperor *Nicholas*, who, when he was presented with the plan for the construction of a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, which showed abundance of crooks and curves, took a pencil and drew a long straight line between the two capitals, quietly remarking:—

"That is the line which I wish followed."

Like him *Asseeff* thought that a bee-line is the shortest road between two places. He stretched a silk thread across his map of Europe, from Lubny, a little town in southern Russia, to Paris, and made that his route.

On Russian soil, which it took him two weeks to get over, he found his way without any serious difficulty. His road was plain before him, but when he reached Bohemia and Bavaria, the grand duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, and that of Luxembourg, his route lay up hill and down nearly all the way. As it grew dark he often came near breaking his neck over rocks and precipices.

*Asseeff* made no halts for rest, and he rode at least eleven hours a day. When he reached the inn where he proposed to pass the night there was no rest for him. He had to see about stabling his horses, and to wait till they were cooled off before giving them water and food. He never trusted this office to anybody, and it took him about two hours to give them proper care. When at last he could sit down to his food he had to satisfy public curiosity, the whole village turning out to look at, and ask questions of the mysterious traveller. However he might be bored, he knew it was good policy to conciliate the villagers, and so get them to give him local information which might be of use to him *en route*. All this may be easy enough when one can speak the language of the country, but *Asseeff* was no proficient either in German or French. At last when his interviewers retired, he was free to make his bed in the stable with his horses.

Two ideas haunted him during his long thirty days' ride. What should he do if his horses were stolen, or if they fell sick? Twice he had to have them shod by strangers, and even now he cannot tell you what he felt without emotion. Suppose they had either of them been lamed by the careless driving of a nail! All would have been lost. When a man succeeds in an unusual enterprise every one is charmed with his performance. If he fails they jeer at him, even if the failure be due to mere accident or a loose horseshoe.

"The first time I had to take my horses to the forge of a village blacksmith," said *Asseeff*, "I went off, not having the heart to be present at the operation, the thought of which to me was absolute torture, but I had to come back, for my horses could not understand the blacksmith. They wanted me for an interpreter."

One of *Asseeff's* greatest difficulties at first was to prevent the flagging of his horses. They had been used to regular exercise, and to abundant food, and could not have borne at first any unusual fatigue. *Asseeff* put them through a special training to accustom them to the work he expected to get out of them.

At first their food was only bran and hay, then equal parts of bran and oats, then only oats with sometimes a little salt. The horses ate never less than seventeen kilogrammes of oats and four kilogrammes of hay a day.

In proportion as he increased their food, *Asseeff* required more work and more speed from his horses. At first they made

about thirty miles a day, but by the last week they could accomplish more than seventy.

He himself observed no especial regimen. All through his journey he slept only five or six hours, and after the first week he felt no fatigue. Indeed, after riding fifty miles and being eleven hours in the saddle, he dismounted as fresh as if just beginning his day's journey.

As long as he was in Russia the days did not seem to him long, but after he had passed the frontier they became very wearisome.

"I had no resource," he said, "but to refresh myself with a few mouthfuls of good brandy, and I had nobody to speak to. The Germans seemed to me all alike. I could take no interest in them."

It must be owned that Asseeff took little interest in the countries he passed over. His interest lay in matters connected with his journey. The question that interested him most was one that he found himself obliged to solve by his own experience. Which was best for speed in the long run and for the health of the horse, to walk or to trot, and if trotting, how much rest was necessary? He arrived at the conclusion that the best way was to let the horse under the saddle, make the best time possible. His day's work was regulated in the following manner: First he started at a walk, then took five minutes trot in every half hour; then five minutes trot every quarter of an hour, and then steadily ten minutes walk to ten minutes trot. In this way he was able to make between six and seven miles an hour.

Asseeff's two animals were mares. One, called *Vlaga*, was seven years of age, and was of the breed of Little Russia. She was only a troop horse. The other, *Diana*, was a cross of English and Russian blood. She was five years old, and had belonged to an officer. Both were ridden, turn and turn about, according to the Turkish custom. The first twenty or twenty-five miles were made on *Diana*, the remainder of the day's journey on *Vlaga*. When *Diana* was ridden, *Vlaga*, who was an animal of extraordinary intelligence, would follow of her own accord, being sometimes a hundred yards behind. She would stop to graze, or to drink in little streams, from roadside fountains, or from the pails of peasant women; but if she lost sight of *Diana* she neighed anxiously, and came up with her at a gallop.

Both rider and horses suffered much from heat. The hoofs of the latter were disposed to crack, and they had to be soft-

ened with glycerine. Along the highways, at the inns, and in the towns Asseeff was besieged with questions as to where he was going; to which he always replied: "To Belgium, to the stud farm of Professor Reul."

He did not like to tell the Germans that he was bound for France, fearing to create difficulties. At every frontier he was bothered by the officers of the custom house, and he had to pay a drawback on his horses. This done, a ribbon was hung round the horses' necks, the two ends of which were fastened by a leaden seal, which also served as a sort of passport for the rider. Every time a local policeman showed any doubt as to the authenticity of his papers Asseeff pointed to the seal affixed to the ribbon.

One day on the frontier between Bohemia and Bavaria a sentinel refused to let him pass on horseback. He insisted that he and his horses could only cross the border by rail. This requirement seemed absurd and humiliating. "I have ridden an immense distance," said the lieutenant, "just to prove what I can do without a railroad."

The sentinel referred the question to his superior, and he in turn to his chief, who, won over by the beauty of the two horses, permitted them to go on.

After twenty-seven days' journey one morning at ten o'clock Asseeff crossed the Luxembourg frontier, and was in France. Two soldiers seized the bridle of his horse.

"Where are you going?"

"To the Exposition."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Russia."

The guard was so astonished that they hesitated to let him pass, in spite of his papers being in order. They took him to their officer who gave him a guard, by whom he was escorted to Longwy, where he was carried before the chief custom house officer. At Longwy he was received with open arms. The inhabitants rushed in crowds to see a Russian officer, the representative to them of a great power, their country's ally, and he was overwhelmed with sympathetic demonstrations. When he rode off in the midst of friendly acclamations, the street *gamins* accompanied him nearly six miles. He put them, three at a time, upon *Diana*, and they were proud to prance along beside a Cossack. They were not the least afraid of him, and wanted him to let them go on to Paris.

At last, on the thirtieth day, through a

thick fog, the Russian officer caught sight of the object that was to end his journey, the Tour Eiffel. Greatly inspirited, he urged his horses forward, and an hour afterwards entered Paris. He had ridden seventeen hundred miles, and had been three hundred and thirty-nine hours and a half in the saddle, but he seemed as fresh and gay as if he had been taking a mere ride for pleasure. The only physical change he could perceive in himself was that he had lost eight pounds.

The singular exploit of Asseeff has drawn on him the attention of his Russian military superiors. The Russian military attaché at Paris, Baron Frederickz, was expecting his arrival, and had telegraphed to the frontier, begging the authorities to send him word when the lieutenant passed them. But when the telegram was sent the lieutenant was already in Paris, never suspecting that he was an object of interest to the Russian embassy.

General Frederickz received him very cordially and presented him to the French minister of war, who kindly offered him quarters for his horses in the stables of one of the French cavalry barracks, and the privileges of a French officer.

Reader, if you find yourself in Paris, and meet upon the boulevards a tall young man of twenty-five, handsomely dressed, and with something peculiarly gentle in his looks and manners, you will find it hard to believe that he is the man who made this wonderful journey from Russia, a feat unparalleled in the annals of European equestrianism. J. PAVLOVSKY.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
STAMPING OUT PROTESTANTISM IN  
RUSSIA.\*

THE efforts put forth since the accession of Nicholas to the throne of Russia

\* *Die Bedrückung der deutschen und die Entrechtung der protestantischen Kirche in den Ostsee-Provinzen.* Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot, 1886. *Russisch-baltische Blätter*, Heft i.-iv. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot, 1886-88. *Die Vergewaltigung der russischen Ostsee-Provinzen.* Appell an das Ehrgefühl der Protestantismus von einem Balten. Berlin: A. Deubner, 1886. *Die baltische Provinzen Russlands.* Politische und culturgeschichtliche Aufsätze. Von Julius Eckhart. 2 Aufl. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot, 1869. *Livländische Beiträge*, herausgegeben von W. von Bock. Band I. (2 parts), 1867-68; Band II. (7 parts), 1868-69; Neue Folge, Band I., Heft i.-v., with supplement, 1869-71. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot. *Geschichtsbilder aus der Lutherischen Kirche Livlands vom Jahre 1845 an.* Von Dr. G. C. Adolf von Harless. 2 Aufl. Leipzig, 1869. *Die lettisch-nationale Bewegung und*

to Russify the Baltic provinces are daily assuming more and more the character not only of a political, but also of a religious persecution.

These provinces have been in the possession of Russia for scarcely more than a century. Christianity was introduced there from western Europe in 1172. At the Reformation era the reformed faith won the day after a short but decisive struggle, and Lutheranism has been ever since the common creed of the peoples of the provinces, although composed of various races and nationalities.

Esthonia and Livonia were ceded to Russia in consequence of the victories of Peter the Great, but by the peace of Nystädt the Lutheran Church was confirmed in all its privileges as the Established Church of those provinces. Kurland obtained similar terms from the empress Catherine, when that province, in 1795, voluntarily submitted to her sway.

In defiance of those solemn covenants the emperor Nicholas promulgated a new code of ecclesiastical law in 1832, whereby the Greek Church formally became the Established Church, and the provisions of the Russian penal code became applicable to the provinces. But inasmuch as it was impossible to put such provisions in force in a country where all, both nobles and peasants, were, almost without exception, Protestants, it was fondly hoped that the new law would become practically a *brutum fulmen*, and that no real harm would be done to the Protestant Church.

When a Greek bishopric was established in Riga in 1837 the authorities took due care to explain, that by the erection of the see nothing was intended contrary to the interests of the Protestant religion. The worthlessness of Russian imperial promises was, however, soon only too manifest. A series of bad harvests in 1839, 1840, and 1841 created great distress among the peasantry, and a state of famine prevailed in the Baltic provinces in 1844 and 1845.

*die kurländische Geistlichkeit.* Eine unparteiische Stimme aus den Ostsee-Provinzen. Leipzig: Böhme, 1886. *Verfassungsgeschichte der evangelisch-lutherischen Kirche in Russland.* Von Dr. Hermann Dalton. Gotha: Perthes, 1887. *Im Banne Moskaus.* *Die evangelisch-lutherische Kirche in den russischen Ostsee-Provinzen.* Von Dr. K. H. Neubert. Barmen: Klein, 1888. *Russland am Scheidewege.* Beiträge zur Kenntniss des Slavophilenthums und zur Beurtheilung seiner Politik. Berlin: Wilhelm, 1888. *Deutsch-protestantische Kämpfe in den baltischen Provinzen Russlands.* Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot, 1888. *Zur Gewissensfreiheit in Russland.* Offenes Sendschreiben an den Oberprokureur des russischen Synods, Herrn Wirklichen Geheimrat K. Pobedonoszeff von Hermann Dalton. 7ter Abdruck. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot, 1889.

Russian agents traversed the country in order to stir up the peasantry against the landowners, who were mostly of German origin. Those agents represented to the peasants that if they would outwardly conform to the Russian Church they would be placed in a position independent of the proprietors. The peasants were assured that if they only placed their names on the Greek registers they would be allowed freely to retain their churches, sermons, sacraments, and Bibles, while they would be freed from the necessity of paying tithes to the German pastors. Greater religious liberty was promised to them than had ever been enjoyed in the bosom of the Lutheran Church. Greek priests were at the same time ostentatiously permitted by Bishop Philaret to read from the pulpits Protestant sermons, and Greek churches were even granted occasionally for Moravian services. But all this liberty was but a bait to induce the ignorant peasants to place their names on the Greek registers.\* By the law of Russia no one who becomes a member of the Greek Church is permitted, on any pretext whatever, to secede from her communion.

The Russian propagandists had recourse to even worse methods. Memorials to the czar, drawn up in Russian, and purporting to be memorials for an extension of civil rights, were extensively signed by the peasants who were wholly ignorant of that language. The memorials ultimately proved to be petitions for enrolment as members of the Greek Church. The memorialists were informed in due course by the bishop that the czar had graciously acceded to their request, and that they had been duly enrolled as Greek Catholics. All protests were in vain. Many were forcibly baptized and anointed. The names of others were in many cases inserted on the church regis-

\* These statements can be abundantly proved by a reference to the mass of depositions on the subject sworn before the courts of the provinces, which are given in the work of Von Harless and in the larger book of Von Bock, entitled "Livländische Beiträge," published from 1867 to 1871. The "Leaves from the Diary of a Russian Official in Riga, 1846" (given in full in chapter iv. of the "Deutsch-protestantische Kämpfe in den baltischen-Provinzen") recounts a number of cases in which the Lutheran Clergy were harassed by the police. Several pastors were deprived of their benefices and punished in various ways. Evangelical publications were suppressed and confiscated. Rewards were liberally bestowed on all officials who exhibited zeal in the work of "conversion." Greek churches were, in several cases, erected on farms in spite of the protests of the landowners. Protestants were compelled to uncover their heads and pay honor to Greek processions, and in other ways molested in their conscientious opposition to the inroads of the Greek Church.

ters as "anointed" and "confirmed," although they had not actually undergone those rites. Russian law assigns a certain period for due consideration before converts are received into the Greek Church. But the provision was set at nought, and no legal permission has ever since been accorded to those who were then so foully betrayed for reinstating themselves in their proper position as members of the Lutheran Church.

No doubt large numbers were, in the period referred to, induced, by promises of secular advantages, to join the Greek Church. But many cases of cruel wrong were done in entire violation of the rights of conscience. The enrolment of a father in a state of intoxication legally transferred in some cases his wife, and in all cases his children under age, to the registers of the Greek communion.

It is not surprising that such a propaganda should have had considerable success. The success would not, however, have proved so considerable had it not been for the estrangement which existed between the peasantry and the nobles. Though the peasants and nobles were united in a common adherence to the Protestant faith, the German nobles were accustomed to look down upon the people whom their forefathers had conquered as inferior races fit only for serfdom, while the conquered races in return regarded the nobles as their oppressors. The clergy, with noble exceptions, were too much imbued with the feelings of the nationality from whence they had sprung, and agrarian disputes embittered the relations between the peasants and the landed proprietors.

The education of the peasantry had been too generally neglected in the days of quiet; although extensive efforts were set on foot in 1830 and in 1846 to improve the education and to enlarge the privileges of the peasant population. It would have been easy in the previous decades to have thoroughly Germanized the original races had that task then been undertaken. But the opportunity was let slip, and the Russian government now sought to Russify the peasantry. It is undeniable, too, that its efforts were attended with a certain amount of success.

But the peasantry awoke at last to a comprehension of the real position of affairs. They discovered that they had been duped, and that the civil and religious liberty promised to them was a delusion. They strove in vain to shake off their connection with the Greek Church.

They flocked in troops back to their old churches, and implored the Lutheran pastors to reinstate their names again on the Protestant registers. But, willing as the pastors were to readmit "backsliders" to their communion, the laws of the Russian Empire forbade such a return. Lutherans are, in Russia, permitted freely to pass over to the ranks of "the Orthodox," but the Russian Church permits no "apostates" from her communion. The "character" she imparts by the "anointing oil" is considered to be as "indelible" as "holy orders." Unbelievers may remain even as "atheists" "within" the Russian Church, but no one is permitted to "go forth" from her fold. The statement of Prince Tscherkasky at the Slavonic Congress in Moscow in 1869 cannot be forgotten: "I prefer a thousand times rather an orthodox Greek atheist than a believing Roman Catholic." The statement affords the key to understand Russian policy.

Petitions upon petitions from the injured peasantry now poured in upon the authorities. Those petitions described the artifices by which the poor peasants had been beguiled. The "exceeding bitter cry" which arose from the cottage to the noble's hall, and echoed from the hall to the throne, was too loud to be wholly disregarded. Alexander the Second was constrained to make inquiry into the matter, and General Count Bobrinski was commissioned, in 1863, to visit the Baltic provinces, and to report on the subject to the emperor.

Count Bobrinski's official report, dated April 18, 1864, was a terrible justification of the grievances complained of. According to that report, out of the whole number of one hundred and forty thousand persons, entered upon the registers of the Greek Church as converts, scarcely one-tenth really belonged to that communion. All the rest in heart and soul still continued to be members of the Lutheran Church. The report closed with the words:—

Your Majesty, it has been painful to me, as Orthodox and as a Russian, to witness with my own eyes the degradation of the Russian Orthodoxy through the public exposure of this official fraud. It is not the earnest words of these unhappy families, who turn themselves to your Majesty with the humble but impassioned prayer to grant them the right to confess the religion which is in accordance with the conviction of their own conscience, not those open-hearted and touching expressions of their feelings, which have made so

painful an impression on me, as this fact in particular—that the violence done to conscience, and the official fraud, which is known to all, should be indissolubly connected with the thought of Russia and Orthodoxy.

The report of Count Bobrinski brought a little relief to the harassed provinces. The "converts" were not, indeed, permitted openly to return to the Church of their forefathers. But the legal proceedings against most of them were tacitly dropped for a season. Bishop Philaret was translated to another diocese, and his successor, who was created Archbishop of Riga, was not at first disposed to carry matters with so high a hand. The new archbishop, however, was not willing to grant religious liberty to the oppressed; he merely sought to postpone the matter. He admitted that many names had been unfairly placed upon the registers of his Church. But even in such cases he refused to concede liberty of conscience, lest the conclusion should be drawn that secession was, under any circumstances, permitted from the Greek communion.\*

The persecution of the Lutherans in the Baltic provinces was for many years not generally known to their co-religionists in the more favored countries of Europe. Christians in England, under the guidance of the Evangelical Alliance (founded in 1846), had their attention directed to various religious persecutions in Florence and other parts of Italy, in Spain, in Germany, and in Turkey, long before the cry of oppression was heeded which arose from the Baltic provinces. In 1870 the Evangelical Alliance took up at last the case of the Baltic provinces, and an international deputation was sent to the emperor of Russia. A memorial to the emperor was with difficulty presented through the medium of Prince Gortschakoff, and the fair words spoken by the prince on that occasion gave some reason to hope that an increased modicum of religious liberty would be granted to the sorely harassed Lutherans of those provinces.

With the presentation, however, of the memorial, and the publication of an account of the "gracious" manner in which it had been received, all efforts of the Alliance in that direction came to an end. No sufficient means were taken to dis-

\* Special negotiations were carried on with Archbishop Platon on behalf of ninety-eight persons who claimed their liberty as having been falsely enrolled. Out of that small number fifty-six persons were, in opposition to their solemn protests, declared by him to be members of the Greek Church, and the police authorities were directed to compel the attendance of those persons at the Greek services.

cover the actual results brought about by the "memorial" in the provinces themselves. The "intelligence" department of the Evangelical Alliance has never been really "up to the mark," and Russian policy was not easily turned aside from its fixed purpose of the Russification of the provinces.

It reads almost as a satire on the impotent efforts of the Evangelical Alliance to know now that the very year in which Prince Gortschakoff gave such a "gracious" reply, a society was actually founded in Russia, under imperial patronage, for the express purpose of converting the Lutherans to the Orthodox faith. Had that society sought to accomplish its purpose by a use of all the arts of persuasion and controversy, no one would have a right to complain. But the objects of the society were mainly political; it carried on its propaganda by means of agencies similar to those already described, while it was backed by the power of the Russian Empire. Yet, active as were its operations, nothing was heard of its doings by the English Evangelical Alliance for nearly fifteen years!

With the accession of Alexander the Third a new chapter of religious persecution has been opened. The sad circumstances under which the present monarch commenced his reign were not such as to render him favorably disposed to any movements in the direction of liberty. And owing to the severity of the present persecution the days of Alexander the Second are now looked back upon as a time of comparative peace.

In the Baltic provinces Lutheran pastors, however anxious they may be to confine their ministrations to persons of their own communion, are often placed under the greatest difficulties. No inconsiderable number of the so-called converts have naturally persisted in attendance at Lutheran services. Many, too, of those who, through fear, for a time conformed to the Greek Church, have been driven back by their consciences into the Protestant churches. Many also contrived to conceal a conversion of which they were ashamed, and in no few cases managed to retain their names upon the Protestant registers. Consequently not only were those earnest pastors, who felt constrained to "obey God rather than man," brought into constant collision with the Russian ecclesiastical authorities, but many others who might have been disposed to temporize have also fallen under the condemnation of the Russian penal code. The best

course, and possibly the safest in the end, would have been boldly to defy the law and to brave persecution. But it is not surprising that persons situated in such trying circumstances should have in many cases attempted to elude the law by other less honorable contrivances.

But as in the fable, the wolf, in order to justify his intended slaughter, complained loudly of the misdeeds of the lamb, so there have not been lacking writers who in the present crisis have sought to paint Russia in the character of a generous benefactor, anxious only to deliver the peasantry of the provinces from the power of a rapacious nobility. But if the full history of the facts were known, the fullest sympathy of all Englishmen would be accorded to the suffering Protestants of the Baltic provinces.

The intolerant and persecuting spirit which now characterizes Russian rule in these provinces may be seen by the statement of a few facts.

In March, 1886, the minister of the interior issued an order to the police to prevent persons not belonging to the Greek Church from using chaplets of flowers at funerals. Those who are acquainted with Continental habits know that the custom of depositing garlands on the coffin and of throwing flowers into the grave is more common than in our country. Much indignation has been created by such a wanton interference with a harmless custom; and one can scarcely be surprised at the anger created among the bystanders when the police have on several occasions required the coffins to be taken up from the grave in order to despoil them of the last fond tokens of love and respect. Even when committing the remains of their friends to the tomb, Protestants must be taught to feel their inferiority to members of the Orthodox Church! And this in countries where less than twenty years ago Protestantism was supreme, and where even still Protestant pastors are recognized by the law!

A beginning has already been made with the appropriation of churches erected for Protestant worship for the purposes of the Greek Church. When a petition was sent to St. Petersburg complaining of such injustice, the first person who headed the list of petitioners was immured for some time in the casemates of the imperial palace at St. Petersburg. No Lutheran churches are in future to be built, unless permission is specially granted by the orthodox clergy; while the Greek clergy have obtained the right to allocate any

sites they may choose for the erection of Greek churches and schools, without the consent of the landowners.

The visit of Bishop Donat to Palzmar in June, 1885, was attended with some remarkable circumstances. The bishop was met by a large crowd of converts, who implored him to permit them openly to profess the Protestant religion which they held, and to allow their names to be struck off the Greek registers, inasmuch as in heart and soul they were in reality Lutherans. They explained to the bishop that their names had been placed on the registers of the Greek Church by the fault of their parents, or through their own ignorance. The bishop refused to listen to their entreaties, and informed them that if they persisted in harassing him by such requests, he would have their clergyman, Pastor Brandt, removed from office, and thus the parish would be deprived altogether of a Protestant pastor. The peasants boldly replied that they could read the Word of God for themselves, and, if their pastor were removed, they would form themselves into a Lutheran society, and select some man of their own number acquainted with the Bible to preach to them and to administer the Lord's Supper.

Among the petitioners on that occasion was a Lettish peasant woman, Anna Kursemneeks by name, thirty-two years old, who had originally been baptized in the Lutheran Church. The name of Anna and that of her sister had been placed upon the Greek registers in consequence of her father having been enrolled and confirmed as a Greek Catholic during the excitement of the former years. Anna implored the bishop with tears to be permitted to remain in the Church of her forefathers. Instead of replying to her request, the bishop presented her with the picture of a saint, and directed her to pray to the Virgin Mary. She refused the picture, stating that she believed Christ to be the only mediator between God and man. Several priests who were with the bishop urged her to accept the holy picture, for the bishop would then give her absolution. She replied that the bishop had no power to forgive sins, for he was but man and not God, and stated that the Lutheran pastor only ventured to declare that pardon came from God. Some Greek bystanders then called her a great sinner. She replied that she knew that very well, but that Christ pardoned sinners and not Pharisees. She was then threatened with the czar's displeasure, but nobly answered that the emperor might take

away her life, but that he could not rob her of her faith.

On the 26th of July, 1885, an imperial ukase was issued threatening severe measures against all "converts" who dared to return to Lutheranism. A petition was at once sent in to the czar, signed by Anna Kursemneeks and her sister and two men of Palzmar, named Leitis and Ohsol. The petition is given in full in the "Russisch-baltische Blätter," Heft III., and in Dr. Neubert's interesting little work. Its language might well have touched the heart of the mighty czar; the emperor, in all probability, never saw it. But the answer came in the shape of police domiciliary visits. Pastor Brandt and his schoolmaster Abel, who were suspected of having a hand in the affair, were thrown into the criminal prison of Riga, and Anna Kursemneeks had to undergo a rigorous examination, followed by a short imprisonment.

When interrogated and asked how she dared to send such a petition to the czar, the woman replied that she was wont to ask God daily for all that she needed, and that therefore she considered she might ask his representative on earth for what he could grant her. When it was objected to her that she subscribed herself as a "most obedient subject," and yet had ventured to disobey the czar by abandoning the Greek Church, she replied, "I am prepared to give up to the czar all he demands—even my life; but my heart and my faith I cannot yield to him, for these I must give to God only."

In March, 1886, sentence was passed on Pastor Brandt. He was deprived of his pastorate and banished to Smolensk. There he was placed under police surveillance, was permitted to work for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  a day, but not allowed to preach or teach. His heroic wife soon joined him in his punishment. The case, after some time, aroused much sympathy in St. Petersburg, and he has recently been permitted to accept a small pastorate in the interior. Jacob Abel, the schoolmaster, was deposed from office, and declared "a politically untrustworthy person," and incapable of holding any office as teacher, or even as sexton. The only offence laid to his charge has been that of opposing the propaganda of the Greek Church.

Sixty-five pastors have been already prosecuted before the courts of Livonia on the charges (1) of having administered the Lord's Supper to persons who had been enrolled on the Greek registers, and (2) of having performed marriages between



Lutherans and members of the Greek Church. All persons whose names are, however wrongly, on the Greek registers are legally regarded as Greek Catholics. In most of these cases the courts of the province returned a verdict of "not proven." The imperial prosecutor appealed to the Supreme Court of Russia, that is, the Senate in St. Petersburg. The Senate have already condemned Pastor Christoph, of St. Johannis, in Esthonia, to a year's banishment to Astrachan, and Pastor Hoerschelmann, of Hagers, in Esthonia, to banishment to eastern Siberia, though the latter has been recommended by the Senate to the imperial clemency.

The Senate of St. Petersburg has lately expressed its opinion that the Church law in the provinces is too weak to meet the exigencies of the present situation. In a ukase of January 28, 1888, issued in the case of Pastor Emil Wegener, of Ecks, and other accused pastors of Livonia, the Senate has asked the imperial government for further powers in order to secure the condemnation of the offending pastors. By the law of 1832 all offences committed by the clergy must first be brought before the Church courts or consistories. Those courts, as well as the ordinary courts of the provinces, have proved too favorably disposed to the accused pastors. Hence it has been decided to dissolve all the consistories throughout the Baltic provinces, and a beginning is to be made with the consistories of Riga, Reval, and Arensburg. The criminal courts, too, have also been partially reconstructed; and in all cases in which clerical offences are to be tried it has been decided that the officials, from the judge down to the lowest officer, must be members of the Orthodox Church.

The Russian governor of Livonia, Michael Sinowjeff, in an official letter to Bishop Donat, dated February, 1887, states that in future all cases of "apostasy" from the Orthodox Church will be severely punished. "Converts" who attend the instructions of a Lutheran pastor are to be ineligible for any post under government. They are to be liable to imprisonment; their children may be taken away from them and handed over to members of the Orthodox communion to be brought up as Greek Catholics. Such guardians will also be liable to severe punishment if they fail to impart the necessary training in the Greek faith to all children committed to their care. Heavier punishments are to be meted out to "con-

verts" who venture to get married in Lutheran churches. All such marriages are declared to be illegal; the offspring of such marriages are to be regarded as illegitimate, and incapable of inheriting the property of their parents. Imprisonment, from eight to ten months, is to be the penalty of any such persons as venture to train up their children in the Lutheran faith.

Such is "civil and religious liberty" in the Baltic provinces of Russia! It is no wonder that the International Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, at its meeting at Geneva, determined to memorialize the emperor of Russia on the subject; and a memorial signed by the presidents and secretaries of its various branches was duly forwarded to his Majesty in August, 1887.

In January, 1888, a remarkable answer was received to this communication. The answer was addressed to M. Edward Naville, the eminent Egyptologist, president of the Swiss Central Committee of the Evangelical Alliance. The answer was not sent from the Cabinet of the czar, but was signed by Konstantin Pobedonoszeff, chief procurator of the holy synod of the Russian Church. This remarkable man was formerly tutor to the present emperor. He is the author of a work in several volumes on Russian jurisprudence, and the translator into Russian of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ." His piety was strikingly displayed in his earnest "Appeal to the Russian Youth," written on the occasion of the murder of the emperor Alexander the Second. But alas! M. Pobedonoszeff has, by his actions, and by his letters on the question of the Baltic provinces, proved himself to be a bigoted Greek Catholic, and utterly unable to comprehend the very first principles of religious liberty. His letter to M. Naville is an impeachment of the Baltic pastors and of the German nobility, in which facts and fictions are curiously blended together. He accuses the Lutheran clergy of bigotry towards the Greek communion, because they are opposed to the doctrines of that Church. But he forgets "the beam that is in his own eye." He denies that freedom of conscience is interfered with in Russia, in which empire he asserts that all creeds are perfectly free, "if only they abstain from proselytising." M. Pobedonoszeff cannot comprehend the fundamental truth, that what he calls freedom falls infinitely short of what is really meant by the term, and that as long as the Russian law attempts forcibly to re-

strain men within the pale of the Russian Church, or to prevent persons who have passed over from any cause to the Greek Church returning to the Church from whence they originally seceded, there is no such thing as real religious liberty in the Russian empire.

Dr. Hermann Dalton, late pastor at St. Petersburg, has issued a reply to M. Pobedonoszeff. He comments on the unfairness with which the press of the provinces has been muzzled, while gross libels are published upon the Protestant clergy and nobility of those lands. M. Pobedonoszeff insinuated that the clergy were seeking to stir up their people against Russia. Dr. Dalton challenges him to produce one single instance of their disloyalty. One paragraph tending in that direction, cited by the Russian official, Dr. Dalton points out never appeared in the sermon incriminated, but was quoted from a review of that sermon by the Russian journalist Katkoff. The Protestants of the Baltic provinces have freely shed their blood for Russia on many a hard-fought battle-field. In speaking of the schools of the provinces, Dr. Dalton shows from official statistics how far they surpass all those of the other parts of the Russian Empire. He quotes even Katkoff in their favor, who wrote as follows: "Russia will, no doubt, give its utmost support to the German customs and German culture in those lands. God preserves us from the vandalism of destroying a school system based upon the foundation common to all civilized nations! God forbid that we should bring down the gymnasias of the provinces to the sad level of our educational establishments! May the instruction both in the gymnasias and in the university continue in the German language. A protest against that arrangement would, indeed, proceed on our side from veritably false national pride, from which, thank God, we are free."

Dr. Dalton does not enter into many details of the persecution. He quotes the anathemas against Protestantism uttered by Archbishop Platon; he exposes the manner in which M. Pobedonoszeff seeks to ignore the official report of Count Bobrinski. He refers to the suppression of the Protestant missionary work carried on in the Caucasus and elsewhere, which has not been taken up by the Russian Church. He shows from M. Pobedonoszeff's own report in 1884, not only that converts have fallen back into Mohammedanism, but that numbers of Russian Christians have there apostatized from Christianity

without any let or hindrance being placed in their way. He exposes severely the fact, that while Mohammedan works against Christianity, and even in favor of a holy war against Christians, are permitted by Russian censorship to be printed in the university press at Kasan, Protestant books are suppressed in the Baltic provinces. Step by step he goes through the letter of the Russian advocate of persecution, and closes a letter of over ninety octavo pages by giving sad instances in which the suppression of the rights of conscience has driven some to despair and infidelity.

A translation of the letter of M. Pobedonoszeff appeared in the *Times* of May 26, 1888. It was also inserted in *Evangelical Christendom* of June, 1888. Little notice, however, has been called to that reply by the British Evangelical Alliance. That society has found it, no doubt, far easier to attend to other work than to attempt to call attention to the case of their suffering brethren in the Baltic provinces. Meanwhile the English Church, in the person of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has recently sent kind and flattering messages of love to the persecuting Church of Russia, while it has not uttered a syllable of remonstrance with respect to the cruel deeds done to a sister Protestant communion. Possibly the Archbishop of Canterbury has no acquaintance with the facts mentioned in our article. But it is one of the first duties of a society like the Evangelical Alliance to see that the English public is duly informed from time to time on all such matters. It may be able to do no more, but it ought to make strenuous efforts at least to perform this duty.

The Russian Church has often been unfairly accused of being opposed to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. But the Russian Church has in this particular of late nobly done her duty. Information of a certain kind travels slowly, even in our days, and often fails to find an attentive public. But the fact referred to is now becoming more generally known, and many people have come to the conclusion that there is "religious liberty" in Russia, and that the struggle in the Baltic provinces is purely, or mainly, political. Religious liberty, however, in the proper sense of the word, is utterly unknown in Russia. No such liberty can exist where the right of spreading one's religious convictions is denied, and where no secession is permitted from an Established Church. Russia is engaged in an attempt to "stamp

out" Protestantism in the Baltic provinces.

Though little has appeared in the columns of the daily press, the Baltic provinces are wrapped in the flames of a ruthless persecution. The persecution may have a political object in view, but it is no less religious. We have not told the whole, or the half, of the story. Powerful efforts are put forth to destroy the Protestant schools. Those schools, built and maintained at the cost of the German communities, are now forced to adopt the Russian language as the medium of instruction. Religious instruction in the Protestant faith is interfered with. The pastors are not permitted to teach doctrines opposed to the teaching of the Greek Church. No warning voice is to be lifted against the practices of that Church, though those practices are in many particulars opposed to the tenets of all the Protestant communions, the Church of England included. We cannot enter into details on these heads. The gymnasias, once the pride of the provinces, are more than threatened. The University of Dorpat is to be completely Russified. Personal political liberty is at an end, as well as religious liberty. Englishmen may not be able to afford much assistance to the sufferers, but at least they ought to understand the true state of the case. It is, however, difficult to get at the history of facts. It is well known in Sweden, that a young man who attended the conference of the Young Men's Christian Association held last year in Stockholm, and spoke about the sufferings of his co-religionists in the Baltic provinces, was arrested on his return home, and transported to Siberia. Such cases are not permitted to be mentioned in the public press. The newspapers of the provinces are under strict supervision; the courts do their work quietly; private correspondence, as we know from practical experience, is being strictly watched by the police, and many avenues of information once open are now closed. The Russian police and officials are vigorously at work to destroy the highest civilization found in the Russian Empire and to bury it, and the Protestantism which gave it birth, in one common grave.

CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, D.D.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above was written the *Times* of November 16 has published the following important intelligence:—

"The Czar has granted three months of unsolicited leave of absence to M. Pobedonoszeff,

the Procurator-General of the Holy Russian Synod."

The *Times'* correspondent states further that the czar during his recent stay at Copenhagen received Dr. Dalton's pamphlet, and learned therefrom something of the religious oppression in the Baltic provinces. On his return to Russia the emperor wrote an autograph letter to M. Pobedonoszeff, giving him three months' leave, and directing him to make use of the time in writing "a full and convincing answer" to Dr. Dalton's work. In vain has the procurator-general sought for a private audience with his Majesty. The audience has been refused until the justificatory memoir shall have been handed in. These facts give much reason to hope for the dawn of better things, even in the oppressed Baltic provinces.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE recent unveiling of a memorial to Charles Dibdin recalls the career of a composer whose name will always be a household word with the English people, who have now listened to his songs with keen delight for considerably more than a century. He was a many-sided man, this Charles Dibdin, for, besides being a composer, he was a poet, an actor, a vocalist, and a public entertainer all rolled into one. It is, however, as a verse-writer, especially of sea-songs of exceptional power and felicity, that his name has survived to our day and is likely to go down to posterity. A poet of his own time wrote of him:—

When first with youthful hand he touched the  
lyre,  
Our naval heroes roused his Muse's fire;  
And, long as Britain for their valor calls,  
Or their dread thunder every heart appals,  
His songs will echo through their wooden  
walls.

Whether Dibdin now rings through "wooden walls" to any extent may be doubted, but there can be no question about the influence of his strains on the British navy during the troublous times which precluded the dawn of the present century.

This fact was, indeed, recognized by his country while he yet lived, and a pension was in 1802 bestowed upon him mainly because of his influence as an anti-Jacobin and an anti-Gallican writer. At that time some one wrote of him as "the poet whose lyric muse had so much contributed to arouse the valor of our seamen and sol-

diers in the day of battle, to warm their hearts in the hours of merriment, and to console their nights in the gloom of a dungeon when prisoners in the hands of an implacable enemy." In the address presented to Lady Rosebery on the occasion of her unveiling the memorial in St. Martin's Burial Ground, Camden Town, it was said that by his songs Dibdin "moved to deeds of heroism England's sailors, and did nothing worse [why "nothing worse" ?] than paint the British seaman as he found him. He made tens of thousands of youthful Britons believe with all their hearts that their lives belonged to their country, and taught the people generally to encourage beautiful sympathies, fine feelings, and cheerfulness of temper." His own assertion is that his songs "had been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battles," and that they "had been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline." In all this there is, perhaps, the touch of exaggeration pardonable to the makers of panegyrics, but the fact still remains that Dibdin was a true patriot, whose songs, and especially "Tom Bowling," have had an immense popularity, and who will, it may confidently be affirmed, long continue to have a place in the hearts of English men and women all over the world. He was so fertile that he declares himself to have written nine hundred lyrical pieces, and so punctual and energetic in his business that "no apology," he assures us, "was ever made for his non-attendance" during a period of nine-and-forty years. Let us see for ourselves what manner of man this Tyrtæus of the British navy was; what his professional career was like.

It is too often taken for granted that we know all about the lives of our past worthies when in reality we know almost next to nothing. In the case of Dibdin, we are probably within the mark in saying that all the present generation know regarding him is that he was a very good writer of nautical ditties. There is, however, a great deal that is out of the beaten track attaching to the biography of this "singer of the sea;" and, by constituting ourselves a kind of literary Jack Horner, extracting a few of the interesting anecdotes connected with the narrative, and recounting the leading facts in the history itself, we may be able to give the author of "Tom Bowling" once more a place on the borders of the living land.

Charles Dibdin was not unassociated with the principle which speaks of the best being kept till last. When he came into

the world in the March of the memorable '45, it was to shake his fists in the eyes of no fewer than seventeen brothers and sisters. His father was a silversmith in Southampton, and his grandfather is spoken of, somewhat vaguely, as a "considerable merchant," who founded the village near Southampton which bears his name. Dibdin's eldest brother, Thomas (or should we not say Tom?), who was twenty-nine years his senior, was the captain of an Indiaman, and it was his death which gave occasion to "Tom Bowling." Intended by his parents for the Church, Charles was sent to Winchester College; but music took complete possession of him, and having an excellent voice, guided by what is called a "good ear" (over the non-possession of which Charles Lamb was somewhat exercised), he soon found a place among the cathedral choristers, and frequently sang at local concerts. He seems to have been a singularly confident boy, as he was afterwards a man. In his autobiography — a ponderous work in four volumes — he tells us that, "The music that I have was strongly in my mind from my earliest remembrance, and I knew that no master could at any time have been of the least service to me." This was a somewhat pompous declaration, yet a man may have something worse than a good belief in himself, for such a belief will often carry him towards success when nothing else would. By a few lessons from Fusesel, the cathedral organist (for he was not quite so independent as he afterwards gave out), he seems to have thought himself fully equipped for the musical profession; and at the age of fourteen we find him a candidate for the post of organist at Bishop's-Waltham, in Hampshire. Of course he was unsuccessful — on account of his youth he tells us; but England has several times trusted her organs to boys of fourteen — witness Mr. Sims Reeves — when they have shown themselves fully worthy. No doubt modesty as well as music was required at Waltham, and Dibdin, though he probably had the one, certainly lacked the other.

About this time the young would-be musician began to cast his eyes towards London, and eventually his brother succeeded in finding him a situation in a Cheapside music-shop, kept, as he sneeringly tells us afterwards, by "a party of the name of Johnson." But the requirements of the "party of the name of Johnson" do not seem to have chimed in with the ambitions of our hero. Fancy setting the future composer of "Tom Bowling"

to the contemptible work of tuning harpsichords! "A mere mechanical employment," he exclaims, "not at all to my taste, which I buckled to with great reluctance, and considered as the height of indignity." We strongly suspect that by this time Dibdin was suffering from the stage fever which is such a common experience of youth. Indeed, he is candid enough to confess that the theatres and opera houses were regions of enchantment to him, and that the great era of music was when he heard "the first crash of the overture." By good fortune, as he must have considered it, he succeeded in making the acquaintance of Rich, the well-known manager at Covent Garden Theatre, from whom he ultimately obtained an engagement. His special work seems to have been to keep the chorus singers together, but he complains that they were as prone to go astray as the sheep in Handel's "Messiah" — which no doubt they were with a boy of sixteen as their leader.

Under Rich's roof he made many friends, of whom perhaps the most notable was Serjeant Davy, the witty Ballantine of his day. Of Davy many good stories are told, though here we should hardly turn aside to relate them. On one occasion, in an action for "assault and battery," an advocate was anxiously and warmly setting forth the case for his client, which, he observed, he took up on principle, for the client had sustained a gross insult, aggravated by circumstances of unnecessary cruelty. "In short," said he, "I have pledged myself to plead this cause with all the learning, all the law, and all the credit I have." "That's right," replied Davy; "the man who pledges himself to nothing may easily keep his word." At another time a Jew was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of his son. The malice, however, was not proved, and he was only found guilty of manslaughter; but Davy, who was for the prosecution, laid on his arguments as heavily as he possibly could. "What will this come to, my lord," said he, "if such things are permitted? Why, at this rate, it would be safer to be this man's pig than his son!"

Dibdin seems to have worked hard for Rich, no doubt partly with the hope of obtaining from him some practical patronage. That he would have received the encouragement he sought seems likely, but unfortunately for him Rich died, and Beard, the celebrated vocalist, took his place. By this time our young composer

had written some half-dozen songs (for which he had received the handsome sum of three guineas), and Beard was not long in advising him to try something for the stage. Dibdin confesses that at this time he knew absolutely nothing regarding opera-writing, and he was not likely to under-estimate his own powers. Nevertheless, he acted on Beard's suggestion, and the result was a pastoral entitled "The Shepherd's Artifice," which was produced with considerable success at Covent Garden, when the composer had attained to the ripe age of seventeen!

In the mean time Dibdin had got fairly launched on the sea of theatrical life. He was playing regularly at the Richmond Theatre, then known by the high-sounding name of the Histrionic Academy, and he managed also to obtain an engagement at Birmingham, where he played not only at the theatre, but sang at the Vauxhall. In the midst of this regular work he kept himself busy with the pen, and the season of '67 saw him forward with the music to an operetta called "Love in the City." Over this piece an amusing squabble occurred. Simpson, the leading hautboy-player at the theatre, conceived it a duty due to his important position to complain to Beard regarding Dibdin's music, particularly that the overture and a song were written "contrary to the rules of harmony." Dibdin, up in arms at once, carried his score to Dr. Arne, whose opinion, as that of the leading composer of the day, he well knew would be respected by Beard. The doctor received him with a cordiality which must have surprised him, and having looked carefully over the parts which had been called in question, he pronounced "that there was nothing in them against the rules of harmony; that it was a pity Mr. Simpson would not stick to his hautboy, without pretending to judge of what he was not at all acquainted with," and finished by attending a rehearsal and vindicating Dibdin's talent against his enemy. "After which" (we are quoting Dibdin himself), "give me your hand, my boy," said the veteran; "go on and prosper. I have done you justice; it was my duty; but I'll be d—d if you don't prove a formidable rival to me, for all that." This incident reminds us of a story told of Handel. Some fastidious critic, thinking he had discovered a breach of rule in one of the great master's works, pointed it out to him with a chuckle of triumphant conceit. "Well, sir," said Handel, "the music produces the effect I desired; here is a pen, please to make it

better." Whether the pedant took the pen or not history does not record.

In 1768 Dibdin transferred his services to Drury Lane, where he had the usual disagreements with Garrick in regard to money matters. One would hardly be justified in applying the term "unscrupulous" to Garrick; but he undoubtedly knew the value of money better than those who served him, and it was not his fault if he got the worst of a bargain. Dibdin signaled himself at Drury Lane by his writing of the music for "The Padlock;" and yet for his share in the work he received only £45, while Bickerstaff, the author of the words, got £1,700. As he says himself, however, he was of an easy and credulous temper; and, as we may say for him, he was also extravagant and improvident, being, indeed, a kind of Goldsmith of his profession. He parted with most of his early writings without proper agreements, and in consequence got handsomely cheated. His renowned song, "The Waterman," he sold for two guineas; "Nothing Like Grog," for half a guinea, and so on. Thus, while he was always working hard, his existence for the greater part of his career was little better than the hand-to-mouth one of the third-rate professional.

Garrick seems to have found him of signal service at the Stratford Jubilee, as well as at Drury Lane, yet they do not appear to have at any time pulled well together. The young composer had become indebted to the actor to the extent of £50; and he tells us that Garrick made him slave at song-writing for the Shakespeare Celebration till "he had better gone to a Jew for the money." On one occasion the actor said to him *à propos* of his debt, "I can take down the pegs that make this music;" to which Dibdin replied, "Yes, as honest as you are." At another time Garrick, having previously failed to satisfy Dibdin with some verses for music, produced the words of the rondeau beginning "Sisters of the tuneful strain," and asked Dibdin if the piece would do. "Yes," was the reply, "it is tuned so musically that it sets itself. It is certainly the best you have ever written." The rondeau turned out to be by Jerningham; and if Dibdin was unaware of this fact he, at any rate, got credit for knowing it, for the famous actor never forgave him the honestly expressed opinion.

Garrick seems, indeed, to have been a tiresome taskmaster; and with the consciousness of superiority, in his own line at least, Dibdin must have felt intensely

annoyed at the constant mutilations to which his literary and musical work was subjected by the manager. This, however, may have had its good effect, though not exactly in the direction intended by Garrick. Irritated beyond measure by the frequent "improvements" made on his productions, Dibdin resolved to rely on his memory only in composition, and never to put his work on paper until all alterations had been agreed upon. Feeling certain that Garrick "scarcely knew one air from another, and that his criticisms were mere affectation, he was accustomed to pretend to adopt them with a good grace. Then, waiting till next morning, he would play over the air exactly as it stood before, and receive great praise from Garrick for the docility of his supposed improvements!" Not a bad plan, say we; there are, we suspect, quite a number of modern Garricks upon whom a trick of the kind might well be played, and with perhaps good results.

Dibdin continued at the London theatres — doing some things for Sadler's Wells and other houses, as well as for Drury Lane — until 1775, having, in addition to the works already named, produced "The Waterman" and "The Quaker," both of which have kept possession of the stage ever since, the songs (when they are really *sung*) being still listened to with pleasure. "The Quaker" has been well described as "one of the most charming operettas ever written," and its songs were in every music portfolio of the last generation. Yet it was at first returned to the composer by Garrick, who wittily excused himself from accepting it by saying that "the spirit would certainly move" the audience to condemn it. Afterwards the spirit moved Garrick to purchase it for £100, though he did nothing more with it than use it as a copy for an entertainment of his own.

About the year 1782 Dibdin became engaged with a certain Colonel West and others in building the Royal Circus — now the Surrey Theatre — in Blackfriars Road. The house was opened November 7, 1782, Dibdin undertaking the general management, Hughes the equestrian department, and Grimaldi (father of *the* Grimaldi) the stage direction. For this theatre Dibdin wrote a great number of musical pieces and pantomimes; but his active pen did not save him from difficulties, and dissension breaking out among the managers he threw up the connection, having got from it both disgust and debt. His next exploit was to build a theatre at Pentonville, where he purposed representing specta-

cles in which hydraulic effects should be introduced. "I have a hundred times," says he, "compared myself to an ant that, when its nest is destroyed, does not stand lamenting its misfortunes, but gets to work again, and either repairs the old nest or begins a new one." The "nest" at Pentonville was duly completed, but, alas! the "ants" never got inside. For some reason or another the license was refused, just as the douce Edinburgh bailies had refused to give honest Allan Ramsay his license after allowing him to build his house; and, to add to the misfortunes of poor Dibdin, a gale of wind came and blew the entire structure to the ground. "Never was I so completely driven into a corner as at this period," is nearly all he has to say regarding the untoward circumstance.

Just after this failure in his prospects Dibdin resolved to go to India; and although, as we shall see, he never got there, it is no doubt to the abortive expedition that he owed such nautical knowledge as his sea-songs show him to have possessed. But it was easy to decide on a trip to India; the puzzling question was, where to find the money for the passage? Happy thought! he would undertake a provincial tour, doing all the work himself—the writing, the composition, and the performance. For Dibdin to conceive was to act, and the project was entered on at once. The whole tour seems to have been carried through successfully, although it is curious to read that in several places he was accused of being an impostor and not the real Dibdin at all. One old lady went so far as to accost him on a certain occasion, telling him that she was perfectly certain he was not the genuine Charles, who, according to her, was a "tall, sallow, thin old man, with a wig." But the old lady was entirely wrong in her delineation, for Dibdin was a stout, jolly-looking fellow, indebted only to nature for what hair he may have possessed. He is described as having been "a handsome man of middle size, with an open, pleasing countenance, a very gentlemanlike manner and address, hair fully dressed and powdered, blue coat, white waistcoat, black silk breeches and stockings; voice baritone, words well said; was near-sighted, and after making one close and careful scrutiny of the music, would lean back in his chair and deliver the same without further reference." He is said to have had all the prejudices of the typical Englishman; and he had a thorough hatred for the French. When at Calais on one

occasion a couple of large hams were sent to him from England, and he sarcastically remarks that they were followed to the custom-house by a huge crowd, "who had, perhaps, never seen any of such unusual size."

But we must allow him to proceed on his journey. Having now got sufficient money in hand for the projected trip, he selected a "clean, well-built dhow," laid in a sea-stock, paid for his passage, and appointed to join his vessel at Gravesend. The captain of the "well-built dhow," it seems, was engaged in the praiseworthy occupation of dodging his creditors, and the vessel was thus considerably delayed. He, however, reached Dunkirk safely, where it was found that the crew were in a state of mutiny. The truth was the captain had started on a voyage which could hardly have been performed in less than two years, with only "one sweet cask of beef, two casks of water, and one cask of sound biscuit." Dibdin, so the narrative goes, succeeded in pacifying the men, who henceforward looked up to him as a kind of patron. A riot on shore—in the course of which they thrashed every Frenchman they met—led to the crew being placed in prison, whence they wrote to Dibdin to release them. He espoused their cause with such success that a few days after, when they were bearing down the Channel, they offered, if he would say the word, to throw the captain overboard, but Dibdin was prudent enough to leave the "word" unsaid. A storm having arisen, the vessel was forced to run for shelter to Torbay, and the unfortunate musician was visited by legal proceedings which prevented him leaving the country.

To meet his obligations he conceived the idea of giving a musical lecture, to consist of witty speeches and telling songs; and so, in a few days, the inhabitants of Torbay were invited to an entertainment entitled, aptly enough, "The Whim of the Moment." Those who accepted the invitation had the good fortune to hear not only "Tom Bowling," but for the first time that splendid song, "Poor Jack," which in a few weeks spread itself all over the kingdom. Getting back to London, Dibdin immediately hired Hutchins' Auction Rooms, King Street, Covent Garden, and there began those "table entertainments," after the pattern of "The Whim of the Moment," of which he was the author, composer, narrator, singer, and accompanist. On the first evening matters looked anything but promising, for only sixteen persons put in an appearance

Dibdin, however, persevered; he engaged the Lyceum, and brought out another entertainment of a ballad nature, entitled "Oddities." The success of this entertainment was at once decisive; and little wonder, for it embraced, amongst others, the songs "Twas in the good Ship Rover," "I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy," "Ben Backstay," "The Lamplighter," and "Tom Bowling." The "Oddities" ran for seventy-nine nights, when it was followed by "The Wags," which kept the bills for one hundred and eight nights—quite a long run in those days.

Dibdin was now a successful man and in prosperous circumstances. He had sold "Poor Jack" and eleven other songs for £60; and the fact that the purchaser had made a profit of £500 on "Jack" alone induced him to add to his other *roles* that of publisher. With this view he (in 1791) took a large room in the Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings, and opened under the name of "Sans Souci"—a name which gave occasion to the following witty verse:—

What more conviction need there be  
That Dibdin's plan will do,  
Since now we see him *sans souci*  
Who late was *sans six sous*.

In the Strand he continued to write vigorously, pouring forth songs and operettas—all fairly good and some national favorites—without cessation. But theatrical speculation had still its charms for him, and in 1796 he opened a small place, under the same name as his Strand house, in the neighborhood of Leicester Square. Here he continued the variety entertainments he had hitherto found so successful; but though the songs sung at these entertainments soon became the rage everywhere, it is doubtful if Dibdin made money by the venture. His claims on the government had, however, by this time begun to be realized, and in 1802 Lord Sidmouth granted him a pension of £200 per annum. This sum Dibdin seems to have considered ample provision for his needs, for in 1805 he sold his theatre and retired from public life. But here his misfortunes, instead of being at an end, were in reality only beginning. On a change of ministry the pension was withdrawn, and the unlucky artist was left face to face with privations which might well have broken down the spirits and constitution of a younger man. It has been suggested that the money was withdrawn by the government because of the publication of a song pleading the cause of the hardy tars,

"whose sufferings were much less interesting to the Admiralty than their enthusiasm when needed for service." It is just probable, however, that Dibdin was sacrificed to his want of Parliamentary or family connections; or that his political opinions were distasteful to the party in power. In any case the result was most disastrous to him, though he did all he could to retrieve his position. He not only resumed his entertainments, but he opened a shop for the sale of music in the Strand. But the old spirit of enthusiasm and the old ability had gone, and the long, struggling, eventful career ended at last in bankruptcy. In 1810 attention was drawn in the *Morning Chronicle* to his state, with the result that £840 was collected for him, and on an annuity purchased with this sum he again went into retirement in Arlington Street, Camden Town. At the next change of administration part of his pension was restored, but he did not live long to enjoy it. Towards the end of the year 1813 he was attacked by paralysis, and on July 25, 1814, he passed away, leaving a wife and family to mourn him, along with thousands who had appreciated his worth. He was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Camden Town, where a monument, bearing these words from his best-known song, was erected to his memory:—

His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft,  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
But now he's gone aloft.

Dibdin tried his hand at novel-writing, giving the world "Hannah Hewett, or the Female Crusoe," and "The Young Brother." Neither of these met with any appreciation from the public, and now they both sleep as they must once have made their readers sleep—if ever they had readers. The results of his incursions into the domain of musical literature have also almost passed into oblivion, though his "Music Epitomized" occasionally finds a place in the second-hand book list. His "History of the Stage," in five volumes, is still a readable work; and his own "Professional Life," published in 1803, is full of entertaining anecdotes and gossip, though spun out to quite unnecessary length.

Dibdin's ambition seems to have been not so much in the direction of future fame as of universal recognition during his lifetime. His appears to have been the kind of nature which is spurred on better by the shout of the multitude than by the "well done" of the conscience.



It is understood to be the prerogative of the poet to whine that the outward world is unkind, and Dibdin was no exception to the rule. In a spirit of semi-bitterness he says: "As to my success with the public I have no right to complain; perhaps it has not been exactly that sort of success I had expected, for though I have written for the many I seem only to have satisfied the few, which fame, in spite of the decision of Horace, Pindar, Martial, our own immortal Shakespeare, and many others, is but a cold and comfortless gratification. I have no great cordiality towards the negative content which waives all claim to renown till it shall be consecrated by posterity. May my labors bear the good opinion, if I may be allowed the expression, of a living posterity!" Perhaps Dibdin might have been more content to work and live for posterity if the notion had only been capable of supplying him with funds for the needs of the present. Poet though he was, he had strong leanings towards the practical. If he had been asked to decide between the cabbage and the rose, he would have undoubtedly voted for the cabbage. While other composers might feel flattered by having their songs echoed through the streets on barrel organs and other mediums of musical torture, *he* only regretted that there could be no tangible participation in the popularity. His sea-songs had undoubtedly been a powerful influence for good, yet, with a depth of sarcasm which he had always at command, he tells us that before 1802 the only symptom of acknowledgment he ever received was a hearty shake of the hand from Admiral Gardner, "when I gave him my vote for Westminster." In reading his autobiography we must, of course, remember that it was written late in life, and when he was surrounded by difficulties which, considering his great talents and busy life, might well have made him speak with some bitterness and disappointment. But there can be no doubt that his claims were not recognized as they should have been; even if a man is to work solely for posterity he should have at least his bread and butter while he lives.

Dibdin was really the first to picture in his songs our sailors and the sea with that pathos and vigor, that rush and reality, which make such songs live in the hearts of the people. Most of them are said to have been dashed off in the almost incredibly short space of half an hour, and here, perhaps, is one of the secrets of their emotional power. It is interesting to

learn from his own words what were his reasons for taking up the composition of this particular class of lyric. "It was not enough," he says, "for me merely to write love-songs and pastoral invocations to Bacchus, to sing the pleasures of the chase, or to be a sonnet-monger. It was necessary to go beyond what had been already done, and in particular to give my labors a decided character. I conceived that in this duty might assist inclination, and therefore, as a prominent feature in my labors, I sang of those heroes who are the natural bulwark of the country. The character of the British tar — plain, manly, honest, and patriotic — had not very pointedly been put forward. I thought, therefore, the subject honorable and commendable, and in some degree novel, especially as it would give an opportunity, through public duty, of expressing private affection." With very little actual knowledge of sailors or the sea, Dibdin has contrived to write some of the finest marine lyrics of which our literature can boast. It was right that his memory should be perpetuated in some such outward way as is usual with the world; but while "Tom Bowling" and other ballads from the same pen continue to be sung there will not be wanting the best kind of monument to testify to the merits and worth of Charles Dibdin.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

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From Time.

#### CANVASSING THE RUSTICS.

NO one who has not had village election work to do can appreciate the character of the rustic voter. City people think him a boor. They cannot conceive how a man, living on fat bacon and wearing hobnailed boots, can feel his heart stirred by patriotism, or be able to humorously outwit a too inquisitive squire. He is Hodge — the clodhopper — a creature without an aspiration or an interest beyond his own narrow life of toil, and his small village concerns. But any with a little experience of country canvassing can recall many an enthusiastic outburst, and many a quaint bit of humor from the rough, unlearned men among whom his work lay. One meets with all kinds of men. Here an ardent politician, who thinks his newly given vote his proudest possession, and there a fellow who finds a three-mile walk excuse enough for ignoring it altogether. It fell to my lot lately to do a good deal of canvassing work among the laborers of a southern

county. Our district was a wide and scattered one, but I seldom failed to be repaid, even for the longest and wettest walk, by the stories and droll remarks of the country folk. The stories were of all sorts, and the receptions one met with as varied as the stories. Sometimes one received a hearty welcome, sometimes a sullen or timid one, and now and then, by way of change, with a little abuse, and a request to mind your own business. One such greeting I remember. I had called at a lonely cottage with a bundle of pamphlets and leaflets to distribute. It was some time before I could gain any attention to my knockings. At length, however, an old woman popped her head cautiously out of an upper window. "Go along wi' you," said she; "I knows what you've come after, and I won't have no 'lection trash brought here. We dwells under thatch, I tell you. So go along wi' you." I gazed at her questioningly. That her house was thatched I could see well enough for myself, but the point of her remark was not so easy to discover. "Those that dwells under thatch had best 'bide quiet 'lection whiles," she went on. "How's a body to know what may chance when a pint or two gets under them young chaps' waistcoats, and their noddles filled wi' 'lection jabber! Thatch's easy to fire ye see, so I just makes my man keep out o' it all; and I won't have folkse coming here a-putting me in risk o' burning. Go along wi' your papers, go along." I made a note in my canvassing book by no means flattering to that old woman's character, and never again wasted my time in knocking at her unfriendly door.

The most annoying person a canvasser can have to do with is a widow. The good creatures have a way of receiving notices and leaflets which they know to be useless to them. Or sometimes they will listen to the most eloquent arguments, with which they are expected to influence their husbands, without so much as hinting that they no longer possess one. Again, they persist in inhabiting the most out-of-the-way cottages, and thus cause many a long and useless walk. In short, the behavior of a widow to a canvasser is usually such that Mr. Weller, senior, himself had not reason to hold them more in abhorrence. One day I went a mile or two out of my road to look up the inhabitants of a lonely little hamlet in the fir woods. I was tired and late, but the prospect of securing even two or three votes was reward enough for my walk. With eagerness I drew near the first gar-

den gate. There was a bramble twisted in the latch — sure sign of an empty house. I went to the next; but there, knock as I would, I could make no one hear. In disappointment I went across to the third. There was a long shed by it, and in front a pile of faggots. An old man — doubtless a voter — was chopping firewood. I hastily went up to him. "Perhaps," said I, "it would not be uninteresting to you to look over a few of these little leaflets. Of course you have heard about the coming election, and are awake to the importance of recording your vote." "Look'ee here," broke in the old man, "I be a lodger, and I sleep in that theer shed along with th' old cow. She bides one end and I t'other. And as for the folkse in these cottages they be all four widdies 'cept one, and she's an old maid." "Well, but as a lodger," I began. "'Biding in a shed along wi' an old cow doan't make a vote, seeing as I pay no rent save chopping o' fire bavins for the widdies, and drawing o' water beside for th' old maid, 'cos she be but a cripple-body, poor creetur. So doan't waste your papers on me, for they ben't a bit o' good, considering I can't read."

I often, however, found my leaflets very acceptable. At one cottage where I called on a bleak winter day, the master of the house, a rough farm laborer, pointed to the glowing wood on his hearth. "What we want," said he, "is to keep the right spirit o' politeecs a-blazing away, like my old pine knot there; and your papers helps a lot to do it. Ye see we're so ignorant, the main o' us, and doan't know how t' answer squire when he comes talking round us and telling lies. Not that squires always tells lies, — 'cos I likes to be fair even to squires, — but they most whiles does when they want to get summat out o' th' working man. So leave us all the reading ye can to learn us a bit agin' next time t' master comes round."

Fairness of mind "even to squires and masters," was one of this man's chief characteristics. A farmer in the neighborhood had made himself extremely unpopular by the political pressure he brought to bear on his laborers. The ill feeling rose to such a pitch that the greater part of the men and lads in the village organized a novel form of revenge. Night after night a crowd gathered in the road in front of their enemy's house. They carried with them as many old kettles as they could muster, a drum and several concertinas. With these, added to harsh cries and yells, they set up the most hideous din conceiv-

able, and thus, by rendering the farmer's evenings unendurable, they hoped to give him a lesson in toleration. My fair-minded man did not approve of these doings.

"I doan't hold wi' that sort o' thing," he said to me. "What I says is, if ye doan't like a man, doan't nag at him that like. It's onfair to my mind and onmanly too. If ye want to show a man a little ill will, why take 'un and duck 'un in the horsepond, and then ha' done with it. Let all be overboard and plain sailing. But as for persecuting, and tin kettles, and such things, it's no better nor an Irishman, and I feel 'shamed o' the village." Some of the drollest stories are those which show how stupid Hodge can outwit an over-inquisitive person. Practice makes him quick at evading questions, especially if they come from a parson or a landowner. A little lad, the son of the squire's head gardener, was once asked about his father's political views. "Which is your father, my boy," said the parson to him, "a Liberal or a Conservative?" "Oh, please, sir," said the small boy, "father isn't either a Liberal or a conservatory. He's but a greenhouse." Another method of avoiding questions was told me by a man with great enjoyment.

"You're one o' the right party," said he, with a glance at the color of my tie—a conspicuously red one. "One o' t'other sort called last night. I 'spects 'twas squire or some o' that lot, but I didn't look to see. For what d'ye think we did now. We just slipped into th' 'oodhouse, me and my old woman, and let 'un knock as long as 'un liked, till his knuckles were sore, while me and her sat laughing on a log. It's awk'ard talking with t' squire, ye see, so we thought as how that 'uld be handiest way." He laughed so heartily over this bit of wit that he attracted a neighbor who was working in the next garden. "That were a good joke," he called over the hedge; "but it were not so good as the turn we served your man t'other night at the meeting. Tell about that, Harris." "So I will, for it were a good joke for sure. There was a meeting in a tent, Tuesday night last, at Crowes Wood, and me and Dick here went down to it. There was a fine lot o' speakers on the platform, and the tent was packed as full as it could hold. We were having a real feast, no mistake. Well, by-and-by, this fellow as we're speaking of, sneaked out and began to pull up the pegs so as to bring the tent about our ears. I knowed the fellow, and had my doubts on him, so me and Dick followed him out, and caught him in the

act. So we gave 'un a black eye, and rolled 'un in a furze bush, and he were a wonderful deal quieter like after that."

"I had a game too last night," said Dick over the hedge. "Yesterday, when we were just sat down to supper, in comes squire and his daughter. I 'spects they'd tired their knuckles at my neighbor's door, 'cos they didn't trouble to knock at mine. 'How many in family have you got?' says he, right off, wi'out so much as a 'How d'ye do.' 'Ten,' says I; 'how many be you got?' 'Why don't you emigrate?' says he; 'you'd do a sight better abroad, and here's a sovereign to help you. 'Thank'ee,' says I, a-shoving back the money, 'I've been in furreign parts, and if sobe as you're-r-agreeable, I'd sooner bide at home.' 'D'ye know our candidate for th' 'lection,' says he next, a-lowering his voice. 'Ay,' says I, a-speaking up loud. 'I lived near he a goodish few years.' 'Then,' says he, 'you know what a kind friend he is t' working man, and you'll promise him your vote I'll be bound.' 'Well, sir,' says I, 'I doan't know as I ever heeard any harm o' he, but on t'other hand I doan't know as I ever heard any good. He's decent. And as for my vote, that is a secret atween my principles and myself, and if it might be all the same to you, a secret it shall remain.' So he went away. But what I says is, a man didn't ought to come into another man's house, squire or no squire, wi'out a 'How d'ye do,' or, 'Are you at home,' or anything."

Now and then I met with an outburst of strong feeling in the midst of the amusing remarks. I remember once coming on a little group of men arguing together. One of their number was vehemently insisting on the benefit of allotments and small farms. He was telling the story of his own childhood. His father had been a peasant farmer, and had gained by his labor a comfortable living. He had a few acres of land, and two or three cows. He earned enough to support his family, not more luxuriously than if he had worked for wages, but more happily, because he was free and called no man master. He grudged no labor he put in the land, never doubting that he would not be allowed to end his days on the farm he had so much improved. But one day the bailiff appeared with the tidings that this and several other small holdings were to be thrown into one, as the landowner wished to do away with the race of peasant farmers. "My father was well on in years," went on the man to the attentive group of

ners, "and he well-nigh broke his rt to leave the place he'd done so much d to. We had to sell off the stock at ad loss, for there was not another little n like ours to be had anywhere in the ntry-side. I was but a bit of a lad at time, but I remember well tramping nd with my father hunting for work. es and miles we walked with the tears ning down my father's cheeks, and he knowing where to take us or how to us a living. All the farms had got ugh men on them already, and when land was took from us there didn't m a place on earth for us to go. He work after a bit, not afore we learnt l what hunger was, and my poor mother l died wi' the hardship. The landlord e his big farm easy enough, as he de other big farms, but he could not them, the villain. I've heard he's er made a penny out of the land ever ce he turned us off; and I am right d to think it. He came round to me other day and asked me for my vote, l made it clear he'd do me a good turn l give it. But I says to him, 'D'ye mber Haye Farm, and the children r turned out to hunger and hardship? n,' I says, wi' my blood up, 'I'd scorn biggest gift you could offer. I'm a eral through and through; I'm a Lib- l inside and out, and sooner than be a ncoat to my principles, I'd be tied to a ke and burnt to a cinder.'" This bit of gh oratory brought forth a hum of ap- use from the little group. "That's my ws," broke in another man, a stranger me. "Give a man a chance o' getting d, and he'll make it pay sharp enough. t they won't let us get it, and then says don't want it. Don't want it! why it's y as be afraid if we get a bit o' land, y won't be able to screw the life's blood o' us at their own work. But let 'em e a while, and then see if we don't hold o' their property. Paying a fair t o' course, but a-forcing them to let. at's mysentiments." By which remark vill be seen that this man was an ad- iced and dangerous character. 'I've as good an understanding as an- er man," said a third fellow, "and I in't see as how Tories or Radicals kes any difference to t' land or any- ng else. Least ways they doan't either hem make my 'tater ground grow. I r't a-going to wear out shoe leather in ing a vote as I didn't ask to have, and uld as soon be wi'out." "Not give r vote?" cried the stranger of the ty. "Why, man! I've but just moved

to the parish, and I've a matter o' twenty miles or more to walk back to th' old place to give mine. But I'll do it. I'd do it if I get up at three i' the morning to get there i' time, and work best part o' next night to make up for the holiday."

The gradual merging of the smaller holdings into large farms was the chief grievance in one village. Sometimes besides the little tenancies an occasional small freehold was also swallowed up. There were several ways by which a bailiff could get hold of such plots, but there was one which struck me as particularly ingenious. There was, in the midst of a great estate, a certain small cottage and a strip of garden land. These were the property of an old man, Martin Pope by name. His father had become possessed of them in the following manner: When quite a young man he had successfully wooed a village heiress, rich in the ownership of a freehold house and garden. Before, however, the wedding day arrived the poor girl died, bequeathing all she had to her lover. She made no will, but this was not considered needful by the simple village folk. The girl's words were enough, and Pope was thenceforth undisturbed owner of the cottage. Some years after the girl's death, he married, and Martin was his only child. By-and-by, Martin in his turn inherited the little property. He was a thrifty man, with a liking for a good garden. In a luckless moment he determined to add to what he already had by renting an adjoining strip from his neighbor, the great landowner. The bailiff in those days was a keen man of business and by no means over-scrupulous. He probably disbelieved in the legal tenure of such cottages as Martin's, and regarded the small, scattered freeholds on the estate as so much land robbed from his employer. However, he knew how to win back such stray sheep, or as one would more properly say—ewe lambs. Martin was told that he need not trouble himself longer with the ground taxes that he and his father had always paid, as they could easily be included with the rent for the new strip of garden, and paid with the landlord's. In this way the receipts for the tax were made out to the landlord, and Martin thus lost the only written proofs of his ownership of the cottage. In time this landlord died, and the estate passed to a distant cousin. Not unnaturally the new-comer looked on the cottage and garden, for which he, apparently, paid yearly tax, as his own property. The cottage was old and a discredit to the estate.

Martin was threatened with eviction. Friends, however, interfered, and Martin was allowed to end his days in his own house. This treatment filled Martin's soul with a great contempt for his enemy. "They calls him a Faulkner," he said one day, "but he isn't a Faulkner no more than I be. Why, God bless you! my family's a deal older nor his. He was nought but a Thompson a while back, till they took and turned him into a Faulkner 'cos o' th' entail; and when he's dead and they wants another heir they'll make one up somewheres you be bound." Old Martin took a great interest in Irish affairs, and was a strong advocate of Home Rule. Once he gave me his views on the subject. "Look'ee here, I've been reading a deal about th' Irish. By Jobs! what awful doings there do a-seem to have been." Martin was very free in the use of exclamations, but "By Jobs!" was the profanest thing he ever uttered. "Awful doings! but how should it a-be otherwise when the poor creeturs be put upon so? What I says is give th' Irish their own way. Why, bless your eyes, we all likes our own way; and if so be as you give th' Irish their own way they'll be like—like—why, like so many turtle-doves, to be sure. But if they be treated as they have a-been, why, God bless my soul! there'll be the old gooseberry to pay, and that's all about it, by Jobs!" Perhaps these chance stories may serve to show that even out of Hodge, the thick-headed rustic, some amusement and some enthusiasm may be obtained.

LUCY BIRKBECK HILL.

From *The Spectator*.  
BROWNING AND TENNYSON.

IN some respects the two greatest imaginative poets of our day are striking contrasts. Browning is careless and impatient in execution; Tennyson careful and elaborate. Browning is rough and ungainly; Tennyson smooth and stately. Browning trots or gallops; Tennyson walks or canters. Browning almost gasps out his meaning, omitting half the articles and particles which weave speech into a flexible texture; Tennyson touches and retouches the form till it is no less perfect, or even more perfect, than the thought or emotion to be expressed, so that the artistic workmanship sometimes attracts even more attention than the imaginative substance on which it is expended. Again,

Tennyson studies either beauty or grace or majesty of form in almost all his poems; Browning, we might almost say, studies the neglect of these qualities, or, if that be exaggeration, at least ignores them altogether, and hews away right and left, like a pioneer in a jungle, instead of shaping anxiously and lovingly as a sculptor shapes his marble. Tennyson treats words and all their associations with the utmost sympathy and reverence; Browning tumbles them about and rolls them over almost as a tempest does the rocks of an Alpine valley, sometimes producing very weird effects with them, but effects which have a great deal of the appearance of rough play about them, like the casts in some giant's game at bowls. Tennyson not unfrequently wears the graceful negligence of manner appropriate to one who is on easy terms with the Muses; Browning is apt to play them tricks, and indulge in familiarities with them which suggest that he does not revere them as Muses at all.

Yet, in spite of all these marked contrasts, there are points of resemblance which are due partly to the common interests of the social world in which both these poets have lived, partly to the intellectual tendencies of the time. Both are at heart idealists with a strong desire not to ignore the realities with which idealists must deal. Both are possessed by Christian convictions; both are eager students of the philosophy of faith. Both have made elaborate studies of ecclesiastical eccentricities, — Tennyson of St. Simeon Stylites; Browning of the bishop who orders his tomb at St. Praxed's Church. Both have given the most anxious attention to provincial and vernacular peculiarities, — Tennyson in his two "Northern Farmers," his "Grandmother," and just now in his "Owd Roä"; Browning in his Yorkshire Halbert and Hob, and his study of Bunyan's coarse converts, Ned Bratts and his wife. And both, with a very strong desire to master the religious attitude of a world far removed from our own, — Tennyson the mysticism of the age of chivalry, Browning the peculiarities of mediæval or modern superstition, — have been intensely modern; modern in their faith and in their sympathies, in their confidence that they are "heirs of all the ages," and that they stand on a summit of knowledge and experience higher than that of even the greatest of their predecessors.

But though we may recognize the similarity of some of the ideal aims pursued

by Tennyson and Browning, and of such even of their methods as the realism of their times has suggested to them, nothing can minimize the contrast between the method of a poet to whom charm of manner is generally essential,—one might almost say, as to much of his early poetry, almost too essential, so essential as to become a mannerism,—and the method of a poet who despises charm of manner altogether, and appears to be abrupt purposely and by preference; between the manner of a poet who sings:—

I asked thee "Give me immortality."  
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,  
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.  
But thy strong Hours indignant worked their wills,  
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me;  
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd  
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
And all I was in ashes;

and the manner of a poet who sings in his fine study of the old grammarian, that:—

He settled *δρι's* business, — let it be!  
Properly based *δύω* —  
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *δε*,  
Dead from the waist down.

Here are contemporary poets of the self-same country, both idealists in aim, both feeling the imperious necessity of not being too much of idealists to recognize fully the vulgarities, the dust and, so to say, the lumber of life,—one of whom yet strives to give dignity where he can to all his visions, and either grace or ease where dignity is impossible; while the other almost strives to *avoid* giving any trace of an artistic manner or finish to anything that he has to say, nay, who makes it more familiar than is quite natural, by using such phrases as "settled *δρι's* business" or blurring out in his eager, shorthand style, "put case" without the definite article which would naturally, even in familiar dialogue, precede the word "case," and soften the hurry of his speech. The poet-laureate, in his boyish days at least, was so great a lover of graceful manner, that his attitudes of speech often suggested posture-making. The vivid and graphic thinker whom we have just lost was so great a lover of the familiar, that he invented angularities of style which no ordinary man could have discovered, and evidently preferred "set-

ting *δρι's* business" to explaining the principles which governed its use in the Greek syntax. And no doubt the former phrase is a great deal more awakening than the latter. Its very familiarity gives a shock to conventional habits of thought, and that is really at the bottom of Browning's love of familiarity and abruptness of style. He wants to turn versification into a spur rather than a pleasure. He oftener uses rhyme and rhythm to prick the drowsy mind, than directly to exalt the commonplace mind. And no doubt the view that all verse should have a sweetness of its own had been overdone in modern times, before Browning arose to contradict it. The Virgilian use of verse is not the only use. The great Greek dramatists can hardly be said to have made "charm" the chief feature of their versification. Many of their choruses are very rugged, and much of their dialogue is plain even to homeliness. Dante often abounds in crabbed speech, even, we suppose (for the present writer speaks only on the authority of others), where there is no doubt about the text. And even Goethe, lucid and harmonious as he loved to be, did not shrink from being jerky and obscure where his subject required it, as he evidently thought it did in his *Walpurgisnacht* on the Brocken. It is a mistake to suppose that verse has no function except that of lending harmony, beauty, and grandeur to the thought. Sometimes, as in the case of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," rhythm only answers the purpose of a frame to isolate and give the impression of care, condensation, and study to a sketch of a very rough and coarse figure. Sometimes, as in the case of "Hudibras," as well as with a great many of Browning's poems, the jerk and the jingle are as essential to the grotesque effect intended, as want of proportion may be to an effective caricature. Indeed, with poets who, like Tennyson, are great masters of both metre and rhyme, the rhythm of the finer blank metre is more satisfying, exactly because there is less exuberance of sweetness in it than in the most beautiful of the rhymed verses. The former has something of the dignity and simplicity of sculpture about it; the latter has too soft and luxurious an air for the most exalted themes. And for the same reason, in the Greek poetry, in which there was no such thing as rhyme, and, except in the Homeric hexameter, very little even of the silver rhythm of Virgil, we find a greater wealth of majesty than even poets of the highest order could have produced

under the conditions of modern rhyme. It may well be questioned whether rhyme has not added too much sweetness to modern poetry, and made it, so to say, too "sugary." Are not Tennyson's greatest achievements effected without it, or in that modified rhyme of "In Memoriam," where the distance between the two enclosing rhymes in the first and fourth lines keeps the ear waiting long enough to prevent the full sweetness of rhyme from cloying the sense? Browning, however, uses rhyme with a very different object from poets in general,—not to add to the beauty or harmony of the effect, but to multiply surprises and shocks, to take your breath away, sometimes to flog you into alertness, sometimes to laugh you into confusion, sometimes, again, to make you laugh heartily at his humor. To use his own happy and latest phrase, he "hitches the thing into verse," rather than expresses it in verse because he loves the rhythmical movement and the cry which it is capable of yielding. He often uses verse as a conjuror uses sleight-of-hand, to astonish you with his ingenuity, with his resource, with his agility, with his presence of mind—or as a tight-rope dancer uses the nimbleness and flexibility of his

limbs. In a word, Browning does not aim at setting life to music, though music was so dear to him. To him, music was one thing, and poetry another; the greatest part of life, and that which he cared most to study, was quaint and odd rather than beautiful and sublime; and especially quaint and odd when you compared it with the spiritual ends for which Browning believed that man had been created. It was his great aim to show *how* quaint and odd life really is, how different from the standards of the eternal world, and yet how much influenced by those standards. He loved to make men see the strange irregularity, the astounding unevenness, the almost incredible failures, which we are compelled to recognize in a world in which the hunger and thirst for nobler things are yet always breaking through; and he thought he could do this better by using verse freely to familiarize to us the incongruities of the world as it is, than by using it to make the world,—either as it is or as it should be,—fascinating. To Browning, life is a medley of grotesques, with a glowing horizon beyond it. And he used his poetic ingenuity quite as much to help us enter into the grotesqueness, as to help us see the sunlit distance.

MR. BROWNING'S ONLY PUBLIC SPEECH. — A correspondent of the *Scotsman* writes: Though an accomplished and fluent talker in private life, Mr. Robert Browning had a pronounced and life-long antipathy to speaking in public. Edinburgh enjoys the honor of having been the scene, and the students of Edinburgh University the credit of having been the direct instigators, of probably the only public speech that the poet ever made. During the celebration of the tercentenary of the university, in 1885, Mr. Browning was one of the most popular of the many illustrious guests that thronged our city, and he thoroughly appreciated the unexpected tribute to his work. At the end of the famous week a "Students' Reception" was organized in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, and Mr. Browning was present, not as one of the *savants* who had agreed to address the students, but as a guest. When he appeared to take his seat on the platform, he was hailed with a perfect storm of applause by the students. Mr. Browning was profoundly affected by the heartiness of the welcome; he could scarcely

believe that he had conquered such a position in the enthusiasm of the younger generation. He turned to the writer of these lines, who, as a platform steward, had the honor of ushering the poet to his seat, and embracing him as a kind of convenient epitome of the students in general, exclaimed in a voice full of feeling: "You dear young men, how I love you all!" At the close of the reception, after Lesseps, Laveleye, Virchow, Helmholtz, Lowell, and the other famous men had spoken, shouts for "Browning!" "Browning!" once more broke out tumultuously. Mr. Browning could not resist the appeal; the antipathy to public speaking had to vanish on an occasion like that. "My dear young friends," he said, "some people are good enough to say that my writings are sometimes unintelligible; but I hope to make myself intelligible now, when I say how affected and impressed I am by this noble, this magnificent welcome, which you have given to one so unworthy as myself." It was not a long speech; but, when a thing is unique, size does not go for much.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
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## CONTENTS.

I. POPE, . . . . .	<i>National Review,</i>	195
II. THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY. JACQUELINE DE LAGUETTE, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	202
III. THE GREEN DOOR, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	209
IV. STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	221
V. THE FATHER OF LOW GERMAN POETRY, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	228
VI. CHILDREN AND THE POETS, . . . . .	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	235
VII. BROWNING AND TENNYSON, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	240
VIII. HOUSEKEEPING IN CRETE, . . . . .	<i>All The Year Round,</i>	245
IX. THE INTELLECTUAL EFFECT OF OLD AGE, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i>	249
X. THE CATS OF ANCIENT EGYPT, . . . . .	<i>English Illustrated Magazine,</i>	251
XI. BROWNING'S VIEW OF LIFE, . . . . .	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	255

## POETRY.

INSIGHT, . . . . .	194	IN MEMORIAM, . . . . .	194
MISCELLANY, , . . . . .			256

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## INSIGHT.

THERE is no commonplace!  
The lowliest thing hath grace;  
Dull everydays yet hold  
A loveliness untold.  
'Tis we, 'tis we are purblind if no miracle we  
trace.

Earth is a marvellous scroll  
To the revealing soul;  
Life is one long delight  
To him who reads aright;  
The years a glad procession of infinite won-  
ders roll.

Who sees beyond the veil  
No meaner thoughts assail;  
Daily upon him rises  
A world of new surprises,  
And fair the city sparrow as the orient night-  
ingale.

His fine sense does not need  
On actual sight to feed;  
Many a palace high  
He hath in cumuli;  
Nymph-haunted streams and leafy lawns —  
where shakes one little reed.

He craves no southern night  
Purple athrob with light —  
A quiet twilight dim  
More than suffices him,  
Still soar above his head the depths of vasty  
heaven's might.

He needs no pine-crowned lake  
Where curvèd ripples break —  
A little wayside pool  
Doth in its bosom cool  
The evanescent image of unfathomed azure  
take.

Higher than Alps he goes,  
Than peaks of luminous snows —  
For him a poplar-tree  
Can a frail ladder be  
To sunset's mystic hills of gold or morning's  
mounts of rose.

Nought made of man may harm  
The care-enchaining charm  
When the white-robed chestnut-tree  
His fettered soul sets free  
To roam the realms of cloudland by its  
blossom-cumbered arm;

And his hot pulses gain  
A sure surcease from pain  
If but a soft breeze passes  
Over a space of grasses,  
Some sacred spot where tyrannous life binds  
this calm soul in vain.

He knows no weak regrets  
And, liberate, forgets —  
When April clouds float through  
The vague delicious blue —  
The petty brain that troubles or the puny  
heart that frets.

Falls from him unawares  
The burden of his cares  
When on the dingy town  
The mighty Spring comes down,  
When amber buds of lilac leaves beatify the  
squares;

Or sweeps the glorious throng  
Through narrow lanes, along  
The city sad and sober  
Of wild winds of October,  
Uplift, upborne from miry ways upon their  
pinions strong.

A strip of midnight sky  
'Twixt crowding houses high —  
Ah! starry gates ope wide!  
And raised and sanctified  
His little life on little earth, its foolish clamors  
die.

Compassèd with joy he lives  
That each bright moment gives,  
Engirt with majesties  
His unsealed eyesight sees,  
To him each cloud and leaf and blade are  
heavenly fugitives.

He reads the revelations  
Of angels' habitations,  
Whether aloft they spring  
On light refulgent wing,  
Or masked amidst oblivious men they plod in  
humble stations.

For no one lives apart  
In the mind-deadening mart,  
But round his being dense  
Streams benign influence,  
But glimpsèd gleams of spirit forms can irri-  
date his heart.

Never was any lot  
So utterly forgot;  
Nought vile or common is  
In Nature's scheme of bliss,  
There is no life so isolate that beauty knows  
it not.

The music of the spheres  
Sounds upon city cars,  
And radiant visions greet  
The watcher in the street.  
Only look long and deep and far — and Heaven  
itself appears!

Cornhill Magazine.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SLOWLY we disarray,  
Our leaves grow few,  
Few on the bough, and many on the sod:  
Round him no ruining autumn tempest blew,  
Gathered on genial day,  
He fills, fresh as Apollo's bay,  
The hand of God.

Academy.

MICHAEL FIELD.

From The National Review.  
POPE.

THE issue of the completing volume of the Elwin and Courthope edition of Pope is an event on which editor and publisher alike deserve the unstinted congratulations of every lover of English letters. To Mr. Murray, as the originator of the literary enterprise which has just reached its accomplishment, our first thanks, of course, are due. At a time when those whose business it is to supply a voracious (but not by any means, though often loosely so described, an omnivorous) reading public with their literary food experience an ever-increasing difficulty in doing more than satisfy the popular tastes of the hour, or even the popular appetite of the moment, it is truly encouraging to find that some among them are still ready to adventure themselves without hesitation in undertakings which, however beneficial to the interests of literature, can hold out little prospect of adequate commercial return. In putting forth this new and splendid edition of a great English classic, Mr. Murray, as we all know, is not rendering his first disinterested service, by many, to the cause of letters; but few services more permanently valuable, few, it may be said, more timely or more needed in the present position of English poetry, and certainly few so little likely, if left unperformed by public spirit, to have been prompted by private interest, stand to the credit of his historic house.

Mr. Courthope's high merits as an editor are known to all who have examined his recension and commentary in the previously issued volumes of the works. He possesses the three cardinal editorial qualities of conscientiousness, learning, and acumen, and his critical appreciation of the essentials, especially the literary essentials of poetry, is quickened, as it should be, by a complete sympathy with the method, and an imaginative sympathy, as near complete as such a feeling can be in these days, with the spirit of his author. The "Life" which, with an admirably minute index, and some interesting appendices of correspondence, composes this concluding volume, is an excellent piece of biographical writing; full and

accurate in point of detail, uncontroversial on questions which are apt to arouse all the ardor of partisanship, judicial in its dealing with the theses which offer the strongest temptations to the spirit of an advocate. Mr. Courthope is content to tell the story of Pope's life without either sermonizing or casuistry; he deals neither in pitch nor whitewash; he holds it sufficient to put before his readers the plain unvarnished tale of the poet's career, with all its perversities, tortuosities, and meannesses incredible, and to leave his readers to fit their own homilies to the text. His comment (Appendix I., page 407) on the famous Pope and Wycherley correspondence, as published by the former—an act of literary fraud and forgery almost comic in the disproportion between its extreme moral gravity and the insignificance of its gains—is worth quoting, as an example of Mr. Courthope's absolutely unsparing but absolutely passionless exposure of the malefactor.

It will probably be inferred by any reader who studies this correspondence that these professed letters of Wycherley, published by Pope, which have no original voucher, were concoctions of the poet. He imitates in them Wycherley's "conceited" style, but he makes it much less labored and obscure than it appears in the letters as actually written. His object was to preserve as much of the correspondence as exhibited him when little more than a boy, acting as a critic to a man so distinguished and so advanced in years as Wycherley, and having made his extracts, he gave them such an ideal setting as might place the whole situation in the light most advantageous to his own reputation.

One cannot help regretting that biographers are not more frequently satisfied with this method of allowing us to "dot the i's" of their heroes' characters for ourselves. After all, we do not want to be told what to think of a poet who has written deferential letters as a youth to an aged dramatist, and received condescending ones in return, and who in mature years, and after the aged dramatist was dead, conceives and executes the brilliant idea of exchanging the "parts," appropriates the condescending letters to himself, whips over the deferential ones to the credit of his departed correspondent,

forges a few new and original additions to the correspondence to give it an "ideal setting," and then presents it to the world with the words, "See what a clever and highly respected youth I was at the age of twenty!" The literary merits of an illustrious literary artist stand, of course, on a very different footing as a legitimate topic of discussion for a biographer from that of the vices and virtues of his personal character, and here Mr. Courthope, as a critic, allows himself, very naturally, a freer hand. He traces the story of Pope's artistic development with perfect lucidity of statement and much justness of criticism; and if one is not always able to agree with his conclusions, they always establish their claim to respectful consideration. His concluding chapter, on "Pope's Place in English Literature," contains perhaps as clear, as vigorous, and as well-reasoned a defence of Mr. Courtney's views of the nature and functions of poetry, and of the work that is entitled to the honor of that name, as need be wished; and those who, like myself, are in general accord with them, at any rate so far as the technical side of the poetic art is concerned, might be well content to leave their case where Mr. Courtney has placed it.

But there is no use in ignoring the fact that the canons which he applies, and as I think, rightly, in the settlement of the question he discusses in this chapter are, with more or less vehemence, rejected by a considerable body of persons at the present day. Every age has its own definition of poetry, and the present age, it appears, has chosen so to define it as to exclude Pope from the rank of poet, or, at any rate, of great poet, by very force of the defining terms. It might almost seem as if we had constructed our theory of the poetic function with a direct eye to that part of the poet's work which Pope, in the judgment even of his warmest admirers in this age, was least capable of performing to the satisfaction of the modern mind and heart. We have altered the rules of the game, as it were, and now point to the fact that the players of that day, and he, the master of all of them, would be no match for the accomplished "performers" among our-

selves as if that were a proof of our own natural superiority to those disqualified ones. The mistake, in my opinion, on the part of the nineteenth-century Popian — I do not charge Mr. Courthope with committing it, though he seems to me, I own, to come pariously near it sometimes — is to meet this charge against Pope by a denial of it, instead of by what the old pleaders used to call a plea "in confession and avoidance." It really does not bear a moment's disputing that nature, and all that we in these days mean by nature, had scarcely a touch of that significance for Pope which it has for the man of average sensibility at the present day. To deny this, or to endeavor to make out that if Pope does not express for us this attitude of man towards nature, he gives us something else that will do equally well, is futile. What the author of "Windsor Forest" and the imitator of "Pollio" gives us will not do equally well; it will not do at all. It would be as absurd to pretend that it does, as idle to feign belief in its adequacy, as it would be for a physician of the present day to attempt to square his diagnoses with the doctrines of the "humoral pathology," or for a lecturer in physiology to make believe that he could instruct his class satisfactorily without any positive rejection of the theory that the arteries contain not blood but "animal spirits." Nothing is gained by disguising the fact that the mental and emotional relation of civilized man to the external world has undergone as distinct and irrevocable a change, since Pope wrote, as has passed over his scientific conception of the structure and functions of his body since Harvey ascertained the most fundamental of all its physiological truths. It is true, of course, that the former change, unlike the latter, was not determined by any one specific *revelation* — though, to be sure, the work of Wordsworth is sometimes spoken of, erroneously and exaggeratively, as if it had effected this very thing; it was gradual, and its phases are to be traced not only through Cowper, but through a yet earlier poet, Gray. No one can, I think, deny that when the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" was written, only five years after

the death of Pope, the "modern feeling" for nature was already born into the world. That the poet of "The Task" is instinct with it—nay, that it inspires him in a form of, so to speak, a more equable purity, if of nothing like the potency with which it was afterwards to inspire the poet of "The Excursion," appears to me, at least, to be just as undeniable. But, however opinions may differ as to the point or phase in the movement which individual poets represent, there can be no difference of opinion as to the distance traversed by it between the first half of the eighteenth century and the present day. It amounts to this: that when Pope speaks to us of the external world, when he tells us what nature looks like to him, in her fields and flowers, her woods and waters, her dawns and sunsets, he speaks to us in a language which, rich, varied, picturesque, as it often is, and masterly as almost always is the skill with which he uses it, no more responds to the emotional needs of the modern mind than if it were so much geometrical demonstration.

No doubt the *advocatus diaboli* might go a good deal farther than this in his opposition to Pope's canonization. He might urge that, though the attitude of the great Elizabethans, the attitude of Milton, the attitude, say, of Andrew Marvell or George Herbert—to take two widely differing types of the seventeenth-century mind—towards nature was as far as or farther removed than that of Pope from our own, they nevertheless bring themselves, in many and many a passage of descriptive poetry, into very close sympathy with the modern feeling. He might add that even such a poet of the artificial period of which Pope is the consummate expression as James Thomson has it in him to teach and move us as Pope never can; and that Pope's poetry must, therefore, have been chilled by some essential frigidity of imagination for which the man himself was responsible, and not his age. And if this charge were to be pressed against him, I for one should not care to combat it. But neither am I concerned to adopt it and rely upon it. It is enough for me that the poetry of Pope is manifestly obnoxious to the earlier objection alleged against it

—namely, that it absolutely fails to fulfil that function to which the criticism of our day assigns the supreme place in the poet's work; absolutely fails, that is to say, to satisfy the emotional needs which are awakened in the modern mind by the contemplation of external nature.

But then the question arises, How far are we justified in elevating the function in question to that supreme place in poetry which, as I have said, it at present occupies? Or, assuming that the claim of this function to supremacy may with propriety be admitted, let us ask whether the ever-growing tendency to treat it as though it were not the highest merely, but the sole office of the poet to interpret to man the message of external nature is itself legitimate. In the essay prefixed to the new edition of "The Human Tragedy," Mr. Alfred Austin deprecates the disfavor into which narrative poetry has fallen. This decline will, of course, be deplored the most deeply by those who accept Mr. Austin's graduation of the various orders of poetic production—who agree with him, that is to say, in assigning to epic and dramatic, the two forms of narrative poetry, that place of primacy which Aristotle claimed for them, and who hold with him that from the descriptive to the lyrical, from the lyrical to the reflective, and from the reflective to the epic and dramatic orders of poetry, "there is an ascending scale of growth and dignity." But if any one chose to challenge the accuracy of this "Table of Precedence," it would not be necessary to my present purpose to defend it. My point is that whether descriptive and lyrical poetry be or be not inferior in degree to reflective and narrative poetry, the two former kinds have most assuredly no right to monopolize the name which is common to them all. Yet what else can be said of nine-tenths of contemporary poetic production, and a full half of contemporary criticism, than that the one embodies, and the other implies, the assumption that descriptive and lyrical poetry constitute the beginning and end of the poetic art; that they *are* poetry and that there is no other? Year after year the stream of rhymed and metrical matter issuing from the press increases, not, I

fear, in depth, but undoubtedly in volume. It would be mere prejudice to deny the very considerable exaltation of its standard which has taken place during the last quarter of a century. Without exactly embracing the creed that true poetic genius has become so common nowadays as to flourish unnoticed by the wayside, one must admit that a vast amount of genuine poetic feeling, an amount far in excess of what is to be traced in the comparatively obscure and fugitive literature of an earlier day, finds voice every year in verse to which the quality of genuine poetic expression cannot be denied. The experience of every competent critic who has watched the yearly "output" of the press with any attention may safely be appealed to for confirmation of this; and indeed the fact, I think, may be almost claimed as one of general acknowledgment. Yet what is the prevailing, I might almost say the invariable characteristic, of all the flood of verse? It is almost wholly descriptive-lyrical. One cannot call it by either name alone, for its *manner* is nothing if not descriptive, and its *motive* nothing if not lyrical. In it we find the plainest evidence of these three things: first, that the poet's personal emotions, sometimes his momentary mood, form the habitual inspiration of his verse; secondly, that he instinctively turns to the contemplation of external nature to give expression to it; and thirdly, that his passion, whatever it may be, appears to find relief in the elaborate and often successful attempt to portray nature (as an object of perception, not of thought) with truth and subtlety of observation, and with vigor and delicacy of touch. Nor, I think, can any one who has noticed this have failed to notice also the further fact that for nine-tenths of those who endeavor, with greater or less success, after the realization of this kind of poetic thought in this form of poetic expression, it evidently constitutes the be-all and end-all of the poetic art. They have manifestly no conception of poetry which is not this, and probably, if they met with anything not being this, and yet claiming to be poetry, they would contemptuously reject the *cisim*.

An age which insists on limiting the definition of poetry after this fashion is obviously the most unfit of judges to pronounce on the question whether Pope (who admittedly fails to satisfy the requirements of the age in the matter of poetry as so defined) is or is not a poet. It is getting almost unfit to pronounce on

the question whether Byron is a poet or not; it has already disqualified itself, as it seems to me, to assign Byron his true rank among poets, for the reason that it dwells exclusively on the lyrical and egotistically subjective side of Byron's genius, and has no feeling whatever for that magnificent epic and dramatic energy about it, which in everything except metrical quality (a terrible exception, it shall be freely granted to Mr. Swinburne), gives to even an imperfect piece of work like "Sardanapalus" or "Marino Faliero," a life, a glow, a movement which are absolutely wanting to such a far more finished work of art as the "Cenci." Wherever, therefore, the verse of Pope is avowedly dealing with subjects of a different order of poetry from the descriptive or the lyrical; wherever he may have tried to strike dramatically the note of passion; wherever he may have responded or endeavored to respond to the inspiration of some great impersonal thought — then it follows that contemporary taste, so far at least as the dominant poetical canons of the day represent it, has no right to sit in judgment. It is like a juror who must be challenged as having already in general terms delivered a verdict which covers and must form his decision on the particular case before him. What, for instance, is the good of a critic's declaring that "Eloisa to Abelard" is "not poetry," when he consciously or unconsciously excludes the dramatic imagination and all its works from his conception of what poetry is. In the "Eloisa to Abelard" there is undoubtedly much that no longer rings true to the modern ear; there are passages here and there which it is difficult to think of as having ever rung true to the ear of any man, even to that of the poet himself; there are lines in it, though but a few, which are of a taste that never could be otherwise than false and unsound in any poet of any age; it contains at least one line of which we can agree with Mr. Swinburne in thinking that "no woman could read it without a blush, nor any man without a laugh." Yet he who can read its last hundred lines, with the struggle between love and devotion thrilling and throbbing through them, and not hear in them the true note, the unmistakable cry of human passion, uttered as only poetry can give it utterance, may rest assured that his natural sympathies and sentiments have been dwarfed and sophisticated by theory, and that from dogmatizing overmuch about what poetry ought to be he has blunted some of the sensibilities

which should tell him what poetry *is*. Or if he be himself a verse-maker instead of or as well as a critic, he has probably so enslaved himself to the subjective, that he can realize no Abelard who does not correspond with some complacent projection of his own personality, nor any Eloisa who does not reproduce some passionately yearning, but desperately bloodless young woman of his own dreams.

Moreover, though it would be dangerous indeed to press an identity of names too far, it should not be forgotten that the classic manner is essentially a manner of reserve, and that in so far as Pope succeeded in approaching those antique models which he so greatly admired, emotion as adequately expresses itself through the severe correctness of his verse as it does through the statuesque calm of a Sophocles, or the stately movement of a Virgil among the shades. Instances in plenty will suggest themselves; but it may suffice to take that famous epitaph alone, "the most valuable," as Johnson called it, of all Pope's epitaphs, and almost the only one, I may add, which has escaped his usually too captious censures—the inscription on the tomb of Mrs. Corbet. The often-quoted couplets with which it closes appear to me to furnish one of the most admirable examples of that pathos, the more eloquent for repression, which results from the classically perfect utterance not, primarily, of any emotion whatever, but simply of a thought.

So unaffected, so composed a mind,  
So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refined.  
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;  
The Saint sustained it, but the Woman died.

So far is this from being formally emotional that it is actually, in form, an epigram. Every word in it, taken singly, is as cold and colorless as the marble on which it is graven. Yet by sheer force of style, so to speak, by pure virtue of literary completeness, the thought conveyed in it comes charged with a fuller measure of emotional significance than would serve to freight a whole score of impassioned elegiacs. I should, indeed, have little hesitation in proposing this epitaph as the test of a reader's capacity for appreciating the power of any other poetry than that which wears its heart habitually on its sleeve. Nor do I think that, save in an age which has too unreservedly surrendered itself to the worship of poetry of the heart-on-the-sleeve order, could the true poetic value of such a passage fail of recognition.

I do not say, for I do not think, that Pope is always or everywhere as successful in adapting the chosen form of his poetry to the expression of the stronger human feelings; but I do with confidence maintain that the too common complaint of its uniform inadequacy for this purpose is due, in a great measure, to our effeminate desire in these days that every poet should "unpack his heart with words." And, what is more, I vehemently suspect that in spite of the lip service which we still render to the models of classical antiquity, a goodly proportion of those among us who nowadays find Pope unvaryingly "cold" would confess, if they are candid, that they are equally chilled by the unimpassioned manner of those ancient poets whom they profess to admire. Do they, I would ask, feel quite satisfied with the ten lines of Catullus's stern lament over the tomb of his brother? Might not Virgil have told us more about the *infantum animæ fletus in limine primo* than the two following lines contain? Could not the piteous yearnings of those who *stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum, Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore*, have been described with advantage in greater detail? And does not the bald, brief intimation that the hound Argus died, "having seen his master in the twentieth year," appear to them a somewhat jejune and unsatisfying statement of the case? Or, to take the greatest of modern studies from the classical antique, are they sure that Meleager's dying farewell to his mother in "Atalanta in Calydon," does not strike them, for all its grave and noble tenderness, as a trifle "cold"? I would not of course be understood to suggest that the manner of Catullus, or Virgil, or Homer, or of Mr. Swinburne in the passage referred to, resembles the manner of Pope in any other respect than that of dealing in an unemotional fashion with situations of a profoundly emotional kind. But to say that they all resemble each other in this respect alone is equivalent to saying that they all alike leave something to the imagination of the reader, and that therefore the coldness which he may think he finds in any one of them may belong not to the poet's method but to the reader's imagination. If Pope is not as "passionate" or "intense" as the modern poetic taste would like him to be, it should be remembered that there is no such thing as an "intense" substantive or a "passionate" adjective in the whole Greek and Latin vocabularies; and that those who feel the undercurrent of pas-

sion and intensity in the Greek and Latin poetry can only feel it in virtue of precisely that imaginative sympathy and literary sensibility which they seem unable or unwilling to bring to the study of Pope. It now only remains to consider that portion, by far the most considerable, of the poet's work to which Mr. Courtney refers in the following passage:—

To say that one species of poetry is more *poetic* than another is like saying that one species of horse, the race-horse, is more equine than the carriage-horse or the hunter. It may be fairly said that a great epic or dramatic poem, as being more imaginative, more pathetic, more sublime, is therefore much more admirable as a work of poetry than a fine satire; but to deny (as Warton in effect does) to good moral or satiric verse the title of poetry is to maintain a paradox in the face of common sense and general language. Juvenal and Boileau have written nothing considerable except satiric or ethical verse; instinct and usage nevertheless allow them the name of poets in their own class, though not for one moment ranking such poets in the same class with Homer, Virgil, and Milton.

Such is the plea, stated with refreshing plainness and decision, which Mr. Courtney urges for the admittance of Pope to the company of poets on the strength of the work which he has done, imperishable so long as the language endures, in the "Essay on Man," the "Essay on Criticism," and the "Moral Essays." There is, however, no denying, I fear, that modern ideas are very much in accord with Warton, and that many people professing to speak with authority on the subject would withhold the title of poetry from all "moral and satiric" verse whatsoever. Probably they would defend themselves by contending that it is impossible even for the best verse in this form to display those peculiar qualities of "inspiration," of "magic," and so forth, which distinguish the "sacred thing" in its other forms from even the most masterly counterfeits. In a certain sense this is true, but whether it contains enough truth for the purpose of their argument depends mainly on the relative values to be attached respectively to conception and expression as formative elements in poetry. And it must be pointed out that the argument, as employed in this connection, starts from the assumption that *technique* itself can have no inspiration or magic of its own, and that the workmanship of Pope, say in the second of the "Moral Essays," differs only in degree and not in kind of excellence from that of Garth's

"Dispensary;" an assumption only possible to those whose feeling for style, whatever their case may be as regards any other part of the critic's equipment, is exceedingly imperfect. Those in whom this feeling is at all adequately developed will, I am confident, agree in recognizing that the art of Pope, when his moral and satiric verse is at its best, is just as different from and just as unapproachable by the work of any other artist in the same order as, for instance, the enchanted music of the opening lines of "Lycidas" is different from and unapproachable by the more or less melodious wailings of other elegists before or since.

Any one who is disposed to underestimate Pope's extraordinary, his unprecedented and never-repeated pre-eminence in pure artistic mastery over all other writers of poetry or, if we please, of "verse," should consider what sort of subject matter it is to which this consummate workmanship has imparted such immortal literary life. The "Moral Essays" and the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" are almost the only pieces, perhaps, which we could conceive our reading with any pleasure for the sake of the ideas conveyed in them, if treated by an inferior hand. But the reputation—nay, even the vitality of these works is not so great as belongs to the "Dunciad" and the "Essay on Man." And what, in the name of fitness, are these? The one an entomologist's case of mouldy moths, and the other a writing-master's collection of edifying moralities. Who but Pope could have enabled any reader of the "Dunciad" to watch with patience, at this distance of time, the descent of such a storm of insults, insolences, and scurrilities on such a crowd of obscure and forgotten heads? As for the "Essay on Man," even Mr. Courthope, who does ample justice to its extraordinary artistic merits, admits to the full the poverty of its matter; and Johnson, who was too often an unfair and captious critic of Pope, did no injustice to its philosophic pretensions in the trenchant criticism in which he disposes of them. It is true of the poet here, that "having exalted himself into the chair of wisdom, he tells us much that every man knows, and much that he does not know himself; as, for instance, that we see but little, and that the order of the universe is beyond our comprehension; an opinion not very uncommon; and that there is a chain of subordinate beings from infinite to nothing, of which himself and his readers are ignorant." Nor is it possible to impeach

the substantial accuracy of the following admirably put *resumé* of the work.

Never were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse. When these wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the Essay is divested of its ornaments, is left to the power of its naked excellence, what shall we discover? That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. . . . To these profound principles of natural knowledge are added some moral instructions equally new; that self-interest, well understood, will produce social concord; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits; that evil is sometimes balanced by good; that human advantages are unstable and fallacious, of uncertain duration and doubtful effect; that our true honor is not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own, and that happiness is always in our power.

Yet Johnson's remark that "surely a man of no very comprehensive search may venture to say that he has heard all this before," is not more just than the qualifying observation that "it was never till now recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody."

And not only the poet's own countrymen, but all civilized humanity, as Mr. Courthope points out, has agreed to regard this glittering rosary of commonplaces as an offering dedicated to the whole world of letters. Seven times has it been translated into French verse; once into French prose, and four times into German; the last time as recently as 1874. Five Italian translations of it are in existence, two Portuguese, and one Polish. It was imitated by Voltaire and Wieland, and Kant was in the frequent habit of quoting from it in his lectures. Stronger testimony to Pope's unequalled power of expression there could not be; nor is it credible that such power could have been exerted with results so triumphant upon any subject in which the writer's emotions were not in some measure engaged. It is easy enough to cite evidence — such, for instance, as the famous insertion of the negative in the line which, as it originally stood, declared the world to be a planless maze — in support of the theory that the sentiment of natural religion in the poem is only rhetorically felt; but these arguments, after all, do but go to show that Pope's attitude towards his creed was not

— what his nature forbade it to be — the attitude of an impassioned devotee. They fail to show that he did not feel it with all the intensity of which that nature was capable; nor does it seem to me possible to conceive otherwise of the production of the poem. Let us grant that Bolingbroke's "ready-made system of philosophy" was not one pre-eminently calculated to arouse enthusiasm even in a mind predisposed to such an affection, and that Pope's religious sensibilities were not such as to be readily raised to any high temperature even by a far more enkindling subject. Still there is every reason to suppose that all the sparks which such a steel could strike from such a flint were in fact generated, and that it was under a genuine inspiration, so far as it went, that Pope called upon "his St. John" to "awake and leave all meaner things," and himself took up his pen to formulate his queer doctrine of fatalistic Deism, in a confession which for lucidity of statement, brilliancy of wit, and splendidly unflagging animation of movement stands alone in the history alike of creeds and letters.

But one ought not nowadays to need to say so much in defence of a poem whose workmanship so far surpasses its subject. For if the frigid respect, which is all that Pope can be said to receive from the taste of the present day, be explicable enough when we consider the subject matter of much of his poetry, it is far less easy to explain how it is that he commands no warmer sentiment in respect of his manner. No competent critic has ever disputed, none such critic now disputes, his achievement of a nearly absolute perfection of form. And seeing that we live in times when, to put it broadly, poetic workmanship is regarded by multitudes of people as everything, and design and material as nothing, or almost nothing, we should certainly have expected that Pope, considered merely as a literary artist, would be studied with reverential enthusiasm. In an age so much of whose poetry hardly professes to be any more than the "exquisite carving of cherrystones," it might have been thought that the transcendent and glorified piece of cherrystone carving "The Rape of the Lock" would have been recommended by every latter-day poet to his fellows with a *Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ*. It will hardly do to connect the neglect of it with the mere disuse of the heroic metre — for Pope's artistic perfection is not alone, or perhaps even chiefly, metrical. His lines, indeed, have been objected to, even from



the metrist's point of view, as pushing smoothness to monotony; the complaint of the "perpetual see-saw" of his couplet is not an unfounded one. Assuredly, it might be possible for some of our modern masters of poetic "vocalization" occasionally to vary Pope's cadences to the relief of the reader's ear. The impossibility would be to relieve the ear by this means without displeasing the mind. The impossibility would be to modify the cæsura of the line, or to diversify the pauses of the couplet, without marring the matchless accommodation of word to thought. This is an excellence of Pope's poetry which has nothing to do with his metre, and which it is possible to strive after, though it may be hopeless to attain it, in any metre whatsoever. How comes it, then, one wonders, that a poetic literature, characterized like ours by an almost painful straining after perfection of poetic expression, should be almost disdainfully indifferent to so supreme a model? The explanation, one must suppose, is to be found in the phenomenon which has been dwelt upon at some length in the foregoing remarks. It is in the perfect and final presentment, not of *impressions*, not of *emotions*, but of *thoughts* that Pope's consummate artistry is principally displayed. His verse may fail to reproduce the perceptions of the senses with the force and truth which many lesser artists of our own day can command; it may often — nay, it does very often — give but inadequate utterance to the experiences of the soul; but over the operations of the mind it is the complete and unerring master. It may present the impression dimly, the emotion coldly, but the thought never fails to emerge from it a flawless jewel. And that I suggest as the reason why a poetry which is given over like ours of to-day to the impression and the emotion, and sets so little store by the thought — which is satisfied with making people see with its own half-sensuous, half-melancholy eyes, and sympathize, if so it may be, with its vague and dreamy moods — can find neither inspiration in the masterly artistic method of Pope nor pattern in his unsurpassable art.

H. D. TRAILL.

From Temple Bar.  
THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

JACQUELINE DE LAGUETTE.

At Mandres, not far from Paris, stood, in the year 1612, a little house like a toy

castle, with turrets and a moat. Its owner was a retired officer named Meurdrac, a soldier who had fought in more than twenty battles under Henri Quatre, but who had become lame with rheumatism and compelled to leave the army. He was now a man of forty-five, with a red beard, a huge moustache, a face tanned to parchment, and keen, sparkling eyes. He wore, summer and winter, a buff coat, top-boots, and a rapier. His character was quick and fiery. His cane was the terror of his groom and lacquey; and he would rather have laid his head upon the block than have changed the least of his opinions.

Monsieur Meurdrac had built himself a house at Mandres in order to be near the castle of the Duke of Angoulême, his oldest friend. When his house was finished, he looked about him for a wife. He chanced to meet at Paris a bewitching demoiselle of twenty-five, good, lovely, and sweet-tempered. They married; and in the month of February, 1613, a little girl was born, whom they called Jacqueline.

This child's life was destined to be distinguished from the common lot by three particular events — a love-story, an adventure, and a tragic death. And these three scenes are the romance of history which we now intend to tell.

The girl combined her mother's beauty with her father's fiery spirit. As she grew up, Jacqueline, like other maidens, stitched and spun, worked pictures on her tambour-frame, and woke the strings of her guitar; but her heart's delight was to fire off her father's musket, to practice with her fencing-master, to swim across the river Yères, or to mount her palfrey and scour the country like the wind. At eighteen she had grown into a girl of dazzling beauty — the Dulcinea of rival cavaliers for ten miles round. On Sundays, when she went to mass, the little churchyard glittered like a palace court, with the horses and white plumes of her adorers. But Jacqueline was a Diana. Her eyes were never lifted from her missal to shoot back a speaking glance. Admirers came in crowds to seek her hand of Monsieur Meurdrac; but Jacqueline declared that she would never marry, and the suitors were sent sighing away. At length she became known throughout the province as the Maid of Mandres — the fair one who had vowed to live and die a vestal. But here the gossips were in error. These candidates were merely what the Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Arragon were to Lady Portia. Bassanio had not yet appeared.

But it so happened that one day the Meurdracs visited the Duke of Angoulême at the castle of Gros-Bois. Among the company was an officer whom Jacqueline had never before seen. His name was Marius de Laguette, a cavalier of eight-and-twenty, tall and handsome, who had just returned with glory from fighting in Lorraine. He looked at Jacqueline as Romeo looked at Juliet in the ball-room at Verona. For the first time in her life she blushed and trembled. They did not speak a word together; but when she left the castle the Maid of Mandres was no longer fancy free.

Some days later she was sitting at her window, when she saw her father returning from the chase of a wild boar. To her surprise and joy, Laguette was with him; the pair had made acquaintance at the hunting-party, and old Meurdrac had invited his companion home. The young man stayed two hours, gazing at Jacqueline with glistening eyes and talking to her father. For three or four days after, he came every morning; and at last, as they were walking in the garden, he found a chance to speak to Jacqueline alone.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am a plain man, and cannot beat about the bush. I am here to tell you that I love you. I have often vowed that I would never marry; but the moment I beheld you I felt the folly of my vows."

"I also," replied Jacqueline, "have made such vows;" and in a lower tone she added, "and I also have repented."

There was no need for a word more; what followed was a love-scene, brief and sweet. It was hastily arranged, before they parted, that Laguette should speak to Monsieur Meurdrac the next day.

But their course of true love was not destined to run smooth. The next day came; Jacqueline sat watching at her window; but no Laguette appeared. Hours passed, and she was trembling with a thousand vague misgivings, when a farmer's boy brought her a billet from her lover. She tore it open; it told her in despair that he was ordered to rejoin his regiment, and had the sorrow of departing without bidding her farewell.

Jacqueline at first burst into tears; but her lover was a soldier, and his honor was her own. To kill time till his return she fenced and swam, she shot the deer in the duc's park, she galloped her courser over fence and field. Three months went slowly by; the campaign ended gloriously; Laguette flew home; and Jacqueline, with

inexpressible delight, beheld her hero at her feet once more.

In the mean time, she had told her mother all. Madame Meurdrac gave the pair her warm approval; but her husband's humor was by no means certain. It was determined by the three in council that Laguette should speak to him without delay.

Both ladies urged upon the suitor the need of deference and soft speech in dealing with the choleric old man. Laguette promised to obey; but in truth, though gallant and frank-hearted, he was himself as fiery-tempered as a weasel. Hotspur would not have made a worse ambassador. And in this lay their chief peril.

Monsieur Meurdrac was in his study, engaged in casting up some figures with his agent, when Laguette knocked and entered, and, signing to the old man not to interrupt himself, took his seat in a corner till the business should be over. His visit was unfortunately timed. Monsieur Meurdrac hated to be disturbed at business. He continued his employment; but his attention was distracted, and his figures soon began to go astray. At length he flung his pen into the agent's face, bade him return later, and, turning with ill-concealed impatience to Laguette, desired to know how he could serve him.

"Monsieur Meurdrac," said the young man; "I have come to ask for your advice. I wish to marry—if my income justifies my doing so." And he thereupon explained his prospects, which were good, but not magnificent.

"Well," said the old man, "you should explain all this to the young lady's father."

"Monsieur," replied the suitor, "you are he."

The delicacy with which this news was broken did not gain its object. The old man answered, with forced courtesy, that his family were greatly honored, but that Laguette was there a week too late; he had promised his daughter to another suitor, and would not break his word. Laguette argued; but in vain. The tempers of both disputants began to rise.

"No doubt," said Laguette bitterly, "my rival is a richer man than I am."

"You are insulting, sir," said Meurdrac. "But let this suffice you—you shall never have my daughter."

"If another has her," said the young man hotly, "I will run my rapier through him."

"Leave the house, sir!" roared the other; and he thundered down his fist upon the table.

Then all was uproar; the swords of both flew out like lightning; Jacqueline and Madame Meurdrac rushed in screaming. While the old lady seized her husband round the neck, Jacqueline hustled her lover from the room. Laguette, with her reproaches ringing in his ears, rode off, cursing his own folly; old Meurdrac was left raging like a madman; and the hopes of the two lovers seemed destroyed forever.

Some days passed, and affairs were still in this position when Laguette was once more summoned to his flag. This time the lovers made a scheme to correspond — a friend of Jacqueline engaging to receive their letters. All further steps toward their marriage had to be suspended till Laguette's return.

But in the mean time her father had no thought of resting idle. Laguette had not been gone a week when a letter came for Monsieur Meurdrac from his friend the abbess of the Convent of Brie-Comte-Robert. He sent word aloud that he would call, together with his daughter, the next day. Jacqueline heard this message with a beating heart. A convent! Did they mean to force her to become a nun? She plagued her father with inquiries; but he would tell her nothing. Early the next morning a carriage took them to the convent. The abbess welcomed them in her apartment, in which dinner was laid out for several guests. Among the company were three or four young cavaliers, one of whom her father greeted with surprising heartiness. A sudden light broke in on Jacqueline. She had been brought to take a husband, not the veil!

At table the young man sat beside her, and pressed her with polite attentions. After dinner, as the guests were strolling in the convent garden, Monsieur Meurdrac whispered that his name was Voisenon, that he was rich, and that he loved her. Among the roses and the hollyhocks the cavalier renewed his gallantries; but at night, as they were waiting for the carriage, she seized a moment, while her father was intent upon the horses, to inform him of the truth. She was, she told him, already plighted to another. He might trouble her by his attentions, but he could never win her hand; and she appealed to his forbearance. Voisenon replied, with great good sense, that he was not the man to urge a girl against her will, however greatly he admired her. Jacqueline responded gratefully; and the two parted on the best of terms, as friends, but nothing more.

Laguette was at that moment at the siege of Lamotte. Jacqueline, in her next letter, told him what had happened. She added that she ran no danger. But lovers' fears are keen; Laguette, in much disturbance, hurried to the marshal's tent, gained leave of absence for a month, and hastened home. He dared not visit Jacqueline by daylight; but when night came — a night in which the moonrise "tipped with silver all the fruit-tree tops" — he climbed into her garden by a ladder. Jacqueline stole out to meet him; and Laguette, with all a lover's eloquence, urged her to marry him at once in secret. At last she yielded, but on one condition — she would not leave her father's house until Laguette and he were reconciled.

Next day Laguette took counsel with the Duke of Angoulême, with whom Jacqueline had always been a favorite. The old duke was ready, then as ever, to spoil his little pet. He gave Laguette a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, who granted him a license to be married without the consent of the bride's father. Armed with this document, and with a purse of gold, he gained the vicar of the village. The good man mumbled out the banns at a low mass, before some half-a-dozen deaf old wives. The nine days of rigor passed. It was arranged that the marriage should take place, before six witnesses, at two hours after midnight.

The secret was well kept; but something in his daughter's manner touched old Meurdrac with suspicion. At night he set a watch upon her chamber door, and turned his hounds into the garden. But love laughs at locksmiths, and at cruel fathers. The sentry slumbered; Jacqueline, attended by her maid, escaped through a low window; the hounds, who knew her, made no sound; and she gained the village church in safety. The priest, the bridegroom, and the six witnesses were already waiting. And there, at dead of night, by the red glare of torches, the two adventurous lovers took their bridal vows.

At the church door they parted. Laguette rode back to his château at Suilly, six miles off; Jacqueline, together with her maid, stole home and crept in at the window. And thus it came to pass that Monsieur Meurdrac woke up next day provided with a son-in-law, without having the least idea that he was so well off.

A fortnight passed, and Monsieur Meurdrac showed no sign of cooling. The very name of the offender was the signal for a burst of rage. Laguette began to

wax impatient. It was only by plotting like a couple of conspirators that he could ever see his wife. He desired to take her home; and Jacqueline at last consented that the Duke of Angoulême should be asked to break the tidings to her father, and to endeavor to appease his anger.

The duke agreed. A messenger was despatched to invite the old man to step up to the castle. He came, suspecting nothing. Laguette was posted in an antechamber of the duke's apartment, where he could overhear what passed. The duke began by asking Monsieur Meurdrac for what reason he objected to Laguette.

"For no reason," replied the choleric old gentleman, "except that I detest him."

"Come," said the duke, "be reasonable. He is your son-in-law; your daughter is married."

The old man reeled back as if he had been shot. Then he burst into such a storm of fury that Laguette, fearing that Jacqueline herself would not be safe, rushed out of the castle, took a couple of horses from the stables, rode at full gallop to her father's house, bade her leap into the saddle, and carried her out of danger to his own château.

Scarcely were they out of sight, when the indignant father came galloping to the door, inquiring for his daughter. A trembling lacquey stammered out that she had ridden away with Monsieur de Laguette. The old man knocked him down upon the spot. Then, locking himself up in his own chamber, he gave way to an access of fierce resentment which for a long time nothing could appease.

But time is a great reconciler. Some months passed; and still, to Jacqueline's extreme distress, her father steadfastly refused to see her. Madame Meurdrac and the duke assailed him with entreaties — with reproaches; but in vain. But, although the obstinate old man held out firmly in appearance, in spirit he began to waver; and at last he wanted nothing but a fair pretext for yielding with good grace. In this position of affairs the Duchess of Angoulême fell ill. She sent for Monsieur Meurdrac, and besought him, as a last request, to see his daughter and forgive her. He replied that there was nothing which he could refuse her Grace. Jacqueline was in the next apartment. She burst into the room, and in a moment more was sobbing in his arms.

Laguette then entered, with the duke. The two disputants shook hands; but the interview passed off so stiffly that they

were evidently far from being reconciled. It was left for a freak of fortune, as laughable as a scene of Molière, to render them fast friends when every other means had failed.

As Laguette, after the interview, was passing through the castle court, he observed a group of gentlemen belonging to the duke, who seemed to be exceedingly amused. He demanded what diverted them so highly. "Your reconciliation," answered one of them, who had been present; "to see you and Monsieur Meurdrac shaking hands! you were like the couple in the comedy: 'we were reconciled, we fell into each other's arms — and from that time forth we have been deadly foes!'" And they laughed more boisterously than ever.

Their laughter stung Laguette to frenzy. "What!" he cried, "am I and Monsieur Meurdrac hypocrites? Are we to be insulted by a pack of jack-a-dandies? I will teach you better manners. I tell you that I honor Monsieur Meurdrac; I respect him — I esteem him." And in an instant he was rushing, sword in hand, against the whole fifteen.

Monsieur Meurdrac and the duke came running to the spot — and the old man heard, to his infinite amazement, his son-in-law proclaiming at the sword's point that he honored and esteemed him. He whipped out his rapier in an instant, and darted to his side.

The duke was forced to throw himself between the combatants. His authority at length appeased the tumult; the cavaliers apologized; but the insulted pair walked off together arm in arm, breathing forth execrations against the coxcombs who had dared to turn them into ridicule. At Mandres they agreed to dine together; and, by dint of storming in company at the tom-fools who had compared them to a pair of actors in a comedy, they ended by drinking to their eternal friendship in a bumper of tokay.

Such was the wooing and wedding of Jacqueline Meurdrac. Two centuries and a half have passed away; Jacqueline and all her little world have long been dust; but here are the joys and sorrows of her love-story still vividly surviving. "The unfathomable sea whose waves are years" has swallowed in its depths much mightier things; and this glimpse into the darkness of the past would never, in all probability, have been open to us, but for the adventure which was to make the name of Jacqueline familiar far beyond the village of her birth.

And this brings us to the second of our scenes.

Over the happy but uneventful days which succeeded to the marriage of the lovers we pass to the year 1648 — the year of the rebellion of the Fronde. All the great names of France took sides in the contending ranks of royalists and rebels. Laguette threw in his portion with the latter, and rode away to battle under the banners of Prince Condé.

Jacqueline was left alone in the château at Suilly. The vivacity of her spirit loved excitement; and excitement, even in the village, was not wanting. Sometimes she was awakened at the dead of night by the noise of drums and trumpets, or by the church bells pealing an alarm. Sometimes she was compelled to arm her servants, to turn her house into a fortress against a party of besiegers, or to dash upon a band of foragers who were busy with their sacks and sickles in her cornfield. But, in spite of these diversions, she found the separation from her husband more than she could bear. One day she took into her head a wild resolve. She determined to ride off in search of him, and to tell him simply, when they met, that she had come to share all perils at his side!

She immediately made ready for the venture. Without adopting, like the Maid of Arc, a helmet and a coat-of-mail, she presented none the less a gallant figure. She kept her woman's dress; but she wore, besides, long boots and gauntlets, a belt, sword, and pistols, a grass-green scarf, and a hat with three green plumes. Thus arrayed, and mounted on a fiery horse, with two armed servants riding at her heels, she cantered out of Suilly on the road to Paris.

Although she was about to join her husband in the army of the rebels, Jacqueline, like most women, was a royalist at heart. She burned to exert her influence — the influence of love, eloquence, and beauty — to convert her husband to the royal cause. Nay, more. She and Prince Condé were already friends. Some time before, the prince, while on the march through Mandres, had stopped for a few minutes at her husband's house, and had, on his departure, laughingly invited Jacqueline to become his aide-de-camp. What if she could win the prince himself?

But as yet her husband and the prince were far away. And before she could be with them many things were to befall.

As she now rode forward on the road to Brie, there appeared before her the advanced guard of a band of rebels. The

Duke of Lorraine was at their head. The men were loosening their swords and looking to their firelocks; for the scouts had brought intelligence of a troop of royalists who were endeavoring to retreat across the river near at hand, and the duke, having twice their strength of numbers, made sure of cutting them to pieces. From the summit of a limekiln Jacqueline could plainly see the standards of the king. A sudden impulse set her blood on fire. She resolved to save the royal army by a stroke of woman's wit.

She rode up to a captain of the rebel force.

"Monsieur," she said, "I come from Gros-Bois, and can give you tidings of importance. A band of royalists is lurking in the forest; this force is only a decoy. Beware how you advance too quickly, or you will run your head into a trap."

The captain bade her follow him at once into the presence of the duke. Lorraine listened, and was much disturbed. The order of attack was countermanded, and scouts were instantly sent out to scour the forests. While these were prying into brakes and dingles, the royal army gained the time they needed, crossed the river, and were saved.

Jacqueline attempted to ride forward; but she soon found out that she was watched. With a bold appearance, though with a fluttering heart, she pushed her horse towards a bridge which crossed the river. An officer commanded her to halt. "Advance no further, madam," he said, "or I must bid my soldiers fire upon you." "Fire, then," said Jacqueline. "Heaven will defend me. I have served my country and my king." At the same instant she drove the spurs into her horse, and dashed across the bridge. A storm of bullets whistled round her; but by a miracle of fortune she escaped scot free.

An hour afterwards she galloped into Paris.

She learned that Prince Condé and her husband were at that moment in Guienne. She prepared to follow them; but she had friends at Paris whom she wished to visit; and before she started all the town was talking of the trick by which the band of rebels had been cheated of their prey. Soon her part in the affair leaked out; she was recognized as she was walking in the street, was carried off to the Palais Royal by some gentlemen belonging to the court, and ushered into the presence-chamber of the queen. Anne of Austria received her with the most signal marks of

favor, not only thanked her publicly for her service to the royal cause, but invited her to spend a week at court. Jacqueline, as was to be expected from a loyal subject, accepted with delight, and was welcomed into all the pleasures of the court. She feasted in the palace gardens under the shadow of the lime-trees, she angled for gold-carp in the queen's fish-ponds, she danced from dusk to daylight beneath the lamps of the arcade. But all her experiences were not so pleasant; and once a little scene occurred which is of curious interest both as an illustration of her character and as a picture of the times.

One evening, in the queen's saloon, an officer of her acquaintance, one of those idle busybodies who are never so delighted as when making mischief, drew her attention to a certain pretty woman lying in a chair, by the side of which a cavalier was standing. "That is the coquette," observed the gossip, "who used to make us die of laughing by her designs upon your husband, when he was at Paris."

The effect of this piece of tittle-tattle must have surprised the speaker. Jacqueline was more a country girl than a court lady. Of all the heroines of France, the one she most admired, and, indeed, the one she most resembled, was Barbe St. Belmont — a modest, pious, but high-spirited girl, who, having been insulted by a captain of the guard, put on a man's dress, challenged her insulter, fought a duel with him, and made him yield his sword. Jacqueline walked up to the lady and her cavalier.

"You flourish your fan charmingly," she said, with eyes of fire. "Can you handle a sword also?"

"No, indeed," replied the other, laughing. "I am no Amazon as you are; I confess I am afraid of swords."

"Then beware," said Jacqueline, "how you venture on my lands. But you have here a cavalier to represent you; I challenge him to draw his rapier with me."

"Not I," replied the young man, laughing. "I would not hurt so beautiful a woman for the world!"

This condescending gallantry poured oil upon the fire. By this time several persons had collected round them. The queen demanded what was going forward. Jacqueline poured forth the story of her wrongs, and desired permission to appeal to arms. The queen, who could with difficulty keep from laughing, peremptorily forbade it; but the opponents might, she said, decide the matter, in a friendly fashion, with a pair of buttoned foils. They

both agreed; the foils were brought, the eager company stood round, and the cavalier stepped forward, smiling with disdainful confidence. But his discomfiture was great; for at the first encounter, Jacqueline, amidst a tempest of applause, broke through his guard with such a thrust as would, with pointed foils, assuredly have run him through the body and left him dead upon the field.

Before she left the palace, Jacqueline became aware that she had no cause for jealousy; and she and her fair rival parted on the best of terms.

The week went by; and Jacqueline, attended by a guide, rode out of Paris on the road to Guienne. And then began a journey of adventures. The country, troubled by the civil war, was in no pleasant state for travellers; and so Jacqueline was soon to find. On one occasion she was seized by a party of royalists, who took her for Count Marsin escaping in disguise; at another, while riding on a lonely road, eight brigands started from a coppice, and bade her stand and deliver. These rascals went off with her horse, her valise, and every piece of money she possessed. Her guide had fled in terror; and thence she was obliged to make her way alone — as poor a pilgrim as a begging friar. But nothing could subdue her resolution. Sometimes she was able to obtain a ride for a few miles in a charcoal-burner's cart, or on a gipsy's donkey; but for the most part she was forced to trudge on foot. Sometimes she begged a bed at night at the cottage of some friendly rustic; but often she was glad to lie down, after a supper of black bread, to sleep in a granary among the straw.

At last, one morning, after all her misadventures, she had reached the margin of a river, and was about to cross the water by a ferry, when suddenly the sound of trumpets and the roll of drums struck on her ear. A troop of cavaliers appeared, approaching at a gallop; and first among them was Prince Condé!

"What, Madame de Laguette!" he cried, in wonder and delight. "Are you looking for your husband? — he is behind us — or have you come, as I desired, to be my aide-de-camp?"

"Both, prince," said Jacqueline, "if you will provide me with a horse."

A horse was brought, Jacqueline mounted, and the band rode forward. A quarter of a league before them a party of the enemy were lying in a gorge among the hills. A sharp skirmish followed, in which the royalists were put to flight. A

bullet cut off one of Jacqueline's green plumes; and in return, although she could not bring herself to shoot a royalist, she shot the horse of their commander with her pistol. Before the rider could shake off his stirrups, she rode up and bade him yield.

"Yield," said Condé, riding up. "And yield your heart together with your sword, for your victor is a woman."

The affair was over; the prince's officers came crowding round her with congratulations; and the prince himself declared that he would knight her. But amidst this storm of compliment she heard, in a familiar voice, an exclamation of surprise. She turned, and saw her husband, who had just ridden to the spot.

Laguette's astonishment may be imagined; but he was a man to feel a proud delight in the possession of a wife of so much spirit. The day passed off in feasting and rejoicing for the victory; and it is safe to guess that, among the toasts proposed that evening in the prince's tent, that of the health of Madame de Laguette was drunk with thunders of applause.

But half her project still remained to be achieved; it was her dream to win the prince to his allegiance. Next day, she seized a chance to touch upon the subject. To her surprise and joy, she found her eloquence work wonders. The truth was, although she did not know it, that at the time of her arrival Condé, owing to desertions from the rebel ranks, had already determined to throw up the contest, and submit to the queen's grace. But it pleased the gallant prince to give his fair acquaintance the delight of thinking that her power had won him over; and he succeeded perfectly. He made a show of holding out, but pledged himself at last to send in his submission. And Jacqueline had the pleasure of believing—a belief which lasted to her dying day—that she alone had softened the great rebel leader, and furled the flags of battle of the *Fronde*.

A few days later she set out, together with her husband, on the return to Suilly. The journey was not quite without adventures; at one place her horse slipped and threw her, and she put her shoulder out of socket; at another, she was nearly drowned by falling from a boat into a river. At last the towers of Gros-Bois came in sight; and she found herself a public character. All the village had heard with pride and wonder how she had tricked the army of Lorraine. When, some time after, the report began to

spread that it was she who had recalled Prince Condé, the admiration of her circle know no bounds. The fame of Barbe St. Belmont was eclipsed, and even Joan of Arc had found a rival.

Such was the second of the scenes—the scene of her adventures—by which the tenor of her life diverged into romance.

And now we pass again a space of many uneventful years. Children were born in the château at Suilly—two boys and then a girl. While her children were growing into men and women, the life of Jacqueline was happy, calm, and undisturbed beyond the common lot. Then suddenly there came a time of tribulations—a time in which disasters rained as heavily upon their wretched house as when the great wind of the wilderness smote the mansion of Job's sons. Almost at the same time she lost her husband by a fever, her daughter died while on a visit to a friend, and her eldest son was killed in battle by a cannon-shot. Her second son, a brave and handsome youth, alone was left to her. And through this son, on whom was settled all the strength of her affections, it was destined that she should meet with her own death.

And this brings us to the last of our three scenes.

The young man was the favored suitor of a celebrated beauty of the town of Gand. His fiery and impetuous temper—the temper of his race—made him an object of hatred and terror to a score of jealous rivals. Linked by a common enmity, they combined together to destroy him.

The young man was passionately fond of hunting, and was often to be found alone in the most solitary recesses of the forests.

One morning, while her son as usual was out hunting, Jacqueline was awakened before daybreak by a strange alarm. A peasant, panting with the speed with which he had been running, was hammering at the door of the château. The man turned out to be the keeper of the village tavern, and his story was a strange one. Late the night before, three ruffians had slouched into his hostel, and had called for liquor. Over their tankards he had heard them muttering together of a person whom they had been hired to murder in the morning at a certain corner of the forest. To his amazement, he had caught the name of the intended victim. He knew it well; it was the son of Madame de Laguette. He had dared not, for his life, detain the villains,

or awaken their suspicions; but as soon as they had left the tavern he had rushed off with the tidings. Help still might be in time; but there was not an instant to be lost.

Jacqueline, though struck with terror, did not lose her sense or spirit. She seized a sword and pistols, called her lacqueys to bring horses, and sprang into the saddle. In five minutes the whole troop, with the tavern-keeper at their head, were racing over fields and hedges towards the bandits' place of ambush.

When they reached the spot, however, to their amazement not a living thing was to be seen. Yet clearly they were not too late; the earth was nowhere trampled, the grass and bushes showed no traces of a struggle. The peasant stared about him, scratched his skull, and began to stammer that he must have blundered. But Jacqueline was seized with a new terror—the brigands might have changed their lurking-place; at that very instant, when help was close at hand, her son might be in peril of his life. She bade the party separate in haste, and scour the neighborhood in all directions; and she herself rode forward into the woods, alone.

Presently her eye was caught by hoof-prints marked upon a piece of boggy ground. Galloping at full speed along this track she came upon a group of horses fastened to a tree. Close by them, the three brigands were seated on the turf. It was apparent at a glance that she was yet in time.

Prudence was a virtue of which Jacqueline knew nothing. She instantly rode up to the assassins, and demanded what they did there. They stared at her in wonder.

"Pass on your way," said one of them, "and do not meddle with us. We have a piece of work to do this morning."

"I know it, villains," she said fiercely, "you are here for murder; but, by Heaven, I will prevent it!" And, driving the spurs into her horse, she dashed among them, firing her pistol as she went. The shot struck one of them in the right hand; her horse knocked down another, and left him rolling on the ground; but in another moment all three were upon her, sword in hand, and mad with fury. The skill with which she wheeled her horse prevented them from striking; but, before she could present another pistol, one of them threw down his weapon, and running to the tree where they had left their horses, snatched up a musketoon, and fired upon her. The piece was loaded with twelve balls. One of the shots struck her. Her arms dropped;

and she sank out of the saddle to the ground.

The villains, struck with consternation at their handiwork, and fearful of the consequences, fled into the forest. An hour later, Jacqueline was found where she had fallen—shot through the heart. She had died, of all deaths possible, the death by which she would have wished to die. She had saved her son's life with her own.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE GREEN DOOR.

THE green door stood in the middle of a high, red brick wall—red, that is, in respect of quality, not of color, for all aggressive hue had long ago been subdued by the soft clouding over of the surface by lichens, silvery, golden, and orange, bringing the whole to a dappled neutral tint. The door itself had been freshly painted, and stood out in rather startling contrast to its timeworn surroundings. Perhaps this was the reason it so often caught the attention of a solitary rider, who passed it almost daily, and caused him to exercise his imagination concerning the inhabitants whose entrance it seemed to guard with such jealous secrecy. For there was no looking over it; the wall was continued above, and finished at the top with a kind of stone scalloped shell which gave the portal an air of some pretension for so small a place, and was moreover so high, and the cottage it concealed so low that even from the elevation of the back of a tall chestnut horse little was to be observed but a steep tiled roof and twisted chimneys, fantastically draped with Virginia creeper and clematis, now starred with dark purple blossoms. Just within the wall grew five tall Lombardy poplars in a row, and the fourth was dead at the top. Amid his idle speculations, our observant rider wondered what spiteful blast had selected it from among its flourishing brethren for an untimely doom.

Barnicoats Lane must have been the proverbial long lane without a turning; after the poplars were passed it kept straight on between long, sloping turnip-fields, without a hedge to break the monotony, creeping up and up till the fields gave place to the short, springy turf of the open downs which stretched away on either hand, dotted here and there with flocks of sheep, forty feeding like one. Then came a chalkpit, and the lane grew



rutty; by-and-by it dwindled to a mere cart-track, and presently lost itself altogether among the ribs and hollows of the down.

Neither business nor pleasure brought many travellers that way; but Adam Brydon, who preferred a good horse to the orthodox doctor's gig, found a canter over the high downs the quickest as well as the pleasantest way to get from Nether Wandle, where he was living, to Up Wandle, where the infirmary required his daily attendance; and Rajah, the chestnut horse aforesaid, would have felt personally affronted if his master had required him to keep to the highroad. Dr. Brydon did not really belong to the Wandles, either Up or Nether; he had taken over the practice for a year or two, until an old friend's son should be ready to succeed to it, because, being overworked, he needed comparative rest and country air. After a year's hard study in Paris, and a still more trying year of overwhelming work as house-surgeon of a London hospital, he felt that, unless he meant to break down altogether, he must take lighter work for a time. Just then this opening presented itself, and he was glad to avail himself of it, though a country practice was by no means what he had mapped out for himself. The ailments of the Wiltshire peasants he found made very slight demands upon his brain; the fresh, free air of the downs soon blew away the effects of overwork, and he was already beginning to chafe at the monotony.

He had come to Nether Wandle for quiet, and quiet he found with a vengeance. He had always supposed himself to have a distinct preference for solitude, but it began to occur to him that such unmitigated loneliness was rather a doubtful boon; if it was already so irksome in full summer, would his horse and his books enable him to face the long isolation of the winter? For he had not taken kindly to his neighbors, nor they to him; he was certainly not a particularly social being, and the society of Nether Wandle, chiefly feminine, with an infusion of the clerical element, was not such as attracted him. He responded civilly but coldly to the advances of Mrs. Gaul and Miss Packer, and Mrs. Fagge, the vicar's wife, who was the mother of five grown-up daughters, remarked severely that he evidently did not care for ladies' society, which she considered a very bad sign in a young man. I am afraid there was some justice in the accusation. He had not been thrown much with women, at any rate, not

on intimate terms, and he was apt to rate their intellects low, and to consider their talk trivial and tiresome, especially if they affected a learned tone. Perhaps, in the exercise of his profession, he saw a little too much behind the scenes, and some of the glamor was lost; but, be that as it may, he had contrived to reach a tolerably mature age without ever having his peace materially disturbed. Many people thought him hard, and certainly he had scant mercy on fanciful, hysterical patients, but beneath his brusque manner lay a fund of genuine tenderness for suffering; and, moreover, he had, what few would have given him credit for, a quick and vivid imagination, and was by no means incapable of taking strongly sympathetic views of any one who interested him, taking a great deal more notice of trifling details than appeared on the surface. He was emphatically not a ladies' doctor, nor in any sense a ladies' man; an ugly fellow some people called him, but there was a certain air of distinction as well as power in his strong, large-framed figure and forcibly modelled nose and jaw. He wore a short, red moustache that failed to conceal the gleam of strong white teeth when his face lighted with a humorous smile.

His curiosity anent the green door found utterance one morning when his housekeeper came up for orders. The knotty points of dinner being disposed of, he began, —

"Mrs. Cremer, I suppose you know who lives in a small house by itself in a lane turning up to the downs about a mile from here?"

"No, sir, indeed I do not. You mean Barnicoats, I suppose? I see the board was down more than a month ago, so I thought some one must have took it. I wondered at it, too; such a lonesome place as 'tis."

"I noticed there was smoke coming out of the chimneys, so evidently it is inhabited; but there is no other sign of life."

"Well, you don't say so, sir! Since old Mr. Barnicoat died, I never thought to see any one there again. He was a rum one, was old Barnicoat; they say he used to hide his money in the bottom of flower-pots and suchlike, 'cos he always thought the banks would break and he should lose it. Uriah Greening, who used to be gardener there, tells many a queer tale about him. He says the old man's nephew came down after he was dead, and he was in such a way on account of not being able to find where his savings was gone to;

and, as he was cursing and stamping round, he knocked a geranium off the window, and the pot broke all to pieces, and out rolled fifty sovereigns, if you'll believe me."

Brydon laughed.

"Rather a good spec to take the house and go in for extensive digging operations in the garden; but I suppose that has been pretty thoroughly done. Perhaps the nephew has come back and settled in there."

"Oh, no, sir; he's gone back to Australia, him and his wife too, and the old man hadn't no other kin. I suppose some party have took a fancy to the place, lonesome though it is. But, law! there's the greengrocer already. You said vegetable marrer, sir?"

Next day was Sunday. "I shouldn't wonder if 'they' were in church," said Adam to himself, as he sauntered up the village street, debating whether he would follow the insistent invitation of the three sharp-toned bells to "Come to church! Come to church!"

Every head in the little church was turned at Dr. Brydon's entrance, though he came in quietly enough and took up his position near the porch. It must be owned that his appearance there was infrequent; not that he was absolutely too busy to come, nor yet that, like some members of his profession, he was afraid that an appearance at morning service might be supposed to indicate a falling-off in his practice; neither was he personally indisposed towards church-going, but in truth his taste was somewhat fastidious, and Nether Wandle church jarred upon it painfully.

Years ago it had been as sweet a little country church as you would see on a summer day's journey, nestling amongst its hillocks of placid graves, and watched over by ancient elms, in which the rooks had established an ancestral home. But the ruthless hand of the restorer had been upon it; the nameless graves had been levelled, the weather-stained tombstones laid flat in a neat row to serve as a flagged path, the turf smooth-shaven, and ornamented with stiff deodaras, and still more hideous puzzle monkeys, with clumps of pampas-grass at judicious intervals. The elms had been cut down, for they were growing old, and might endanger the spick-and-span campanile which had taken the place of the old wooden belfry. Inside the changes were no less thorough; the monuments, some florid, some downright ugly, but all char-

acteristic of a bygone day, which recorded the deaths and virtues of parishioners for centuries back, had all been removed to the base of the tower, where they were huddled together in formal but incongruous rows.

A clean sweep had been made of the old roomy, broad-seated pews and high red baize hassocks, and their places were taken by scanty, highly polished open sittings, which rendered kneeling, except in a certain prescribed attitude, a sheer impossibility. The whole place was redolent of varnish, and, since it was one of the Sundays after Trinity, the chancel was draped with a certain garish green, the effect of which to the eye was not unlike that of varnish to the nose. On the whole, Adam found it not conducive to devotion; he sat back in the corner of his pew and placidly surveyed the assembled congregation until the entrance of the procession, consisting of seven small boys and three men in hobnailed boots, besides the vicar.

So far as curiosity had brought him to church, he was doomed to well-merited disappointment. His gaze encountered only the familiar faces: Mrs. Fagge, the vicar's wife, with five Miss Fagges; Mrs. Holdaway, from the Manor Farm, with her two buxom daughters; Mrs. Gaul with her three, the schoolmaster's sister, and the female organist—a solecism which Mr. Fagge hoped soon to abolish along with the high pews and hassocks, only Nether Wandle had not yet been able to produce a substitute of the masculine gender. These, with a couple of farmers, a few village women in their plaid shawls, a sprinkling of smock frocks, and a score of fidgety schoolchildren, completed the congregation. Once, during the second lesson, Brydon heard a soft rustle at the door, and turned his head, but only to see Miss Selina Fagge expelling a refractory schoolchild.

Half amused at himself for feeling baffled in his absurd fancy, he made up his mind to try Up Wandle next Sunday. "They" would be far more likely to go to Up Wandle church; it was very little further from Barnicoats, and was all which Nether Wandle was not. Grey and weather-beaten, moss-grown and ancient, with old, worm-eaten pews and hoary monuments, speaking of the past and of the unceasing prayers of many generations. It was a lonely spot, far up among the hills. You could see the church from a great way off, standing out against the sky; the outline looking high-shouldered with its deep gables and low, squat tower,

as though it were hugging itself together against the keen winds that swept across the downs, and surrounded with dim gravestones, hardly to be distinguished from the sheep browsing on the open hills all about it.

The morning had been rainy, but it cleared towards afternoon, and Adam, finding the time hang rather heavy, went out for a good stretch over the downs, and, half unconsciously, chose his homeward way by Barnicoats Lane. So often had he passed the mute green door that it was quite with a start of astonishment that he saw it open, and a closed fly standing before it. He could not resist quickening his pace a little, but the driver was standing with his back to him, holding the carriage door open, so Adam's curiosity was only gratified by catching a glimpse of the wave of a black skirt, as a lady disappeared into the mysterious portal, followed by a trim little figure in a black jacket, fitting like wax, and one of those astonishing hats, turned up behind and adorned with a phalanx of plaid bows, which none but a Frenchwoman of the lower ranks could possibly wear. Even Adam's masculine perceptions, quickened by recollections of Paris, could make out that this must be the Abigail.

Next morning some further light was vouchsafed; Mrs. Cremer, having received her orders for the day, lingered.

"You was asking me, sir, about Barnicoats, and yesterday after church I see Uriah Greening, him as used to be gardener to old Mr. Barnicoat, which, as his aunt married my poor mother's half-brother, we was, in a manner of speaking, cousins, so he very often steps round of a Sunday after church, for he goes to church most regular, such a pious man as he is, and so was his mother before him."

Here Mrs. Cremer paused, having run herself off the rails and lost the thread of her narrative. Adam picked her up and started her afresh with,—

"Well, and who has got the cottage?"

"Well, as I was a-saying, I asked Uriah where he was at work now. 'Oh,' says he, 'I'm working up to Barnicoats again, but whether I shall bide is more than I can say, for it goes again' my conscience to have any dealings with them as is joined to idols.' 'Whatever do you mean, Uriah?' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'Mrs. Smith, the widder lady that's took the cottage, she and her maid is both rank papists and Sabbath-breakers too,' says he, 'for they've took and ordered a fly from the Elephant and Castle to drive into

Devizes and hear mass, working cattle on the Lord's day, which is outrageous, and praying to graven images.'"

Adam had some ado to preserve his gravity through this rigmarole, but he did not want to offend his well-meaning informant.

"Does she live there all alone, this Mrs. Smith?" he inquired.

"Quite alone, sir, except for the foreign maid; she has neither chick nor child. Uriah thinks they must both be foreigners; he hears them talk some strange lingo, but the lady can speak English very pretty, and a very pleasant-spoken lady she is too, so he says, but she don't see no company, and scarce ever goes beyond the gate."

About a week after this conversation, Dr. Brydon was riding home from Up Wandle, his mind so intently occupied with the details of an interesting operation, that he had actually passed the green door without looking round, when, a few yards beyond it, his eye was caught by a sudden vivid gleam from the side of the road, close under the bank. There were no rain-drops, for the day had been dry, and it was so much brighter than any ordinary sparkle of broken flint, that he looked closer, and thought he saw the yellow of gold; hastily dismounting, he stooped and picked up a round, gold locket or pendant, with a star of very fine, though small, diamonds in the middle. Puzzled, he gazed at it, and turned it over as it lay in the palm of his hand. At the back was a little valve, which was open, showing an empty space designed for hair or portrait, and on the valve was a monogram in enamel—V.N. entwined with an S. "Ah, to be sure," he said to himself, "it must belong to the young widow, Mrs. Smith." Not only was her house close by, but very few people in that neighborhood were likely to possess trinkets of that description and go dropping them about the lanes.

It was so near that he did not remount, but, slipping his arm through the reins, walked up to the green door and rang—pulled the bell, I should rather say, for there was no response but the loose rattle of a broken wire. Another pull meeting with no better result, he secured Rajah's bridle to a stout hook in the wall, apparently put there for the purpose, and tried the latch; it yielded, and pushing the door with a scroop over the stone step, he crossed the threshold and stood within. A flagged path led up to a low verandah, which ran round the cottage, and on which

French windows and glass doors opened in a puzzling confusion. A black poodle, shaved *en lion*, at the sound of the gate flew out from one of them, indignantly protesting at the intrusion. Before Dr. Brydon could distinctly make out which was the front door, that he might make legitimate application, the dog was followed by a lady, calling, "Blitz, Blitz!" in a peculiarly soft, mellow voice; then, perceiving the intruder, she moved a few steps to meet him, with a gaze of dignified inquiry.

His observant eyes noted every detail of her appearance, as she stood a little above him on the step of the verandah. After all, she is neither young nor pretty, flashed across his mind with a comical sense of disappointment. She looked fully five-and-thirty, yet had the air, the indefinable charm which some women seem to gain rather than lose as they leave youth behind them. She was rather tall, with a full though graceful figure, of a pale complexion, the ivory tints of which in an Englishwoman would have denoted ill-health; the lower part of her face was rather heavily moulded, the eyes were long-shaped, of a pale, clear grey, with drooping lids and very dark lashes. She wore a black dress of some thin, soft material, cut rather low about the throat, which gave her an un-English appearance, and the loose sleeve displayed the contours of a magnificent arm and wrist.

He raised his hat.

"Pray excuse me," he said, "but finding that the gate bell was broken I took the liberty of making my entrance. I picked up a trinket in the lane only a few yards from your house, and I thought that probably —"

At his first word her hand had gone to her throat.

"My locket!" she cried. "Oh, I had not missed it. How could it have slipped off? And you have found it? How can I thank you?"

He held it out to her, but as she took it a sudden flush rose to her cheek, her eyes dilated with dismay.

"How did it come open?" she cried. "What have you done with the little paper inside?"

He drew back a little and looked slightly offended.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I have restored it to you exactly as I found it. I am sorry if the contents are missing. I did not open it."

The flush ebbed away as quickly as it had come, leaving her so pale that Brydon

thought she was going to faint, and made a step to her side, but she recovered herself in a moment.

"Forgive me," she said, with a quick compunction; "I was so startled by the loss of what is of far more importance than the locket itself. Pray tell me exactly where you found it, that I may go at once and search; it must surely have fallen out close by."

He at once offered to guide her to the spot, and almost in silence, for the lady seemed too distracted by her loss for conversation, they hastened to the elder bush in the hedgerow near which the locket had lain.

Patiently they grovelled and groped till Brydon was near giving up the search in despair, and the lady plaintively begged him to leave her and not to trouble himself any longer, but declared her own unalterable determination to go on hunting till nightfall if needs be. At length his eye, which began to feel stupid with staring into every nook and cranny, perceived a small white object nestling against the prickly leaves of a thistle, which, upon investigation, proved to be not a lump of chalk this time, but a piece of white paper, closely folded into a compass small enough to lie within the locket. Whether it contained a lock of hair, or any other minute relic, it was impossible to tell by the feeling, but his companion's cry of joy when he doubtfully held it up to her, soon assured him that it was indeed the missing treasure.

With a light and buoyant step and an entirely changed mien she retraced her way to her garden gate, and, as Dr. Brydon was proceeding to release his horse, she pressed him to re-enter the green door with a charming and irresistible cordiality. "Otherwise," she added, "I shall think you are offended by my discourtesy when I first discovered my real loss. I have expressed neither apology nor thanks properly yet in my pre-occupation."

Nothing loth, he followed her within the hitherto fast-closed portal. In their absence a small tea-table, with some odd, foreign-looking equipment, had been placed in the verandah beside a low lounging-chair.

"Now," she said, "you must let me give you a cup of tea, unless you prefer a glass of wine. No! then shall I ring for milk and sugar, or will you have it as we do with lemon-juice?"

"In Russian fashion by all means. You are then from Russia?" he asked, his curiosity more than ever aroused, for he

had been hesitating to what nationality to ascribe his new acquaintance. Frenchwoman nor southerner she clearly could not be, and had far too much elegance for his idea of a German.

"I am — yes, that is I passed a good deal of my youth in Russia," she answered rather nervously, and quickly turned the conversation.

Was there some magic potion in the cup of delicate Oriental china that Mrs. Smith handed to her guest? It is not usually in the power of tea, of however rare a flavor, even enhanced by a suspicion of lemon-juice, to open the gates of silence — that is generally reserved for a more generous potion; but this wonderful decoction from Mrs. Smith's samovar loosed Dr. Brydon's usually silent tongue, and set him talking of himself, his past, and his future, in a way that subsequently amazed him to look back upon.

Mrs. Smith did not talk much herself, but she listened admirably with an interested, sympathetic look in her grey eyes, as she sat leaning a little forward in her low chair, while he prosed on till an impatient sound of hoofs in the lane warned him that his visit had been unconscionably prolonged. Rajah had been well schooled in waiting, and he had passed many a half hour of equine meditation outside a patient's gate; but it occurred to him at length that his docility was being imposed upon, and he made a protest which startled his master into a perception of the flight of time.

The green door had gained a new interest now, it had an individuality; something of what it hid had been revealed, but only enough to further stimulate curiosity. Adam would never have suspected himself of indulging in that feminine vice, but he *was* curious; no old tabby could have been more eager to discover more about the solitary inmate of Barnicoats. Who was she? Where had she come from? Why had she planted herself in so lonely and unattractive a spot? To have merely seen her, even to have talked with her for an hour, answered none of these questions. But why should he be so inquisitive? What earthly business was it of his? He could not tell. Her face constantly occupied his imagination, though she was plain, decidedly plain, as he said to himself with a laugh at his own absurdity. Her voice, it is true, was not unbeautiful; it was a haunting voice, and, little as he had heard of it, certain tones in a faintly unusual accent recurred to his memory again and again.

He passed the green door in his daily rides, but the days went by and the weeks, and it seemed as though he were fated never again to cross its threshold. Mrs. Smith had not invited him to repeat his visit, and he felt that to do so unbidden would be an unwarrantable intrusion.

It was a cold and wet summer; day after day the south-easterly rains drove across the downs, drenching the heavy purple blossoms that loaded Mrs. Smith's chimneys and beating down the sodden and still green leaves of the Lombardy poplars. How cheerless, thought Adam, for that solitary woman all alone in that gloomy little house.

One evening, returning from a long round, for the unseasonable damps had caused a good deal of illness, he found a note lying on his hall table — a note, at the bare sight of which his curiosity gave a throb of prevision; oddly shaped, gorgeously monogrammed and smelling of cedar. Mrs. Smith was unwell and begged he would go and see her. Both he and Rajah were wet and tired; he sent his horse to the stable, dined hastily, and, putting on a dry overcoat, went off on foot.

The glass doors opening on the verandah were all closed, and the rain dripped from the leaves in heavy splashes. The room into which he was shown was empty, and he looked about him for indications of its occupant. She was one, you would say at a glance, who left her impress on her surroundings. She evidently appreciated comfort, not to say luxury. July though it was, a small, clear wood fire burnt on the hearth, and near it was drawn a hammock chair. The original homely furniture of the cottage was almost smothered beneath a confusion of cushions, rich draperies, hangings, and furs, some spread on the floor, some covering the chairs and sofas. Books lay about, not with the ordered symmetry of an assured air of cultivation, but cast down at random from the reader's hand, as she roamed at will from tragedy to comedy, from Shelley and Keats to the latest French novel. On a little table close to the fireside lay the last *Revue des Deux Mondes* half cut, and with the paper-knife marking the place, and beside it a slim volume of verse. A feather fan lay across the open page, and Adam could see the line —

Elle est si pâle et pourtant rose.

He turned a leaf or two; the fly-leaf fell back, disclosing a name written in strange and unfamiliar characters. He knew some

letters of the Russian alphabet, just enough to enable him to make out the first name, Vera; but those that followed were beyond him, certainly neither of them resembled Smith. With a sudden sense that he had been prying, he closed the book and turned to the fire, and a minute afterwards he heard a rustle and Mrs. Smith approached him from the *portière* which divided the room from another.

She looked pale and heavy-eyed, and her step was languid. She was wearing over her black dress a sort of long dolman of deep crimson cloth lined with fur, with loose sleeves. The color brought out the ivory pallor of her face.

He took the hand she extended to him and drew her into the light of the lamp, where he could peruse her countenance with his keen, observant eyes. He trusted a great deal more to what they told him than to any information his patients bestowed.

"Sleeplessness and nervousness — is it not so?" he said.

"And neuralgia," she added; "a perfect martyrdom. If you can cure that I shall be eternally grateful to you."

She sank into a chair with a despairing sigh, and motioned him to a chair beside her.

"It lies more with yourself than with me," he said. "Neuralgia is a queer thing, and depends often as much on mental as physical causes. It seems to me that what ails you is depression caused by the solitude in which you are living. Plenty of fresh air and exercise — still more, cheerful society and constant occupation — will do more for you than anything I can prescribe."

She laughed. "You remind me of the doctors who go to visit a starving family, and prescribe a generous diet, plenty of port wine and chops."

"Is the prescription then so unattainable?" said he, smiling. "With the fresh breezes of the Wiltshire downs all about you, the first item at least should be easy enough."

She shivered and shook her head. "I should be sorry to encounter your fresh breezes out of doors. Why, they are so penetrating that even here, by my fireside, I am chilled to the bone, and forced to wear the warmest wraps I have with me. And this is what you English call summer! No wonder you are a cold and phlegmatic race."

"It is not a good specimen of one, I grant you."

She drew her shoulders together. "Well, I have had experience of some of the coldest climates in Europe" — she paused, and seemed to look back reflectively, while a queer smile played about the corners of her mouth — "and I assure you I never knew before what it was to feel chilled to my very soul."

"These wet summers are very trying," he assented; "far more so than winter, I always believe; and this air may be too keen for you. Why not try change — visiting your friends?"

"I have no friends — in England. Therefore," she added, after a pause, "you see how useless your second prescription of cheerful society is."

"Do you decline to make any?" he asked. "There seems to be a sort of sociability in the neighborhood round, though one would hardly describe it as lively. I am afraid I must plead guilty myself to knowing very little of my neighbors except professionally; but surely the ladies about here, Mrs. Fagge, and Mrs. Gaul, and the rest have called upon you?"

She looked at him with a gleam of lazy amusement in her grey eyes.

"My good sir, do you suppose these ladies would be so left to themselves as to call upon an unknown Mrs. Smith, coming among them without introductions, who might be a cheese-monger's widow for aught they could tell? And if they did, should I find their society exhilarating? I doubt it, for I am too weary to be amused with their oddities. No, believe me, I am far from wishing for acquaintances. It strikes me you are rather what our neighbors, the Germans, would call *Kleinstädtisch* down here."

All this was said with so complete an air of dissociating Brydon from his surroundings as robbed it of all personal discourtesy.

"You are impracticable," he said. "Of course I can try what iron and quinine will do for you, but I warn you that will be little unless you can rouse yourself to be interested in something outside you. Amusement will do more for you than tonics."

"Amusement? Can there be an existence more dreary than one spent in laboriously trying to amuse oneself? No; what I want is anodynes."

"You will not get them from me. If I gave you what would banish your neuralgia for to-night, and procure you sleep, I know well that you would pay for it to-morrow, and for many to-morrows."

"I am willing to take that risk."

Brydon began to lose patience.

"Well," he said, "if you decline to exert yourself, and prefer to shut yourself up in a morbid solitude, you will sink, as many ladies seem rather to enjoy doing, into a condition of nervous, half fanciful invalidism. Drugs can do little for you. If you wish to preserve a healthy, natural enjoyment of life you must rely on yourself."

"You are frank."

"It is best to be so."

"And if I do not follow your *régime*?"

"Why then ——" he finished his sentence by picking up his hat and gloves.

She stretched out a detaining hand.

"How hard you are." She paused, and fixed her eyes on him with a searching gaze. She was leaning forward in her chair, her elbows on the little low table, her chin resting on her hands. "You tell me to rouse myself — to amuse myself; if you knew, you would give me a draught of Lethe rather. I have suffered — ah! how I have suffered. It would take years of quiet living to blot out the memory of the years I have behind me to look back upon, and you talk as if all such spectres were to be banished by a brisk walk on your dreary downs, or still better by the excitement of one of Mrs. Fagge's tea-parties, supposing I were so highly favored as to obtain an invitation."

He drew a little nearer, and a softer, more pitying tone stole into his voice.

"Forgive me if I have seemed harsh; it is needful sometimes. Perhaps if you could tell me ——"

She shook her head. Then, after a momentary silence, during which he regarded her, half puzzled, half remorseful, she said:

"Well, I will be good and follow your advice implicitly, for a while, at least, to give it a fair chance. Don't imagine," she added, sitting upright with a sudden swift movement, "that I am whining over mental sufferings, either real or sentimental. I may have had my share of those, but what I speak of is actual physical torture. Ah, if I could tell you the tenth part of what I have gone through."

"You do not look as though you had had much illness," he said, unable to help regarding with admiration her grand and well-developed physique.

"Illness? No; did you think I meant that? Why, I never had a day's illness in my life till I came here. But there, what is the use? I cannot explain, and you would not believe me if I could — I should not expect it."

He could well believe she was a woman

of strange and varied experiences, looking into her face, which had taken on a curious kind of beauty, lent by the excitement shining within, like a light within an alabaster lamp.

He took his leave ere long, but could not so easily dismiss Mrs. Smith from his mind. It was no use trying to forget her — she haunted his imagination far more than the green door itself had done. He had always known a mystery lurked behind that door, and now, having penetrated to the interior, it was only to be confronted with a subject more baffling still. In vain he told himself there was no mystery at all. What should there be so *piquante* about a widow, over thirty, and by no means beautiful, coming to settle in a quiet neighborhood for seclusion — nervous, evidently, and inclined to be morbid? Certainly she had talked very strangely about her own past experiences; but no doubt she had gone through a good deal in the loss of her husband, and women were apt to grow fanciful with too much loneliness. She had a singular manner, it could not be denied; a kind of appeal for sympathy, contradicted by a self-reliant and sometimes reserved bearing. She was a woman of remarkable intelligence and cultivation too, and her conversation was racy and stimulating far beyond his experience of womankind. It was, after all, no wonder that he found her an interesting study, especially in these wilds. So he argued; but, be it as it might, he could not banish her from his thoughts. He found his mind continually slipping back to her, or working round from the most unlikely subjects. Then, in the evenings, when he took up a favorite poet to while away an idle hour, certain phrases fitted themselves to her image, and called her up in a new light before his eyes. It was surely of some grey-eyed Russian woman Rossetti was thinking when he wrote some of his strange, sweet sonnets.

He did not understand even yet what this possession meant. He was singularly unversed in matters of the heart. Years ago he had had his fancies like others, but they had been crowded out by keener interest, by work and ambitions; and he had outgrown them with other boyish things, and his springtime, he thought, was long gone by. He told himself he was interested in a new type, but his interest carried him remarkably often to Barnicoats. He fell into the way of dropping in, now on this excuse, now on that, to take her some new book he thought she would like to see, and anon to hear her

opinions of the same, the shrewd criticisms which always delighted him, and which her womanly intuitive perceptions made so novel to the dry light of his own thinking. Nor was encouragement wanting; she said little, but her eyes always thanked him for coming, and craved his staying when he would have gone.

Quite suddenly self-knowledge came. It was one autumn evening, beautiful and tender, with the low, green light in the sky that follows a day of weeping rain. Mrs. Smith had been indoors all day, and, tempted by the late sweetness of the sunset sky, threw a white shawl round her shoulders, and sauntered down to the gate with him. She was in a mood he had not seen her in before. A kind of suppressed excitement burnt through the tranquillity of her ordinary manner, reminding him of the second time he had seen her, yet with a difference. She was restless, like one who is in momentary expectation of something happening, and seemed to only half hear his remarks. Just as they reached the gate, she turned to him with a yearning look he had seen in her face once or twice, and said something about her intolerable loneliness. There was a strange pathos about her, and the little phrase in her vibrating voice struck home. He had just taken her hand to shake it in farewell—instead he raised it to his lips. The action seemed the only expression possible to the feelings which suddenly surged up; words would not come to his slow and silent tongue. She drew it away, not hastily, and without anger, but with a certain dignity that chilled him, and looked at him with a glance which at the time he could not analyze; it seemed like a compassion and a touch of compunction withal. Then, without another word, she slowly retraced her steps up the garden path.

Next day he found himself under a pledge to immolate himself at one of Mrs. Fagge's tennis-parties. He was late, and the sets were already made up, so he joined a group of elders who were discussing ices and their neighbors under the trees. He soon discovered that the mysterious stranger at Barnicoats was the topic, and would fain have escaped; though what right he, of all men, had to resent their indulging a very natural curiosity it would be hard to say. Retreat was, however, impossible, for Mrs. Fagge pressed him into the service to dispense strawberries and cream.

"Ah, Dr. Brydon," said Miss Packer, as she ladled cream out of the bowl he hand-

ed to her, "you are the very person to throw light on the subject we were all exercising our wits upon! You can tell us all about the mysterious tenant of Barnicoats."

"Why mysterious, Miss Packer? I am acquainted with Mrs. Smith certainly. What is the mystery?"

"Tantalizing man. Why, if there is no mystery, does she know nobody—show herself nowhere?"

"I cannot tell, I am sure. I never asked her."

This he said with as much haughtiness as if he himself had never indulged in the faintest curiosity as to what lay behind the green door. Perhaps he forgot he ever had.

"No, but really, Dr. Brydon," put in Mrs. Gaul, "I do really want to know. Who is she? Where does she come from? Why does she never appear at church? There must be something wrong about a woman who doesn't go to church. Don't you think so?"

"I can exonerate Mrs. Smith from the last charge. I believe she goes to hear mass at the Catholic chapel at Devizes, but whether because she is a Catholic or because there is no Greek church within reach, I cannot tell."

"Greek church!" in a chorus of surprise.

"Mrs. Smith is a Russian. Beyond that fact I know no more of her history than you do."

He spoke in the tone of a man who desires to put an end to a conversation in which he is not interested; but the pertinacity of the Wandle ladies was not to be so easily daunted.

"I see, you think we are sad gossips," said Mrs. Fagge, wagging her head. "And I am sure no one can be more sincerely averse to gossip than I am. Still, you know, it is very disagreeable to have a stranger coming into our midst absolutely without credentials, as you may say."

"Ay!" said good-natured Mrs. Gaul. "One would like to call upon the poor thing, and show her a little neighborly kindness, don't you know? If one could be sure—but it *might* turn out very awkward."

The picture of Mrs. Smith being patronized by Mrs. Gaul almost provoked a smile; at the same time her words made him so angry that it was almost with a flush of resentment that he said,—

"I fancy that Mrs. Smith is by no means anxious for visitors. She seems



to me to have come here rather for quiet and seclusion. She has lived a good deal in Paris, and I hardly suppose would care much for the society of a small country place."

This was injudicious, as he saw later. He caught a glance exchanged between Mrs. Fagge and Miss Packer, the meaning of which he could not fathom; and, having discharged his function of supplying the conclave with strawberries, he sauntered away.

Presently, strolling along a shrubbery path, in company with a rather juvenile Miss Fagge, to whose babble of love-sets, back-handers, and cuts, he lent but a partial attention, he overheard some words which betrayed that his neighbor at Barnicoats was still the subject of conversation.

"Well, but a widow you know!" caught his ear.

"A widow, I dare say. And who vouches for it, that she is a widow at all? No, my dear, you may depend upon it, there is more than meets the eye."

"Do you know, it strikes me that Dr. Brydon knows a good deal more about her than he chooses to say. Did you observe how very anxious he was to keep any one from calling? I shouldn't be surprised"—and then a whisper was interchanged, with much shrugging of shoulders and uplifting of hands.

He stayed to hear no more, but, with an abrupt adieu to little Miss Fagge, greatly to her astonishment, for she thought she had been entertaining him charmingly, he took his leave. In his wrath he would fain have confronted those "venomous women," as he called them, with scathing indignation, and made them take back their injurious words; but, after all, what was it they had actually *said*? Almost nothing; and insinuations are awkward things to deal with, they are apt to come to life in the handling as they would never do if wisely let alone. He had sense enough, too, to see that any championship from him would only injure Mrs. Smith more fatally in the eyes of her self-constituted judges. He must needs let the matter be until he had, as he meant to have, the right to take it on himself.

In the evening, over his solitary pipe, he had the whole thing out with himself. He knew now what ailed him; he knew that he loved Mrs. Smith. In the flash of his burning indignation on her behalf, his love stood revealed. He marvelled at himself that he had not known it before; for now it seemed to him that he must

have loved her always, have recognized her from the very first, as no stranger, but the desire of his heart. Was it indeed only to-day that he knew that he wanted her, that in some inexplicable fashion she had become woven into the very texture of his life? Or was it rather a thing that had been always, and he had been blind to it till now?

Mingling with his new, strange longing was the feeling of passionate indignation with himself that he had, however innocently, caused her name to be lightly held amongst those women. This perhaps was the impulse which drove him to a swift decision. Without that spur he would, maybe, have brooded long over his love before he brought it to speech; but now, to have the right to defend her from calumny, to comfort her after all she had suffered, was all he had thought of. This thought banished all his diffidence—he would speak at once. The memory of the slight repulse of the evening before hardly daunted him; he would not have had it otherwise; she had scarcely left off the signs of widowhood. He did not dare to say to himself, "She loves me," nor even, "She will love me;" but in his heart was more of confidence than fear. Truly, he never once reflected how little he knew about her—he knew *her*, and that was enough. To-morrow should decide his fate.

The morrow was one of those fair days wherewith October sometimes recompenses us for the disappointments of a niggard summer. The sun blazed out of a cloudless sky with almost the force of August; only the brooding stillness, and the pervading tinge of golden bronze over woodland and coppice, told that the summer was gone by. Adam Brydon went through his work in a dream. It was characteristic of the man that he scrupulously performed every iota of his duty before he let his eager feet carry him to the threshold of the green door; but it was all done at last, and as the low sun gilded the tall heads of the poplars, he stood, with his heart beating like a boy's, and his hand on the familiar latch.

The door stuck a little, as it was apt to do, and scrooped over the door-stone with a harsh, grating sound. As Brydon stepped inside, he saw Mrs. Smith sitting in the verandah—Mrs. Smith, so changed, so transfigured, that he paused, amazed. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed as he had never seen them, her lips parted in a radiant smile. In a moment he perceived that she was not alone. Leaning

over the back of her chair was a man, young, but worn-looking, very pale, dark, and slender, with a foreign air heightened by the upward twirl of a pair of black, waxed moustaches.

Brydon stood still for an astonished instant, then Mrs. Smith, perceiving him, hastened towards him with outstretched hands.

"I am so glad you have come — I was so afraid I might have to leave without seeing you to say good-bye. We are going away to-morrow. Come and let me introduce you to my husband; Prince Sergius Nelikoff — Dr. Brydon."

Adam found himself returning civilly the foreigner's graceful bow, and listening to his courteous expressions of thanks for his kindness to the "princess." The whole thing was too startlingly incredible for any of the ordinary manifestations of surprise; the time for that would come presently. He accepted mechanically the cup of fragrant Russian tea the transformed Mrs. Smith offered him, but his conversation was not brilliant.

Presently Prince Sergius rose. "Excuse me for a few moments," he said, "I have some letters I must get off by this post; and I think," he added with a smile, "Mrs. Smith' wants to ease her conscience by a few explanations." He turned and entered the house, pausing at the glass door to call "Vera!" She followed him, and Brydon heard a few words of Russian, uttered in a low, impressive tone; then she returned, and stood for a few moments without speaking. Brydon could not have uttered a word to break the silence; his heart was filled with those words he had been waiting all day to say, and which now might never be spoken.

Perhaps some sense of what was in his mind reached her, for the explanation she had intended died on her tongue; instead, she stood before him, like a culprit, plucking the red leaves from the Virginia creeper that twined up the support she was standing by, and scattering them about her feet. They looked like drops of blood.

There was almost a defiant tone in her voice when at last she spoke.

"You are scandalized," she began abruptly, "at the idea that I have been living here all this time under a false name, and taking you all in; and you will be still more so when I tell you why. We have escaped from a Russian prison — my husband and I. We were forced for safety's sake to escape separately, and it was agreed that I should come straight to En-

gland and remain here till he could join me. Except London, this was the only place I knew. An English governess brought me here on our holiday twenty years ago. My husband has been all this time hiding on a little island off the coast of Finland. You may picture to yourself the suspense I have been enduring."

He did picture it to himself, and his very soul was wrenched at the knowledge that during the sweet madness of these last few weeks her heart had been filled with the image of another man, and he had simply served her as a distraction. He sat very still, his head bent a little.

She went on: "You will not expect me to tell you the crime of which we are accused; enough that it is one which would have meant not exile only, but the mines. I have known already what a winter in Siberia is. I was in exile with my father, before I was married; but it would kill Sergius — he is not strong."

The tenderness in her tone cut to her listener's heart like a knife.

"Do you remember my locket that you found, and the state of mind I was in about the little paper that fell out?"

Did he remember? Could he forget? He simply nodded.

"That morsel of foreign paper contained a memorandum which Sergius had entrusted to me, which I dared not destroy, but which, if any one had found, might have compromised not only ourselves, but others of whom we think far more. Well, it is all over now, and to-morrow we sail for America. I know I can trust you to say nothing of all this, much as it would gratify our good neighbors; for, though it could hardly harm us now, one never knows what may be. Sergius did not quite like my telling you even this much, only I could not go without explaining why I had deceived you."

"You need not; I have not reproached you."

"You do. You reproach me every time you look at me. After all I never told you I was — I was — that Mr. Smith was dead," she added, with a sort of half laugh.

"No, you never *told* me so." He rose from his chair and looked full at her. "I don't think you have acted quite fairly by me; but let it pass. Good-bye, Mrs. Smith."

She followed him a few steps down the garden path.

"You are hard," she said; "you think I purposely misled you. You have no right to think so. It is an insult; I meant

enlivened by a thousand acclamations of joy." In fact, the worthy Sieur de la Serre draws an idyllic picture of merry England, and one almost pretty enough to form a pendant to that in the "Sentimental Journey," where Sterne, seized with contagious gaiety, throws his boots into the ditch and joins the peasants of Picardy in an Arcadian dance.

Another kind of reception was apparently in vogue in the next reign, and the surliness displayed may be attributed to the deterioration of our national good-breeding and the loss of our gaiety of heart during the interval of the Commonwealth. Sorbière, a French gentleman who translated Hobbes's works into his own language, gives an account of the treatment he met with on landing at Dover in the reign of Charles II. "They fall," he says, "to the opprobrious term of 'French dogs,' which is the epithet they give us in England, as I have often heard them call the French in Holland *Mushrooms* which yet is more tolerable than *Matto Francese* — i.e., foolish Frenchman — a name by which the common people of Italy are pleased to distinguish them. . . . To tell you the truth, both the one and the other make use of these opprobrious terms with some reason, upon account of the noise we make at our coming amongst them, and by way of reprehending a certain forwardness in us, which they call indiscretion, which in effect makes us appear very ridiculous to them. For his forwardness is so opposite to their serious temper and the coolness of their proceedings, as well as to the patience with which they allow every one to perform what he goes about. . . . These things depend so much upon men's behavior," etc. It seems that M. Sorbière's troubles were greatly increased by his ignorance of the language; more than once his fellow-travellers "not only declined in the inns to take care as they ought of a stranger, who could not tell how to make the people understand him, but I was as little regarded as if I had been a bale of goods. . . . I was desirous to show my civilities by my interpreter to those who were not so much tainted with rusticity, which they were so far from taking right that they deemed it to be railery and an affront, which embarrassed me so that I must have recourse unto my interpreter to be apprised of it." Sully, in his "Memoirs," records a very awkward broil between members of his suite and some citizens which happened on the very first night of their arrival in London

on a special mission to James I. In this encounter, a respectable Englishman having been killed, the people followed the French to their lodgings, threatening immediate vengeance. "The affair soon began to appear of great consequence, for the number of people assembled was presently increased to upwards of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly to the house of the ambassador. . . . The honor of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entry into London should be marked at the beginning with so fatal an accident." The culprit was in Sully's retinue, a "young man, son of the Sieur de Combaut, principal examiner in Chancery, very rich, and a kinsman likewise of Beaumont's (the French ambassador in residence), who, entering that moment, desired me to give young Combaut into his hands that he might endeavor to save him. . . . 'I do not wonder,' replied I to Beaumont, with an air of authority and indignation, 'that the English and you are at variance, if you are capable of preferring the interest of yourself and your relations to that of the king and the public; but the service of the king, my master, and the safety of so many gentlemen of good families shall not suffer for such an impudent stripling as this.' I told Beaumont in plain terms that Combaut should be beheaded in a few minutes; to be short, I desired Beaumont to quit my apartment, for I thought it would be improper to have him present in the council which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon Combaut. In this council I made choice of the oldest and wisest of my retinue; and the affair being presently determined, I sent Arnaud to inform the mayor of London of it, and to desire him to have his officers ready the next day to conduct the culprit to the place of execution, and to have the executioner then ready to receive him." The lord mayor seems to have been taken aback by Sully's promptitude to avenge the death of the Englishman killed in hot blood in a fray, and desired him to soften the sentence, but fruitlessly, for he would not revoke it, but handed Monsieur Combaut over to the lord mayor to be dealt with according to the law of the land. "I accordingly sent Combaut to him, so that the whole proceeding became a private affair between the mayor and Combaut, or rather Beaumont; who, without much difficulty, ob-

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STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

IN the course of miscellaneous reading few subjects can have greater interest for Englishmen than the numerous opinions and observations which have been made on us by foreign travellers of all ages, and recorded in their note-books, memoirs and journals. During the last visit of the shah to England we presented the curious spectacle to the whole of the civilized world of an entire nation on view, and inviting inspection for a second time by a very uninteresting Oriental. Whether we shall have secured that potentate's goodwill and patronage by our very conscientious lionizing of him, and be kindly permitted to make his railways, and our own fortunes at the same time, is a question which time alone can answer, for those who have patience sufficiently Persian to wait. Every expression of opinion, real or imagined, supposed to have been uttered by the shah was treasured and dilated on by the daily press. When the supply of these *dicta* ran short, the bold writers adopted the expedient of putting themselves in the shah's place, and began long articles, embodying their own ideas on England in general, by using the insinuating or suggestive method, as, "Doubtless he will be struck with the crowded shipping of the Thames, evidences of Great Britain's maritime supremacy," and so on indefinitely, though the great man may at the time have been dozing or sipping the "sherbet of the infidel," or doing anything else which would relieve the dreariness of a colossal bout of sight-seeing. Now many newspapers are looking forward to a diary by the great man which shall publish his impressions of us to an expectant world. We find a great help to our nineteenth-century habits of introspection in the lights, lurid or roseate, thrown on us by all those who, having seen us face to face, have written on us, and so enable us to "see ourselves as others see us," whether with the eyes of a Cæsar or a Count Smorltork. It is a sad fact, and one to be mentioned at the outset, that the travellers of all periods invariably allude to their sufferings from the odious *mal de mer*, which is an illness afforded in its finest type and highest development by our Straits of Dover. To go back a little more than two centuries to the Sieur de la Serre, the historian of the "Entry of Mary de Medicis, Queen-Mother of France, into England, 1638," he has some remarks on this subject, and they are worthy of the graceful pen of a gallant Frenchman.

After chronicling the surprising exemption of his patroness from the malady, who in an unexampled manner excited the envy of her fellow-travellers by maintaining her "accustomed air and majesty," he proceeds to tell also how "the queen landed with an incredible joy, having been seven whole days in a continual storm; but certainly the compassion her Majesty had for her ladies and maids-of-honor gave rise to the greatest part of this satisfaction. And, not to speak falsely, the graces and attractions of these ladies were a little in disorder on their leaving the ship; for in so great and continued a storm they were more attentive to the alleviating their uneasiness than the preserving their beauty; everything about them seemed so sorrowful and so deplorable that the most beautiful among them touched the hearts of the beholders more with pity than with love; although after so many apprehensions of shipwreck the joy to see themselves safe in port possessed them so absolutely that one might observe at the same time the appearance of present joy and the marks of a past sorrow." It is an unheroic fact that one of our early monarchs suffered much more acutely than the illustrious queen-mother of France, and was forced to appoint an especial officer to alleviate his sufferings at sea. A manor in the parish of River, near Dover, was granted to one Solomon de Dovere, the tenure being for "the sergeanty and service of holding the king's head between Dover and Whitsond, as often as it should happen for him to pass the sea between those parts, and there should be occasion for it." It would be no light tenure certainly in these days, when the chief personage in our realm makes such frequent use of the royal yachts; indeed, the service must have required not only great loyalty in the lord of the manor but also excellent sea-legs. Once on shore our visitors seem to have had the most varying receptions. Mary de Medicis was received at Harwich and Colchester with music and fireworks, which lasted far into the night, and "those of the most melancholy disposition changed their humor, in order to join in the general rejoicing. At Chelmsford all the neighboring peasants, men and women, being assembled in different companies on the road by which her Majesty was to pass, without any other order or command than that which their own zeal had that morning imposed on them, some led by a violin, others by a bagpipe, all together received the queen, dancing to the sound of these instruments,

enlivened by a thousand acclamations of joy." In fact, the worthy *Sieur de la Serre* draws an idyllic picture of merry England, and one almost pretty enough to form a pendant to that in the "Sentimental Journey," where *Sterne*, seized with contagious gaiety, throws his boots into the ditch and joins the peasants of Picardy in an Arcadian dance.

Another kind of reception was apparently in vogue in the next reign, and the surliness displayed may be attributed to the deterioration of our national good-breeding and the loss of our gaiety of heart during the interval of the Commonwealth. *Sorbière*, a French gentleman who translated *Hobbes's* works into his own language, gives an account of the treatment he met with on landing at Dover in the reign of *Charles II.* "They fall," he says, "to the opprobrious term of 'French dogs,' which is the epithet they give us in England, as I have often heard them call the French in Holland *Mushrooms* which yet is more tolerable than *Matto Francese* — i.e., foolish Frenchman — a name by which the common people of Italy are pleased to distinguish them. . . . To tell you the truth, both the one and the other make use of these opprobrious terms with some reason, upon account of the noise we make at our coming amongst them, and by way of reprehending a certain forwardness in us, which they call indiscretion, which in effect makes us appear very ridiculous to them. For his forwardness is so opposite to their serious temper and the coolness of their proceedings, as well as to the patience with which they allow every one to perform what he goes about. . . . These things depend so much upon men's behavior," etc. It seems that *M. Sorbière's* troubles were greatly increased by his ignorance of the language; more than once his fellow-travellers "not only declined in the inns to take care as they ought of a stranger, who could not tell how to make the people understand him, but I was as little regarded as if I had been a bale of goods. . . . I was desirous to show my civilities by my interpreter to those who were not so much tainted with rusticity, which they were so far from taking right that they deemed it to be railery and an affront, which embarrassed me so that I must have recourse unto my interpreter to be apprised of it." *Sully*, in his "Memoirs," records a very awkward broil between members of his suite and some citizens which happened on the very first night of their arrival in London

on a special mission to *James I.* In this encounter, a respectable Englishman having been killed, the people followed the French to their lodgings, threatening immediate vengeance. "The affair soon began to appear of great consequence, for the number of people assembled was presently increased to upwards of three thousand, which obliged the French to fly to the house of the ambassador. . . . The honor of my nation, my own in particular, and the interest of my negotiation were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entry into London should be marked at the beginning with so fatal an accident." The culprit was in *Sully's* retinue, a "young man, son of the *Sieur de Combaut*, principal examiner in Chancery, very rich, and a kinsman likewise of *Beaumont's* (the French ambassador in residence), who, entering that moment, desired me to give young *Combaut* into his hands that he might endeavor to save him. . . . 'I do not wonder,' replied I to *Beaumont*, with an air of authority and indignation, 'that the English and you are at variance, if you are capable of preferring the interest of yourself and your relations to that of the king and the public; but the service of the king, my master, and the safety of so many gentlemen of good families shall not suffer for such an impudent stripling as this.' I told *Beaumont* in plain terms that *Combaut* should be beheaded in a few minutes; to be short, I desired *Beaumont* to quit my apartment, for I thought it would be improper to have him present in the council which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon *Combaut*. In this council I made choice of the oldest and wisest of my retinue; and the affair being presently determined, I sent *Arnaud* to inform the mayor of London of it, and to desire him to have his officers ready the next day to conduct the culprit to the place of execution, and to have the executioner there ready to receive him." The lord mayor seems to have been taken aback by *Sully's* promptitude to avenge the death of the Englishman killed in hot blood in a fray, and desired him to soften the sentence, but fruitlessly, for he would not revoke it, but handed *Monsieur Combaut* over to the lord mayor to be dealt with according to the law of the land. "I accordingly sent *Combaut* to him, so that the whole proceeding became a private affair between the mayor and *Combaut*, or rather *Beaumont*; who, without much difficulty, ob-

tained this magistrate's consent to set Combaut at liberty — a favor which none could impute to me. On the contrary, I perceived both the French and English seemed to think that if the affair had been determined by me it would not have ended so well for Combaut; and the consequence of this to me, with respect to the English and the French, was that the former began to love me and the latter to fear me more." This incident has been given at full length as a character piece of diplomacy of the highest order, and worthy of Henry Quatre's great minister and devoted servant.

It appears that the French excited great ridicule amongst certain classes of the English on into the eighteenth century. The Abbé le Blanc, a writer whose "Letters on the English and French Nations" were highly praised by Voltaire, remarked that the typical Frenchman of our comedies had much to do in forming the popular British estimate, and adds: "People in general think all the French are like those wretched refugees who, in the coffee-houses of London, excite compassion rather than contempt. It is after these originals that the comic authors paint our manners; in one of their plays a French *petit-maitre* drops a bit of cheese in pulling his handkerchief out of his pocket." The abbé tells the story of a stage-manager who, wishing to restore a too critical pit to good humor, interpolated a whole scene into the play holding up French manners, customs, and especially cookery, to ridicule; this device was entirely successful. Le Blanc admits, however, that the rudeness of the lower classes was amply atoned for by the civilities and politeness of the well-bred of the upper classes. Misson, whose "Memoirs and Observations in his Travels over England" first appeared at the Hague in 1698, is very severe on the affectations of the English. He says: "The use of patches is not unknown to the French ladies; but she that wears them must be young and handsome. In England, young, old, handsome, ugly, are all bepatched till they are bedrid. I have often counted fifteen patches or more upon the swarthy, wrinkled phiz of an old hag threescore-and-ten and upwards. Thus the Englishwomen refine upon our fashions." The young Englishman of the period has equally severe measure dealt out to him by the austere Misson: "The playhouse, chocolate-houses, and the parks in spring perfectly swarm with fops and beaus. Their whole business is to hunt after new fash-

ions. . . . They are creatures compounded of a periwig and a coat laden with powder as white as a miller's, a face besmeared with snuff, and a few affected airs." "A beau is the more remarkable in England because, generally speaking, Englishmen dress in a plain, uniform manner." However, Misson's critique of the English people, as a whole, is very gracious. "Other nations," he says, "accuse the common people among the English of incivility, because they generally accost one another without putting their hands to their hats, and without that flood of compliments that usually pours out of the mouth of the French, the Italians, etc. But they take the thing in a wrong light; the idea of the English is that civility does not consist wholly of these outward shows, which very often are hypocritical and deceitful. . . . I am willing to believe that the English are subject to certain faults, as no doubt all nations are; but, everything considered, I am satisfied by several years' experience that, the more strangers are acquainted with the English, the more they will esteem and love them. What brave men do I know in England! What moderation! What generosity! What uprightness of heart! What piety and charity! Yes, there are in England persons that may be truly called accomplished — men who are wisdom and goodness itself." Such a character contrasts strongly with that given of us in the fifteenth century by Sasek, the journalist of the Bohemian embassy to England in 1466. He says: "The English are so cunning and faithless that a foreigner would not be sure of his life among them. A Briton is not to be trusted on his bended knees!" The Dutch historian Van Meteren, who was probably a merchant in London (*circa* 1558-1612), says: "The people are bold, courageous, ardent, and cruel in war, fiery in attack, and having little fear of death; they are not vindictive, but very inconstant, rash, vain-glorious, light, and deceiving, and very suspicious, especially of foreigners, whom they despise. They are full of courtly and affected manner of words which they take for gentility, civility, and wisdom. They are eloquent and very hospitable; they feed well and delicately, and eat a great deal of meat, and, as the Germans pass the bounds of sobriety in drinking, these do the same in eating." Lemnius, a physician, compatriot, and contemporary of Van Meteren, writes: "Every gentleman and every worthy person showed unto me all points of most friendly cour-

tesy, and, taking me first by the hand, lovingly embraced and bade me right heartily welcome."

Some very graphic allusions to English university and ordinary life are to be found in the letters Erasmus wrote from Cambridge to his friend Ammonius in London. On December 21, 1510, he complains to his friend Ammonius, in a jocular letter, that he was blockaded by the plague, beset with thieves, and drugged with bad wine. Erasmus seems to have been a judge of good wine, and to have been at first ill-satisfied with his fare at Cambridge. At the latter end of August, 1511, he tells Ammonius that he did not intend to remain long at Queens' College; that he did not like the ale, and that the wine to be procured there was not much more to his taste, and he ends by requesting him to send a cask of the best Greek wine (Malmsey?) that could be procured in London. From this time Ammonius contrived to send his friend a constant supply; upon one occasion, when that supply appears to have been accidentally interrupted, Erasmus, returning an empty cask, reminds him of this neglect rather pointedly, saying, "I return your cask, which I have kept by me empty rather a long time, in order that I might at least enjoy the smell of Greek wine." In the month of May, 1511, Erasmus, with a superstitious feeling strange in such a man, went on a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of our Lady of Walsingham; in place of a more substantial offering he presented some Greek iambic verses to the Virgin, a curious memorial both of his piety and of the first commencement of the study of that language in Cambridge. His discontent with his surroundings grew, and in sending his "Icaromenippus" to his friend, in November of the same year, he complains that there was not a scribe in the university who could write moderately well. At this time he writes: "Many are absent from fear of the plague, although when they are all here it is still a solitude. The expense is intolerable, the gain not a halfpenny. It is now hardly five months since I came, yet have I already spent sixty nobles (about 20*l.*), while I have only received one noble from some of my auditors." He proceeds to say that he was determined to persevere, and to do his utmost to plant a love of the Greek language in the university, in which he finally succeeded. The opposition to the study apparently was not so severe as at Oxford, where a party was formed against it, who called themselves Trojans, taking

individually the names of Priam, Hector, Paris, etc., and waging an uncompromising warfare against the other party in general. Erasmus's ill-humor against Cambridge at this period was increased by the miscarriage of parts of his correspondence with Ammonius, which had been entrusted to the care of some of the townsmen, and even of portions of his wine, and causes him to remark that the common people of Cambridge exceeded the rest of the inhospitable Britons, because they "joined the greatest malice to the greatest rusticity." However, many of his remarks are evidently caused by petulance, as on the whole he owned that he was handsomely treated in England and his great talents and scholarship amply recognized and rewarded. The unanimity of the sixteenth-century travellers in speaking against the English is very striking. Paulus Jovius says: "They are commonly destitute of good-breeding, and are despisers of foreigners, since they esteem him a wretched being, and but half a man, who may be born elsewhere than in Britain, and far more miserable him whose fate it should be to leave his breath and bones in a foreign land." Perlin, whose "Description of England and Scotland" was first published in Paris in 1558, but of whom nothing is known, has made a vigorous summary of our national character: "It is to be noted that in this excellent kingdom there is no kind of order; the people are reprobates and thorough enemies to good manners and letters, for they don't know whether they belong to God or the devil, which St. Paul has reprehended in many people, saying, 'Be not transported with divers sorts of winds, but be constant and steady to your belief.'"

One explanation of the incivility of the English may be accounted for by the large foreign immigration which had been steadily going on for many years. In June, 1551, five or six hundred men complained in a body to the lord mayor of the large influx of foreigners, whom, if no remedy were found, they were prepared to kill. On this complaint a census was taken by the lord mayor, which discovered forty thousand besides women and children, "for the most part heretics fled out of other countries;" the corporation thereupon took measures to prevent breaches of the peace. In November, 1583, there were certified by the mayor of Norwich to be 4,679 strangers residing in that city, being Dutch refugees and others. In 1582 a plan was made and presented to the secretary of state for the employment

of French refugees in the manufacture of cloth and the erection of a wool staple in London. In the next century, in 1626, attempts were made to help these refugees to carry on their trades without interference, and in 1635 a large immigration of Walloons caused the people of Dover much perplexity, and many of them were sent to "repair to more inland towns." Grosley, a visitor from Troyes, and whose "Londres" (which first appeared at Lausanne in 1770) was the best guide to London for thirty or forty years after his visit, throws much light on the condition of refugees in England. He says the refugees, whether rich or poor, were all incessantly exclaiming against France, against the court, and against the Jesuits, who had busied themselves in the reign of James II. to gain authority here. "A considerable number of these refugees, being reduced to beggary, and to all the servility and meanness which that humble state either authorizes or suggests, exhausted and tired out the charity of the English, who soon used themselves to consider these beggars as representatives of the whole French nation." Monsieur Grosley makes some observations on the respective characters of our kings, and remarks how rare it is for men to love those who force their esteem, or to always esteem those whom they love. Among the kings he considers Henry VII. and William III. the wisest princes that ever reigned in England, and tells us that Charles II. "was greatly beloved and little esteemed." He gives a character to the reigning sovereign, George III., worthy of a prince in a fairy-tale, and says: "All those he speaks to he accosts in the most polite manner, and never opens his lips except to say the most obliging things." He considers it unparalleled in the history of monarchies that his palace should be practically unguarded and his "country retreat inferior in magnificence to many," but he thinks this and other proofs of want of stateliness are among means of acquiring popular esteem. He is startled with the freedom of speech he meets with among the lower classes, and observes that coachmen and carmen never stop at the king's approach, and take a pride in not bowing to him. "Why should we bow to George?" say this insolent rabble; "he should bow to us. He lives at our expense."

The Abbé le Blanc also seemed to be disgusted at the familiarity with which our lower classes treated the nobility, and gives his experience at a time when polit-

ical feeling ran high. For the sake of convenience he was travelling in the company of a peer of the realm whose acquaintance he had made on his way to London, and in whose society he was extending his journey to Northampton, where he tells how: "Here each party has its particular inns, and if a member of Parliament is in the opposition to the court, he is under a necessity of going to an inn of his party, or he is a lost man; for either they would believe he had turned coat or they would turn it for him. My fellow-traveller was much better off than I; for finding the wine bad, he had recourse to beer; and the fowl proving hard, he revenged himself on the pudding, which was soft enough. But I, who am not seasoned to this gross food, and drink little or no beer—I, who am neither of the party of Corruption nor Opposition, neither Whig nor Tory, what business had I in this wretched house? This is not all; I saw the moment when I thought our innkeeper's hatred to the ministry would give him a right to sit down with us. We were obliged, at least, to drink out of the same pot with him to his health, and to the healths of all those of the town of Northampton who were enemies to Sir Robert Walpole (against whom I have not the least subject of complaint), and friends to our landlord, with whom you see I have no great reason to be in love. And what is still worse, I was under a necessity of listening to the reasoning of this zealous partisan of the opposition. My travelling companion had the politeness to entertain him during the whole supper-time; for it was not the innkeeper that made court to my lord, but my lord to the innkeeper. This last exclaimed bitterly against the corruption of the ministry and the remissness of the Parliament. My lord used his utmost endeavors to excuse the conduct of his party to our political innkeeper, and to persuade him that they constantly did all that was possible to be done in the present circumstances. 'No, my lord,' replied he in a passion, 'they do not,' etc. Thereupon he wished us good-night, and departed in great wrath. As soon as he was gone, 'Sir,' said my fellow-traveller, 'you must not be surprised at all this. In this country we are obliged to manage all sorts of people, in order to keep up our credit in the country. This fellow, notwithstanding his appearance, is rich; and rude and brutal as he is, he passes for an honest man, and is taken notice of; he is of greater importance here than you



can well imagine; his vote at elections constantly guides those of all his neighbors.'"

Can anything be more true to life than this electioneering peer and the bumptious elector of local importance? The whole scene is a curious complement to Rousseau's sarcasm that "the English think they are free, but they are much mistaken. They are only so during an election of members of Parliament; as soon as this election is made they are slaves, they are nothing; and the use they make of their liberty during the few moments of its duration shows how little they deserve to keep it." The political aspect of England greatly interests all German travellers, and there exist such curiously differing judgments recorded by competent critics on the subject, that a good specimen of their views may be got from contrasting Heine's and Von Raumer's judgment on the same man. Von Raumer was in England in 1835; he was professor of history at the University of Berlin, and himself says he wrote on us "under the influence of the deepest and warmest feelings."

He writes just after the death of William Cobbett the following acute passage on that worthy and his followers: "These men," he says, "thought, lived, felt like plebeians, and therefore found an echo in the people; and it would have been more rational to investigate the causes of this than to make it a subject of lamentation. Instead of wasting their time in fruitless abuse, people would then discover means of redressing real evils, of showing the groundlessness of false complaints, and of exhibiting absurdities in all their nakedness. If there be any individuals who think to turn the democratic heritage of these men to account, they will probably find themselves mistaken. The spirit of resistance to power, which grows with rank luxuriance on the rough, uncultured soil of the people, has a native life which, when trained and pruned, bears the noblest fruit — such, for instance, as heroic devotion to country. On the other hand, the revolutionary tendency which is nurtured in the closet, which borrows all its force from the annihilation of the positive, and thinks to lead nations captive with a few phrases, is shallow in its origin, presumptuous in its course, destructive in its results. Popular life is far too rich, varied, earnest, vivid, to be long chained to the dry bones of a superficial system. Their sorrows and their joys are not to be learned from the political herbariums of system-mongers; and when once it comes

to blows, there are thoughts and feelings in motion that are not dreamt of in the philosophy of these political pedagogues."

Heine has set forth some of his English impressions in his "Reisebilder," a book which is the quintessence of Heine at his freshest and most fascinating time; prose, verse, the wildest wit, and the most sober earnest being equally mixed in these "Travelling Sketches." He came over to England in the fever heat of a *francist* enthusiasm, and, full of an ardent *parisianisme*, set to work to demolish the British Philistine. His creed then was: "The French are the chosen people of the new religion; its first gospels and dogmas have been drawn up in their language; Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which divides the consecrated land of freedom from the land of the Philistines." He loved the French for their accessibility to ideas, the absence of hold which prescription and routine have on them, and their readiness to move or alter at the bidding (real or supposed) of reason. This gives us the keynote of his detestation of the English character and his remark, "I might settle in England if it were not that I should find there two things, coal-smoke and Englishmen; I cannot abide either." He sketches Cobbett thus: "While I translate Cobbett's words the man himself comes bodily before my mind's eye, as I saw him at that uproarious dinner at the Crown and Anchor tavern, with his scolding red face and his radical laugh, in which venomous hate mingles with a mocking exultation of his enemies' surely approaching downfall. He is a chained cur, who falls with equal fury on every one whom he does not know, often bites the best friend of the house in the calves, barks incessantly, and just because of this incessantness of his barking cannot get listened to, even when he barks at a real thief. Therefore the distinguished thieves who plunder England do not think it necessary to throw the growling Cobbett a bone to stop his mouth. This makes the dog furiously savage, and he shows all his hungry teeth. Poor old Cobbett! England's dog! I have no love for thee, for every vulgar nature my soul abhors; but thou touchest me to the inmost soul with pity, as I see how thou strainest in vain to break loose and to get at those thieves who make off with their booty before thy very eyes, and mock at thy fruitless springs and thine impotent howling."

Poor Heine was to die under the sad conviction that the future of his beloved

France lay in the Communism which he so hated for its narrowness and grossness. On his deathbed, in 1856, "the Child of the French Revolution" (as he often calls himself) cried aloud in agony of spirit: "It is all of no use; the future belongs to our enemies the Communists, and Louis Napoleon is their John the Baptist." The saying that "The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother," is well known, but before quitting Heine (always a topic of singular attraction) his amplification of this must not be omitted; it is so true, and at the same time shows his mixed vein of *malice* and poetry to perfection. He says: "And yet, after all, no one can even tell how things may fall out. The grumpy Englishman, in an ill-temper with his wife, is capable of some day putting a rope round her neck, and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconstant Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother; he will always keep for her a nook by the chimney-corner, where she can tell her fairy-stories to the listening children."

All our visitors interested in politics have something to say of the House of Commons, which is a source of unflinching comment, and they generally describe the appearance of the leading politicians of the day. Prince Pückler-Muskau was present in the House at a debate during the ministerial crisis of 1827. He says Brougham might be compared in debate to a "dexterous and elegant boxer; Canning presented the image of a finished, antique gladiator. All was noble, refined, simple; then suddenly, at one splendid point, his eloquence burst forth like lightning, grand and all-subduing." The next day the prince heard and saw the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and says: "He is no orator, and was compelled *bon gré mal gré* to enter upon his defence like an accused person. . . . There was something touching to me in seeing the hero of this century in so subdued a situation." However, the duke brings his speech to a tolerably successful conclusion, amid his supporters' ringing cheers. Then the other ministers rise to apologize for resigning. Old Lord Eldon weeps copiously, but produces no similar emotion in his auditors. Lord Holland was sharp and striking; Lord King showed a great deal of wit, not always in the best taste;

Lord Lansdowne made a calm and appropriate statement, more remarkable for good sense than brilliancy. Lord Grey "excelled the rest in dignity of manner, a thing which English orators, almost without exception either neglect or cannot acquire."

Professor Silliman, from Boston, gives good portraits of Pitt and Fox as he saw them in the House in 1805. He describes Pitt thus: "In his person he is tall and spare; he has small limbs, with large knees and feet; his features are sharp; his nose large, pointed, and turning up; his complexion sanguine; his voice deep-toned and commanding, yet sweet and perfectly well modulated; and his whole presence, notwithstanding the want of symmetry in his limbs, is, when he rises to speak, full of superiority and conscious dignity. . . . Fox's manner is flowing, easy, and natural, but without the dignity and impressiveness of Pitt. He stood leaning forward, as if going up hill, and his fists were clenched and thrust into his waistcoat pockets," etc. Moritz, a German gentleman who travelled on foot in England in 1782, says he preferred the entertainment to be met with at the Houses of Parliament "to most other amusements." He was much struck at seeing "the whole of the British nation assembled in its representatives," although in "rather a mean looking building that not a little resembles a chapel. The members of the House of Commons have nothing particular in their dress; they even come into the House in their great coats, and with boots and spurs. It is not at all uncommon to see a member lying stretched out on one of the benches while others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges or whatever else is in season, etc. One sometimes sees one member speaking and another accompanying the speech with his actions. This I remarked more than once in a worthy old citizen, who was afraid of speaking himself, but when his neighbor spoke he accompanied every energetic sentence with a suitable gesticulation, by which means his whole body was sometimes in motion."

The women of England receive even more admiring comments from our stranger visitors than the British Constitution itself; it would make a study apart to record all the varying tributes to the charms of our countrywomen. Perhaps the quaintest commendation is that of Dr. Gemelli Careri (an Italian gentleman), who was in England in 1686. He says: "The women are very beautiful and genteel and

courteous of behavior, being, in short, looked upon as one of the valuable things which England affords, which are

Anglia mons, pons, fons, Ecclesia, fœmina, lana.

Add to this commendation that they do whatsoever they please, and do so generally wear the breeches (as we use to say), that it is now become a proverb that England is the hell of horses and the paradise of women; and if there were a bridge from the island to the Continent, all the women in Europe would run thither."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE FATHER OF LOW GERMAN POETRY.

"I DECLINE to recommend your book; it is its own recommendation. It will make an oasis in the desert." So wrote the foremost critic and literary historian in Germany, one who never flattered and who had lately lost his professorial chair as the price of telling his king the truth, — so wrote, in 1852, Gervinus to a young and unknown writer who had sent him his book with a request for some commendatory words. The book came from a lonely island in the Baltic, and bore the felicitously daring title of "Quickborn" (running spring); but its chief singularity lay in its being written in a tongue which, though familiarly used along the entire seaboard of the German Baltic and North Sea, was as strange to verse, almost to print, as the finger-counting of a rustic huckster to the honors of symbolic notation.

To-day in the presence of the various achievement of Groth and Reuter, we have no difficulty in seeing the significance of that long literary atrophy of the Low German speech to which "Quickborn" put an end. In Reuter's pretty idyll, "Hanne Nüte," its story is told by the help of a picturesque fable.

I know an oak by the North-sea strand,

Through its boughs the North-wind rages,  
Proudly it lifts its crown in the air;

It has stood for a score of ages:

By no human hand

Was it planted there,

And it spreads from Pommern to Netherland.

The king and queen hear of this marvelous tree and go down to the shore to see it. "Who has tended it that it grows so finely?" they ask. And a young fellow steps forward: "Sir king, it owes little to you or your queen. The great people had

no time to tend it, and so we laboring-folk took it in hand and reared it for our own."

We are gradually, in this nineteenth century, coming to discover what wealth of natural color and scent there is in these gnarled and knotted giants of the primeval forests, and what potent music the wind can wake in their branches. In other words, we have perceived that no considerable mass of people can grow up and grow on for generations, earning its bread by daily but not brutalizing labor, and sweetening its labor in due measure with laughter and love, without developing in its midst germs of poetry which it is a loss to literature to ignore, but which can only be expressed with full effect in its own language. This we take to be the final justification of dialect poetry. Much, indeed, which goes or has gone by that name does not deserve it in this sense. The scenes of clown and boor in dialect scattered through the genial dramatists from Aristophanes onward, which merely exploit the ludicrous effect of an uncouth speech, are not dialect poetry. Nor, on the other hand, are learned transpositions into dialect of forms and scenery essentially alien and remote. Even Allan Ramsay, charming as he is, remembers the elegant artificialities of the pastoral rather too well. We read our "Pope in worsted stockings," also, with esteem; but heaven preserve us from Pope in a blouse!

From both these errors the creator of *Platt-Deutsch*, or Low German, poetry, like his forerunner Burns and his contemporary Barnes, was preserved; from the first by natural bent, from the second by prolonged and concentrated toil. Klaus Groth, whose seventieth birthday has lately been celebrated all over Germany, was born in 1819 near Heide — the little provincial capital of western Holstein — in his father's windmill; a strange, romantic sort of dwelling, "fit nurse for a poetic child." A boyhood outwardly uneventful, but full of ingathered impressions which later on gave its strange intensity of emotional tone to his landscape-painting, full also of strenuous discipline in various fields of learning, led him in 1842 to enter upon the critical work of his life. "There still lives here," he says in a private letter from his home near Kiel to the present writer, "a schoolmaster to whom, as a student, I confided my still unformed plans. It needed ten years more, five of them spent on the lonely island of Fehmarn, before the first fruits were ripe; ten years of wearing labor, the secret toil of an alchemist, for I should have been

thrown into a madhouse if any one had suspected what I was at." Such was the time in which appeared the work prophesied by Gervinus to have the effect of an oasis in the desert. And the prophecy was just. Before long all Holstein was singing his songs and telling his tales.

Groth's gift to his countrymen in "Quickborn" may fairly be called unique. Neither Barnes nor Burns (to repeat the too alliterative formula which it is difficult in this connection to escape) has reflected the whole life of a country-side, present and past, with at once so comprehensive and so subtle an eye for the poetry of common occupations, for the gleams of fine coloring which lurk among the grays and russets of a homely folk of farmers and fishers. Barnes, with all his exquisite and loving portraiture of the dear Dorsetshire he knew, and with all his kindly enthusiasm for its traditions and antiquities, as a poet wholly ignores its past. The poetry of that past resides for him, not in the great deeds of Alfred nor in the tragedy of that Bloody Assize which Jeffreys opened in the scarlet-hung court of Dorchester, but in the Anglo-Saxon grammar and the curious cultivation of its quaint and old-world terms. Burns, on the other hand, a poet of impulse if ever there was one, but wholly devoid of constructive power, ignores with rare exceptions whatever cannot be flashed upon the mind with the sudden brevity of a lyric,—the element of story in fact, the gradual changes of outward circumstance and inward emotion which make up a story as distinguished from a mere anecdote. Barnes, in a word, and speaking broadly, has no ballads; Burns has no tales. But some of Groth's finest and most memorable work belongs to these two classes; and he is in some, no doubt a much smaller measure, not only the Barnes and the Burns of Holstein, but its Walter Scott also.

It might appear that the poet of the flat, undistinguished North Sea marshes had intrinsically much the most difficult task of the three. The lovely, undulating woodlands of our south coast, with their steep slopes of green down and intervening glimpses of glittering sea, were not for him; nor yet the sweep of the high Scotch moorland with its mountain-torrents and glinting birch-glens. He had not to do with a people cast either in the mould of the idyllic, if somewhat sleepy, rusticity of Dorset, or in that of the more drastic and sharp-featured world of "Scotch religion, Scotch drink, and Scotch manners," which Mr. Arnold has, summarily enough,

told us is the world of Burns. But he had to do with a people, somewhat unostentatious and reserved certainly, holding its powers somewhat in the background, yet nevertheless possessing a wealth both of practical energy and of imaginative power which have filled its history with stirring records, its folk-lore with dreamy mythology, and its homes with the irrepressible arabesques of the amateur wood-carver. And he had the still, vast landscape of Holstein, with its boundless reaches of golden corn-land and sandy heath, and of pastures scented with flower and honey; with its horizon so far and so level that you see the blue sky right down to it on all sides, while miles away along the white road that stretches like a gleaming thread from you to it, you will detect the horseman who passed you half an hour ago and the church tower whose bells you no longer hear. A flock of larks rises up like a chorus close at hand. By the still pool, a little further, a stork meditatively watches for his prey. The vast shadows of the clouds speed over the plain, subduing for a moment the dazzling lustre of the fields of rape, and turning from silver to gray the wings of the wild geese that sail in unsteady procession overhead. And if you follow their flight westward, you will probably perceive a thin line of shimmering light along the horizon, where the North Sea lurks insidiously behind its rampart of sandy shallows.

Such a landscape has its own subtle charm which never loses its hold upon those who have grown up in it. The born Marsh-man clings to it with passionate tenacity, and "even in Paradise," says Groth, "would never lose the oppressive longing for its melancholy splendor." It has also terrible and unforeseen capacities of its own as a gathering-ground of history and legend. War in these flat regions has little of the romance and adventure which belong to it in a country of cliff and crag, full of rocky fastnesses for refuge and lonely dells for ambush. But it has the stern tragedy of a struggle which, just because no refuge is possible, is fought out desperately to the bitter end. Its incidents are not picturesquely varied, but brief, sudden, intense; the smooth canvas lends itself little to the play of light and shade, but gathers the color into blotches and pools which add to the force if not exactly to the pleasantness of the picture. The sea, too, as on every coast where the sands are wide and shallow and the tides swift, has contributed many a mysterious story to the legends of the country-side.

You may hear there, as on other such shores, of village girls carried off by mermen, and mermaids wedded to villagers; of drowned men who neither died nor lived, conscious only of a dreamy longing to return; of poor pebble-seekers by the strand, drawn into the sea by a mysterious compulsion as though a voice called them and they had to go, and never returning to wife and children.

Among the finest parts of "Quickborn" are those in which such history or legend as this is retold in unadorned yet thrilling verse as, for instance, in "From the Old Chronicle," and in "Cottage Tales" (Wat sik dat Volk vertellt). The fate of the buried city of old Büsum, for instance, is more impressive in the reticent brevity of Groth's few stanzas than in the most detailed narrative.

Old Büsum lies below the wave,  
The waters came and scooped its grave.

They scooped and scoured, they crawled and crept,  
The island to the deep they swept.

Never a stick nor straw was found;  
All buried in the gulf profound.

Nor any kine, nor dog, nor sheep;  
All swallowed in the deepest deep.

Whatever lived and loved the light,  
The sea locks in eternal night.

Sometimes at lowest ebb you see  
The tops of houses in the sea.

Then peers the steeple from the sand  
Like to the finger of a hand.

Then are the bells heard softly ringing  
And the choristers softly singing;

And it is whispered o'er the deep:  
"Suffer the buried dead to sleep!"

Nor would it be easy to surpass the terrible intensity of the lines which tell how the Marsh peasants avenged an incursion of Holstein nobles, an incident in the interminable feuds of the fifteenth century. The Hamme, it should be explained, is a kind of fortified pass on the road from Dittmarsch to Holstein proper, where it runs as a narrow, stone-paved track through thick woods with deep trenches on each side. On August 4th, 1404, Duke Gerhard suddenly seized this pass.

"What moves along the Hamme so red and so white?"  
Three hundred knights of Holstein, ready  
and ripe for fight.

The Dittmarschen yeomen had ruddy gold  
laid by, —  
The Dittmarschen yeomen, they held their  
heads so high!

"What lies along the Hamme so pale and so red?"

Three hundred knights of Holstein in their  
bloody bed.

The Dittmarschen yeomen that day they  
taught the lords,  
They have gold in their coffers, — and iron in  
their swords.

"What moves along the Hamme so wan and so white?"

Three hundred Holstein ladies to the burial-  
rite.

The Dittmarschen yeomen on the Hamme  
stood that day!

And God's curse upon the nobles when they  
ride again this way!

This was not the only instance of a crushing defeat inflicted by these sturdy peasants upon the northern chivalry. The battle of Hellingsted a century later was a still more significant triumph. But the sixteenth century here as elsewhere in Germany brought with it the close of these prolonged and fruitless feuds, and in a manner disastrous and humiliating for the peasantry. Forced in a last decisive battle, in which all their leaders perished, to succumb, the miserable remnant laid down their arms and passed into the condition of serfs. This pathetic moment in the history of his country has been recorded by Groth in his poem of "The Last Feud." But, after all, only a fragment of Groth's work is devoted to these "battles long ago;" indeed the very conception of his stirring ballads was an afterthought and due to a felicitous hint from his great friend Müllenhoff. He is at heart the singer of the "familiar matters of to-day, which have been and shall be again." Now in brief snatches of lyric verse, now in sustained and flexible narrative, he tells us whatever is moving or piquant in the unwritten chronicle of the country-side, or in that subtler volume which writes itself in the memory of an observant poet. The tale of the stone at Schalkholt, for instance, the worn inscription on which records how two brothers were rivals for the hand of the same girl, the trimmest in the parish. "What's amiss, brother?" asked one, as they met one morning; "you look so melancholy. Cheer up and put your best clothes on to-morrow, for I am coming with my bride." "To-morrow I have no time, I must be away to the heath, else the wolf will make off with one of my flock." To-morrow

came, and the newly engaged brother was found shot dead on the spot where the stone was afterwards raised to his memory. Or the tale of the girl who flies from her home in the Marsh-land with her sailor-lover, carried off in the grey of early morning trembling with fear and with love, while he is all exultation and triumph:—

My boat is in the harbor,  
My ship is by the strand,  
And my true love is in my arms—  
Good-bye, my fatherland!

Or the "Organ-player,"—the defiant young scapegrace over whose unregenerate boyhood the village gossips had prophesied evil and the schoolmaster lost patience—who sells his inheritance, flashes out in momentary splendor with the proceeds, and then, when all is gone, takes to the portable organ and bears through Europe the pageant of his still defiant high spirits:—

What care I for the mouldy pack!  
I've all my music on my back,  
I sing my song and have my crack,  
And turn my organ round!

A page or two further, and we hear, in subtle contrast with these rollicking stanzas, the pathetic wail of the "Old Harp-player," who has seen her youth and beauty go by, and as she crawls with her melancholy music from house to house shivering with cold and ague, recalls, like Villon's *La Belle Heaulmière*, the days when she sang, a rosy-cheeked girl, for very joy of heart, never dreaming of poverty and death. Verses of extreme simplicity, these, which in any cultured and artificial speech would seem bald with their plaintive repetitions, their lingering emphasis upon the same thought, but which in the homely folk-speech pierce like a natural cry. A yet sterner aspect of poverty meets us in the powerful sketch, "Peter Plumm." A young girl, Anna Blum, lives with her widowed mother and six still younger brothers and sisters. Forced to go into service for their support, the child, in order to get better wages, conceives a strange plan. Late on one stormy night a boy presents himself, starved and shivering, at a cottage in a distant village, and begs for shelter. None of the farmers to whom he had applied for work cared to hire a young fellow of such delicate make and tender skin. He is taken in and cared for, and in spite of his being "a bit fine," given work. "Peter" rapidly becomes a general favorite, — winning golden opinions among the village housewives by his steadiness and

neat-handed skill, for he cares little for drink, makes and mends his own coats, and never runs after the girls. Anton, his master's son, is his devoted friend. Seven years passed by, and then one day the military inspector made his rounds, and Anton and Peter were required to present themselves as recruits. To the amazement of the whole family the douce and canny Peter burst into a storm of tears and passionately refused to go. . . . The next morning the whole village knew that their Peter was a girl, and they rapidly discovered that they had always suspected as much. The new Anna soon turned everybody's head, and her old comrade Anton above all followed her everywhere about, complaining only of her girlish care for her long locks; "Why should she be a butterfly among the rustic grubs?" But the end of the butterfly was sad — so sad that the poet can scarcely bring himself to hint it, so intolerable does he feel the discord to be. Anna murdered her child, and it was at the foot of the lonely gallows tree on the moor, and by the hangman's hand, as the German custom is, that the long locks were at length cut off. The hint is enough, and the poet, who feels too keenly to describe it, is too human to point it with any other moral than, "Oh, the pity of it!"

And human he remains even when he enters the less tragic but more oppressive atmosphere of the alms-house, — the tedious last chapter of so many a miserable story, with nothing wanting but the sententious epigram of the moralist and the *finis* of death. Long before Groth, George Crabbe had drawn its image in "The Borough" with the merciless fidelity of a prose Dante. His Blaney and Clelia and the rest are not so much studies in life as shocking examples, paraded with solemn, though perfectly sincere, unction for the warning of a dissolute age. Groth, on the other hand, a large-hearted artist with little vocation for writing pamphlets in rhyme, is drawn by a subtle attraction towards this shattered wreckage, as he calls it, of society. The alms-house is for him the lumber-room of the civic mansion, unvisited, unswept, uncared for, strewn with old and battered furniture, shattered minds and broken hearts, shrivelled and dusty lives. There is the silver-haired blind man who sits outside by the door, drawing figures in the sand with his stick, his glassy eyes fixed on the clouds as he listens to the chimes of other days still ringing in his ears. There is the aristocratic pauper, — "the Baron," who never

appears in the street without gloves and a cane, and is profusely gracious to any compassionate donor of a slice of bread and butter. And there are the two old men who have been in other days master and servant, but whom fortune has brought to the same level, and will soon lay in the same grave. Bowed and silent they sit opposite to each other at the deserted supper-table, and the monotonous memories drift into their minds. "How long is it ago, Jehann? It seems like yesterday; I had just built my new granary," and the old man tells for the hundredth time the story of his lost love.

Reminiscence, it will be seen, with its strangely mingled pangs and raptures, plays a large part in the poetry of Groth, and it is at this point that he touches hands, most obviously and on most nearly equal terms, with Burns. Elsewhere, indeed, he imitates him more directly, as in his "Hans Schander;" but the splendid vehemence, the bounding swiftness of "Tam o' Shanter" lie outside the scope of the less dynamic genius of the author of "Quickborn." It is to the elegiac, the passionate Burns that Groth is really akin; to the Burns of "Ye Banks and Braes" and of "Auld Lang Syne." The overpowering pathos of

We twa hae paid't i' the burn  
From mornin' sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin auld lang syne,

has not often been more nearly approached than in "Min Jehann."

On the other hand, if he wants the boisterous humor of Burns, he has touches of his arch and sly fun, and he has, besides, a peculiar and delightful playfulness of his own, less potent and keen, indeed, but full of zest and charm. Children, we know, have only in the nineteenth century attained their true rank as subjects and sources of poetry. They have bewitched great poets, and inspired small ones to the verge of greatness. They brought to Wordsworth his sublimest rapture; to Victor Hugo his truest tenderness; to Rückert his keenest pathos and his most delicate fancy. Groth, too, is a lover of children if ever there was one; but he is a joyous lover, whose ecstasy of worship finds freest vent in a game of hilarious fun with the object of it, and then, when the game is over, in verses like the delightful "Ah! thou little flax-head!"—one of the most genial pieces of idolatry in existence. He is, moreover, like his great follower, Reuter, one of the

poets who hear the birds talk; and if he does not convince the sceptical reader that they do, he leaves him in little doubt that *Platt*,—the expressive, familiar, insinuating *Platt* of Groth,—would be their language if they did. If poetry is fine imagery and lofty music, there is little that is poetical about "Ducks in the Water;" yet it is one of the freshest and gayest pictures of bird-society in literature, less various and brilliant certainly, but as brimful of character and life within its limits as Chaucer's "Parliament of Fowles" and the wonderful bird-scenes of Aristophanes.

"Quickborn" is for the student of Groth nearly what the "Lyrical Ballads" are for the Wordsworthians. It presents, that is, with fair completeness in narrow compass all the essential traits of the poet, and in certain directions also his final and consummate achievement. But it leaves, in others, faint outlines to be filled in, incomplete essays to be worked out. In fresh and buoyant inspiration, in faculty of song, in natural charm and grace, the "Quickborn" was hardly rivalled by its successors. He had there sung his best once for all, and as a lyric poet his sole and sufficient monument is there. But the idylls of "Quickborn," fine as they are, had not yet shown all that he could achieve in telling a pathetic story. It was reserved for the following years to give decisive proof of this,—and above all in the masterpiece which so refined a critic as Emmanuel Geibel, with not unintelligible enthusiasm called the finest idyll ever written in any language, the "Heisterkrog." The charm of Groth lies very largely in qualities of atmosphere and sentiment which evade description, but we will endeavor to give our readers the materials for forming their own judgment.

It opens with a scene full of life and movement, the stir and noise of which gives its full effect to the stillness and the seclusion of those which follow. Michaelmas Fair is going on in the little town of Bredsted; and Michaelmas Fair in the rustic creed of all lower Germany, is one of the three Christian festivals. The streets are thronged with seekers for pleasure and profit, while in the tavern parlor sit over their pipes and beer the men of importance and understanding, cheapening the reputation of the passers-by. Suddenly the crowd draws back, and a carriage dashes furiously down the street towards the churchyard. The spectators watch it disappear and resume their pipes in silence. They know that it is

the owner of the Heisterkrog escaping from the intolerable solitude of his desolated home to stand for a moment by the grave in which his happiness lies buried.

The figure thus vigorously introduced belongs to a type frequent in Groth, and is painted with delicate though unostentatious skill. The only son of a Dutch merchant who had withdrawn from the fitful fever of life in Amsterdam to spend the evening of his days in contemplative leisure in Holstein, Jan Van Harlem was alien both by race and inherited proclivities from the community of farmers in which he grew up. On the Heisterkrog, a lonely spot by the sea, his father had built a roomy Dutch farmhouse, planted trees and sown crops, and there the young Jan revelled in a boy's paradise of liberty, hectoring the laborers, or wandering through the rich meadows with an indigent lad as his "slave," who hunted worms for Jan's hook and imperilled his skin for the wild honey which Jan consumed. The unemployed parsons and hungry students who were engaged to teach him Greek succeeded one another with great rapidity, and he grew up as nature made him, a broad-shouldered, taciturn Fleming, with a foreigner's antipathy for his neighbors, returned in kind by them. Marriage might have healed these differences, but Jan displayed no susceptibilities of this kind, and those marriageable maidens who tentatively spread their nets only fortified his aversion. But the old father dreaded to see the estate pass out of his family; Jan yielded to his urgency, and presently a bride appeared from Holland, a distant relative, rather plain, elderly, and placid. Soon after the marriage the father died, but no child gladdened the solitary pair, and they lived on in haughty seclusion, with an unsatisfied and unconfessed hunger in their hearts.

There came at this time to live in a neighboring cottage a weaver from Angeln, — that district of north-eastern Holstein which bred the makers of England and retains their name. He was a widower with a family of young girls. A pale, shy, industrious man, whose motto was "Wake and work!" and who had made it his children's motto also. The eldest, Marie, soon became the pet and delight of the neighborhood. The roughest huckster in the market softened, the lame pot-seller, whose tongue was the dread of schoolboys, forgot his bad temper when she came in sight with her large eyes demurely lowered under her broad straw hat. Acquaintance sprang up between

the two families of settlers. Some inherited instinct of the Flemish blood was appealed to by the industrial occupation of the weaver. The lonely and childless wife, who had no other friend, was drawn to the fresh young girl. They became intimate. "No wonder the foreign refugees hang together," said the neighbors, who grudged the best farm in the county to the "pair of cheese-faces." Jan, too, was very glad to see his pale wife roused by this new friendship from her wistful reveries; nor was he without his own joy also, when their carriage stopped at the weaver's door, and Mariken ran out

Warm as a chick into the winter air,  
And called *Good-morning* as the birds cry  
*Spring!*

One of those passionate attachments which come once in a lifetime to many seemingly reserved and self-contained natures took possession of the friendless woman, and she asserted it with imperious energy. A cousin of the weaver appeared in whom she suspected designs upon the hand of her *protégé*. She appealed to her husband to "save" the child; she counteracted the new-comer's suit with the eagerness of jealousy, and when he imagined that he had won the game, by persuading the weaver to emigrate with him to America and then formally asking Marie for his wife, he found that she elected to let father and sisters go and accept the home eagerly pressed upon her by the lady of the Heisterkrog. And so the last farewells were said, and she was carried in tears across the fatal threshold.

With the elasticity of youth, however, she soon recovered her jousness.

It was with her as with the thrush in spring,  
That wonders at the first at its own song,  
Stops ever and anon as if in thought,  
Half doubting yet the joy whereof he sings;  
So carolled she, then sadness made her still,  
But, soon forgetting, the glad heart of youth  
Wakened again within her, and the house  
Through all its quiet chambers rang with joy  
The while she wandered in them, like a rose,  
Shedding the smell of summer where she trod.

Fun, too, she brought into the grave and stately household, and the childless husband and wife would sit and laugh like children as they watched her after-dinner mimicry of some luckless suitor: —

Hands against sides and fingers thrust apart,  
Murmuring a verse about eternal love  
Out of the hymn-book.

And as his eyes lingered on her unconscious face, the solitary man who had



never known love felt his compassion for the orphan grow subtly into a deeper emotion. In the long summer evenings he walked with her by the sea and told her of his childhood, and his dreams of the great world he had never seen. But the girl's thoughts were far away across the gleaming water, and she heard him, —

But as we hear, half dreaming, half awake,  
What pierces to the deepest heart of us,  
But whether joy or terror, we know not,  
Or as we listen to the sound of bells,  
That haply ring of peril, haply bliss,  
Perchance a wedding or perchance a death,  
But sweet they are, whatever they may mean.

Slowly the dreamy pleasure took distinct form, and she realized with beating heart that it was she who made the brightness of Jan's home.

Autumn came on, and with it the crisis of this little history. It was one of those September mornings on which the buoyancy and hopefulness of spring seem for a moment to return, when the wind resumes the exhilarating and voluptuous tones of the April breeze. Jan was to drive to Michaelmas Fair and the horses stood at the door. As he looked out over the landscape he felt the old joy of life in his veins again. The faint murmur of the festive town in the distance stirred him like an enchanted voice calling him to live. Suddenly Marie entered to see him go. The embodiment of the happiness he had never found stood before him; under an irresistible impulse he clasped her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. Half fainting she made no resistance, and when she came to herself the black horses were galloping madly away, and she sat there alone, —

And heard the ticking of the parlor clock,  
And saw the pictures on the oaken chest.

As she slowly gathered her thoughts she became aware of a confused sound of voices outside; and the little goose-girl came running in with wild eyes crying breathlessly, "The mistress!" Marie started up, and hurried with instinctive foreboding to the moat. A glance was enough. She saw a hand that quivered, a fold of dress that rose and sank, —

And then the world for her was at an end.

She stood like a corpse at the water's edge, deaf to the ineffectual cries of the would-be rescuers (for by the seacoast no one learns to swim), deaf to the taunting insinuations of the old nurse, who loudly related how she had seen the mistress

rush from the house death-pale, saying "She would make an end of that." And so indeed it proved for Marie.

As poison slowly dropping in her heart,  
And beating with her blood through all her limbs,

Till they grew stark, and rebels to her will,  
So dropped her thoughts. Speechless and motionless

She stood, and shed no tear and breathed no sigh;

Then staggered with the rest into the house,  
Climbed slowly up into her little room,  
And nothing spoke, asking or answering,  
Or wishing, or desiring, any more.

Jan returned to find his home shattered. He shut himself up in absolute seclusion, from which he emerged only when the fatal Michaelmas Fair came round, to hurry on furious wheels to the churchyard where slept the two women whose graves he had made.

Nothing, it will be seen, could be simpler in motive than the "Heisterkrog;" nothing also could be simpler than the means used to produce its nevertheless powerful effect. Its characters are plain country people, relieved by no personal brilliancy or distinction from the background of unpretending Holstein landscape upon which they are thrown, but rather harmonizing and blending with it; for Groth's men and women have, like Wordsworth's, a certain air of belonging to, of growing out of, the mother-earth they tread, of being in some sense akin in their repose to the rock and the tree. Only, at a certain point in the low-toned canvas, the quiet lines become distorted and convolved, the subdued tones break into sudden glare and gloom; the dry and mechanical nature awakens to find itself in the grasp of the blind passion which, as it is finely said: —

Sees all things, that itself it may not see,  
Finds out each lurking longing of the heart,  
And draws it forth and clothes itself therein.

The tragedy of such tardy awakenings as Jan's belongs to the Northern poet, just as the tragedy of love like Juliet's belongs naturally to the poet of the South. It is a tragedy which deals mainly in the eloquence of reserve, in the pathos that is without a cry. The fluid speech and fluid emotion of the South are more easily lured into artistic form; but the stubborn human nature of the North has yielded, in the hands of competent masters, art not less classical, not less a portion of the permanent possession of Europe; and a place, not the lowest, among these be-

longs to the poet who divined, with the sympathy of a son of the soil and the passionate love of an exile, the elements of universal poetry and music which lay locked up in the unvocal bosom of his "Landeken deep,"—the low-lying land whose speech bears for no other reason and with no other justification than this, the name of *Platt*.

C. H. HERFORD.

From The Leisure Hour.  
CHILDREN AND THE POETS.

Is it true, as some modern writers tell us, that life in these busy and anxious days has lost much of its freshness, that we have less capacity for enjoyment than our fathers, and that the simple pleasures which they found the sweetest have no longer the power to charm? Is it true that as knowledge advances, and the world grows daily richer in variety of interest, the feelings become less sensitive, and the craving after excitement more intense?

Questions such as these are of course far more readily asked than answered. We cannot see enough of the age we are living in to estimate it rightly, and amid a multiplicity of voices the loudest is the most likely to attract attention. When dyspeptic magazine-philosophers doubt whether life is worth living, it does not follow that the vast bulk of Englishmen who are neither writers nor dyspeptic, have any uncertainty about the matter. There are jaded men, no doubt, who from moral or intellectual causes are joyless and unhopeful; but for most of us life, though often burdened with sorrow, is full of delight, and many there are, happily, to whom sorrow itself is the most faithful harbinger of joy. And how can life lose its brightness and men and women look upon it with weary eyes while it is still gladdened with the happy voices and sweet faces of children? They give a spirit of youth to everything, and their wistful joy and sense of wonder, their simplicity and trustfulness, their winning ways and innocent mirth, help to make their elders hopeful and happy too; for "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The place children occupy in modern literature is, I think, a significant proof that if they are not loved more than in earlier days, there is in our time a far stronger expression of the interest they excite.

Poets and prose-writers unite in doing honor to the little ones and in trying to give them pleasure, but this was not the case to any large extent until the present century. Greek poetry and Greek art gained little, if any, inspiration from the sweetness and simplicity of childhood. Virgil, the most musical of Roman poets, and, as he has been well styled, the tenderest of poets, is unmoved by the charms of children; and long after Christianity had invested child-life with a new meaning and beauty, the lesson was but slightly understood. The painter learned it before the poet. Raphael taught the world, as Reynolds taught it long afterwards, the loveliness of infancy; but poetry had no song to utter on this theme; and even Shakespeare, whose largeness of nature comprehended every subject, with two or three beautiful exceptions, has little to say about children. Spenser, "our sage and serious poet," the sweetest and most musical of singers, leaves them almost wholly out of his song; and, although Milton writes quaintly "On the Death of a Fair Infant," and alludes more than once to children, there is no indication that he cared about them. It is otherwise, however, with his great contemporary, Jeremy Taylor, whose sympathy with childhood is seen in many allusions in his "Life of Christ," and in the following familiar passage: "No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society."

George Wither, a prolific poet of the period, who died in the same year as Taylor, and who has not yet received all the praise he merits, has written a charming cradle song; and, by way of alluring my readers to the poem, I will extract three stanzas:—

Sleep, baby, sleep! What ails my dear?  
What ails my darling thus to cry?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear  
To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be;  
Thine eldest brother is a king,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
 In little babes He took delight;  
 Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
 Are ever precious in His sight.  
 Sweet baby, then, forbear to weep;  
 Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Henry Vaughan, a sacred poet of rare gifts, who also belonged to the seventeenth century, writes of childhood as the "dear harmless age," and in his remarkable poem, beginning:—

Happy those early days when I  
 Shined in my angel infancy,

he suggested the thought, derived originally from Plato, which Wordsworth enlarged upon with such magnificence in his "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." "Men," said Dryden, "are but children of a larger growth;" and it is only of these full-grown children with beards on their chins that he condescends to write. The Queen Anne men, too, as a rule, regard the little ones with slight attention; but Prior has some charming lines "To a Child of Quality;" and Sir Richard Steele, who, with a thousand faults, was one of the most loving of fathers, pleasantly writes of his children's little ways, and has also a few exquisitely tender passages that owe their pathos to the recollections of childhood. One in particular describing a wife's sorrow over her husband, while her little child beats the coffin with his battledore, is hardly to be surpassed for tenderness.

Bachelors are not supposed to have much liking for babies and small folk; but Dr. Watts's "Cradle Hymn" is beautiful, and in life as well as verse. Oliver Goldsmith showed a graceful fancy for all young creatures. Dr. Johnson, large-hearted though he was, preferred reserving his affection until they were full grown. The record of a child's ignorant sorrow at the loss of a mother is touchingly described by Cowper in lines familiar to all readers, and Blake, a very child at heart, sings more than one child's song with a sweet but uncertain voice.

It was not, however, until this century opened that the claims and charms of children were recognized in literature, and, in spite of the good work done by Jane Taylor, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth and others, it is only within the last twenty or thirty years that books for children, or about them, have filled a large and prominent place upon the shelves of libraries. Long before this, indeed, Wordsworth led the way, and the poet, who never seems

to have played with children or to have delighted in their society, proved by his "We are Seven," and many another lovely poem, that he understood child-nature on its poetical side. Scott, who, like Southey, was one of the most loving of fathers, and entered into all the joys and sorrows of his children, cannot be said to excel as the poet of childhood, and I think that the Waverley Novels depend as little for their interest upon the representation of child-life as the plays of Shakespeare. The distinguished poets who were Scott's contemporaries found but small inspiration in this theme, but during the last half century our literature, and the literature of America, is abundantly rich in poems of this character.

A traveller, by the way, has said that there are no children in America; but, if so, who reads the charming books for children that come to us from the other side of the Atlantic? The grown-up people, perhaps; and I confess that some of these books, thanks to the art of writers like Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Burnett, and many another author that might be mentioned, have given me fully as much pleasure as any American fiction written for adults. And one has only to mention the name of Longfellow, deservedly the most popular of American poets, to recall some of the sweetest lyrics, with children for their theme, known in these modern days. It is as if their poets, like our own, had been gifted with a vision of a garden of delights, the gates of which had been but partially opened to their predecessors.

Two interesting volumes lie before me which greatly strengthen this impression. The venerable poet Whittier's collection of poems, entitled "Child Life," consists, with but two or three exceptions, of poems written during this century, and almost wholly of lyrics belonging to the later portion of it. Indeed, so entirely modern is the character of this delightful book, that the appearance in it of such ancient classics as Cowper and Wordsworth seems almost out of place. Mr. Robertson's "Children of the Poets" is an anthology from English and American writers of three centuries, but eighty pages contain all the verse which the editor regards as suitable prior to Hartley Coleridge, the rest of the selection being taken either from recently deceased or from living poets.

If the period of child-poetry is limited, there can be no complaint that the supply of such verse is not sufficiently rich and varied. There is, I believe, no poet of

mark writing within the last forty years who has left the children out of his song.

Around the child bend all the three  
Sweet graces — Faith, Hope, Charity,

says Savage Landor, and may we not add that on the child are centred in these days the poet's three best gifts — imagination, fancy, and love?

It is very probable that childhood is not always so joyful a season as it seems in the retrospect, for a child's little heart may be full to overflowing of some sorrow which his natural reserve prevents him from communicating. The fears of timid children may appear slight to their elders, but they are often vividly real, and need as much sympathy as our larger cares. Thomas Hood, in his "Retrospective Review," writes of his boyish days as if they were a constant source of enjoyment, and contrasts them, by the help of a string of puns, with his maturer years.

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing.  
But now those past delights I drop,  
My head, alas! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts the string!

No skies so blue or so serene  
As then; no leaves looked half so green  
As clothed the playground tree.  
All things I loved are altered so,  
Nor does it ease my heart to know  
That change resides in me!

The feeling thus expressed may not bear severe scrutiny, but it is common to us all, and has been frequently uttered by the poets who look back to childhood as to a season of unclouded beauty. One peculiarity this season has, which is familiar to every one, and has been beautifully noticed by Campbell:—

The more we live more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness;  
And those of youth a *seeming length*  
Proportioned to their sweetness.

And now, to begin at the beginning, let us see what some of the most modern of our poets have to say of the infant—"mewling and puking in the nurse's arms." Mr. Whittier opens his volume, not unwisely, with Mr. George Macdonald's well-known poem of questions to a baby and the baby's answers, which ends with the pretty couplet:—

But how did you come to us, you dear?  
God thought about *you*, and so I am here.

Perhaps the most perfect picture of a baby we have from a poet's hand is given to us by Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh":—

There he lay upon his back  
The yearling creature, warm and moist with  
life

To the bottom of his dimples, to the ends  
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;  
For since he had been covered over-much,  
To keep him from the light-glare, both his  
cheeks

Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose  
The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into  
The faster for his love. And love was here  
An instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,  
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;  
The little naked feet, drawn up the way  
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft  
And tender, — to the little holdfast hands,  
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,  
Had kept the mould of it —

While we stood there dumb —

The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,  
And staring out at us with all their blue,  
As, half perplexed between the angelhood  
He had been away to visit in his sleep,  
And our most mortal presence, — gradually  
He saw his mother's face, accepting it  
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile  
As might have well been learnt there, — never  
moved,

But smiled on in a drowse of ecstasy,  
So happy (half with her and half with heaven)  
He could not bear the trouble to be stirred,  
But smiled and lay there.

Lord Tennyson has caught the style of baby verse in his musical lines, "Little Birdie," and still more in the lovely song:

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,

which many a young mother whose husband is on shipboard may have sung over her infant's cradle; and these stanzas, too well-known, perhaps, to be quoted, remind one that babyhood and infancy have given to the song of Victor Hugo, the greatest of modern French poets, its purest inspiration, and that his disciple, Mr. Swinburne, after straying many a time into less healthful ways, has found refreshment from the clear atmosphere in which little children breathe. From "A Century of Roundels" I will take one called "Babyhood":—

A baby shines as bright  
If winter or if May be  
On eyes that keep in sight  
A baby.

Though dark the skies or grey be,  
It fills our eyes with light,  
If midnight or midday be.

Love hails it day and night,  
The sweetest thing that may be  
Yet cannot praise aright  
A baby.

There are many such baby verses in the volume from which this is taken. Am I wrong in believing that they will impress the reader more as subtle exercises in a foreign form of verse than as the fruit of poetical emotion? Enough of babies, perhaps, and yet I do not like to pass by the capital lyric of "Willie Winkie," who runs through the town at night, "tapping at the window, crying at the lock," to ask if the weans are in bed; and a mother who hears him, calls out that her baby boy will not go to sleep:—

Anything but sleep, you rogue!  
Glowing like the moon;  
Rattling in an iron jug  
With an iron spoon;  
Rumbling, tumbling all about,  
Crowing like a cock,  
Screaming like I don't know what,  
Waking sleeping folk.

Hey! Willie Winkie,  
Can't you keep him still?  
Wriggling off a body's knee  
Like a very eel;  
Pulling at the cat's ear  
As she drowsy hums;  
Heigh! Willie Winkie!  
See! there he comes!

I will not quote again from Mrs. Browning, but it would not be doing justice to this department of her art to pass by without mention such lovely poems as "Isobel's Child," "The Romance of the Swan's Nest," "The Deserted Garden," "Hector in the Garden," "A Child's Grave at Florence," and that passionate utterance of a woman's heart, "The Cry of the Children," in which the fire of her genius burns perhaps at its brightest. Truly Mrs. Browning is the poet-laureate of children. Lord Tennyson, too, when he touches on this theme does so with the inimitable charm, not readily to be described, but always to be felt, which for more than half a century has made his song so dear to us.

"The May Queen" belongs to his earliest poems, "In the Children's Hospital" to the latest. This poem of his old age has a pathos and tenderness which show how in all great poets the softer qualities of the woman's nature are linked to that of the man. A few lines only shall be

quoted. A sceptical surgeon having muttered to himself, in reply to the Christian nurse who tells the story, "The good Lord Jesus has had his day," she continues:—

Had! has it come? It has only dawned. It will come by-and-by;  
O, how could I serve in the wards, if the hope of the world were a lie?  
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,  
But that He said: "Ye do it to Me when ye do it to these"?

And then she goes on to tell how her little patient overheard the doctor say that he must operate to-morrow, but feared the child would never live through it. So poor little Emmie, takes counsel of Annie, who lies in the next bed, and asks what she shall do; and she advises her to cry to the "dear Lord Jesus" to help her.

"Yes, and I will," said Emmie; "but then, if I call to the Lord,  
How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!"

That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered, and said,  
"Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—  
The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain,  
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

The doctor came in the morning, and the nurse went with him to the bedside.

He had brought his ghastly tools; we believed her asleep again—  
The dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;  
Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?  
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away.\*

Mr. Coventry Patmore, one of the most popular poets of our day, whose finest work is perhaps the least appreciated, has written a short poem called "The Toys," so remarkable for its thoughtful pathos and depth of feeling that nothing but the fear of overstepping the allotted space prevents me from quoting it. A poem, however, that has found or will assuredly find its way into all selections can be passed over without loss to the reader.

The poems called forth by children, and the merry verses written for their delight are far from being confined to great sing-

\* This is the nurse's answer to the remark of the sceptical surgeon; but instead of *His* day, the "Children of the Poets" has the misprint of *this* day, which makes the most significant line in the poem meaningless.

ers. The versifiers have been as successful as the poets. Of these some of the happiest are Mary Howitt, Mr. Stevenson, Mrs. Piatt, the author of "Lilliput Levee," and the authors of "Poems written for a Child," one of whom is Miss Smedley, whose rhymes descriptive of "A Boy's Aspirations" give us a bit of boy-nature that most of us will recognize; but the "Aspirations" belong, I think, to a child of six or seven, rather than of four. Out of ten stanzas three shall be quoted:

I was four yesterday; when I'm quite old,  
I'll have a cricket-ball made of pure gold;  
I'll carve the roast meat, and help soup and fish;  
I'll get my feet wet whenever I wish.

I'll go at liberty up-stairs or down;  
I'll pin a dishcloth to the cook's gown;  
I'll light the candles and ring the big bell;  
I'll smoke Papa's pipe, feeling quite well.

I'll have a language with not a word spell'd;  
I'll ride on horseback without being held;  
I'll hear Mamma say, "My boy, good as gold!"  
When I'm a grown-up man sixty years old.

Mr. Stevenson, one of the latest writers of children's songs, is also one of the best. "The Land of Counterpane," and "My Bed is a Boat," are both admirable. I will quote the latter:—

My bed is like a little boat;  
Nurse helps me in when I embark;  
She girds me in my sailor's coat,  
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say  
Good-night to all my friends on shore;  
I shut my eyes and sail away,  
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,  
As prudent sailors have to do;  
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,  
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;  
But when the day returns at last,  
Safe in my room, beside the pier,  
I find my vessel fast.

This is just the kind of fancy which an imaginative child loves to indulge in, and the commonest objects will supply all that such a child needs to people his room with imaginary beings, and to make them act their little parts. Mr. Stevenson understands children, and the verses children like; and so does the author of "Lilliput Levee," as a delightful little poem, "The Child's World," proves:—

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,  
With the wonderful water around you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—  
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,  
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,  
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,  
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth, how far do you go  
With the wheatfields that bend and the rivers  
that flow,  
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,  
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,  
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;  
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,  
A whisper inside me seemed to say,  
"You are more than the Earth, though you  
are such a dot:  
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

If we pass from the days of infancy and childhood to the happy years that lie between twelve and eighteen, the wealth of poetry suitable for youthful readers is well-nigh unlimited. Nearly all the great poets of the country have contributed to their delight, but they will prefer, I think, in the earlier period the poetry of action of which Sir Walter Scott is one of the strongest modern representatives. A schoolboy likes vigor better than sentiment, and prefers a poem full of eager movement to one that is reflective or descriptive. The rhythm of a lovely lyric like Tennyson's "Break, break," or of Gray's incomparable "Elegy," may attract him, but Drayton's "Agincourt," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Mr. Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix," or Scott's splendid battle-pieces will create more enthusiasm. There are boys and girls who display in their school days a love of poetry which makes Spenser and Milton and Wordsworth as dear to them as Bishop Percy's ballads were to Scott at the age of thirteen; but these are exceptionally gifted, and it would be unreasonable to expect that the finest qualities of verse can be generally discerned by young readers. I well remember in my "salad days, when I was green in judgment," thinking that "Lalla Rookh" was superior to "Paradise Lost," and a false estimate of this kind matters little so long as an enthusiasm for poetry is awakened in youth. Lord Tennyson, who, in his old age has equalled the finest work of his early days—for at no period has he written anything finer than "Rizpah"—has done much to make poetry dear to two generations of

readers in their teens; and so, in a lesser degree, has Longfellow, a charming but far inferior poet. It is difficult to estimate the noble service rendered by these distinguished men, who, if they are dear to the young, are none the less beloved by readers and critics who have long ago renounced any claim to be called youthful. And, indeed, all noble verse that suits readers in their teens should be an equal joy to their parents. I have been examining with much interest the three school poetry-books compiled by Miss Woods, and have been struck by the fact that these volumes, intended for girls of the lower, middle, and upper forms of high schools, are every whit as well fitted for readers of mature knowledge and of advanced age. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise, for they contain many of the loveliest poems in the language.

When once a young reader has advanced beyond the stage of nursery rhymes he is on a level with his elders, and, like them, can wander at will in the enchanting land of poetry. Only by slow degrees will its full beauty dawn upon him, but a sufficient sense of that beauty may be gained early, and the delight will grow with the growth of knowledge. The anthologies that lead young readers along this pleasant road, where the greenery and blossoms of summer last all the year round, are among the most useful of volumes. They stimulate a taste for what is most noteworthy in literature, and point to "fresh woods and pastures new" at the very season when guidance is most needed.

JOHN DENNIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
BROWNING AND TENNYSON.

THE year comes in royally with two poets, our two old poets, the great singers of our time, both bringing their wintry garlands to deck the old century. Talk of youth and its achievements! The young ones are only chirping; their voices are callow; we can't tell what they may yet come to. When the century was young we had, indeed, young voices about which there was no mistake—a whole army of them. What names!—Byron, Shelley, Keats—young dæmons, strong-winged earth-angels, made of fire and flame. Their lamps of light were too much for young hands to carry, and too terrestrial, lighted from the fires under rather than over the globe, bituminous,

full of explosives and dangerous detonating elements. But now that we have come to the end of the age, it is a curious parallel and contrast to find that the great twin brethren, the two whose supremacy no one can contest, are both of them crowned with the snows of life, full of experience and knowledge of men, true laureates of their century, though only one can wear the national crown. Tennyson and Browning! Your Morris (the big and the little), your Swinburne, who will never be old, have each their school of disciples. (We need not add that the little one, whom we do not further particularize, has much the biggest school.) But to our veterans all the English world is subject, with a breadth of recognition which it is a pleasure to see. And the beginning year, which has already brought both into the field, has gained a distinction already in its first step into life by this means.

Mr. Browning's little volume\* takes its name from a pleasant conceit, never absolutely recorded in literature, but handed down by fond tradition, which makes of the name, Asolo, of a certain village in the old Veneto, once famous, a verb, "Asolare; to disport in the open air, amuse one's self at random." It is accordingly *asolando* in the way of sport and rural pastoral pastime such as went on at that famous palace-hamlet, that our poet, one of the Italianissimi, loving his Venice as he had loved his Florence, and as the poets love, now presents himself before us. It was the court of Caterina Cornaro, once queen of Cyprus, who gave up her kingdom to the State (much against her will, the chroniclers say), which was held at Asolo; and there mirth and music had their home, and solemn masques were held, and revels of every poetic kind, with youths and maidens in lovely procession, crowned with myrtles and roses; and old Bembo, that old *dilettante* and æsthetic, who got a cardinal's hat in the end of his days because he had been so high fantastical all his life, and such a connoisseur in gems and ornaments and Greek relics, invented the verb. All this is very pretty to begin with, and the dedication is pretty which the old poet addresses to his genial and generous hostess in her palazzo upon the Grand Canal, she who knows so well how to *asolare*, and fill the Venetian nights with music and fine company, and gladden the hearts of the gondoliers. It is not to

\* *Asolando. Fancies and Facts.* By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

be expected after this that Mr. Browning will put many of the graver productions of his genius into this basket of dainties, among the soft songs of the love which is half a merry masquing, and verses that seem to swing with the swaying of the fine processions all linked together with chains of flowers. Here is one snatch of melody which might very well have been sung as the line wound in over the garden path and along the marble pavement, Bembo with a careful brow supervising every careless couple, as they went to pay their homage to the queen — once of Cyprus, now of society and poetry and prettiness, and all the pageants which the old Venetians loved : —

What girl but, having gathered flowers,  
Strip the beds and spoil the bowers,  
From the lapful light she carries  
Drops a careless bud? — nor carries  
To regain the waif and stray:  
"Store enough for home" — she'll say.

So say I too: give your lover  
Heaps of loving — under, over,  
Whelm him — make the one the wealthy!  
Am I all so poor who — stealthy  
Work it was! — picked up what fell:  
Not the worst bud — who can tell?

Or here is another, where the masquing, and the ornate words, and the antiquated elaborate compliments are otherwise treated, and reduced to the truer and more wholesome level of honest life : —

"So say the foolish!" Say the foolish so,  
Love?

"Flower she is, my rose," — or else "My  
very swan is she" —

Or perhaps "Yon maid-moon, blessing earth  
below, Love,  
That art thou!" — to them, belike: no such  
vain words from me.

"Hush, rose, blush! no balm like breath," I  
chide it:

"Bend thy neck its best, swan, — hers the  
whiter curve!"

Be the moon the moon: my Love I place be-  
side it:

What is she? Her human self, — no lower  
word will serve.

This is the true last word of genuine poetry; the poet pauses in the midst of all the conceits, and breaks the fantastic procession, and throws away the garlands to recognize true life and love and nature, the modest truth which is above all. It is needful to the very grace of the old pageant that there should be some one standing by to humor and indulge the revellers, yet point the better way. But next page he is rhyming again, *asolando*, about pearls

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3552

and girls and blossoms and sunshine. It is not, perhaps, the verse-making of youth. There is a grave tone even in its fooling that betrays itself, a deeper thought, too deep perhaps for the general, — as when the lady chooses for her highest type of love not the hero or the chevalier whose allegiance is an honor, but the poor wretch, however debased, who looks to her and her alone as his all of good. This is something too profound for Asolo. The same thought is in the first and briefest of the "Bad Dreams," a series of weird imaginations in which the torture of an uncanny vision, and the confusion it brings, are powerfully set forth. The following is the most simple and perfect : —

Last night I saw you in my sleep;  
And how your charm of face was changed!  
I asked, "Some love, some faith you keep?"  
You answered, "Faith gone, love estranged."

Whereat I woke — a twofold bliss:

Waking was one, but next there came  
This other: "Though I felt, for this,  
My heart break, I loved on the same."

Mr. Browning's lovers, however, will understand that he cannot go on forever *asolando* (the word is very tempting), but must soon get to subjects more weighty than love-songs and processional marches. Perhaps the most important of the new poems is the "Imperante Augusto Natus est" — the panegyric of godlike Cæsar, and claim for a seat on Olympus, Jove's own, yielded to the all-conquering emperor, which, amid the roar and gossip of the vestibule at the Thermæ, a courtly poet has been reading to the unanimous crowd. "Be Cæsar God!" is a cry which sickens a little the spectator who has been listening, makes him feel as if

I somehow wanted air,  
And found myself a-pacing street and street,  
Letting the sunset, rosy over Rome,  
Clear my head, dizzy with the hubbub;

but who, as he goes, follows the argument with himself, proving Cæsar's greatness by all that he has done and won, the temples and palaces on every side, the domination of his image over the city, the high offices he has held, —

For the great deeds flashed by me, fast and  
thick  
As stars which storm the sky on autumn  
nights —

until, incapable of pursuing this splendor of achievement further, he asks himself, if Cæsar looms thus large upon himself, a man of senatorial rank and somebody, with



what superlative greatness must he strike the crowd? by the leading of which thought, and the sudden eloquence of a beggar's hand thrust out for alms, and the suggestion that he himself is to this mendicant what great Cæsar is to him, he flings a coin to the beggar, and catches in return a glimpse from under the poor wretch's cloak, —

A glimpse — just one!  
One was enough. Whose — whose might be the face?

That unkempt careless hair — brown, yellowish —

Those sparkling eyes beneath their eyebrows' ridge

(Each meets each, and the hawk-nose rules between)

That was enough, no glimpse was needed more!

For the beggar's face is the face of Cæsar, and the terrified muser remembers the report that once a year it was the great autocrat's custom to avert the envy of fate by this expedient. How the earth is suddenly cut from beneath the feet of the thinker, how he realizes the depths of possible downfall, and that man, however the poets may proclaim him God, is the food of worms, and even the very gods themselves not too secure, is set forth with fine dramatic contrast and completeness.

Who stands secure? Are even Gods so safe? Jupiter that just now is dominant —

Are not there ancient dismal tales how once

A predecessor reigned ere Saturn came,

And who can say if Jupiter be last?

Was it for nothing the grey Sibyl wrote

"Cæsar Augustus regnant, shall be born

In blind Judea" — one to master him,

Him and the universe? An old wife's tale?

The story of Beatrice Signorini is perhaps the next in importance to this fine poem. It narrates how her husband thought her the tamest of good women, and pined for and painted a nobler species in the painter woman Artemisia; and bringing home the picture, presumed so on his wife's mildness as to set it before her, —

Whereat forth-flashing from her coils

On coils of hair, the *spilla* in its toils

Of yellow wealth, the dagger-plaything kept

To pin its plaits together, life-like leapt,

And — woe to all inside the coronal!

Stab followed stab, — cut, slash, she ruined all

The masterpiece. Alack for eyes and mouth  
And dimples and endearments — North and South,

East, West, the tatters in a fury flew:

There yawned the circlet. What remained to do?

She flung the weapon, and, with folded arms  
And mien defiant of such low alarms  
As death and doom beyond death, Bice stood  
Passively statuesque, in quietude  
Awaiting judgment.

In this sketch Mr. Browning shows that his hand has not lost its cunning in that peculiar field of impassioned poetical narrative which he has made peculiarly his own.

In another vein equally characteristic, the shrewd and witty old Pope of the Net is worthy to rank with the best of those incisive and clear-cut men and women who are perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Browning's most perfect gift to us; and so is the other Pope of the Bean-Feast, Sixtus the great and manful, whom the poet treats with that magnifying and heroic simplicity of tenderness and comprehension which is the most luminous and delightful of mediums, and makes the picture shine.

When the above words were written, we were as yet unaware of what was happening or about to happen in the old Venetian palace upon the edge of that wonderful sea-street which is familiar with so many triumphs and disasters. While we were all talking of him, discussing his last offering, returning to the endless criticisms and debates to which his characteristic utterance has given rise, Robert Browning had passed out of hearing of all these voices. We cannot complain, even while we lament, that a man who has exceeded the ordinary age of man, should thus end his days amid the scenes he loved, and with all that was most dear to him around him. But he was a man so robust and vigorous, so young and full of life, that the sorrow has a mingling of surprise that he should leave us with so little warning. It is the extinction of a great light, one of the twin stars which have illuminated our entire generation, — a poet such as we, at least of the older race, will never see again. He has never had perhaps the universal welcome accorded to his great comrade; he has been wanting in the easy melody, the harmonious cadence of verse, which to many ears is the chief glory of poetry. But the many who love him have loved him with enthusiasm, and his profound understanding of human character and emotion have been the delight of thousands scarcely capable perhaps of comprehending the skill with which he carried that enlightening lamp of poetry through the most intricate philosophical problems. In our own opinion, Mr. Browning's men and women — not only that portion of his works so entitled,

but the many other sketches which are scattered through his later poems, some of which are even to be found in the little volume, now adorned with so sad yet so odorous a funeral garland, which lies all fresh from the press before us — will be his most enduring work. The reality, the power, the tenderness of these profound fathomings of men's thoughts and motives, are Shakespearian in depth and comprehension, if not in the largeness of universal sympathy. Of the same character are the wonderful expositions of heart and soul, swayed by mediæval impulses, yet warm in everlasting human passion and self-mastery, in "The Ring and the Book," a work perhaps too long and too elaborate in construction ever to be widely appreciated as a whole. Amid all the noble performances of his genius, these we think are the special and individual achievements which will identify him to posterity. A great poet has gone from among us, not a singer of facile verse, but one who combined with his myrtle crown the veil of the prophet, the star of the seer. It is touching and delightful to think that in those last days, an old man, yet young at heart, he took his pleasure *asolando*, in tender sport among the flowery ways and half-playful, half-tender associations of the country which next to his home and native land he loved the best.

Lord Tennyson's volume\* is perhaps more the work of an old poet than that of Mr. Browning — not, indeed, that it is feebler; for though every such publication must be more or less a basket of fragments, the ancient fires are in all these embers, and many of them show at once the undiminished melody, and much of the force as well as the grace of the strongest period. "Romney's Remorse" is a fine poem, full of nature and life, with a grasp of the heart of a tragic subject which the younger Tennyson did not always possess; and many of the shorter poems breathe all the pathos and tenderness of those wealthy days when perhaps the noblest monument that ever was raised over a departed life was dedicated to the memory of his dearest friend. It lends an additional charm to many of the verses that they are often personal, and that in them the familiar and beloved singer of so many years speaks to his universe of listeners with that deep sense of their sympathy in his sorrows and the musings of his age which draws every link between

\* Demeter: and other Poems. Macmillan & Co.

us closer. The first and last poems of the collection are especially confidences from the very heart, in one case of a mourning and bereaved father, in the other of a man who finds himself on the very verge and highest pinnacle of life, very near the stars and mysteries, looking out with serene yet solemn eyes upon the last step into the unknown. Both have been already so largely quoted that we feel reluctant to repeat what most of our readers must have almost learned by heart; but we may venture upon the last verses of the address to Lord Dufferin, whose great achievements and statesmanship the poet might have celebrated had not a dearer theme come in between — the kindness of the great Indian viceroy to the writer's lost and beloved son, dead in the fulness of his days, whose last letter had conveyed an acknowledgment of that kindness, never to be forgotten: —

Sacred is the latest word:

And now The was, the Might-have-been  
And those lone rites I have not seen,  
And one drear sound I have not heard,

Are dreams that scarce will let me be.

Not there to bid my boy farewell,  
When That within the coffin fell  
Fell and flashed into the Red Sea,

Beneath a hard Arabian moon

And alien stars. To question, why  
The sons before their fathers die,  
Not mine! and I may meet him soon.

But while my life's late eve endures,

Nor settles into hueless grey,  
My memories of his briefer day  
Will mix with love for you and yours.

Nothing could well be more touching than the lofty patience of this "life's late eve," too near the final explanation to struggle or question, and the cadence of the high, melodious voice too large to falter, too profoundly moved for tears. We do not ask for new revelations of poetical greatness from one who has given so many. The revelation of his heart in the deep and composed gravity of sorrow is a far more affecting sight.

The story of the painter who abandoned his wife because of some foolish opinion among the masters that an artist was dragged down by a family, but who went back to her when old and ill and broken, to be received and nursed, is just such a tragic episode of life as has always attracted the laureate. That his Mary's image should have lingered with him through all the years of separation, more persistent than all the beauties he painted,

though only now acknowledged in his late self-recognition, is almost a surprise to the dying man.

I dream'd last night of that clear summer noon,

When seated on a rock, and foot to foot  
With your own shadow in the placid lake,  
You claspt our infant daughter, heart to heart.  
I had been among the hills, and brought you down

A length of staghorn moss, and this you twined

About her cap. I see the picture yet,  
Mother and child. A sound from far away,  
No louder than a bee among the flowers,  
A fall of water lulled the noon asleep.  
You stilled it for the moment with a song  
Which often echo'd in me while I stood  
Before the great Madonna-masterpieces  
Of ancient Art in Paris or in Rome.

Mary, my crayons! if I can I will.  
You should have been — I might have made  
you once,

Had I but known you as I know you now,  
The true Alcestis of the time. Your song —  
Sit, listen! I remember it, a proof  
That I — even I — at times remembered *you*.

Were we disposed to be critical, we might say that the dramatic sketch called "The Ring" would have been better left in its drawer; and that even the poem which gives its title to the volume is not of sufficient importance for such a compliment. But we are in no mind to be critical. And far more interesting than the elaborate melodies of "The Progress of Spring," a poem of youth, drawn out of its long retirement to be sent to an old friend, are the touching and delightful verses "to Mary Boyle," the old friend for whom it was composed, when the writer's bald head was covered with "youthful curls," and she was

A lover's fairy dream,  
His girl of girls.

He sends to her to remind her of the spring, to cheer her grief, to bid her come to him to the country, out of dark and noisy London, "This song of spring:" —

Found yesterday — forgotten, mine own rhyme

By mine old self,  
As I shall be forgotten by old Time,  
Laid on the shelf —

A rhyme that flowered between the whitening sloe

And kingcup blaze,  
And more than half a hundred years ago,  
In rick-fire days.

In this changed world, looking back, he recalls that strange rustic fever of the past, with its foolish motives inspired by

still more foolish demagogues, as if destruction could ever increase wealth, or the loss of one in such a way be the gain of another. "I well remember," he says, "that red night, when thirty ricks"

All flaming made an English homestead hell —  
These hands of mine  
Have helpt to pass a bucket from the well  
Along the line.

That is all over and gone, with many a trouble more, and this "life of mingled pains and joys," in spite of every creed, remains the mystery — yet something is gained. "Let golden youth bewail," says the aged poet, thinking of "the long walk thro' desert life" which is still before him — But

The silver age should cease to mourn and sigh —  
Not long to wait.

So close are we, dear Mary, you and I,  
To that dim gate.

Had we to choose the tender confidences between heart and heart which the poet should give us in such circumstances, at such a moment, imagination itself could not demand anything more touching and appropriate. Still more satisfying, serene, and dear is the poem with which the volume closes, which is exquisite alike in feeling and expression, and if it should so be, an utterance worthy to be borne in our hearts as the last. It is called "Crossing the Bar:" —

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far;  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

These exquisite words fill the ear and heart with the very perfection of the sentiment of a great departure, the *Emigravit* of the old painter. We stand by reverent to watch him as he goes out into the tranquil seas through the evening shadows, lushed yet expectant, looking with serene

eyes where the pilot awaits him, in whose hands every bark is secure.

It is curious to compare with this beautiful swan-song the very different, more energetic and vigorous, less lofty and calm "Epilogue," which is, as it turns out, certainly the last word of his brother poet. This is how Robert Browning speaks to his friends, to those that loved him most, out of the unknown.

At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,

When you set your fancies free;  
Will you pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,

Pity me?

Oh, to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken:

What had I on earth to do  
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the un-  
manly?

Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I  
drivel

Being— who?

One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break;  
Never dreamed though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight bet-  
ter,

Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday, in the bustle of man's work-  
time

Greet the unscen with a cheer,  
Bid him forward, breast and back, and as  
either should be,

Strive and thrive, cry "Speed! fight on, fare  
ever

There as here!"

Our age is, as we all know, one of sentimental doubt and indifference to spiritual things, in which Christianity is so often abolished by popular novels and otherwise, that its disciples are thrust out of court and silenced in their old-fashioned pertinacity. That this great nation thinks far otherwise in its deep heart we are certainly persuaded; and nothing could be more significant and remarkable than the closing utterance of these guides of our life, singers of our youth, standard-bearers of a great poetic age; the strenuous genius, ever bursting mechanical and traditional bonds in the force and passions of his verse; and the calmer, great spirit who has hushed our grief and inspired many of our deepest thoughts. While he who died in Venice pursues the celestial way among the stars, ever higher and higher as he hopes, he who is left to us in

England awaits in a serene grandeur the sunset and the final call. Happy and glorious the country to whom two such voices speak good cheer on the farthest verge of life! And may the bar be still and the pilot near when our last poet joins his brother in the eternal hope!

From All The Year Round.

#### HOUSEKEEPING IN CRETE.

UPON the whole, and speaking from an experience of six or seven serious weeks, I do not think Crete is a country in which a man may be recommended to undergo a spell of housekeeping. I say this even upon the assumption that the man speaks Greek and Turkish like a bilingual native. If he knows nothing colloquially of either of these languages, his trials will be augmented indefinitely.

For my part, I rented a house and furnished it, because there was no alternative if I proposed to stay awhile in the land, and if I declined, as I did, to run the risk of fever or suffocation in the hotel of Canea, the capital. This hotel was not utterly bad. It was really possible to sleep in its beds, though of course they harbored fleas. But after two nights of its atmosphere, and of the noises which, at an absurdly early hour, ascended from donkey-drivers and hucksters to my window, I gave up the resolution to abide in the capital. There was meat, and wine, and bread in the hotel, moreover, and it seemed at first somewhat rash to lift anchor from a harbor which did at any rate afford the bare essentials of life. The Cretan Christian who owned the hotel, and also a store adjacent, shrugged his shoulders when I told him I proposed to reside elsewhere. It was as much as to say: "I wonder where you will go? You may just as well stay and be fleeced by me in a methodical manner, as put your head into the mouth of some less merciful lion."

Indeed, for a moment, he seemed to have all the good sense upon his side. It was only after a day's hard work, and much parley with interpreters, and the proprietors of empty houses, that I began to see any chance of the realization of my singular hopes. But, on the third day, I found myself duly established as the tenant of an elegant little white villa about two miles from Canea. It was as empty as a collector's egg; but that was a difficulty which could soon be smoothed away.

And so I spent my first night in the house, sleeping upon a mattress, and covered with a blanket; which articles, over and above my luggage, were my sole rudimentary purchases as furniture. As the house had nothing in the nature of a lock, and as the island was at that time somewhat disturbed by the possibilities of a successful rising against the Moslem rule, it seemed advisable to unpack my revolver ere I unpacked aught else of my possessions. The weapon was accordingly loaded, and set upon the floor; and once I awoke in the night with the fancy that some one had entered the house and was standing over me in the pitchy darkness, with my own revolver levelled at my head.

It is the first step that costs the most effort in affairs of this kind, as in graver matters. When I had proved to my satisfaction that I could sleep in the "white house," as I called it, we proceeded to buy some of what might be termed the luxuries of upholstery.

But I must here explain why I use the word "we." My house did not stand alone. It had a twin. The two houses abutted on the one side upon a rocky lane, which led into Khalepa, a healthy village overlooking the sea; and upon the other side they both faced the snow mountains of central Crete, which were here of the most dignified and impressive shapes. The other house was inhabited by a hard-working Christian, who, with his wife and family of two daughters and three sons, were all impressed into my service as cook, housemaid, butler, waiter, and so forth. I was to be dependent upon them for everything. My own house was merely the residence and place of reception. The "we," therefore, includes with myself the boy of the family, who accompanied me upon my purchasing expedition into the fowl, and, in every way, disagreeable streets of the capital.

We hired a white she-ass to take to town as the carrier of our purchases, and, after an hour's walk, or rather clamber, up and down the stony defiles which separate Khalepa from Canea, we entered the city gate, and began to look about us. I assume that my readers have never been in Canea, and that it will be news to them to know that it is a most comfortless place. The streets are narrow and greasy, strewn with filth, and crowded with men in picturesque diversity of garb, with dogs that fight for a livelihood in the public places, and with mules, asses, and horses. There is constant going, or rather pushing and struggling to and fro while the daylight

lasts. But in the evening the gates are shut, and you must be able to satisfy the soldiers on guard that you are a person of some note, ere they will consent to be bribed to let you pass.

Here then we stumbled up streets and down, tarrying opposite this or that shop that seemed inviting, and bargaining ferociously about pennyworths of cheese, and fruit, and vegetables. It was quieter in the street which seemed to be devoted to no purpose except the making and selling of bed-furniture. In the fore part of the many little shops in the street, there were some counterpanes and mattresses in very brilliant covers. Behind, squatting like tailors on a board, sat two or three little merry boys, stitching and prattling at the same time; and by their side the master of the shop, with a shrewd eye upon the labor of his frolicsome apprentices.

I bought another mattress in this street. It was somewhat difficult to arrange about the stuffing of the thing. In my stupidity, I had uttered the Greek for "tobacco" instead of "wool." This had astonished the mattress merchant; but he made no sign. Doubtless he conceived that an Englishman was used to sleeping on tobacco; and though it seemed an expensive practice, he had nothing to suggest in amendment. It was, therefore, only in the nick of time that I prevented the boy going forthwith to purchase the twenty okes — about thirty-five pounds avoirdupois — of Turkish tobacco, which he thought would be sufficient for the purpose. Just fancy what it would have cost! But, certainly, had this misadventure come to a head, I should have thought myself justified in taking my mattress away with me when I returned to England, and paying no duty upon its contents.

There is one article that is quite indispensable in a Cretan larder — oil. It is cheap enough, especially after a good season of olives. But I do not think so highly of it as my friends and neighbors thought. It was all very well to be offered eggs, and fish, and meat fried in it; but when it came to a rice pudding, with as much oil as milk in the dish, I began to protest and plead weakness of the flesh. If there is any reason in the assertion that consumers of an immoderate amount of olive oil are more liable to leprosy than other people, one need not go far to explain why there are so many lepers in Crete. When I visited the lepers' village, by Canea — where there are forty or fifty inhabitants — I found that oil still held a prominent place among the few trifles of

sustenance which each leper displayed in his mean little hovel.

You should have seen how excitedly the children of my neighbor, and even my neighbor himself, helped that evening in making my house as reputably habitable as possible, with the aid of our donkey-load of purchases. The house itself was nothing very wondrous as a feat of construction. It was of two stories. On the ground floor was a large room, floored with the naked earth, and also a closet, which might serve for a kitchen. And upstairs were a brace of rooms of equal size, the one connected with the other. It was resolved to consider the lower rooms as abandoned. My residential suite was on the first floor. The bed was, therefore, arranged in the one room, and on the bare boards of the other room were set a table and a couple of chairs, which, together with a vase of flowers, almost completed the furniture of my sitting-room. Nothing could have been more primitive. At the outset, I did not perceive that there was no chimney to the house. But what of that! Was Crete a land of cold winds and rheumatism like the rough North? The country which Jove selected for his place of birth, his marriage, and his sepulchre, was not a country which could be made more genial with the fuel of Cannock Chase.

So I thought at first. But by-and-by there came some blustering March days, with tempests of cold rain, which altered the aspect of affairs. My house was abundantly supplied with windows; but there was not a pane of glass in them. In the daytime, therefore, when I was at home, I enjoyed the most thorough ventilation. And at night I could, if I chose, guard against the nocturnal dews by closing the wooden shutters, which were my only shield against the storm. With the gales of March, therefore, which deepened the snow on the mountains so that black rocks, which had heretofore been free, were now white as the summits, I began to growl at my quarters, and express fears that the very house itself might not be proof against the force of wind which entered it and whistled about my pillow. To remedy the chilliness, the furniture was again augmented. A big tub of earthenware was brought, and set on a tripod of iron in the middle of the apartment. In this rude brazier I burnt during the day so many bundles of olive twigs that at night I seemed to sleep the sounder for the narcotic that pervaded my domestic air.

My more impetuous readers will no doubt fancy that the life I led in this house was deadly dull. But it really was not. The landscape on the southern side was alone enough to keep ennui at a distance, even had I not had books on my table, and English-speaking friends within a few minutes' walk of my door. I never tired of the snow mountains, whether I saw them by day, with the snow melting down them in long, glistening lines, or by night, with the glow of the moon or the stars upon them. Their peaks, about eight thousand feet above the sea, were not more than nine or ten miles from my window, so that I often projected an ascent of them when the snow should go; an expedition doomed, however, to fail of fruition. And in the near foreground were their abrupt green flanks, riven with deep defiles, down which the melted snow poured in many a cascade; and there were white villages set on the hillsides in romantic perches.

There was also the suggestion of sterner things in view from my house. High up among the snows, I could discern two or three burly buildings of a mysterious kind. To the stranger they would have no *raison d'être*; but in Crete they were symbols of terrorism. They were the block houses or forts which the sultan erected after the revolt of 1866. Previous to that time, the mountaineers, or Sphakiots, as they are called, after Sphakia, their province, had never, since the fall of Candia from Venice to Turkey, acknowledged the Turkish rule. They had kept their proud independence as firmly as in the olden days, when their forefathers succeeded in holding the Romans aloof, though all the island else had yielded to Metellus Creticus. But, in 1866, not without prodigious loss of blood, Turkey pierced the mountain fastnesses, and made the Sphakiots into subjects. And to retain her hold upon these strong, bold highlanders, she raised the block houses which stare down upon the plains from their cool elevation among the snows for several months in the year. The Turkish garrisons of these block houses are as little in love with their residence as the mountaineers themselves. It is a life of the most chilly isolation. But, as a stroke of policy, the sultan has done wisely in setting these padlocks upon the land.

My outlook upon the other side of the house had more of human than scenic interest. This was quite as it ought to have been. I was near a school kept by Greek priests for Christian boys and girls. There

was a church adjacent to the school, and in the church a wooden screen of wonderful workmanship and colors. When I pleased, upon an evening, I could go into the church, with other worshippers, and listen to the hearty chants of the long-bearded ecclesiastics. It used to be a perpetual source of marvelling to me how the chanters could chant through the nose as they did, and for so long a time. Perhaps it may have been, as an intelligent German has said, that they are habituated to sing with their nostrils closed. Be that as it may, the two sounds are akin, and equally eccentric. The pictures in this old church — I dare say as a foundation it dated from the time of the Crusades at the latest — were of the sanguinary school: executions and tortures of saints, such as the Greek Church loves. Here was further a canvas of Saint Michael trampling upon the devil — in which the archangel possessed a feminine cast of features; and where Satan was depicted, prone at his feet, as an old man with white hair, naked, except for a girth-band, and having his mouth very wide open to signify his cries of pain under the archangelic infliction. But, for all this atmosphere of blood, the Greek priests themselves were mild, kindly men, and very courteous at salutations. I dare say they knew only enough of the Greek grammar — though, of course, their language was Greek — to set their scholars upon the road of education; but they were none the less amiable for their ignorance.

Besides the priests and the scholars, with wallet of books upon the back, I had fairer solace in the vicinity of some Turkish damsels. I declare I was delighted when I realized that my house was sufficiently near to the house of a Turk for ocular conversation. The master was wont to waddle off to town in the morning, and leave his ladies to look after themselves. I suppose he was not rich enough to keep them under more effectual lock and key. Or, more probably, he was indifferent to their gallantries. The consequence was that, when I opened my shutters on their side — it was at a sufficiently late hour of the morning — I was generally fortunate enough to come under the light of their eyes without loss of time. They were, I judge, infantine little women, with boundless capacity for levity. At any rate, I have never met damsels so free of their smiles, and who could put so many different expressions into eyes of uniform brownness. As for their figures, there was no knowing from externals whether

they were fat or lean, shapely or deformed. It was my turn to laugh when they took the air, as they sometimes did, in the green valley at the foot of the acclivity on which my house stood. It was a charming little pastoral nook of country, with big old olive-trees scattered over the sward, and a myriad of flowers among the grass. Perchance a shepherd in blue, with a scarlet turban on his head, a long gun on his shoulders, and a mandoline in his hands, would be sitting in the shade pretending to guard his flocks; and he, too, was as effective an aid to the landscape as the crimson anemones, the blue petals of the mandragora, or the tall, pale asphodels which here abounded.

Hither, then, used to trip and roll my Turkish fair ones now and again, when their lord and master was out of the way. They were in white from head to ankle, and their little feet were wrapped up in I know not what form of cobblerly. And the dear creatures were not above letting the *yashmak* — as the flowered muslin which hid the lower part of their face is called — slip away, when they thought we were well within viewing and appreciative distance of each other. I am really sorry to confess my rudeness; but they were such oddities, alike in their reeling gait, their affected little screams at nothing at all, and even in their lack of the chief elements of beauty, once their faces were displayed, that I could offer them no homage more sentimental than an echo of the laughter with which they were wont to greet me. However, as they seemed to like this tribute of notice, it did not matter very much.

Perhaps my readers will be curious about my housekeeping expenses in this Cretan abode. Well, they were not extravagant, although, of course, they were much greater than they ought to have been. For my house, together with the services of my neighbor and his family, who made my bed, cleaned my floors, cooked and marketed for me, I paid but thirty shillings the month. Had I been of Greek blood, I should no doubt have bargained the cost down to considerably less. But to me it did not seem necessary; besides, a struggle of such a kind would have given me congestion of the brain, and put me out of all patience with the dictionary from that time forward.

The marketing was a more important matter. My neighbor's eldest boy — a consummate little merchant, with the trading instincts very thoroughly developed upon him — daily visited the capital, and

bought what I wanted, and what he conceived he might buy over and above my needs. And at night time, when he had tired of playing with his brothers and sisters, among the vines and barley of our little garden, he entered my house with the wine decanter and the bill for the day. Here is one of his little memoranda:—

Milk . . . . .	2 piastres,	20 paras.
Salt . . . . .	1 “	20 “
Chicken . . . . .	16 “	— “
Eggs . . . . .	2 “	— “
Rice . . . . .	— “	20 “
Charcoal . . . . .	1 “	— “
Sugar . . . . .	1 “	5 “

24 piastres, 25 paras.

As the Turkish piastre is worth about twopence farthing, and there are forty paras in a piastre, this day's bill came to about four shillings and sevenpence. But neither bread nor wine appears in it; because, I suppose, enough had been bought on the previous morning to last a couple of days. I offer my readers the bill for their entertainment, and not by any means as a truthful record of the worth of edible produce in Crete. Had I begun to tax my bills, I should have involved myself in endless disputes, in all of which I was likely to come off second best. It seemed better to suffer with resignation, though, of course, the suffering was not very acute.

But I confess that I did demur in this instance to the price of the fowl. It was, perhaps, four times the worth of the creature. To begin with, one might as well term a centenarian a child as call the fowl in question a chicken. It was killed under my own eyes, and its blood was shed upon the vines of the garden; and not all the stewing of all the cooks in the world could have made it aught but the tough piece of flesh it proved to be. I do not know if fowls, like human beings, go grey when they are old; but the chicken of my bill was white, whether from age or abnormality, and there was no doubting that it was so decrepit and weak upon its legs that it ought long previously to have been indulged with crutches.

However, I am not disposed to think harshly of my Cretan home because of these unavoidable little touches of the tiresome. We were good friends—my neighbors and I—in spite of the chicken and other trifles of the like kind. What they thought of me I cannot tell. I dare say they held the same views as a certain Austrian naval officer who chanced to visit a friend of Khalepa, upon whom I relied

for some of the solaces of civilization. This gentleman was much tickled at the idea of a bachelor settling in Crete, as I had settled there. “Just like an Englishman!” said he; “there is not a man of any other nation who would have done it.” This was, of course, an absurd statement to make; but, perhaps, the gradations to it were natural enough.

I parted from my house when the spring showed warm signs of waning into summer. By that time the hot sun had melted much of the snow from my mountains. They were, however, still impracticable in the lower valleys; and they were not a jot less beautiful than at first. But, daily, the heat at noon grew more and more vexatious, and lengthened the hours which had to be cancelled from the active part of the twenty-four.

The zephyrs breathed coolly as before upon the stony hills within a short climb of my cottage; but the toil of ascending in search of them intensified every day. With the heat, too, came many insects. My house seemed to generate them spontaneously. There was no shielding my larder from the ants, and no protecting myself from vermin of the worst kind. I became convinced that I had had enough of Crete.

And so, one day, having packed my portmanteau, and replaced my revolver in its case, I once again accompanied a loaded ass on the road between Khalepa and Canea, and said a regretful farewell to my surroundings. It seemed to me much that I had for forty nights slept in a house as open to all the Cretans of Crete as the fields themselves, and that I had not been visited by marauders. The Cretans have been much defamed in the past, or else they have latterly developed sundry very estimable qualities.

From The Spectator.

THE INTELLECTUAL EFFECT OF OLD AGE.

WITH two great poets publishing characteristic poems, the one in his seventy-seventh and the other in his eighty-first year, and the elder of the two publishing at least one poem, written but a few months ago, which would have been singled out at any period of his life as one of the most exquisite of his lyrics, it is at least impossible to say that the first effect of age is to destroy the creative power of the imagination. Indeed, it ought to have been impossible to say that, ever since Sophocles



produced his last great trilogy, and, according to the tradition, read one of its most splendid choruses to his judges, by way of proof that his mind had not been weakened by age. Indeed, there is hardly any intellectual power of the perfect survival of which in old age there is better evidence than the poetic. Goethe wrote one of his most beautiful poems when he was in his seventy-fifth year, Victor Hugo some of his finest when he was far beyond seventy, and Milton his great epic when he was nearly sixty. No doubt the greater number of great poets have died before the last stage of life, like the greater number of other great men, so that we have nothing like the same means of judging exactly what the effect of old age is on the intellect of the exceptionally gifted, that we have for judging what it is on the average mind. Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, Dante, Tasso, Spenser, Shakespeare, Molière, George Herbert, Collins, Thomson, Schiller, Goldsmith, Fielding, Burns, Scott, Shelley, Byron, Keats, none of them lived to reach old age, and we could easily add a host of others, as, indeed, it would be easy to do in every department of intellectual eminence. But so far as we have the means of judging, though it may be certainly said that old age slackens the rate at which men live in every way, physical and mental, there is no kind of reason to suppose that it slackens their mental powers so much as it slackens their physical powers. Tennyson has certainly produced very little that is more perfect than the poem on his own death, written, we believe, but a month or two ago, and the exquisite poem on Demeter and Persephone, which certainly cannot have been written long. And Browning's intellectual energy could hardly be better attested than by the general vigor of the volume published just before his own death.

A distinguished writer said but three weeks ago, in our own columns, that age, in giving tranquillity, gives more than compensation for anything that it takes away; but of the tranquillity we have considerable doubts. There can be no question, indeed, that youth, especially early manhood, has a feverish restlessness of its own which never recurs after the faculties and powers have once gained their maturity; but that is the special bitterness of youth, and its disappearance is not the gift of old age, but the gift of maturity and of the self-knowledge which usually accompanies maturity. Does old age bring any special tranquillity of its own? We greatly doubt it. Not unfre-

quently it brings a restlessness peculiarly its own. "Locksley Hall Fifty Years After" is hardly less restless than the "Locksley Hall" of the poet-laureate's youth, though the later poem is restless with the sense of something that has vanished from the social life around him which he cherished, and the earlier poem with the sense that something has not yet come into it for which he craves. Wordsworth's old age was certainly not so tranquil as his middle life, and Goethe's was not so tranquil as his childhood, which in its dignity and rather formal precision it resembled much more than it resembled his middle life. Victor Hugo's old age again was certainly not remarkable for its tranquillity. Some of his most excitable and hysterical moods were moods which came upon him in old age. And to pass to a very different region, no one would say that Mr. Gladstone's old age is especially tranquil, or that Lord Palmerston's old age was especially tranquil, or that M. Thiers's old age was especially tranquil. Of course, it will be replied that political life is not favorable to tranquillity; but then, if old age is a season of great tranquillity, why do not the old retire from political life? Again, is there any evidence that Mr. Darwin's old age was more tranquil than his maturity? We should say that it was less so; more conscious of the inadequacy of a merely scientific life, and yet less capable of interest in any less inadequate life. There is a popular impression, which we believe to be quite erroneous, that old age is intrinsically favorable to the balance of the judgment. Now, of course, with a good judgment to begin with, the accumulation of a long experience provides a man with new materials for judging rightly; but without that sound judgment, we conceive that it provides him only with new excuses for judging wrongly. Lord Palmerston's latest years were among his least discreet years. He was nearly seventy when he needlessly offended the queen by his precipitation in giving his support to Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. He was over seventy when he irritated the English people by his Conspiracy Bill. He was approaching eighty when he needlessly snubbed the emperor of the French in relation to the proposed congress. And he was close upon eighty when he gave the Danes reason to expect help which at the last moment he withdrew. Mr. Gladstone was considerably over seventy when he sanctioned the sending of Gordon on the fatal mission to the Soudan, and he was seven-

ty-six when he propounded his still more fatal scheme for revolutionizing the history of the United Kingdom.

We take the truth to be that, as a rule, old age usually undermines first whatever is naturally the weakest organ, whether of body or mind. The man whose sight or hearing is previously disordered, feels the advance of age first in the more rapid failure of the eye or ear; the man who suffers from a feeble heart feels its advance in an increase of palpitations; the man who is a martyr to asthma feels its advance in the diminution of the intervals between the attacks, and the greater duration of each successive illness. And so it is, we imagine, with the intellect. The man whose memory is weak shows the advance of age chiefly by greater and greater obliviousness; the man whose imagination is feeble shows its advance chiefly by increasing matter-of-factness; the man whose judgment is uncertain and arbitrary shows its advance by greater and greater obliquity and impulsiveness of judgment. Lord Brougham's judgment was always hasty and feeble, but it grew hastier and feebler as he grew older; Lord Lyndhurst's was always strong, and he retained it in perfect order to the very end of his long career. It was the same with the emperor William and with Marshal von Moltke. The former retained and the latter retains his clear and sagacious judgment to the utmost limit of a very long official life. As Victor Hugo's powerful but rather melodramatic imagination held out to the last; as Tennyson's rich and tender insight into the spiritual life of the soul is still as vivid as ever; as Browning's shrewd and penetrating analysis of human motive is graven deeply on his latest book; as Goethe's majestic and tolerant criticism, which sparkled clearest, as he himself described it, "at dead of night" remained with him till his death; and as there was no decay to the very end in the imaginative serenity of Sophocles, of whom it has been said that his

even-balanced soul,  
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,  
Business could not make dull nor passion wild,  
Who saw life steadily and saw it whole,  
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,  
Singer of sweet Colonus and its child,

so, too, calm and stately judgments have held their ground to the last, as surely as the poets' lofty vision. As surely, but not more surely; for there is nothing to show that the strong judgment relatively loses less by the advance of age than the

strong imagination. The predominant faculty keeps its predominance, but does not keep it more effectively in one region than it does in the other. Indeed, the orator keeps his impressive oratory to old age with a pre-eminence at least as remarkable as that with which the logician or the dialectician keeps his logic or his dialectic, or the mathematician his command of deductive or analytic processes. For our parts, we believe that whatever shrinkage there may be in the intellectual powers of the aged, makes itself just as visible on the reasoning side of the mind as on the imaginative side, and is only the kind of shrinkage which is due to a generally diminished vitality, — in other words, to the slower rate at which the mind's messages thrill along the nerves, and to the greater obstruction which the physical organs of life offer to the commanding power of the will and the imperious energy of the spirit.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.  
THE CATS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

BY PROFESSOR W. M. CONWAY.

It has been said with truth that one of the greatest triumphs of human perseverance is the domestication of the cat. No tame animal has lost less of its native dignity or maintained more of its ancient reserve. The domestic cat might rebel to-morrow. We could not reach it for capture, nor beat it into submission. We could only kill it if it did not consent to be harmless and to make itself at home. Nothing but the experience of countless generations of cats that they would not be harmed by man, can have produced the result we now universally observe. Where and when did this taming of the least tamable of animals take place? The monuments of ancient Egypt enable us to answer the question.

In pre-historic times the religion of the Egyptians was pure and simple totemism. Probably in those days the inhabitants of Egypt were not united under any common government, but consisted of a number of small tribes or clans, each of one kindred. Every such clan or kindred had its totem. Totems are defined by Mr. Frazer, in his learned work on the subject, as "a class of material objects, which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation." The members of a to-

tem clan commonly regard themselves as actually descended from the totem. If the totem (as is most frequently the case) is an animal, the savage will not, as a rule, kill or eat it. On the contrary he venerates, and to the eyes of civilized men, appears to worship it, though of course the whole conception of worship only arises at a more advanced stage of human development than that to which totemism belongs.

The cat was the totem of some ancient Egyptian clan. Other clans venerated the bull, the crocodile, the hawk, the jackal, the cobra, the lizard, and so forth. Observation of existing totem tribes in Africa, Australia, and elsewhere, shows us that one or more representatives of the totem are often fed or even kept alive in captivity by the tribe. Thus Mr. Frazer tells us that "amongst the Narrinyeri in south Australia, men of the snake clan sometimes catch snakes, pull out their teeth or sew up their mouths, and keep them as pets. In a pigeon clan of Samoa a pigeon was carefully kept and fed. Amongst the Kalang in Java, whose totem is the red dog, each family as a rule keeps one of these animals, which they will on no account allow to be struck or ill-used by any one." The ancient Egyptian cat clan doubtless treated cats as the Kalang treat red dogs.

But ancient Egypt did not remain forever a disorganized assemblage of tribes. Thanks to warfare between clan and clan a nation was gradually welded together out of these savage units. In the main each clan settled down as a village. Some villages grew in importance, and became towns, dominating the surrounding districts. Now one town and now another (as the fortunes of war dictated) won the position of capital of the country. A victorious town tended to enforce universal respect for its particular totem. We conclude that at some time the cat tribe became the head of Egypt. At all events very early indeed the cat became a totem venerated all along the Nile. So also did the ibis, the hawk, the beetle, the asp, and other animals. Cicero says that no one ever heard of an Egyptian killing a cat; the remark might be made at the present day with almost equal truth. Herodotus relates that, when a fire occurred in Egypt, the people's first idea was to save the cats and to prevent them from leaping into the flames. But though cats were thus universally venerated, an especial reverence was paid to them in certain places, and of these Bubastis (in the Delta) was chief. Likely enough that city may have been

founded in the night of the past by the pre-historic cat clan.

Not only were cats preserved from injury, respected, and petted during life, but they were buried with honor and mourned when dead. Many a parallel may be found to this custom of the ancient Egyptians. For instance, in Samoa, to quote once more from Mr. Frazer, "if a man of the owl totem found a dead owl by the roadside, he would sit down and weep over it and beat his forehead with stones till the blood flowed. The bird would then be wrapped up and buried with as much ceremony as if it had been a human being." The Egyptians' idea of respectable burial implied preliminary mummification. According to their notion, a living man consisted of a body, a *ka*, or ghost, a *ba*, or soul, a shadow, and a "luminous." At death these component parts were broken up and set adrift. It was believed that some day all of them would come together again and there would be a resurrection; this however could only happen if all the parts were preserved. Some of them might be destroyed by command of the infernal powers; that of course could not be prevented by surviving relatives. They could only help to keep the *ka* going. This *ka*, or ghost, seems to have been the element in which the life was specially believed to reside. It was an impalpable double of the man's body; it was in fact the mediæval, or for that matter the modern, ghost. To keep it alive it had to be fed with the ghost of food, clothed in the ghost of clothing, and housed in the ghost of a house; it might be pleased and amused by the ghosts of luxuries and games, and served by the ghosts of slaves. The ingenuity of the ancient Egyptians may be measured by the fact that they found out how to supply the double with all these things.

But the ghost or double of a body (in ancient Egypt) had to have a material something to be the double of. The actual body was of course best; second best was an image of it made in some lasting substance. Hence arose mummification to preserve the body and portrait sculpture to replace it if destroyed. In later times a wealthy Egyptian was often buried with no less than some hundreds of little images in the shape of a mummy, ticketed with his name, besides one or more really fine portrait statues of him. Such statues are called *ka* statues. If the mummy were destroyed the *ka* could still be kept in existence by means of them. A rich man was mummied in costly style, had many

*ka* statues, and was buried in an elaborate tomb; a poor man was merely dipped in bitumen, rolled in a few yards of common stuff and hidden in the desert sand.

As with men, so with cats; they too had their *ka* and all the rest of it, and their *ka* had likewise to be kept from annihilation against the great day of resurrection of cats, crocodiles, and men. A rich man's cat was elaborately mummied, wound round and round with stuff and cunningly plaited over with linen ribbons dyed two different colors. His head was encased in a rough kind of *papier maché*, and that was covered with linen and painted, even gilt sometimes, the ears always carefully pricked up. The mummy might be inclosed in a bronze box with a bronze *ka* statue of the cat seated on the top. Even finer burial might await a particularly grand cat, as we shall presently see. A poor man's cat was rolled up in a single lump, but the rolling was carefully and respectfully done, which is more than one can say about many a poor ancient Egyptian's body brought to light in these excavating days.

In very early times, that is to say anywhere from four to ten thousand years before Christ, the Egyptian cat was the straightforward totem we have described. It is only fair to say that in the historical period he occupied a more ambiguous position. The Egyptians were not the stationary people they are vulgarly believed to have been. They developed now and again, when circumstances were favorable; altogether they developed a good deal. Their religion occupied much of their time and a remarkable share of the attention of their most educated class. It was far from being an unchanging, stereotyped religion. It began as pure and simple totemism coupled with ancestor worship. Out of the totems gods developed, and as there were tribal and afterwards local totems so there came to be local gods. Each of these home-made gods (and some foreign importations too), had a sacred animal attached to him. This animal was the totem he had supplanted. Out of the cats arose the goddess Pasht, the local goddess of the city which the Greeks called Bubastis, and whose modern successor we call Zagazig. Like the cats, the goddess Pasht came to be venerated all over Egypt. When the most important local gods (that is to say the gods of the most powerful cities) were united into a national Egyptian pantheon, Pasht was amongst the number.

A local god or goddess might be without

any particular character, but what would be the use of a pantheon of gods all one like another? Of course differences were marked amongst them. One became god of agriculture, another of death, and so on. Pasht for her part was lady of love, and corresponded in a crude sort of way to that much nobler conception, the Aphrodite of the Greeks. She was represented as a woman with a cat's head. Another goddess, who can scarcely be differentiated from her, is the lion-headed Sekhet.

Egypt possessed many temples to one or other of these goddesses. First amongst them was the great temple of Bubastis, the ruins of which have so recently been laid bare. It was called by Herodotus the most pleasing of all the temples of Egypt. A festival of an exceedingly merry and immoral character was celebrated there to the yearly delight of thousands of Egyptians. Cat mummies and cat *ka* statues have been found in many parts of Egypt, but, till recently, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them came from Bubastis. In the summer of 1888, however, an enormous find of cats was made near Beni-Hasan — a place some hundred miles or so south of Cairo and well known for its wonderful rock-cut tombs. That an important cats' burying place would exist somewhere thereabouts might have been predicted from the fact that a rock-cut temple, the famous *Speos Artemidos*, exists in the immediate neighborhood, and this temple was dedicated to Pasht. Cats must therefore have been specially venerated in the ancient city.

The plain on the east bank of the Nile at Beni-Hasan is about a mile wide. It is bounded by a range of precipitous hills. A flat-bottomed side valley opens eastward through the hills at this point. The traveller mounting his donkey at the modern village rides for about half a mile across cultivated land and for another half mile across desert, passing on the way first the modern human burying place and shortly afterwards the ancient cemetery of the cats. He then enters the side valley (whose steep walls and floor are barren as the moon) and after advancing up it about a quarter of a mile he finds the *façade* of the artificial cave temple, the *Speos Artemidos*, conspicuous at the base of the mountain on his right hand. It is the simplest conceivable piece of rock-cut architecture. The slope of the hill is squared up vertically for a front. An open portico consisting originally of two rows of four piers each is, with the roof which

they support, cut out of the solid limestone rock. A short, narrow passage leads thence straight into the hill to an oblong chamber. A raised niche cut in the far wall opposite the entrance was the actual shrine of the goddess. A figure of Pasht was sculptured on one side of this niche and another was painted on the other side. The temple was not improbably cut out of the hill in very ancient times, for it closely resembles the neighboring twelfth dynasty tombs. Queen Hatasu (of the eighteenth dynasty) inscribed her name upon it, but her successor, Thothmes III., had it erased and his own substituted. Seti I., the father of Rameses II., added some decorative sculpture. Such was the home of the great cat of the district, for in all these temples a representative of the totem class was kept in honor. Doubtless the head cat of Pasht's temple was a very grand cat indeed. She would live a life of dignified luxury, and dying she would be buried with royal magnificence.

For three or four thousand years the cat mummies of Beni-Hasan lay undisturbed, awaiting the resurrection; now a resurrection has come to them, but other than they looked forward to. The archangel that heralded it was an Egyptian *fellah* from the neighboring village. By some chance one day this genius dug a hole, somewhere in the level floor of the desert, and struck — cats! Not one or two here and there, but dozens, hundreds, hundreds of thousands, a layer of them, a stratum thicker than most coal seams, ten to twenty cats deep, mummy squeezed against mummy tight as herrings in a barrel. The discovery meant wealth for somebody, probably not the finder, but the head-man of the village. A systematic exploration of the seam was undertaken. The surface sand was stripped off and the cats were laid bare. All sorts and conditions of them then appeared — the commoner sort caked together in black lumps, out of which here a grinning face, there a furry paw, there a backbone or row of ribs of some ancient puss, stood prominently forth. The better cats and kittens emerged in astonishing numbers, and with all their wrappings as fresh as if they had been put into the ground a week, and not thirty centuries before. Now and again an elaborately plaited mummy turned up; still more rarely one with a gilded face (of such I myself found three). As far as I can learn only three cat *ka* statues have as yet been found. Two of these are small bronze figures. The third is a life-size bronze, a hollow casting, inside which the

actual cat was buried. One or more bronze statuettes of Osiris, god of the dead, were likewise (I believe) found among the cats.

The plundering of the cemetery was a sight to see, but one had to stand well to windward. All the village children came from day to day and provided themselves with the most attractive mummies they could find. These they took down to the river bank to sell for the smallest coin to passing travellers. Often they took to playing or fighting together with them on the way, and then the ancient fur began to fly as for three thousand years it had never been called upon to do. The path became strewn with mummy cloth and bits of cats' skulls and bones, and fur in horrid profusion, and the wind blew the fragments about and carried the stink afar. This was only the illicit part of the business. The bulk of the old totems went another way. Some contractor came along and offered so much a pound for their bones to make into something — soap or tooth-powder, I dare say, or even black paint. So men went systematically to work, peeled cat after cat of its wrappings, stripped off the brittle fur, and piled the bones in black heaps a yard or more high, looking from the distance like a kind of rotting haycocks scattered on the sandy plain. The rags and other refuse, it appears, make excellent manure, and donkey loads of them were carried off to the fields to serve that useful, if unromantic, purpose.

It cannot be too much regretted that no responsible Egyptologist watched the excavation of this extraordinary burying place. The *fellahs* were left to do it after their own fashion. Fortunately they know that every "antica" has a money value, and these therefore they hoard for sale. But no record as to how they were buried is forthcoming. The life-size bronze cat, for instance, is a most remarkable creature. It must have been buried in a box, on which doubtless some inscription was painted, but no box was preserved, nor could I get any exact information as to how, when, where, or by whom the cat was taken out of the ground. The same was also the case with the two small bronze cats and a seated figure of Osiris in bronze of the usual twenty-sixth dynasty type. One can only therefore judge these remains from internal evidence. None of the cats have collars engraved on their necks, nor are their ears pierced for earrings. They are all more or less life-like images of the animal, with-

out any accessories whatever. They sit more upright than the cats of Bubastis.

The big cat is the only one that need be described in any detail. He sits bolt upright (some eighteen and a half inches high), with his fore legs very straight and rigid, and his paws set close together. His neck is long and perfectly cylindrical. His head is practically a sphere with a face patched on to the front. He is in fact almost the mathematical abstraction of a cat reduced to its simplest forms. The inside of his body is hollow, and in it the cat's mummy was buried. Only the unmistakable smell and a few scraps of mummy cloth remained behind when I first saw the creature. The whole thing, legs and all, was cast in one piece, the cores of clay, about which the fore legs are cast, being still inside them. The right leg has cracked; moisture has at some time found its way to the clay within, which has swollen and burst the whole limb wide open. The interesting, and I believe unique, feature about this cat is that the whole body of it was thinly plastered over with a fine coating of *gesso*, and that this was gilded. Alabaster eyes were also introduced. Most of the gilded *gesso* and one of the eyes remain. The maker of the cat did not intend it to be gilt. This is evident not only because the modelling of the face is entirely altered by the plaster, which is thereabouts quite thick, but because the whiskers were indicated by tooling about the mouth, and this tooling the *gesso*, before bits of it flaked off, entirely hid.

A cat buried with such exceptional magnificence can have been no ordinary beast. It seems hardly too much to assume that it was the temple cat of its day, the sacred animal of that *Speos Artemidos* which all travellers in Egypt go to see. As such, at all events, it is pleasant to regard it.

From St. James's Gazette.  
BROWNING'S VIEW OF LIFE.

THOUGH Browning was essentially a man of the world, deeply versed in metaphysics and conversant with modern science, his philosophy of life was singularly simple. But to his beliefs, few and simple as they were, expression was given with such terseness, force, and passion that he has left with us whole creeds in simple sentences, which have become, and will become still more, the source of joy and strength to thousands. He held firmly

by the belief that this life was but a school, a term of probation preparatory to another fuller and higher existence.

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made.

How, he asked not; for the way lay with God.

God's task to make the heavenly period  
Perfect the earthen.

That this is a topsy-turvy world, where evil often triumphed and good suffered, did not dismay him; for he asks:—

Are we not here to learn the good of peace thro' strife,  
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?

The evil and sorrow in this world gave him, in fact, a strong argument in favor of another existence, to which this life was but the opening scene.

I have lived then, done and suffered, loved and hated, learnt and taught,

This—there is no reconciling wisdom with a world distraught,

Goodness with triumphant evil, power with failure in the aim,

If (to my own sense remember! though none other feel the same)

If you bar me from assuming earth to be a pupil's place,

And life, time—with all their chances, changes—just probation's space.

He therefore held, and this is the teaching of many of his poems, that experience gained in life—even by means of sin, failure, and weakness of will, and by those we are accustomed to despise and condemn—is stored for future use; and he says:—

I search but cannot see,  
What purpose serves the soul that strives, or world it tries

Conclusions with, unless the fruit of victories  
Stay one and all, stored up and guaranteed its own

Forever, by some mode whereby shall be made known

The gain of every life. Death reads the title clear,

What each soul for itself conquered from out things here.

To one who held as a poet holds "by God's sun-skirts," such a sublime faith, it was but natural that he should preach that this life should be one long act of strenuous, unwearied endeavor.

Strive and hold cheap the strain,  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, nor judge the throe.

'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but  
what man would do.

And again:—

Aspire, break bounds! I say  
Endeavor to be good and better still,  
And best! Success is nought, endeavor's all.

It is the knowledge of this simple but grand philosophy which gives the key to many of Browning's poems and dramas. He did not throw a roseate hue over life, and create from his imagination heroes and heroines who should be types of perfection. He did not so teach his philosophy. It was actual life he studied and which he desired to represent, in order to show that in its failures, shortcomings, and troubles, the divine spark is not quenched. With an universality and an all round sympathy with human nature which recalls Shakespeare, Browning creates men and women into whose motives and the hidden workings of their minds he gives us an insight which is at the same time both physiologically interesting and morally invigorating. Paracelsus, with his supreme self-confidence; Luria, with his higher aims and disappointment at being misunderstood; Pippa, with her bird-like confidence in God; the hero of the "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," whose fidelity to his mistress was both his making and undoing, are a few of the crowd of these striking personalities in whom we see the same weakness of purpose, mixture of

motives, and overwhelming influence of passion.

He is one of the great poets of love; but not a singer of love-songs in the usual poetic sense. He has said the finest things of love; but perhaps we value him more for his constant protest against "lies the most lamentable of things."<sup>h</sup>

Truth is a strong thing. Let man's life be  
true

And love's the truth of mine.

And again:—

Life means learning to abhor  
The false, and love the true.

The prophet's voice is silent, and the seer knows now what is behind the veil. He had his wish and died full of life:—

I should hate that death bandaged my eyes  
And forbore and bade me creep past.

Working, teaching, and enjoying to the very last, he realized his own ideal of life and his prayer:—

Only grant my soul may carry high through  
death her cup unspilled,  
Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's  
last drop by drop distilled  
I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless the  
kindly wrench that wrung  
From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the  
root where pleasure sprung,  
Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and  
bruised the berry, left all grace  
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir  
in its place!

WHAT IS A FIRE?—A curious point of law, bearing upon the responsibility of insurance companies, has just been decided in the Paris law courts (5th Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine), at the suit of the Countess Fitz-James v. the Union Fire Insurance Company, of Paris, by which it is ruled that insurance companies must indemnify all losses sustained by an assured caused by fire, even in cases where no destruction of premises has been caused by conflagration. The Countess Fitz-James insured against fire, in the above company, all her furniture and effects for five hundred and fifty-eight thousand francs, and in her policy, under Art. 7, were mentioned her jewels, among which figured specially a pair of earrings, composed of fine pearls, valued at eighteen thousand francs. On April 17, 1887, one of these earrings, which had been placed on the mantelpiece, was accidentally knocked down by the countess and fell into the fire, where it was consumed, notwithstanding every effort made to save the

jewel. Expert jewellers were called in by both parties to estimate the intrinsic value of the property destroyed, and nine thousand francs was stated to be the amount, less sixty francs for molten gold rescued from the ashes. The insurance company refused to pay for the burnt pearl, on the ground that there was no conflagration, that the fire which consumed the object was an ordinary fire; in other words, that there was no fire, and that the company was not responsible where combustion had only occurred by the ordinary use of a grate for heating purposes. The court, however, rejected this, and ruled that "the word *fire*, in matters of assurance, applied to every accident, however unimportant such accident may be, so long as it is caused by the action of fire." It was, therefore, ordered that the Union Company should pay to the Countess Fitz-James the value of the jewel, less that of the gold recovered, viz., 8,940 francs and costs.

Irish Law Times.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
{ Vol. CLXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. GRANVILLE SHARP AND THE SLAVE-TRADE,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	. . . 259
II. CARDINAL LAVIGERIE AND THE SLAVE-TRADE,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . 266
III. ZOE,	<i>Sunday Magazine,</i>	. . . 270
IV. A WINTER'S DRIVE FROM SEDAN TO VERSAILLES AND ROUND PARIS DURING THE SIEGE,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . 280
V. ROBERT BROWNING,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . 290
VI. ROBERT BROWNING,	<i>National Review,</i>	. . . 297
VII. BRAZIL, PAST AND FUTURE,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . 300
VIII. IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . 305
IX. A LUMBER-ROOM,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . 316
X. A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	. . . 319

## POETRY.

A SPRIG OF HOLLY,	. . . . . 258	A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST,	. . . 319
IN SWITZERLAND, 1889,	. . . . . 258		

MISCELLANY,	. . . . . 320
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## A SPRIG OF HOLLY.

I FOUND it, a sprig of holly,  
It had fallen from an unknown hand,  
In the home of the pine and myrtle,  
Far off in this southern land.

And I know not whose hand had cast it,  
Or careless or rude with scorn,  
Whether pleased with a brighter berry,  
Or pricked with its guard of thorn.

But there it lay in the pathway,  
Poor sprig with its berries three,  
Like a waif or a stray from England,  
And it seemed as a message to me.

Then sudden there flashed a vision  
Of a Christmas far away,  
Of a firelight shed on a curtain red,  
And the shouts of the children at play;

Then a fir-tree shone in the centre,  
And around it a wondering ring,  
Where the Snow King kisses the Fairy,  
And the Fairy frowns at the King.

And the dances! the valse! the polka!  
And Sir Roger must wait his turn;  
For with breath all aflame, the great Snap-  
dragon came,  
And how blue all the tapers burn!

And awe is on childish faces,  
And as in all things below,  
You must first begin, if you wish to win,  
To suffer; a fact we know:

So the Snow King puffs at his fingers,  
And the Fairy pities his pain,  
And had he now kissed her and not his blis-  
ter,  
She would not have frowned again.

And so through the long, bright evening,  
Until all the games are played,  
And child vows given (smile at them, Heaven!)  
Forgotten as soon as made.

For there must be kissing and cooing  
Of birds in the nest at play,  
As there must be wedding and wooing  
Of birds full-grown, some day.

And little Alice is sleeping  
Wide-mouthed in a wide armchair,  
One fat round arm fast keeping  
That idol with flaxen hair.

When — hark! Is it "ten" there striking?  
And look! Do the lights burn low?  
Then sudden is heard the terrible word,  
Away! it is time to go!

And I started, and lo! the holly  
Lay bright in the pathway there,  
With the dark-hued sheen of its prickly green  
Guarding its fruitage fair:

And I love it, my sprig of holly,  
Though it boast but its berries three;  
For whatever it seem to others,  
It was surely a message to me.

And dear as the mountains around me,  
And dells where the waters run,  
And the peaks and pines, where forever shines  
The glow of a summer sun!

No mist in the soft-toned valley,  
No wind in the unstirred tree,  
No stain on the cloudless ether,  
No wave on the breathless sea!

Yet dearer to me that vision  
Of home, and of Christmas bells!  
And it came to me all at the holly's call  
In the heart of the Esterels.

A. G. B.  
Spectator.

Christmas Day.

## IN SWITZERLAND, 1889.

THE angel walking with me took my hand,  
And said: "No longer here mayst thou  
abide;  
To the soft valleys and low-level land  
Come down, and, humbly looking up, reside,  
Till in thy lowest home thou'rt laid to dwell,  
And I have come, thither to be thy guide."  
"My mountains, oh, my mountains, fare ye  
well!" —  
Weeping — "Oh, look on me once more!"  
I cried.

But thickest mist encompassed every head,  
And darkness round each pinnacle was spread.  
One milky stream, from a great snowy  
breast,  
Came down with me, singing to my unrest,  
Bidding me not lament, since it, too, came  
From the wild mountains, to the meadows  
tame;  
From its dark, silent cradle, clamorously  
Called by the voices of the sounding sea;  
Leaving the rocky turrets of the earth,  
And the dark fragrant forests near its birth,  
Whose hairy talons clasp each mossy stone,  
Lest by the lightnings they should be o'er-  
thrown:

Below these iron-footed giants grey,  
Soft velvet carpets, with sweet blossoms gay,  
Spread on the lowest steps of that steep way;  
And here, disconsolate, I weeping lay,  
Until the angel on my shoulder laid  
A tender, pitying hand, and to me said:  
"Lo! I have come to smooth thy downward  
path,  
And lead thee gently to thy home beneath;  
Dry thy vain tears, and hush thy weak lament,  
To strengthen, and support thee, am I sent.  
Look up once more — look!" And each  
awful head  
In the departing light glowed ruby red.  
"Now hast thou seen that last great glory  
well?"

My angel said, and at her feet I fell.  
My mountains, oh, my mountains, fare ye  
well!

Temple Bar. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

From Macmillan's Magazine.

GRANVILLE SHARP AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE International Congress at Brussels and the recent speech of Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall have directed public attention once more to the question of the slave-trade. The very name of slavery is now abhorrent to the ears not only of Englishmen, but of men of every Christian and civilized country. Half a century ago England paid many millions out of the national purse to compensate the West-Indian slave-holders for the liberation of their negroes. Since then slavery has been abolished in the Southern States of America, as one result of a long and cruel civil war; Russia, half-civilized as she is, has emancipated her serfs; and we are now working with other European powers for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa. But it is perhaps not generally remembered that this indignation against a traffic in human flesh and blood dates back for only a century, and that the origin, the foundation-stone, as it were, of the war against slavery and all its attendant horrors was one somewhat obscure and now almost forgotten individual, Granville Sharp.

This great philanthropist was born in 1734, and was the son of Thomas Sharp, Archdeacon of Northumberland, a man well known in his day, and grandson of the still better-known John Sharp, who was chaplain-in-ordinary to James the Second, and was afterwards made Archbishop of York, by William the Third. In 1750 his father, who had a large family, withdrew him from school at Durham and bound him apprentice to a linen-draper named Halsey, in London; and he continued to be connected with trade until the year 1758, when he obtained a clerkship in the Ordnance Office.

But already in the young apprentice we see the extraordinary force of character and intellectual capacity which afterwards distinguished the man. Brought up, as he had been, in an orthodox clerical family, and firmly convinced of the truths of the Christian revelation, he was during his apprenticeship brought into contact first with a Socinian and afterwards with

a Jew, who happened to reside in his master's family. Religious controversies arose, and in each case Sharp was met with a similar argument; the Socinian declaring that he erred in his interpretation of the New Testament from want of knowledge of Greek, while the Jew attributed the inferences which he drew from passages of the Old Testament to his ignorance of Hebrew. Determined not to be baffled, this apprentice lad, whose schooling had finished at the age of fifteen, devoted his spare time to the study first of Greek and afterwards of Hebrew, with the astonishing result that in after years he carried on successful controversies with the leading Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, and actually invented a rule with regard to the use of the Greek article in Scripture which has since been very generally adopted.

But it is with the philanthropic efforts of Granville Sharp, rather than with his literary achievements that we have to deal, although doubtless his controversy with the celebrated Dr. Kennicott on a point of Hebrew scholarship trained his remarkable intellect for the part which he subsequently took in a great legal strife. It was in the year 1765 that a seeming accident turned his active sympathies towards the wrongs of the African slaves. His brother, William Sharp, who was one of the first London surgeons of his day, opened his house every morning for the gratuitous relief of the poor, and on one occasion a negro, named Jonathan Strong, appeared in a miserable condition to ask for medical aid. It appeared on inquiry that he had been the slave of a lawyer at Barbadoes, named Lisle, who had first destroyed his health by barbarous treatment and then turned him adrift in the streets. The Sharps befriended him; he was admitted into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and after a time he recovered sufficiently to be placed in service. But as ill-luck, or, as the sequel showed, good-luck would have it, about two years afterwards Jonathan was recognized in the streets by his former master. Seeing the negro apparently in good health again, the lawyer determined to recover what he called his property, and with the assist-

ance of two officers of the lord mayor succeeded in kidnapping Strong, intimidating his new master to whom he appealed for protection, and lodging him in gaol. From thence the negro wrote a letter to his former benefactor, Granville Sharp, who, undeterred by the evasions of the authorities of the prison, insisted on seeing him, and then with characteristic decision (to quote from his diary) "charged the master of the prison at his own peril not to deliver him up to any person whatever who might claim him, until he had been carried before the lord mayor, Sir Thomas Kite, to whom Granville Sharp immediately went and gave information that a Jonathan Strong had been confined there without any warrant, and he therefore requested of his lordship to summon those persons who detained him, and to give Granville Sharp notice to attend at the same time. This request was complied with."

The diary then goes on to relate a stormy sitting at the Mansion House, at which Sharp found himself confronted by two persons who claimed the negro; one a public notary, who produced a bill of sale from the original master to a Jamaica planter, named Kerr; the other man named Lair, the captain of the vessel in which Strong was to be taken away. The lord mayor having dismissed the claim, Lair seized the negro by the arm, and told his lordship that he took him as the property of Mr. Kerr. But Sharp, again equal to the occasion, promptly charged the captain with an assault, and he at once quitted his hold.

The slave-owner was not, however, going to let his prey slip from his grasp so easily. He at once instituted a lawsuit against Sharp and his brother James for having obtained the liberation of the negro, and knowing the former to be a man of peace, he endeavored to intimidate him by demanding "gentlemanlike satisfaction." Sharp's reply is characteristic of the man and of his sense of humor: "I told him that as he had studied the law so many years, he should want no satisfaction that the law could give him." To this satisfaction Sharp now addressed himself, and he gave it in a manner which would hardly have been thought possible. His

first step was naturally to obtain the best legal advice, and with that view he employed a leading solicitor, and retained Sir James Eyre, afterwards lord chief justice of the Common Pleas. And this was the result — after considering the case, his solicitor brought him a copy of an opinion given in 1729 by York and Talbot, the attorney and solicitor-general of the day, affirming that a slave coming from the West Indies to Great Britain or Ireland does not become free, and told him that it was hopeless to attempt any defence, as Lord Chief Justice Mansfield held the same opinion.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would now have given the case up in despair, but fortunately for the cause of humanity, Granville Sharp was the hundredth. "Thus forsaken by my professional defenders," he wrote some years afterwards, "I was compelled, through want of regular legal assistance, to make a hopeless attempt at self-defence, though I was totally unacquainted either with the practice of the law or the foundation of it, having never opened a law-book (except the Bible) until that time when I most reluctantly undertook to search the indexes of a law-library which my bookseller had lately purchased."

The junior clerk in the Ordnance Office attacking the lord chief justice on a point of law might, as in the case of his controversy with Dr. Kennicott, be compared to David in his combat with Goliath; and, like his Hebrew predecessor, the modern David was destined to conquer with the sling and the stone of his own abilities and of faith in the justice of his cause. Without instruction, without assistance, discouraged by several legal authorities, including the celebrated Blackstone, to whom he appealed, and deserted, as has been stated, by his own lawyers, for two whole years he devoted himself to his object "faint yet pursuing."

Before the final term at which he had to answer the charge against himself and his brother, he produced in manuscript his tract "On the Injustice of tolerating Slavery in England," in which he defended the course which he had taken with such learning, research, and closeness of argu-

ment, that the preconceived opinions of the lawyers among whom it was circulated were shaken to their foundations, and the counsel for the prosecution were so intimidated that they declined to persevere with the action.

Sharp thus remained master of the field in the first skirmish of outposts, but it was only to be the prelude to a general assault on his main position. Already in his tract he had boldly carried the war into the enemy's country, and, basing his arguments on an act of Charles the Second, had declared that not only the seller of the negro, but all who had aided and abetted in the transaction were liable to heavy fines and costs; and it was but a short time before the force of his reasoning was again to be felt. Another negro, named Lewis, had been kidnapped by his former master, a Mr. Stapylton, and carried on board a ship bound for Jamaica. Sharp obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus, had it served on board the ship, which had been detained in the Downs, and brought back the negro in triumph. The case was subsequently tried at the King's Bench before Lord Mansfield, and in the course of it a Mr. Dunning, who had been retained as counsel on behalf of the negro, held up Sharp's tract in his hand and publicly declared that he was ready to maintain in any of the courts of Great Britain, that no man could be legally detained as a slave in this country. The wary chief justice seems to have evaded the real point at issue by discharging the negro on the ground that Stapylton had failed to prove that he was even nominally his property; but he practically refused to pass any judgment upon the slave-owner, a proceeding against which Sharp indignantly protested.

But the trials of the cases of Strong, Lewis, and of two or three other negroes, had not decided the question of the abstract right of slaves to freedom in England. Public opinion continued to fluctuate on the subject, and that of Lord Mansfield was known to be adverse to the slave.

At length in 1772 the case of James Somerset presented itself, and appears to have been selected as a test case, with the

mutual consent of Lord Mansfield and Sharp. It was similar to those of Strong and Lewis. Somerset was a Virginian negro who had been seized and conveyed on board ship by his former master, a Mr. Charles Stewart. He appealed to Sharp, who at once took up the case, and placed it in the hands of eminent legal counsel.

We have no space to enter into the details of this celebrated trial. The counsel on the side of the negro were led by Mr. Sergeant Davy, while Mr. Dunning and another appeared for Stewart. Sharp supplied Davy and his coadjutors with his notes on the trial of Lewis, and appears to have borne the whole, or at least the main part, of the expense; but to the eternal honor of the bar it must be stated that the whole of his counsel refused to accept any recompense for their services. Unfortunately there is another side to the picture. Dunning, who defended Stewart, was the same who at the trial of Lewis had held up Sharp's tract and declared his readiness to maintain in any court of England that no property could here exist in a slave. Granville Sharp's opinion of his conduct was expressed in a manner very severe for so charitable a man. "And yet after so solemn a declaration he, Mr. Dunning, appeared on the opposite side of the question (against James Somerset) the very next year! This is an abominable and insufferable practice in lawyers, to undertake causes diametrically opposite to their own declared opinions of law and common justice."

The case was opened in February, 1772, before Lord Mansfield assisted by the three justices, Ashton, Willes, and Ashurst. To use the words of Mr. Prince Hoare, Sharp's biographer, "the cause of liberty was no longer to be tried on the ground of a mere special indictment, but on the broad principle of the essential and constitutional right of every man in England to the liberty of his person, unless forfeited by the laws of England." The counsel for the negro based themselves mainly on Sharp's now celebrated argument, that "all the people who come into this country immediately become subject to the laws of this country, are governed by the laws, regulated entirely in

their whole conduct by the laws, and are entitled to the protection of the laws of this country, and become the king's subjects." On the other hand the counsel for the slave-owner represented the inconvenience and apparent injustice of divesting a man of his lawful property, only because he sailed in pursuit of his lawful business from one country to another. The court reserved their judgment, but it was eventually given on June 22nd, 1773. To the credit of Lord Mansfield it must be said that he overcame his prejudices and joined in an unanimous verdict with his colleagues on the side of freedom. This judgment established the celebrated axiom, "So soon as any slave sets his foot on English ground he becomes free."

The "History of the Abolition of the Slave-Trade" does ample justice to the part played by Sharp in this famous trial. After deservedly praising the conduct of the counsel for the negro, it uses the following words: "But chiefly to him under divine Providence are we to give the praise, who became the first great actor in it, who devoted his time, his talents, and his substance to this Christian undertaking, and by whose laborious researches the very pleaders themselves were instructed and benefited."

But Sharp had no idea of relaxing his efforts against slavery because he had won his case. Already, during its adjournment, he had, in anticipation of its successful issue, addressed a letter to Lord North, then prime minister, in which he calls his attention to the "present miserable and deplorable slavery in our colonies," and urges him to induce the king and the Privy Council to recommend to the several colonial assemblies a "formal repeal of those unjust laws." It does not appear that Lord North took any notice of this appeal; but a first blow had been struck at the slave-trade, which was soon to be systematically threatened.

About the same time a helping hand was stretched out from America itself. On the very day when the trial of Somerset ended, Sharp received a letter from a Quaker named Benezet, who had established a free school at Philadelphia for the benefit of the negroes, and had published several treatises against slavery. Benezet's letter and the reply seem to have laid the foundation of a systematic agitation. The Quaker states that Sharp's treatise on "The Injustice of Slavery" had been circulated in America, enlarges on the iniquity of the slave-traffic, suggests a representation to the king and both

Houses of Parliament, and says that he believes it would be supported by the people of New England, Maryland, and Virginia. Sharp's reply, which is as full of the caution of the lawyer as of the zeal of the philanthropist, seems to have been widely circulated, and his legal opinions were recognized as rules for future procedure. The correspondence continued until the year 1774, and although it was many years yet before public opinion could be sufficiently matured for the purpose, Sharp seems to have been strengthened and confirmed in his great idea of the total abolition of slavery in Great Britain and her colonies. But in the meanwhile there was some danger of the ground already won being lost again. Immediately after the decision in Somerset's case, a motion was made in the House of Commons for leave to bring in a bill "for the securing of property in negroes and other slaves in this kingdom." The feeling in the House must, however, have been generally hostile, as there is no record of the bill having been pressed to a division.

Although not immediately connected with the slave-trade, it is worth noticing here as bearing on Sharp's general position and influence, the efforts which he made on behalf of the natives of the Caribbee Islands, a mixed race against whom a "little war" was at the time being carried on which he considered manifestly unjust. With his usual boldness and disregard of personal consequences, he addressed a very strong letter on the subject to Lord Dartmouth, at that time secretary of state for the colonies. The minister, far from resenting the letter as an impertinent interference, requested him to call upon him the next day, and in the course of the interview which followed, promised to speak on behalf of the Caribs if he should have any favorable opportunity. It is probable that this intercession had some influence with the government, as a treaty was shortly afterwards concluded with the Caribs, by which they seem to have been confirmed in most of their ancient possessions.

The outbreak in 1775 of the war with the American colonies was fraught with important consequences to Sharp, both in his public and private capacities. It interfered with his communications with America, and so threw back his efforts against the slave-trade, and it led to his resignation of the clerkship in the Ordnance Office. He had previously published a volume on the people's natural

right to a share in the legislature, which appears to have been widely circulated in America. The principles which he then maintained led him to deprecate in the strongest possible manner the attempt of the English government to force taxation upon the unrepresented colonists; and when war actually broke out he found himself unable conscientiously to discharge the duties of an office which required him to book the shipment of warlike stores to be used for a purpose which he believed to be unjust. He was allowed a long leave of absence, but he definitely resigned his appointment in 1776, the war having then progressed so far as to preclude the hope of a speedy settlement. He was now entirely without means, having spent his patrimony in defending the slaves, and having resigned his clerkship from conscientious scruples; but the eager generosity of his brothers prevented the necessity of his seeking lucrative employment, and enabled him to devote the whole of his time to literature and to philanthropic effort.

Thus in 1777 we find him engaged in an attempt to bring about a reconciliation with America. Emboldened by the favorable manner in which his writings had been received in New York, and by some private communications, possibly of a semi-official character, he called on Lord Dartmouth, then secretary of state for foreign affairs, and had a long conference with him on the "expediency of making peace with America, and of giving such a proof of the sincerity of our government, in treating on the subject, as would effectually promote an attempt to bring that country back to its allegiance to the crown of Great Britain." It was seen that the proof of sincerity must include a representation of the colonies in the English House of Commons something analogous to that of an English county, and Sharp was employed by Lord Dartmouth in examining precedents. A few days later he wrote to him a remarkable letter, in which he called his attention to the mischievous existence of the "petty venal boroughs," and clearly foreshadowed the changes in the English Parliamentary representation, which were not carried out until nearly sixty years afterwards by the Reform Bill of 1832. A few months later, in a letter to the Duke of Richmond, he made an offer of his personal services in an attempt at a reconciliation with America, and expressed himself with confidence as to the result. How far he had grounds for such an opinion it is impossible to say, but the

war with England seems to have been unpopular in America at that particular time, and his name was widely known and respected there on account of his efforts against slavery and the popularity of his writings. It may be that a golden opportunity was then lost; at any rate less peaceful counsels prevailed, and the war was prosecuted to its bitter and disastrous end.

But, while throwing himself with characteristic energy into this and many other current questions, such as the reform of Parliamentary representation, the impressment of seamen, and the establishment of episcopacy in America, Sharp seems never to have lost sight of his great central idea, namely, the abolition of the slave-trade. As a loyal son of the Church he had early endeavored to enlist the sympathies of the bishops on his side, and in 1779 he made it his business to call on all of them, to request their influence and assistance towards the accomplishment of the work. The dignitaries of the Church, however, seem to have confined their assistance to sympathetic good wishes, and it was not until 1783 that a horrible incident of the trade enabled Sharp to excite public opinion strongly against it. This incident came to light in consequence of an action brought by the owners of a slave-ship against the underwriters to recover the value of one hundred and thirty slaves, who had been deliberately cast overboard under a pretended scarcity of water. Sharp threw himself into the case with his accustomed energy, wrote a letter to the lords commissioners of the admiralty urging that the master and crew should be put on trial for murder, published the proceedings of the court in the newspapers, and apparently made capital out of the statement of the solicitor-general, who was counsel for the shipowners, that so far from the "guilt of any murderous act," there was not, in a legal point of view, "a surmise of impropriety in the transaction." Sharp failed in bringing the murderers to justice; but this last atrocity seems to have brought the abolition of the hateful trade within measurable distance of accomplishment.

He was soon to have practical experience of its fatal effects in his efforts to found a new colony at Sierra Leone. A number of slaves, who had claimed their freedom in England, were begging and starving about the streets of London, and, after consultation with some of the men themselves, he determined to send a number of them as settlers to the coast of

Africa. In 1786 about four hundred negroes were thus sent out to Sierra Leone, with about sixty Europeans, chiefly women. A grant of land was obtained from a neighboring chief, but from its very infancy the little colony was beset with numerous difficulties. Disease broke out on board ship before the settlers had even landed; and worse still, most of the Europeans were induced by the offer of high wages to take service with the slave-dealers.

Things were going from bad to worse, when Sharp sent out, principally at his own expense, another ship with supplies for the colonists, and he subsequently succeeded in forming a joint-stock company for the purpose of trading with Sierra Leone. It is in the course of these transactions that we first find him corresponding with William Wilberforce, who was afterwards the champion of the slaves in the House of Commons. After some difficulties and delays, a government charter was obtained for the "St. George's Bay Company," as it was called, and in spite of molestations from slave-dealers and native chiefs, and a most wanton raid in 1794 from a French fleet, the colony founded by Granville Sharp has survived, and flourishes at the present day.

It was in the year 1787 that the first systematic step was taken towards the abolition of the slave-trade. In that year a society for the purpose was formed consisting mainly of Quakers, who elected Sharp as their chairman of committee, and induced Wilberforce to become Parliamentary leader in the cause. In 1788 Sharp entered into communication with the celebrated La Fayette, who had taken an interest in the abolition, and wished to bring about a union of the French and English governments for that purpose. Later in the year he had an interview with Pitt, who in consequence of the illness of Wilberforce had undertaken himself to make the first motion in Parliament, in favor of the abolition. The interview is thus recorded in the diary: "Waited on Mr. Pitt at one o'clock. Mr. Pitt said 'his heart was with us; that he had pledged himself to Mr. Wilberforce that his cause should not suffer (during his indisposition), but believed that the best way would be to give time to collect all possible evidence, and to obtain an order of the present session (if the rules of the House would permit, of which he would inform himself), to resume the business early next session.'"

Although death prevented Pitt from

seeing the ultimate triumph of the anti-slavery cause, he always voted for it and took a warm interest in its success; and it appears that his great and far-seeing mind had grasped the idea of the civilization of Africa, and, had the abolition been carried out sooner, he would possibly have brought forward measures for the furtherance of that object.

The prime minister's motion, pledging the House to consider the state of the slave-trade in the following session, was carried, together with a secondary bill intended to relieve the condition of the negroes during their passage from Africa. In 1789, Mr. Wilberforce, whose health was now recovered, brought in before a committee of the whole house twelve propositions leading to the abolition of the trade; but after several discussions the consideration of the question was again postponed.

Meanwhile the committee of the Anti-Slavery Society were indefatigable in their exertions. They published a print representing a section of a slave-ship with slaves packed in it for the middle passage, and not content with trying to arouse public opinion in England, they sent Mr. Clarkson as a deputation to Paris, where the original leaders of the French Revolution, including Mirabeau and La Fayette, were favorable to the cause. Mirabeau actually prepared a motion for the abolition of the trade, but he met with as strenuous an opposition in the National Assembly as Wilberforce had encountered in the English House of Commons.

In 1791, in spite of the eloquence of Pitt and of his great rival Fox, both of whom favored the abolition, the motion was defeated. But the Anti-Slavery Society undauntedly renewed their efforts in every direction; and in the following year their arguments were materially strengthened by the evidence furnished from the new colony founded by Sharp in Sierra Leone. Mr. Thornton, chairman of the St. George's Bay Company, ended his speech in the following words, which are as true to-day as they were a century ago. "It had," he said "unfortunately obtained the name of a trade and many had been deceived by the appellation; but it was a war and not a trade; it was a mass of crimes and not commerce; it alone prevented the introduction of trade into Africa. He had found, in attempting to promote the establishment of a colony there, that it was an obstacle which opposed itself to him in innumerable ways. It created more embarrassments than all

the natural impediments of the country, and was more hard to contend with than any difficulties of climate, soil, or the natural disposition of the people."

In 1794 Mr. Wilberforce's bill was carried in the House of Commons but defeated in the House of Lords. He continued to renew his motion annually until 1799, when it was thought better to let the question rest for a time, though he periodically moved for papers likely to give information on the subject. In 1804, after the union with Ireland, the bill was again introduced. It passed the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords it was merely postponed. In the following year the bill was defeated in the House of Commons, owing to the over-confidence of some of its supporters. But in 1806, after the death of Pitt, Fox took up the question in person, and made a motion in the following words: "That the House, considering the slave-trade to be contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and policy, will with all practicable expedition take effectual steps for its abolition." This motion was carried by overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Parliament. In the following autumn Fox died, but in 1807 Lord Grenville brought into the House of Lords a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade, which was carried by 100 to 36, and subsequently in the House of Commons by 283 to 16. A committee of the House of Commons afterwards passed a resolution, that no vessel should clear out for slaves from any port within the British dominions after the first of May of that year, 1807, and that no slaves should be landed in the colonies after March 1st, 1808.

Thus ended this long and memorable struggle in the cause of humanity. Wilberforce's name has been handed down to posterity as its Parliamentary champion, but it is evident that the larger share of the credit is due to the founder and originator of the movement, and the ever-watchful chairman of the Anti-Slavery Society's committee.

But, though Granville Sharp had lived to see the abolition of the slave-trade in Great Britain and her colonies, he had by no means realized his highest aspirations. In a memorandum found among his papers the following words occur which show how much he was still in advance of the age in which he lived: "I am bound in reason and common justice to mankind further to declare that many years, at least twenty, before the (Anti-Slavery) Society was formed, I thought, and ever shall

think, it my duty to expose the monstrous impiety and cruelty . . . not only of the slave-trade, but also of slavery itself, in whatever form it is favored; and also to assert that no power on earth can ever render such enormous iniquities legal; but that the Divine retribution (the 'measure for measure' so clearly denounced in the Holy Scriptures) will inevitably pursue every government or legislature that shall presume to establish or even to tolerate such abominable injustice."

The abolition of slavery in the West Indies and America was not to be in his time. He lived till 1813, but his strength gradually declined, and during the last few years of his life he seems to have been hardly capable of transacting business. In 1816 the African Society erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The above is a bare outline of the work of one of the most remarkable of our English philanthropists. Probably none of them can be compared to him with regard to the magnitude of the results achieved, with the exception perhaps of the late Lord Shaftesbury. And the characters of these two men seem to have had much in common. Both of them were animated by the deepest possible religious convictions, which showed themselves continually in their correspondence and diaries; both of them sacrificed all personal considerations in order to further the benevolent objects which they had in view. But with regard to social advantages, the comparison entirely ceases. The heir to an ancient earldom, with every advantage that birth, wealth, and education can give, began life on a very different footing from the obscure individual who, although of gentle blood, had only quitted a trading establishment in the City to become a clerk in an unfashionable government office. The great results of Sharp's life were due to himself alone. He possessed one of the acutest intellects of his time. Again and again, as we have seen, the amateur took the field against the professional, and usually came off victorious. The grammar-school boy engaged in controversies with the pride of the English universities, the leading Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, and more than held his own. The junior clerk in the Ordnance Office entered the lists single-handed against practically the whole legal profession, headed by one of the ablest of our judges, and backed by the dread precedents of the law, gradually won over deserters from the enemy's camp, and ended



by defeating him completely and forever. Nor was it only with reference to philanthropic effort and Biblical criticism that his grasp of mind became apparent. In the domain of politics he saw clearly the folly and injustice of the war with the American colonies, and sealed his convictions by the resignation of his government employment; and he also recognized the faults of the Parliamentary representation of the day. Even in advance of his time, he looked forward to social and political reforms which were not carried out till many years after his death; but his writings remain to prove a far-reaching sagacity which is not always joined even to the highest powers of the mind.

GRANVILLE BROWNE, LT.-COL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

IN Cardinal Lavigerie, primate of Africa, and Archbishop of Carthage and Algiers, Mr. Clarke\* has at all events a worthy subject. This is the case not merely with reference to the great works to which the cardinal has devoted himself, such as the strengthening of the influence of his Church throughout Africa, his humane efforts for the *rapprochement* of the conquering and conquered races, the establishment of distant missions, and last, not least, his vigorous and eloquent crusade against the slave-trade; the man himself, as a subject for personal portraiture — the first aim, surely, of all true biography — seems to us one of the most picturesque figures on the modern stage. As regards this latter desideratum we mean no serious disparagement to the work before us when we say that it is not altogether free from the besetting fault of many Roman Catholic biographies (and when the subject is a good man and a cardinal the temptation is at its highest), viz., a faint aroma of unreality, with a slight affectation of a certain sacred simplicity recalling, and no doubt befitting, the "Acta Sanctorum." Still, there would be more reality in the portrait even of a cardinal who occasionally lost his temper, or made a mistake, or was deceived by others; but such blemishes are not allowed to be seen even between the lines. Thus in the disputes recorded between the car-

\* Cardinal Lavigerie and the African Slave-Trade. Edited by Richard F. Clarke, S.J., Trinity College, Oxford. Longmans.

dinal and the French government there is never any "other side" to the question, — though such questions are apt to have another side, — but the reader must find that out for himself; and to make one more criticism on a book of considerable interest, the sectarian feeling of the writer, leading him to ignore to a great extent the existence of Protestant missions, tends to diminish the value of his narrative of the condition of central Africa.

Born in 1825, the son of an officer in the customs, the young Lavigerie developed very early a vocation for the "religious" life; and after a distinguished school and college career, during which he came under the influence of the famous Bishop Dupanloup, he was made professor in the Sorbonne at the age of twenty-nine. But he first found his true vocation some seven years later, when sent to Syria after the massacres of Lebanon, 1860; and to this, his first acquaintance with Mussulman fanaticism, may well be due his extreme opinions of that creed. These, indeed, might have been modified by the noble conduct, on that occasion, of Abd-el-Kader, with whose "grave and moderate language, and firm and dignified bearing," he was greatly impressed.

When I rose to take leave [the abbé writes] he advanced towards me and held out his hand. Remembering that it was the hand which had saved and protected our unfortunate brethren, I attempted to carry it to my lips, in order thus to express my gratitude and respect. Abd-el-Kader, however, refused to receive this mark of homage, saying that though he allowed every one else to kiss his hand, he could not let me do so, because he beheld in my person a minister of God.

The esteem in which the abbé was held at Rome is shown by his appointment, soon after this, as auditor of the Rota, which is usually considered a step towards the cardinalate, and in 1863 he was appointed Bishop of Nancy. A few sentences from his first letter to his new flock give, in their perfectly simple but eloquent earnestness, some insight into the character of the man: —

The day is close at hand, my dear brethren, when I shall appear for the first time in your midst. As yet, I have never beheld you face to face, nor has the sound of your voice ever fallen upon my ear; but I love you with that charity of which religion alone possesses the secret — that charity which knows neither time nor space, because its source is in the omnipresent God. . . . My mission is to teach you three things — the most indispensable which can be taught on earth — faith, which

sustains and guides the life of man; hope, which consoles and cheers him; charity, which renders his existence a source of happiness to himself and a benefit to others.

Four years later, at the request of his friend but subsequent opponent Marshal MacMahon, "he went into exile at the call of duty," as his biographer puts it; in other words, he accepted the Archbishopric of Algiers. No doubt, to the average Frenchman Algiers is exile, but to the eager and cultured fancy of the bishop there rises immediately a vision of splendid future possibilities, built on the historic glories of the past; he sees the traces, first of great historic peoples, and the ruins of old and varied classic civilization; then, "for us who are Christians, memories of a far more hallowed nature"—viz., of the once great and flourishing African Church of Cyprian and Augustine, and of its fall and desolation. And then he asks, "Is the death of this unhappy nation to last forever?" and he eloquently apostrophizes the scene of his new labors:—

France is calling to thee, O Africa! For the last thirty years she has been summoning thee to come forth from the tomb! Gather together, then, the fragments scattered over thy mountain-sides, strewn along thy trackless deserts; take once again thy place among the nations united to thee by a common faith and a common civilization. Teach thy children that we have come among them only to restore to them the light, the greatness, and the glory which were theirs in the past, and that we will make thy former conquerors to understand that our sole wish is to avenge thy wrongs by loading thy enemies with deeds of charity and Christian love.

To the civil authorities of the colony, however, pledged not to interfere with the religion of the country, and dreading, perhaps unduly, an awakening of religious fanaticism, the policy implied in this noble utterance, and the expressed intention of giving vigorous effect to it, were very unwelcome. It seems hardly fair to attribute their opposition, as the author does, to hostility to religion. This came later on, after the war of 1870; but the position of the emperor and the personal sentiments of Marshal MacMahon, may be accepted as proof that this was not the case then, and that the archbishop's policy was opposed by the government, possibly with reluctance, simply because inconsistent with their own. Events, however, fought for the archbishop; a terrible famine occurred. The French government, following its usual traditions, endeavored to conceal

the facts. These at last became known, causing a great sensation. The Church came forward with help; food and shelter were given to adults, while hundreds of homeless orphans, who must otherwise have perished, were permanently adopted. These became the nucleus of a great and important work, for the orphans grew and prospered, and in due time the boys and girls were married and established in villages, agricultural or industrial, forming naturally a powerful lever wherewith to act on their countrymen outside.

We are gravely told that no pressure was put on these young persons as to their choice of a religion! What is the use, or where the honesty, of such an assertion? It was perfectly fair and right, under the circumstances, that they should be brought up as Christians, and it would not even cause irritation, for the fact would be simply accepted by their countrymen as destiny. Much is said about the finality and uncompromising teaching of the Koran, but Mussulmans are not altogether governed by logic, and can accept a *fait accompli* like their neighbors. The sweeping assertions in this volume as to the hatred and contempt of the Moslems for Christianity are contradicted by many of the scenes described. They venerate, on the contrary, a great religious teacher; and the cardinal, fully believing in and boldly asserting his condition as a high religious chief, and surrounding himself on occasion with all that pomp and circumstance which impress these children of the sun, has a position among them of undisputed dignity. And he gladly avails himself of it to do good, as when he assumed successfully the position of mediator between the bey of Tunis and his revolted subjects, or when he marched boldly up, in full canonicals, into the mountain-fastnesses of the unruly Kabyles, and, explaining to them that their ancestors had been forcibly compelled to accept Islam, called on them to return to their ancient faith. Here, though unsuccessful,—and the reasoning was perhaps a little strained,—he was listened to with the greatest deference. But, in truth, he has won by force of character, by the ability with which he has treated various practical and administrative questions, and, above all, by the belief in his philanthropy and benevolence, a very commanding and unique position in the country, where many have always sympathized with him in his long and gallant struggle with the government. By the latter this position is now quite recognized; and it may well

be that if, instead of jealously thwarting, they had earlier accepted him as their ally, and, without committing themselves to every detail of his policy, had enjoyed the moral support of his popularity, they would have stood by this time in a stronger position as regards the native question, which, after all, may at any crisis become for the colony a question almost of existence. At the same time, they might fairly allege the impolicy of identifying themselves with the unmeasured language applied by his Eminence to the creed of the native population. We certainly should be sorry to hear the same language promulgated, for instance, in India by the Bishop of Calcutta. The cardinal, for example, describes Islam as "the masterpiece of Satan," and his biographer supports the thesis by the position taken by the Koran about slavery; the supreme and insidious wickedness consisting not in its support of slavery, but in mitigating its hardships, and thus making its abolition more difficult!

But we prefer passing lightly over such matters. Cardinals, after all, are human beings—for us at least—and there is some excuse for irritation in the theological disputant when he encounters a creed whose adherents are quite impervious to his arguments, and which, notwithstanding all his arguments, seems to be as successful against the African heathenism of to-day as it was against African Christianity a thousand years ago. Monsignor Lavigerie, however, has expressed his distaste for theological controversy, quoting with characteristic approval the quaint, wise saying of St. Martin, that it interfered with his working miracles. His own chief actions, indeed, are prompted by a different spirit. During the height of the hostile feeling between the French and Italians in Tunis after the French annexation, he collected and despatched a subscription for the relief of some sufferers by floods in north Italy, which called forth a handsome acknowledgment from the Italian government. On the last occasion of an attack on the life of our queen, the cardinal ordered a special service of thanksgiving in his cathedral.

Such acts, tending to peace and goodwill, were of course politic, but they spring from something higher than policy. They recall a scene in the cathedral of Algiers last spring, to which the biographer does not allude, but which will not be readily forgotten by those who were present. At the end of a sermon,—some of the English winter residents being present,

—the cardinal remarked that he saw among the congregation some representatives of a foreign but friendly nation. He then made the most gracious and touching acknowledgment to them and to their "respected chief" (Consul-General Sir Lambert Playfair) of their liberality in supporting the local charities. He then proceeded to speak of his recent preaching-tour throughout Europe on the subject of the slave-trade, observing that there was little need to preach on the question in England, where the cause had so long been adopted by our feeling and traditions. But he expressed himself as greatly moved by our reception of himself personally, and by the charity which he saw existed mutually between the old Church and those who had sprung from her,—little, *au fond*, he said, separating us but the action of long habit and prejudice. The pope, he continued, had remarked to him that he seemed very fond of the English. "Yes, holy father," the cardinal replied, "I love them for their natural virtues, for the nobility and seriousness of their lives, and for the true religious faith which they have preserved beyond any other Protestants." "All this," he continued, "allows me to feel that if we are separated as regards externals, we belong essentially and in spirit to the same Church." He then solemnly prayed for all those present, and for all the Christians of England, and, in a few well-chosen words, for the queen, and observing that though not exactly belonging to the flock of which he was the shepherd, he had for them all the sentiments of a father, he begged them to accept at all events the benediction of an old man who had not long to live, but who would never, here or hereafter, cease to love and to bless them. The choir of a musical society which was present then burst forth with "God Save the Queen," which continued to play for some time, all the audience standing. It was a striking and affecting scene for all the English present; the evident sincerity and earnestness of the speaker, enhanced by the charm and refinement of his delivery, and the remarkable liberality of sentiment towards "heretics," which, coming from a lesser man, might have provoked much criticism; then, too, the graceful and sympathetic compliment conferred by the playing of our national anthem in a foreign church. Certainly no Englishman present, whatever his previous sentiments, could have left that church without a kindly feeling towards France which would not be readily effaced. They had

been under the spell of a great peace-maker.

We may contemplate him, too, in other attitudes, with his Arab orphans climbing on to his knees and searching his pockets for bonbons; or when sending forth a band of young missionaries, kneeling down to kiss their feet; \* or, again, in the crisis of a storm at sea, directing and helping and confessing his fellow-passengers; or, once more, at his favorite Carthage, dreaming of a restoration of its ancient splendors, and after consecrating the cathedral he has built and dedicated to St. Louis, apologizing for temporarily saddening his friends by descending into and praying in the tomb which he has built for himself beneath the altar, and already inscribed with his epitaph, ". . . *Africa Primas, nunc cinis.*"

There is much in the Romish system calculated to foster and develop a high type of saintship, and the missionary order of "White Fathers," instituted by the cardinal, and bound to live and dress like the natives of the country, numbers many devoted men in its ranks. The cardinal recounts that on one occasion a priest having applied to be admitted, and sent in his papers, he wrote across them by way of endorsement the words: "Vu pour le martyre." "Are you prepared for this?" he said to the priest. "It is for that I am come," he replied. But we cannot read with any admiration or approval the report from some of these missionaries in Ogan-da, describing the tortures and executions inflicted on their converts, of all ages, by the savage king, the missionary standing by remonstrating, or giving a silent benediction to the victims, and afterwards propitiating the monster, who only promised that he would not kill them *all*, with the present of a rifle!

A considerable part of the volume is taken up with the question, now exciting such general interest, of the slave-trade and its suppression, and copious details of unspeakable horror, but we believe by no means overdrawn, are quoted from Schweinfurth, Baker, Cameron, and other authorities. It might be supposed that it was unnecessary to reproduce stories which must be more or less familiar to most people, but it is just in this familiarity that the danger lies. Men's memories are short, and their minds are occupied with many things. It does appear, however, that at last all Europe is aroused,

\* A practice founded in picturesque reference to the text, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!"

and determined that something must be done, and that at once. And yet, we can hardly forget how recent all this interest is; that till the other day it was in England almost exclusively that any interest was felt, or professed to be felt, on the subject. We recollect how half-hearted even the French have been, how very sudden the conversion of Germany, how still more curiously sudden the sympathy of Portugal! We must hope that it will all last, but here are anyhow reasons for striking while the iron is hot.

Then the question arises, What is to be done? The plan of intercepting the slave vessels by cruisers is an old one. It was practised by us for many years (all Europe, if not sneering, standing aloof) on the west coast, but with very imperfect success — the traffic continuing till the markets on the other side of the Atlantic were closed. And the cruisers in the Red Sea and on the east African coast have not been much more successful. Now, therefore, Cardinal Lavigerie proposes in addition the patrolling of the main routes in the interior, along which the traffic passes, by small bands of trained Europeans. The suggestion has much that is attractive. It is an opening for the chivalry of the day, and adventurers have already offered themselves to the cardinal in hundreds. The actual armed forces of the traders are not numerous, and in fair fight would have no chance against disciplined troops. Still, there are many objections to the plan. First, no European force, it is thought, could long resist the climate. Black troops, indeed, might be raised and trained; but Africa is a big country, and the traffic, diverted from one route, would not have much difficulty in finding another, while all such impediments to the traffic, whether by land or sea, tend meanwhile to the greater suffering of the slaves transported. Also, it is not so easy to extinguish a trade which it is the interest of two parties to maintain. It would be much easier to replace it by some other trade, for which, of course, every facility would be offered. To this end, the suggestion made by, among others, Gordon and Emin Pasha, of establishing trading-stations with depots of goods is of great value, and these could be multiplied as occasion offered. Emin, indeed, thought the missionaries might do something of the kind, and pointed out — a melancholy reminiscence now! — how both his position and theirs might be strengthened by this means. It would be necessary, no doubt, that these stations should be armed

and fairly manned, as witness the critical situation of those on Lake Nyassa, attacked by the Arabs on one side, and hampered on the other by that late though hopeful accession to the anti-slavery cause, the Portuguese.

One more suggestion has been made, which is worth mentioning as coming from an able writer who, as a negro *pur sang*, and acquainted with west Africa, has a special right to be heard on the question. Dr. Blyden suggests the establishment of black regiments with native officers, under, as we understand him, the British flag, to be stationed at important trading centres in the interior. We have been so accustomed by writers like the author of the biography before us to connect slavery and all the miseries of Africa with Islam alone, that we are apt to forget what a large proportion of African slavery is carried on among the heathen negro tribes who have nothing to do with Islam at all. It seems, indeed, an inherent propensity of the race. Prof. Henry Drummond says that you cannot send three negroes with a message but two of them will seize the third man and sell him. And the main object of this domestic slave-trade makes it more horrible still, for a large proportion of the victims are purchased for the purpose of sacrifice, not less than half a million of lives, it is said, being thus consumed yearly. It is sometimes suggested that the practice of selling prisoners of war at all events saves them from being massacred, but there does not seem to be much in this argument, since most of the wars are probably undertaken for the sake of capturing slaves. It is obvious, if only from the vast extent of the regions involved, that this internal slave-trade could never be counteracted by such means as the armed bands above suggested; the best hope, probably, lies in the gradual operation of the great chartered companies, as the British East African and the Niger Company, who will encourage legitimate industry, and, especially if backed up, when needful, by our own government, will make war more difficult for the tribes under their control. It is to be hoped, too, that all intercourse, direct or indirect, with the actual slave-dealers — to cite only the case of Tippoo Tip in the Congo State — will be forbidden. Domestic slavery, or serfage, may exist for a time, and may conceivably, at certain stages of human progress, be the best education for the people concerned; but no truce or compromise can be made with the trade in slaves, involving, as this inevitably must,

not only endless cruelties and abominations degrading all who are connected with it, but also the hopeless disintegration of native society.

Of the general interest felt at the present moment in this question, much is due, no doubt, to political causes; but the widespread philanthropic interest which awaits the result of the International Congress, now sitting at Brussels, is traceable in large measure to the eloquent appeal made last year to the public conscience of Europe by Cardinal Lavigerie.

COUTTS TROTTER.

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
ZOE.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION," "TIP CAT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"HATH this child been already baptized, or no?"

"No, she aint; leastwise we don't know as how she've been or no, so we thought as we'd best have her done."

The clergyman who was taking Mr. Clifford's duty at Downside for that Sunday, thought that this might be the usual undecided way of answering among the natives, and proceeded with the service. There were two other babies also brought that afternoon, one of which was crying lustily, so that it was not easy to hear what the sponsors answered; and, moreover, Mr. Clifford was a young man, and the prospect of holding that screaming, red-faced little object, made him too nervous and anxious to get done to stop and make further enquiries.

The woman who returned this undecided answer was an elderly woman, with a kind, sunburnt, honest face, very much heated just now, and embarrassed too; for the baby in her arms prevented her getting at her pocket handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from her brow, or pulling her bonnet on to its proper position on her head. The man beside her was also greatly embarrassed, and kept shuffling his large hob-nailed shoes together, and turning his hat round and round in his fingers. I think that really that hat was the chief cause of his discomfort, for he was so accustomed to have it on his head that he could not feel quite himself without it; and, indeed, his wife could hardly recognize him, as she had been accustomed to see him wearing it in-doors and out

during the twenty years of their married life; pushed back for meals or smoking, but always on his head, except in bed, and even there, report says, on cold winter nights, he had recourse to it to keep off the draught from that cracked pane in the window. His face, like his wife's, was weather beaten, and of the same broad, flat type as hers, with small, surprised, dazzled-looking, pale blue eyes, and a tangle of grizzled light hair under his chin. He was noticeable for the green smock-frock he wore, a garment which is rapidly disappearing before the march of civilization, and giving place to the ill-cut, ill-made coat of shoddy cloth, which is fondly thought to resemble the squire's.

The christening party was completed by a hobbledehoy lad of about sixteen, who tried to cover his invincible shyness by a grin, and to keep his foolish eyes from the row of farm boys in the aisle, whose critical glances he felt in every pore. He was so like both father and mother, that there was no mistaking his parentage; but when Mrs. Gray took off the shepherd's-plaid shawl in which the baby was wrapped, such a little dark head and swarthy face were exposed to view as might have made intelligent spectators (if there were any in Downside church that afternoon, which I doubt) reflect on the laws of heredity and reversion to original types.

"Name this child!"

The clergyman had got successfully through his business with the roaring George Augustus and the whimpering Alberta Florence, and had now the little, quiet, brown-faced baby in his arms. Even a young and unmarried man was fain to confess that it was an unusually pretty little face that lay against his surplice, with a pointed chin, and more eyebrows and lashes than most young babies possess, and with dark eyes that looked up at him with a certain intelligence, recognizable even to an unprejudiced observer.

"Name this child!"

Mrs. Gray had taken advantage of this opportunity to mop her forehead with her blue and white pocket handkerchief, and wrestle with her bonnet's unconquerable tendency to slip off behind, and the clergyman passed the question on to her husband, who fixed his eye on a bluebottle buzzing in one of the windows, and jerked out what sounded like "Joe."

"I thought it was a girl," whispered the clergyman. "Joe, did you say?"

"No, it aint that 'zackly. Here, 'Liza,

can't you tell the gentleman? You knows best what it be."

The next attempt sounded like "Sue," and the clergyman suggested Susan as the name, but that would not do.

"Zola" seemed to him, though not a reader of French novels, unsuitable, and "Zero" too, he could not quite appreciate,

"Dashun! if I can make it out, an outlandish sorter name!" said Gray, with a terrible inclination to put on his hat in the excitement of the moment, only checked by a timely nudge from his wife's elbow; "here, aint you got it wrote down somewhere? Can't you show it up?"

And after a lengthened rummage in a voluminous pocket, and the production of several articles irrelevant to the occasion — a thimble, a bit of ginger, and part of a tract — Mrs. Gray brought to light a piece of paper, on which was written the name "Zoe."

"Zoe, I baptize thee —"

A sudden crash on the organ pedals followed these words. Mr. Robins, the organist, had, perhaps, been asleep and let his foot slip on to the pedals, or, perhaps, he had thought there was no wind in the instrument and that he could put his foot down with impunity. He was plainly very much ashamed of himself for what had happened, and it was only right that he should be, for, of course, it made all the school-children giggle and a good many of their elders too, who should have known better.

The boy who blew the organ declared that Mr. Robins turned quite red and bent his head over the keys as if he were examining something on them, and he was evidently nervous and upset, for he made ever so many mistakes in the concluding parts of the service, and, to the great surprise and satisfaction of the blower, cut the voluntary at the end unusually short, ending it in an abrupt and discordant way, which, I am sorry to say, the blower described as "a 'owl," though any shock that the boy's musical taste sustained was compensated for by the feeling that he would be at home at least ten minutes earlier than usual to tea.

Now it so happened that Mr. Robins was in the vestry when the christening party came in to give the particulars about the babies to be entered in the register. He had come to fetch a music-book, which, however, it appeared after all had been left at home; but the clergyman was glad of his help in making out the story of the little Zoe who had just been baptized.

I have spoken before of intelligent observers noticing and drawing arguments from the entire want of likeness between Zoe and her parents; but all the observers on this occasion, whether intelligent or not, with the exception of the officiating clergyman, were quite aware that Zoe was not the Grays' baby, but was a foundling child picked up one night by Gray in his garden.

Of her antecedents nothing was known, and, of course, any sensible people would have sent her to the workhouse — every one agreed on this point and told the Grays so; and yet, I think, half the women who were so positive and severe on Mrs. Gray's folly, would have done just the same.

We do not half of us know how kind-hearted we are till we are tried, or perhaps it is our foolishness that we do not realize.

Gray was only a laborer with twelve shillings a week and a couple of pounds more at harvest, and, of course, in bad weather there was no work and no wages, which is the rule among the agricultural laborers about Downside, as in many other parts; so it did not present itself as a grievance to Gray's mind, though to be sure, in winter or wet seasons it was a hard matter to get along. But it was neighbors' fare and none of them felt hardly used, for farmer Benson, what with bad seasons and cattle plague, was not much better off than they were, and the men knew it.

But out of these wages it was hardly to be expected of the most provident of people that anything could be laid by for old age or a rainy day; indeed, there seemed so many rainy days in the present that it was not easy to give much thought to those in the future. Of course, too, the local provident club had come to utter and hopeless grief. Is there any country place where this has not been the case? Gray had paid into it regularly for years and had gone every Whit Monday to its dinner, his one voluntary holiday during the year, on which occasion he took too much beer as a sort of solemn duty connected with his membership. When it collapsed he was too old to join another club and so was left stranded. He bore it very philosophically; indeed, I think it was only on Whit Monday that he felt it at all, as it seemed strange and unnatural to go to bed quite sober on that day as he did on all other days of the year.

On all other occasions he was a thoroughly sober man, perhaps, however, more

from necessity than choice, as the beer supplied by farmer Benson in the hay-field was of a quality on which, as the men said, you got "no forrarder" if you drank a hogshead, and Gray had no money to spare from the necessaries of life to spend on luxury, even the luxury of getting drunk.

He was in one way better off than his neighbors from a worldly point of view, in that he had not a long family as most of them were blessed with; for children are a blessing, a gift and heritage that cometh of the Lord, even when they cluster round a cold hearth and a scanty board. But Gray had only two sons, the elder of whom, Tom, whom we have seen at Zoe's christening, had been at work four years, having managed at twelve to scramble into the fifth standard and at once left school triumphantly. Now he can neither read nor write, having clean forgotten everything drummed into his head, but earns three shillings and sixpence a week going along with farmer Benson's horses, from five o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, the long, wet furrows and heavy ploughed land having made havoc of his legs, as such work does with most plough-boys.

The younger boy, Bill, is six years younger and still at school, and having been a delicate child, or as his mother puts it, "enjoying bad health," is not promising for farm work, and, being fond of his book and a favorite at school, his mother cherished hopes of his becoming a school-teacher in days to come.

But such is the perversity of human nature, that though many a Downside mother with a family of little steps envied Mrs. Gray her compact family and the small amount of washing attached to it, that ungrateful woman yearned after an occupant for the old wooden cradle, and treasured up the bits of baby things that had belonged to Tom and Bill, and nursed up any young thing that came to hand and wanted care, bringing up a motherless blind kitten with assiduous care and patience, as if the supply of that commodity was not always largely in excess of the demand, and lavishing more care on a sick lamb or a superfluous young pig than most of the neighbors bestowed on their babies.

So when one evening in May Gray came in holding a bundle in his arms and poked it into her lap as she sat darning the holes in Tom's stockings (she was not good at needlework, but she managed, as she said, to "goblify" the holes), he knew

pretty well that it was into no unwilling arms that he gave the baby.

"And a mercy it was as the darning needle didn't run right into the little angel," Mrs. Gray always said in recounting the story.

He had been down to the village to fetch some tobacco, for the Grays' cottage was right away from the village, up a lane leading on to the hillside, and there were no other cottages near. Tom was in bed, though it was not eight yet — but he was generally ready for bed when he had had his tea; and Bill was up on the hill, a favorite resort of his, and especially when it was growing dark and the great indigo sky spread over him, with the glory of the stars coming out.

"He never were like other lads," his mother used to say with a mixture of pride and irritation; "always mooning about by himself on them old hills."

The cottage door stood open as it always did, and Mrs. Gray sat there, plainly to be seen from the lane, with Tom's grey stocking and her eyes and the tallow candle as near together as possible. She did not hear a sound, though she was listening for Bill's return; and even though Tom's snores penetrated the numerous crevices in the floor above, they were hardly enough to drown other sounds.

So there was no knowing when the bundle was laid just inside the cottage gate, not quite in the middle of the brick path, but on one side against the box edging, where a clump of daffodils nodded their graceful heads over the dark velvet polyanthus in the border. Gray nearly stepped upon the bundle, having large feet, and the way of walking which covers a good deal of ground to right and left, a way which plough-driving teaches.

Mrs. Gray heard an exclamation.

"Dashun!" was, I think, Gray's favorite ejaculation, which I am afraid is an imprecation, but of a mild order, and may perhaps be allowed to pass, as expletives of some kind seem a necessity to human nature.

And then Gray came in and, as I have said, did his best to impale the bundle, baby and all, on the top of his wife's darning-needle.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE organist of Downside, Mr. Robins, lived in a little house close to the church.

Mr. Clifford the vicar was accounted very lucky by the neighboring clergy in having such a man and not being exposed

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3554

to all the vagaries of a young schoolmaster, or, perhaps, still worse, schoolmistress, with all the latest musical fancies of the training colleges. Neither had he to grapple with the tyranny of the leading bass nor the conceit and touchiness that seems inseparable from the tenor voice, since Mr. Robins kept a firm and sensible hand on the reins, and drove that generally unmanageable team, a village choir, with the greatest discretion.

But when Mr. Clifford was complimented by his friends on the possession of such a treasure, he accepted their remarks a little doubtfully, being sometimes inclined to think that he would almost rather have had a less excellent choir and have had some slight voice in the matter himself.

Mr. Robins imported a certain solemnity into the musical matters of Downside, which of course was very desirable as far as the church services were concerned; but when it came to penny-readings and village concerts, Mr. Clifford and some of the parishioners were disposed to envy the pleasant ease of such festivities in other parishes, where, though the music was very inferior, the enjoyment of both performers and audience was far greater.

Mr. Robins, for one thing, set his face steadily against comic songs; and Mr. Clifford, in his inmost heart, had an ungratified ambition to sing a certain song, called "The Three Little Pigs," with which Mr. Wilson in the next parish simply brought down the house on several occasions; though Mr. Clifford felt he by no means did full justice to it, especially in the part where the old mother "waddled about, saying, 'Umph! Umph! Umph!' While the little ones said 'wee! wee!'" To be sure, Mr. Wilson suffered for months after these performances from outbursts of grunting among his youthful parishioners at sight of him, and even at the Sunday school one audacious boy had given vent on one occasion to an "Umph!" very true indeed to nature, but not conducive to good behavior in his class. But Mr. Clifford did not know the after-effects of Mr. Wilson's vocal success.

Likewise, Mr. Robins selected very simple music, and yet exacted an amount of practising unheard of at Bilton or Stokeley, where, after one or two attempts, they felt competent to face a crowded schoolroom, and yell or growl out such choruses as "The heavens are telling" or "The Hallelujah Chorus," with a lofty indifference to tune or time, and with



their respective schoolmasters banging away at the accompaniment, within a bar or two of the singers, all feeling quite satisfied if they finished up all together on the concluding chord or thereabouts, flushed and triumphant, with perspiration standing on their foreheads, and an expression of honest pride on their faces, as much as to say, "There's for you. What do you think of that?"

If success is to be measured by applause, there is no doubt these performances were most successful, far more so than the accurately rendered "Hardy Norseman" or "Men of Harlech" at Downside, in which lights and shades, *pianos* and *fortes* were carefully observed, and any attempt on any one's part, even the tenors, to distinguish themselves above the others was instantly suppressed. The result, from a musical point of view, was no doubt satisfactory; but the applause was of a very moderate character, and never accompanied by those vociferous "angcores" which are so truly gratifying to the soul of musical artistes.

Mr. Robins was a middle-aged man, looking older than he really was, as his hair was quite white. He had some small independent means of his own, which he supplemented by his small salary as organist, and by giving a few music lessons in the neighborhood. He had been in his earlier years a vicar-choral at one of the cathedrals, and had come to Downside twenty years ago, after the death of his wife, bringing with him his little girl, in whom he was entirely wrapt up.

He spoilt her so persistently, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Sands, was so gentle and meek-spirited, that the effect on a naturally self-willed child can easily be imagined; and as she grew up, she became more and more uncontrollable. She was a pretty, gipsy-looking girl, inheriting her sweet looks from her mother and her voice and musical taste from her father. There was more than one young farmer in the neighborhood who cast admiring glances towards the corner of the church near the organ, where the organist's pretty daughter sat, and slackened the pace of his horse as he passed the clipped yew hedge by the church, to catch a glimpse of her in the bright little patch of garden, or to hear her clear, sweet voice singing over her work.

But people said Mr. Robins thought no one good enough for her, and though he himself had come of humble parentage, and in no way regarded himself, nor expected to be regarded as a gentleman, it

was generally understood that no suitor except a gentleman would be acceptable for Edith.

And so it took every one by surprise, and no one more so than her father, when the girl took up with Martin Blake, the son of the blacksmith in the next village, who might be seen most days with a smutty face and leathern apron hammering away at the glowing red metal on the anvil. It would have been well for him if he had only been seen thus, with the marks of honest toil about him; but Martin Blake was too often to be seen at the Crown, and often in a state that any one who loved him would have grieved to see; and he was always to be found at any race meetings and steeplechases and fairs in the neighborhood and, report said, was by no means choice in his company.

To be sure, he was good-looking and pleasant-mannered, and had a sort of rollicking, light-hearted way with him, which was very attractive; but still it seemed little short of infatuation on the part of Edith Robins to take up with a man whose character was so well known, and who was in every way her inferior in position and education.

No doubt Mr. Robins was very injudicious in his treatment of her when he found out what was going on, and as this was the first time in her life that Edith's wishes had been crossed, it was not likely that she would yield without a struggle. The mere fact of opposition seemed to deepen what was at first merely an ordinary liking into an absorbing passion. It was perfectly useless to reason with her; she disbelieved all the stories to his discredit, which were abundant, and treated those who repeated them as prejudiced and ill-natured.

It was in vain that Mr. Robins by turns entreated and commanded her to give him up, her father's distress or anger alike seemed indifferent to her; and when he forbade Martin to come near the place and kept her as much as possible under his eye to prevent meetings between them, it only roused in her a more obstinate determination to have her own way in spite of him. She was missing one morning from the little bedroom which Mrs. Sands loved to keep as dainty and pretty as a lady's, and from the garden where the roses and geraniums did such credit to her care, and from her place in the little church where her prayer-book still lay on the desk as she had left it the day before.

She had gone off with Martin Blake to London, without a word of sorrow or fare-

well to the father who had been so foolishly fond of her, or to the home where her happy, petted childhood had passed. It nearly broke her father's heart; it made an old man of him and turned his hair white, and it seemed to freeze or petrify all his kindness and human sympathy.

He was a proud, reserved man, and could not bear the pity that every one felt for him, or endure the well-meant but injudicious condolences, mixed with "I told you so," and "I've thought for a long time," which the neighbors were so liberal with. Even Mr. Clifford's attempts at consolation he could hardly bring himself to listen to courteously, and Jane Sands's tearful eyes and quivering voice irritated him beyond all endurance. If there had been any one to whom he could have talked unrestrainedly and let out all the pent-up disappointment and wounded love and tortured pride that surged and boiled within him, he might have got through it better, or rather it might have raised him, as rightly borne troubles do, above his poor, little, pitiful self, and nearer to God; but this was just what he could not do.

He came nearest it sometimes in those long evenings of organ playing, of the length of which poor little Jack Davis, the blower, so bitterly complained, when the long, sad notes wailed and sobbed through the little church like the voice of a weary, sick soul making its complaint. But even so he could not tell it all to God, though he had been given that power of expression in music which must make it easier to those so gifted to cry unto the Lord.

But the music wailed itself into silence, and Jack, in his corner by the bellows, waited terror-struck at the "unked" sounds and the darkening church, till he ventured at last to ask: "Be I to blow, mister? I'm kinder skeered like."

So the organist's trouble turned him bitter and hard, and changed his love for his daughter into cold resentment; he would not have her name mentioned in his presence and he refused to open a letter she sent him a few weeks after her marriage, and bid Jane Sands send it back if she knew the address of the person who sent it.

On her side, Edith was quite as obstinate and resentful. She had no idea of humbling herself and asking pardon. She thought she had quite a right to do as she liked and she believed her father would be too unhappy without her to bear the separation long. She very soon found out the mistake she had made — indeed, even in the midst of her infatuation about Mar-

tin Blake, I think there lurked a certain distrust of him, and they had not been married many weeks — I might almost say days — before this distrust was more than realized.

His feelings towards her, too, had been more flattered vanity at being preferred by such a superior sort of girl than any deeper feeling, and vanity is not a sufficiently lasting foundation for married happiness, especially when the cold winds of poverty blow on the edifice, and when the superior sort of girl has not been brought up to anything useful, and cannot cook the dinner, or iron a shirt, or keep the house tidy.

When his father, the old blacksmith at Bilton, died six months after they were married, Martin wished to come back and take up the work there, more especially as work was hard to get in London and living dear; but Edith would not hear of it, and opposed it so violently that she got her way, though Martin afterwards maintained that this decision was the ruin of him, occasionally dating his ruin six months earlier, from his wedding. Perhaps he was right, and he might have settled down steadily in the old home and among the old neighbors in spite of his fine-lady wife; but when he said so, Edith was quick to remember and cast up at him the stories which she had disbelieved and ignored before, to prove in their constant wranglings that place and neighborhood had nothing to do with his idleness and unsteadiness. No one ever heard much of these five years in London, for Edith wrote no more after that letter was returned.

Those five years made little difference at Downside, except in Mr. Robins's white hair and set, lined face; the little house behind the yew hedge looked just the same, and Jane Sands's kind, placid face was still as kind and placid. Some of the girls had left school and gone to service; some of the lads had developed into hobbledehoyes and came to church with walking-sticks and well-oiled hair; one or two of the old folks had died; one or two more white-headed babies crawled about the cottage floors; but otherwise Downside was just the same as it had been five years before, when, one June morning, a self-willed girl had softly opened the door under the honeysuckle porch and stepped out into the dewy garden, where the birds were calling such a glad good-morning as she passed to join her lover in the lane.

But the flame of life burns quicker and

fiercer in London than at Downside, for that same girl, coming back after only five years in London, was so changed and aged and altered that — though, to be sure, she came in the dusk and was muffled up in a big shawl — no one recognized her, or thought for a moment of pretty, coquettish, well-dressed Edith Robins, when the weary, shabby-looking woman passed them by. She had lingered a minute or two by the churchyard gate, though tramps, for such her worn-out boots and muddy skirts proclaimed her, do not, as a rule, care for such music as sounded out from the church door, where Mr. Robins was consoling himself for the irritation of choir-practice by ten minutes' playing. It was soon over, and Jack Davis, still blower, and not much taller than he was five years before, charged out in the rebound from the tension of long blowing, and nearly knocked over the woman standing by the churchyard gate in the shadow of the yew-tree, and made the baby she held in her arms give a feeble cry.

"Now then, out of the way!" he shouted, in that unnecessarily loud voice boys assume after church, perhaps to try if their lungs are still capable of producing such a noise after enforced silence.

The woman made no answer, but after the boy had run off, went in and waited in the porch till the sound of turning keys announced that the organist was closing the organ and church for the night. But as his footsteps drew near on the stone pavement she started and trembled as if she had been afraid, and when he came out into the porch she shrank away into the shadow as if she wished to be unobserved. He might easily have passed her, for it was nearly dark from the yew-tree and the row of elms that shut out the western sky, where the sunset was just dying away. His mind, too, was occupied with other things, and he was humming over the verse of a hymn the boys had been singing: "Far from my heavenly home," There was no drilling into them the proper rendering of the last pathetic words, —

O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

He quite started when a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice, changed indeed, and weak, but still the voice that in old days — not so very old either — was the one voice for him in all the world, said: "Father!"

I think just for one minute his impulse was to take her in his arms and forget the

ingratitude and desertion and deceit, like the father in the parable whose heart went out to the poor prodigal while he was yet a long way off; but the next moment the cold, bitter, resentful feelings quenched the gentler impulse, and he drew away his arm from her detaining hold, and passed on along the flagged path as if he were unconscious of her presence, and this on the very threshold of His house who so pitifully forgives the debts of His servants, forasmuch as they have not to pay.

But he had not reached the churchyard gate before she was at his side again.

"Stop," she said; "you must hear me. It's not for my own sake, it's the child. It's a little girl; the others were boys, and I didn't mind so much; if they'd grown up, they might have got on somehow — but there! they're safe anyhow — both of them in one week," wailed the mother's voice, protesting against her own words that she did not mind about them. "But this is a girl, and not a bit like him. She's like me, and you used to say I was like mother. She's like mother, I'm sure she is. There, just look at her, It's so dark, but you can see even by this light that she's not like the Blakes." She was fumbling to draw back the shawl from the baby's head with her disengaged hand, while with the other she still held a grip on his arm that was almost painful in its pressure; but he stood doggedly with his head turned away, and gave no sign of hearing what she said.

"He left me six months ago," she went on, "and I've struggled along somehow. I don't want ever to see him again. They say he's gone to America, but I don't care. I don't mind starving myself, but it's the little girl — Oh! I've come to ask you to take me in, though it wouldn't be for long," and a wretched, hollow cough that had interrupted her words once or twice before, broke in now as if to confirm what she said; "if you'd just take the child. She's a dear little thing, and not old enough at two months to have learnt any harm, and Jane Sands would be good to her, I know she would, for the sake of old times. And I'll go away and never come near to trouble you again — I'll promise it. Oh! just look at her! If it wasn't so dark you'd see she was like mother. Why, you can feel the likeness if you just put your hand on her little face; often in the night I've felt it, and I never did with the boys. She's very good, and she's too little to fret after me, bless her! — and she'll never know anything about me, and needn't even know she has a father, and

he's not ever likely to trouble himself about her."

Her voice grew more and more pleading and entreating as she went on, for there was not the slightest response or movement in the still figure before her, less movement even than in the old yew-tree behind, whose smaller branches, black against the sky where the orange of the sunset was darkening into dull crimson, stirred a little in the evening air.

"Oh! you can't refuse to take her. See, I'll carry her as far as the door so that Jane can take her, and then I'll go clear away and never come near her again. You'll have her christened, won't you? I've been thinking all the weary way what she should be called, and I thought, unless you had a fancy for any other name (a little stifled sigh at the thought of how dear one name used to be to him), I should like her to be Zoe. Just when she was born, and I was thinking, thinking of you and home and everything, that song of yours kept ringing in my head. 'Maid of Athens,' and the last line of every verse beginning with Zoe. I can't remember the other words, but I know you said they meant 'My life, I love you;' and Zoe was life, and I thought when I'm gone my little girl would live my life over again, my happy old life with you, and make up to you for all the trouble her mother's been to you."

She stopped for want of breath and for the cough that shook her from head to foot, and at last he turned; but even in that dim light she could see his face plainly enough to know that there was no favorable answer coming from those hard, set lips and from those cold, steady eyes, and her hand dropped from his arm even before he spoke.

"You should have thought of this five years ago," he said. "I do not see that I am called upon to support Martin Blake's family. I must trouble you to let me pass."

She fell back against the trunk of the yew-tree as if he had struck her, and the movement caused the baby to wake and cry, and the sound of its little wailing voice followed him as he walked down the path and out into the road, and he could hear it still when he reached his own garden gate, where through the open door the light shone out from the lamp that Jane Sands was just carrying into his room, where his supper was spread and his armchair and slippers were waiting for him.

In after days, remembering that even-

ing, he fancied he had heard "Father" once more mingling with the baby's cry; but he went in and shut the door and drew the bolt and went into the cheerful, pleasant room, leaving outside the night and the child's cry and the black shadow of the church and the yew-tree.

It was only the beginning of the annoyance, he told himself; he must expect a continued course of persecution, and he listened while he made a pretence of eating his supper for the steps outside and the knock at the door which would surely renew the unwarrantable attempt to saddle him with the charge of the child. He listened, too, as he sat after supper, holding up the newspaper in front of his unobservant eyes; and he listened most of the night as he tossed on his sleepless pillow — listened to the wind that had risen, and moaned and sobbed round the house like a living thing in pain, listened to the pitiless rain that followed, pelting down on the ivy outside and on the tiles above his head as if bent on finding its way in to the warm, comfortable bed where he lay.

#### CHAPTER III.

BUT the annoyance for which Mr. Robins had been preparing himself was not repeated; the persecution, if such had been intended, was not continued. As the days passed by he began to leave off listening and lying awake; he came out from his house or from the church without furtive glances of expectation to the right and left; he lost that constant feeling of apprehension and the necessity to nerve himself for resistance. He had never been one to gossip or concern himself with other people's matters, and Jane Sands had never brought the news of the place to amuse her master as many in her place would have done, so now he had no way of knowing if his daughter's return had been known in the place or what comments the neighbors passed on it.

He fancied that Jane looked a little more anxious than usual; but then her sister was lying ill at Stokeley and she was often there with her, so that accounted for her anxiety. It accounted, too, for her being away one evening a fortnight later, when Mr. Robins coming in in the dusk found something laid on his doorstep. His thoughts had been otherwise occupied, but the moment his eyes fell on the shepherd's plaid shawl wrapping the bundle at his feet, he knew what it was, and recognized a renewed attempt to coerce him into doing what he had vowed he would not. He saw it all in a minute, and

understood that now Jane Sands was in the plot against him, and she had devised this way of putting the child in his path because she was afraid to come to him openly and say what she wanted. Perhaps even now she was watching, expecting to see him fall meekly into the trap they had set for him; but they should find they were very much mistaken.

His first resolution was to fetch the police constable and get him to take the child right off to the workhouse, but on second thoughts he altered his purpose. Such a step would set all the tongues in the place wagging, and, little as he cared for public opinion, it would not be pleasant for every one to be telling how he had sent his grandchild to the workhouse. Grandchild! pshaw! it was Martin Blake's brat.

The child was sleeping soundly, everything was quiet, the dusk was gathering thick and fast. Why should he not put the child outside some other cottage, and throw the responsibility of disposing of it on some one else, and be clear of it himself altogether? The idea shaped itself with lightning rapidity in his brain and he passed quickly in review the different cottages in the place and their inmates, and in spite of his indifference to Martin Blake's brat he selected one where he knew a kindly reception, at any rate for the night, would be given. He knew more about the Grays than of most of the village people. Bill was a favorite of his and had been with him that afternoon after school to fetch a book Mr. Robins had promised to lend him. He was a bright, intelligent boy, and had a sweet voice, and the organist found him a more apt pupil than any of the others and had taken some pains with him, and when he was ill the winter before had been to see him, and so had come to know his mother and her liking for anything young and weak and tender.

Their cottage was at some distance, to be sure, and Mr. Robins had not had much to do with babies of late years and was a little distrustful of his ability to carry one so far without rousing it and so proclaiming its presence, but there was a path across the fields but little frequented, by which he could convey the child without much risk of being met and observed.

And now the great thing to aim at was to carry out his plan as quickly as possible, before any one was aware of the child being at his house, and he gathered up the little warm bundle as gingerly as he knew how and was on his way to the gate when the sound of approaching steps along the

road made him draw back and, unlocking the door, carry the child in. The steps stopped at the gate and turned in, and one of the choirmen came to the door.

There were little movements and soft grumbings inside the shawl in the organist's arms, and he turned quite cold with apprehension.

"Any one at home?" sounded Millet's jovial voice at the open door. "Evening, Mr. Robins — are you there? All in the dark, eh? I wanted a couple of words with you about that song."

"I'll come directly," sounded the organist's voice, with a curious jogging effect in it, such as Millet was used to sometimes in his conversations with his wife at the children's bedtime. And then Millet heard him go up-stairs, and it was some minutes before he came down again, and then in such a queer, absent condition that if it had been any other man in the parish than Mr. Robins, whose sobriety was unimpeachable, Millet would have said that he had had a drop too much.

He did not ask him in or strike a light, but stood at the door answering quite at haphazard and showing such indifference on the vital question of a certain song suiting Millet's voice, that that usually good-natured man was almost offended.

"Well, I'll wish you good-evening," he said at last (it seemed to Robins that he had been hours at the door); "perhaps you'll just think it over and let me know. Hulloo! — is that a cat you have up there? I thought I heard something squeal out just then."

Mr. Robins was not generally given to shaking hands — indeed, some of the choir thought he was too much stuck up to do so; but just then he seized Millet's hand and shook it quite boisterously, at the same time advancing with the apparent intention of accompanying him in a friendly manner to the gate, a movement which compelled Millet to back in the same direction, and cut short his farewell remarks, which frequently lasted for ten minutes or more. And all the way to the gate Robins was talking much quicker and louder than was his usual custom, and he ended by almost pushing Millet out at the gate, all the time expressing great pleasure at having seen him and pressing him to come in again any evening he could spare the time and have a pipe and a bit of supper with him — such unheard-of hospitality that Millet went home quite persuaded that the old man was, as he expressed it to his wife, "going off his chump;" so that it was quite a relief to meet him two

days later at the choir practice as formal and distant in his manners as ever.

Meanwhile Mr. Robins had hastened back to his bedroom where the baby lay asleep on his bed, for it had been really Jane Sands's cat whose voice Millet heard, and not, as Mr. Robins believed, the waking child's.

It was quite dark up there and he could only feel the warm little heap on his bed, but he struck a match to look at it. The shawl had fallen away, showing its little dark head and round, sleeping face, with one little fist doubled up against its cheek and half-open mouth and the other arm thrown back, the tiny hand lying with the little moist, creased palm turned up.

"She's like mother, I'm sure she is." He remembered the words and scanned the small, sleeping face. Well, perhaps there was a likeness, the eyelashes and the gipsy tint of the complexion; but just then the match went out and the organist remembered there was no time to be wasted in trying to see likenesses in Martin Blake's brat. But just as he was lifting the baby cautiously from his bed, a sudden thought struck him. Zoe was to be her name; well, it should be so, though he had no concern in her name or anything else; so he groped about for pencil and paper and wrote the name in big printing letters to disguise his hand and make it as distinct as possible, though even so, as we have seen already, the name caused considerable perplexity to the sponsors. And then he pinned the paper on to the shawl, and taking the child in his arms set out across the field path to the Grays' cottage.

There was a cold air, though it was a May night, but the child lay warm against him, and he remembered how its mother had said she could feel the likeness even in the dark, and he could not resist laying his cold finger on the warm little cheek under the shawl; and then, angry with himself for the throb that the touch sent to his heart, hastened his steps, and had soon reached the Grays' cottage and deposited his burden just inside the gate, where a few minutes after Gray found it.

He could see Mrs. Gray plainly as she sat at her work, a pleasant, motherly face; but he did not linger to look at it, but turned away and retraced his steps along the field path home. He found himself shivering as he went; the air seemed to have grown more chilly and penetrating without that warm burden against his heart, and the unaccustomed weight had made his arms tremble.

Somehow the house looked dull and uncomfortable, though Jane Sands had come in and lighted the lamp, and was laying his supper. Up-stairs there was a hollow on his bed where something had lain, and by the side of the bed he found a baby's woollen shoe, which might have betrayed him to Jane if she had gone up-stairs. But though he put it out of sight directly, he felt sure that the whole matter was no secret from Jane, and that she had been an accomplice in the trick that had been played on him, and he smiled to himself at the thought of how he had outwitted her, and of how puzzled she must be to know what had become of the baby.

He did his best to appear as tranquil and composed as usual, as if nothing had happened to disturb the ordinary current of his life, and he forced himself to make a few remarks on indifferent subjects when she came into the room.

She had evidently been crying, and was altogether in a nervous and upset condition. She forgot half the things he wanted at supper, and her hand trembled so that she nearly overturned the lamp. More than once she stopped and looked at him as if she were nerving herself to speak, and he knew quite well the question that was trembling on her lips. "Where is the child? Master, where is the child?" But he would not help her in any way, and he quite ignored the agitation that was only too evident; and even when he went into the kitchen to fetch his pipe, and found her with her face buried in her arms on the kitchen table, shaking with irrepressible sobs, he retreated softly into the passage and called to her to bring the pipe, and when, after a long delay, she brought it in, he was apparently absorbed in his paper, and took no notice of her tear-stained face and quivering lips.

He heard her stirring far into the night, and once she went into the little room next his that used to be his daughter's, and which no one had used since she left, and in the silence of the night again he could hear heartbreaking sobs half stifled.

"Poor soul! poor soul!" he said to himself. "She's a good creature is Jane, and no doubt she's bitterly disappointed. I'll make it up to her somehow. She's a faithful good soul!"

He was restless and uncomfortable himself, and he told himself he had taken cold and was a bit feverish. It was feverish fancy, no doubt, that made him think the hollow where the child's light weight had rested was still perceptible, but this fancy outlasted the fever of that night and the

cold that caused it, for there was hardly a night afterwards when Mr. Robins did not detect its presence, even with all Jane Sands's thorough shaking of the feather-bed and careful spreading of sheets and blankets. If he dropped asleep for a minute that night the child was in his arms again, heavy as lead, weighing him down, down, down, into some unfathomable gulf, or he was feeling for it in the dark, and its face was cold as death; and more than once he woke with a start, feeling certain that a child's cry had sounded close to his bed.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

A WINTER'S DRIVE FROM SEDAN TO VERSAILLES AND ROUND PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas eve, 1870, that, after many hours of correspondence, accounts, and business interviews, I left Sedan behind me, with my face turned towards Versailles.

For nearly three months I had been constantly engaged in administering the fund collected by the *Daily News* for the relief of the numerous villages around Sedan which were embraced in the area of that vast catastrophe.

Having organized a staff to continue the relief in my absence, I was setting out to investigate what necessity might exist for similar relief in the villages around Paris, the funds at my disposal having assumed proportions large enough to justify the extension of operations.

As I branched off from the main road leading from Sedan to Mezières, which follows the valley of the Meuse, and struck into the branch road leading to Chemery, over the Col between La Croix Piaux and the heights of La Marfée, the setting sun was shedding a flood of purple light over the forest wall of the Ardennes, which rises up for several miles to the northern horizon behind Sedan. It was from the slopes of La Marfée, due south of Sedan, that the king of Prussia, and from La Croix Piaux on the south-west that the crown-prince, beheld the drama of the battle of Sedan unfold itself.

At the southern extremity of the boundless forest, the great mass of which is in Belgium, the French department of the Ardennes begins, with Sedan astride on the Meuse for a frontier fortress.

But Sedan paid too dearly for ranking among fortresses, and has been dismantled since, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants. With Sedan France and brightness begins. All to the northward is comparative gloom and mystery. The vast forest of the Ardennes is still the haunt of the wild boar and the wolf, a fine specimen of which I myself encountered in 1870, as I was journeying to Sedan from Libramont, in Belgium. A very scant human population—a hardy, frugal race—subsists in the clearances of the forest, where a thin and ungrateful soil hardly repays the labor of turning it over with the plough.

Many a time during the gloomy autumn of 1870, at all hours up to midnight, had I crossed and recrossed that forest wall between Sedan and Bouillon, where Godfrey's castle frowns down on the limpid Semoy, encircling the brown rocks out of which it rises.

For at the outset of our relief operations Bouillon, about six miles on the Belgian side of the frontier, had been the headquarters of the *Daily News* Fund, whither military *fourgons*, placed at our disposal by the Belgian minister of war, had conveyed provisions, at that time most conveniently purchasable in Belgium.

Into the deep recesses of the forest the terrified population of the frontier villages of the French department of the Ardennes had fled for their lives, to escape enclosure in the fatal circle of fire and steel drawn by the German armies around the doomed fortress of Sedan. The fate of the handful of bolder civilian inhabitants who awaited their doom at Bazeilles, and paid a terrible penalty for their temerity, proved the comparative advantage of flight—in the one respect of remaining alive.

But flight and abandonment of their village homes meant complete and absolute temporary destitution to all alike. For every single garment, utensil, article of furniture, and commodity of any kind was made a clean sweep of by the hosts of Jewish camp-followers which swarmed in the rear of the invading armies.

At Bazeilles, out of six hundred substantial stone dwellings, hardly six were unconsumed by the flames. There it was that our relief was of course most desperately needed, and that for the whole duration of the autumn and winter of that *année terrible*.

But in some thirty villages, although the bulk of the houses were found standing

by the fugitives returning from their forest retreat, the distress that ensued from almost total disappearance of food and raiment was hardly less crying than at Bazailles, whose inhabitants were mostly billeted about in the surrounding villages.

I say "mostly," for, in order to test the fact for myself, I went round with the Garde Champêtre one stormy November evening between 8 and 10 P.M., to search for inhabitants, reported to be clinging to the blackened ruins of their homes. With great difficulty — for it was pitch dark — we penetrated through yawning apertures, down into about a dozen damp cellars, where, lying in rows, stretched on the ground like bottles, we found in some cases three generations of families in flimsy summer garments, without any other covering. At the back of one of the ruined premises our lantern flashed its light on a festoon of dark red roses hanging over a charred wall.

Not only to the terrified villagers, but also to faint-hearted soldiers, did the forest of the Ardennes serve as a welcome refuge during the terrible battle-time, not confined to the historic September 1, but extending over several previous days, including the important battle of Beaumont on August 30. Not only did straggling parties of demoralized soldiers break off into the forest, but at the height of the battle of Sedan — *i.e.*, about 1 P.M. — a whole brigade of cavalry, under General M——, bolted into the Ardennes through the as yet untied up neck of the sack, at Olly, behind Illy.

Having this fact from an officer who was present, and with whom I was riding lately over the northern portion of the battlefield, I cannot resist adding the following characteristic particulars related to me near the spot: —

"It was between noon and 1 P.M. when General M—— drew up the brigade, and, calling for three cheers for the emperor, ordered us to prepare to charge the Prussians. The cheers were lustily given; but instead of charging the enemy, the brigade was suddenly wheeled to the right into the opening of the forest we have just passed. General M—— was subsequently decorated for this exploit."

Had General Ducrot's plan (attempted too late during the battle of Sedan), of retreating with the ~~bank~~ of the French army on Mezières through the skirts of the forest, been carried out on August 31, the disaster of Sedan would have been averted, as the back road to Mezières — *i.e.*, that on the right bank of the Meuse

— was open up to 7.30 A.M.,\* September 1. It is conceivable that General M—— persuaded himself that he was only carrying out General Ducrot's orders in saving his brigade from the fate of the rest of the army, which was caught in the German meshes a few hours later. I suppose that was the view taken by the government of the National Defence, which conferred General M——'s decoration.

The road, which branches southward to Chemery, into which I struck out of the valley of the Meuse, was that by which the crown-prince of Prussia brought up the 5th and 11th corps of the 3rd Army by forced marches, swinging round his left to effect that junction with the corps of the Prussian Guards on the extreme right, which completed the fatal circle drawn round the French.

My destination for the first night out of Sedan was the Chateau of Mont Dieu, where I had established an outlying depot of provisions, etc., for the relief of some very sorely tried villages in its immediate neighborhood.

Two of these — Les Grandes Armoises and Tannay — were in terrible plight when I first visited them in November. A very severe epidemic of typhoid or famine fever, which had carried off the only available doctor, was raging in both villages. There was hardly a house without one or more almost hopeless cases. In the first house I entered at Les Grandes Armoises, that of the Garde Forestier Graifteen, I found the wife, a little boy, and a grown-up daughter, all in an advanced stage of fever. All three died within a few days. In the last, that of the widow Nivois, living at the water-mill at the further extremity of the village, three grown-up sons were laid low with a very malignant type of typhoid fever. Two of the three died, and the third, who escaped with his life, was completely shattered in health when I revisited Grandes Armoises two years later. In the same house a grown-up daughter also fell a victim to the fever.

Tannay was in a hardly less distressing state, and both, in the depth of that gloomy November, were absolutely untended from within or without. All communications with the outside world were quite cut off, and the channels of ordinary supply were here, as everywhere else, stopped by the war. The *Daily News* Fund at my disposal enabled me to provide both with medical relief and nourish-

\* *Geschichte des Krieges, etc.*, p. 1211. Edited by the General Staff. Berlin, 1875.



ment, in the shape of preserved meats, soups, and wine, by the aid of which the famine fever was gradually subdued.

The stars were shining brilliantly as I crossed the bridge over the moat and drove under the archway leading up to the Chateau de Mont Dieu — an ideal retreat from the pleasures and cares of life. The chateau, which was a monastery previous to the Revolution, is deeply embowered in picturesque woods, clothing all the sheltering heights. Outside, its sober grey walls rise sheer out of its surrounding moat. Within, dark oak panelling and furniture meet you at every turn.

M. Camus, the proprietor, who was himself absent, most readily put the chateau at my disposal, reckoning that my occupation of it for relief purposes would have a tendency to keep the Germans at arm's length.

An ancient *serviteur*, and his grey-haired wife Antoinette, who had a gracious old-French manner about her, received me with friendly welcome. While the husband attended to my horse and servant, the wife ushered me into an oak-panelled apartment, where a huge log was blazing on the capacious hearth. Half frozen by my cold evening drive, I keenly relished the bright comfort of the fire and the meal, which was promptly served. The silence of the whole place was absolute, and not even an owl's or any cry broke in upon the night air.

It was freezing hard when I rose on Christmas morning and looked down on the frozen moat and filigree frosted foliage. The scene was exquisitely beautiful, but I had little time to regard it, as I had still arrears of accounts and correspondence to clear off before breaking off from my communications with Sedan and England.

For into France beyond Sedan in those war times there were no postal or railway communications, other than such as were fitfully afforded by the German military authorities, whose own communications between the frontier and Versailles were occasionally interrupted by bands of *Francs-tireurs*. Between northern Europe and Versailles the main line of communications for several months lay through Libramont in Belgium and the whole width of the forest of the Ardennes. This route had to be followed by the late Lord Ampthill, then Mr. Odo Russell, who, it will be remembered, was sent as special ambassador to the German headquarters at Versailles.

The day before Mr. Odo Russell's passage through the forest, the Uhlans es-

corting the post had been fired on by *Francs-tireurs* between Bouillon and Sedan, the portion of the forest with which I was best acquainted. At the request of the German military authorities, I rode out in search of Mr. Russell, whom I found in some anxiety, and not fully appreciating the advantage of an Uhlans escort in a forest infested by *Francs-tireurs*. I brought him safely into Sedan.

It was already after nightfall on Christmas day when, having at length completed my correspondence, I set out from Mont Dieu for Rethel, about twenty-five miles distant. It was freezing harder than ever, and the stars if possible were more brilliant than the night before. I never felt more intense cold, and the open dog-cart in which I was performing the journey exposed me to its full violence. The excitement, however, of driving through a very broken country after dark in wartime, prevented the blood from stagnating in one's veins, and my plucky little horse got briskly over the ground.

It was after nine when I reached Rethel, having met with no kind of interference. At Rethel, which was occupied by a slender German garrison, I was lucky enough to find a clean bed, in a fair country inn. The cold, however, was almost as biting within my chamber as outside.

Leaving Rethel early on the morning of December 26th, I soon changed the broken, picturesque scenery of the Ardennes for the comparatively monotonous plains of Champagne, where only a few inches of soil overlie a hungry kind of chalk. With the view of creating some *humus*, an enterprising person — Monsieur St. Denis — has planted vast tracts with Scotch fir, which when cleared away, after a period of years, are found to impart some agricultural value to an otherwise worthless soil.

For many miles before reaching Reims, the twin towers of its magnificent cathedral loomed in view across the great sweep of plain, suggestive of St. Peter's standing out in the desolation of the Roman Campagna. Of the thirty-two factory chimneys which I counted as I approached nearer, only twelve were sending out any smoke, giving proof of the large extent of suffering entailed by the cessation of employment. Either from want of confidence or the impossibility of procuring fuel in war time to keep the woollen factories going, the merchants of Reims all through the autumn had been despatching immense wagon-loads of wool across the

frontier into Belgium, convoys of which I frequently met on the road.

As I entered Reims early in the afternoon and was whipping up my horse in a rather narrow thoroughfare, I unfortunately flipped a German officer in the face! Instead of losing his temper, which might very naturally have occurred, the officer unconditionally accepted the apology which I made for my awkwardness.

What traveller in France does not know Le Lion d'Or at Reims? Who has not felt anything but kindly towards that deep cathedral bell, suspended apparently within a few yards, which at 4.45 A.M. makes further rest impossible? However, bell or no bell, thankful enough was I to find shelter within the walls of that Lion d'Or, of which I have since complained so often. In the war time it was brimming over with German officers, and champagne corks were flying in all directions.

On the first occasion of my visiting the German commandant at Sedan, I was highly entertained by his sending his orderly to an unoffending but well-to-do French resident next door to requisition a bottle of champagne for our immediate consumption.

The bright, frosty weather which had accompanied me thus far now changed to a thin, raw, half-frozen fog, which made my onward progress from Reims to Dormans, in the valley of the Marne, highly disagreeable and precarious. The hitherto dry, frost-bound road, which had resounded merrily to the tread of my horse, became dull and slippery, being slightly coated with partially thawed snow.

It would be impossible to conceive anything more dismal than the aspect of the suburbs of Reims under these circumstances, nor of the surrounding country, when the suburbs were cleared. But the monotony would be occasionally relieved by the apparition of a patrol of German infantry or dragoons, looming large through the misty air. Speaking German fluently, I always greeted these gentry with a friendly "Guten Tag," and had never but once any difficulty with German troops at all.

Having an English fund to administer, I had taken the precaution to fly the union-jack from my box-seat, which gave a somewhat imposing appearance to my turn-out. On one occasion I met a party of German infantry where the road passed through a forest nearer Paris. As I passed the detachment, a private snatched at my flag and carried it off. But his tri-

umph was short-lived, for I jumped down and recovered it within a very few minutes, the officer in command directing it to be handed back to me. The offending private was a student from Stuttgart, who seemed to be a frolicsome but harmless young fellow, not very well up in his bayonet exercise, with which at first he made some show of keeping me at bay.

Only on one other occasion during my Franco-German war experiences did I actually come into close contact with cold steel, when a suspicious French mason in a remote village took me for a German spy, and threw himself upon me knife in hand! But having to pass constantly at all hours of the day and night between French and Germans, I was necessarily exposed to all kinds of risks and misunderstandings.

On this drive to Versailles, I had with me a very sharp young Frenchman, called Charles Brasseur, as my servant. To his tact and honesty I attribute not a little of my success in getting through to Versailles unharmed and unrobbed. Considering that, owing to the cessation of banking operations, I was obliged to carry large sums about me in gold and notes, I was a very tempting object of violence.

Having to put up at such an out-of-the-way place as Dormans, where I first struck the valley of the Marne, I should infallibly have been regarded with extreme suspicion by the French inhabitants in their state of mental tension, for whom every stranger was a Prussian spy, had not my servant given a satisfactory account of me to the loafers about the inn.

It is a grand thoroughfare that Marne valley, and brimful of historical associations. It is the great channel down which German hordes have poured time after time in their invasions of *la belle France*. It is a wide, fertile, smiling valley, picturesque without presenting any grand features, and eminently suggestive of well-being and plenty. To the German, *la France* is *belle* mainly in the sense of producing plenty of food. Its northern slopes present magnificent exposures to the sun, and are thickly clothed with vineyards, producing a very palatable wine. The rich, flat bottom of the valley, through which the brimming Marne winds in majestic sweeps, produces heavy corn and forage crops. On the lower headlands, stretching into the valley from the main line of heights, which shut it in, frequent brown-tiled villages sheltered by trees give life to the landscape.

The meandering habit of the Marne was

too much for General Ducrot, on the occasion of his famous sortie eastwards on November 30 and December 1, from which he declared he would return either *victorieux* or not at all. (He did, as a matter of fact, return in robust health and beaten.) Having crossed the Marne near the fortifications of Paris, General Ducrot thought he would have no more trouble with that river. Marching eastwards, he, some hours later, found himself unexpectedly confronted with another river, and inquired of his staff, "Qu'est ce donc, que cette rivière?" "C'est la Marne, mon général," was the reply. "Mais nous venons de traverser la Marne." "Oui, mon général, mais c'est la Marne encore." And so it was; but geography is not a strong point with French officers of any grade.

In the valley of the Marne *la petite culture* is seen to great advantage. You find a happy blending of corn-growing with vineyards, pasturage, and fruit and vegetable growing, each peasant devoting a few acres to a variety of crops, thus avoiding having all his eggs in one basket. It is his inherited skill and versatility, as much as the climate, which gives the French peasant that advantage over ours which enables him to beat us in our own market. As far as climate is concerned, our own is certainly superior to the French for the production of such important items as butter and cheese, and most kinds of bush-fruits.

At Charly, a village near Chateau Thierry, I halted for my midday meal, which I took in a restaurant swarming with blue-bloused peasants. My arrival in my dog-cart, flying a flag quite unknown to them, created considerable excitement, and all my movements were watched with the greatest attention, not unmixed with scowls and suspicion. It was no small relief to find myself *en route* again.

At Ferté-sous-Jouarre, where I slept the fifth night out from Sedan, I struck southward out of the Marne valley, climbing the steep ascent to Jouarre, situate on the edge of a high table-land extending from the valley of the Marne to that of the Morin. I adopted this route in order to avoid the crush of convoys of every description which at that time, when Lagny was the terminus of the eastern railway, were blocking up the lower end of the Marne valley towards Paris.

During my thirty-mile drive from Ferté to Brie-Comte Robert, I met with comparatively few troops, and found even the villages half deserted of their inhabitants

during the latter half of the journey from Coulommiers onwards. The doors and shutters of the houses were very generally closed, and many of them broken through, presenting yawning apertures, and affording very mitigated shelter against the bitter cold.

Had they anticipated wintering before Paris, I can hardly conceive that the German troops would have committed such wanton universal havoc on houses and garden shelters as I subsequently witnessed with my own eyes all round Paris.

I could understand, in the desperate cold of that terrible winter, their smashing up indiscriminately pianos, bookcases, garden-gates, fences, etc., to make a blaze, and that they should have protected their lower limbs with strips of drawing-room carpets sewn up as leg-wraps, as I saw them, but I should have thought that in the interests of self-preservation they would have abstained from door and window smashing.

Possibly much of this latter was done in the early autumn by the French Franc-tireurs, who swarmed about the suburbs of Paris, and may have purposely half wrecked the houses, with the distinct object of rendering them uninhabitable. However, a German Hauptmann remarked to me subsequently in the drawing-room of Madame Du Barry's villa, near Versailles, "The German soldier is not naturally inclined to plundering and acts of wanton destruction, but the disposition thereto inevitably arises out of the state of war, especially when carried on in a rich country like France. In the Bohemian campaign of 1866 it was different, for we were mostly quartered in miserable hovels, where there was little temptation to pillage. We officers are powerless to prevent it, regrettable as it is. The fellows have broken loose from us."

These words, taken down at the time, profoundly impressed me, and threw much light on the necessarily demoralizing effects of war even on a highly disciplined army, such as that of Germany was in the main. I am, however, bound to add that the villages in the second line of German occupation seemed to be held by a lower type of German soldiery, drawn from the smaller German States, than I ever beheld under arms on German soil.

Of the greater offences of outrages on women, or breaking into and committing acts of violence in occupied houses, the German army, as far as I could gather, may be completely acquitted. How different the case would have been had the

French soldiery invaded Germany, seems too probable from their historical antecedents, borne out by the remark made to me by a French *curé* at the sight of MacMahon's disorderly army on the march to Sedan: "I trembled when I reflected what outrages this soldiery might have perpetrated on a foreign soil."

From Brie-Comte Robert to Versailles, the road was lined with endless strings of every kind of wagon and cart, and the roadside with not a few carcasses of horses, which had succumbed from overpress of work. One poor beast, near Longjumeau, had its head and neck raised up from the frozen ground, and piteously turned towards the passer-by.

In consequence of the havoc which the ice had wrought on the pontoon-bridges over the Seine at Villeneuve St. George, all the heavy traffic, including the Feld-Post *fourgons*, had to be sent round by Corbeil to Lagny, making a *détour* as considerable as if in getting from Berdmondsey to Islington you were compelled to cross the Thames at Kingston instead of by London Bridge.

It was very strange, on a French high-road, to encounter a long string of those cumbrous yellow Eilwägen and their antiquated postillions, with the look of which every traveller in Germany used to be so familiar. In the rear of the Eilwägen followed a batch of dragged, undersized French prisoners, escorted by a few stalwart German dragoons, who looked gigantic by comparison.

At Corbeil, where the bridge was intact, the rugged surface of the ice-bound Seine was flashing in the sun, which had at last shown himself again after total disappearance for several days. The dazzling white villas lining the river-banks, and gleaming out of dark clumps of trees, presented a most cheerful appearance—the only cheerful sight that had met my eyes of late. For the wanton destruction of suburban property had happily not extended quite so far south as Corbeil.

Having letters of introduction to a French family resident at Essommes, adjoining Corbeil, I there enjoyed the first hospitality it was my lot to meet with during my wintry drive, during which I had completely fallen out of the comforts of civilized life. The only return I could make for my hospitable reception was the gift of a box of matches—an article which was almost priceless in the neighborhood of Paris during the siege, as my hostess informed me.

Proceeding in a north-westerly direction

by Longjumeau and Paliseau, I reached Jouy-en-Josas just as night was falling. My friends at Essommes having recommended me to their acquaintance, M. Labouchere, who possessed a charming villa at Jouy, I was only too thankful for the chance of getting a night's lodging in a quiet country house.

As I entered M. Labouchere's hall, I was amused to observe a broad-backed German officer, quartered on him, in the act of mounting the back stairs, bent nearly double under the load of a roebuck, the legs of which he wore round his neck, and which met under his chin. The officer had evidently been doing a little poaching, unbeknown to his host.

Poaching was, indeed, during the war, quite the order of the day, the imperial preserves at Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and everywhere else being apparently open to all comers. At the Versailles restaurants pheasants and hares were considerably below the price one is charged for them ordinarily in Paris. In fact, supplies of all kinds, which were kept out of Paris by the siege, found their way to Versailles and other suburbs, where the officers of the besieging army, and every one else who had money about him, could live on the fat of the land. Not even sea-fish was wanting.

In M. Labouchere's drawing-room, where the German officers and the family assembled before dinner, my friend of the roebuck presented Madame Labouchere with a quarter-pound packet of best tea, which had just arrived by the military post.

Leaving Jouy immediately after an early breakfast, I drove quietly into Versailles, about four miles distant, reaching the Hotel des Reservoirs before 10 A.M. on New Year's eve—the eighth day out from Sedan. I had accomplished about one hundred and sixty miles with the same horse, who had great difficulty in keeping on his legs at times, owing to the highly slippery state of the roads. That night, as midnight struck, the New Year was ushered in by a cannonade from Mont Valérien.

As luck would have it, the first person whom I encountered in the precincts of the hotel was Mr. John Furley, of the Red Cross Society, to whom I immediately handed the £100 in gold which Colonel Lloyd Lindsay (now Lord Wantage) had confided to me in London. The gold reached Mr. Furley, who was just starting for the army of La Loire, in the nick of time.

My arrival at Versailles, as chief administrator of the *Daily News* Relief Fund, was by no means unlooked-for. In consequence, I was soon besieged with applications of all kinds, and within a few days I was deep in the usual business of relief, interviewing, from morning till night, priests, pastors, sisters of mercy, mayors, municipal councillors, charitable ladies, and visiting the destitute. Of the latter, besides the native poor, to be sought out in their squalid quarters, there were large numbers collected at Versailles from the villages exposed to the double fire of besiegers and besieged in the zone, some six miles wide, immediately around Paris.

These refugees were much better cared for than the natives, being housed in any available public buildings, and fed by the municipality. With such buildings Versailles abounds. For the first time, I should imagine, in the present century, tenants were found to occupy them. The areas of the floors were portioned out in squares, allotted separately to families, so that family life was not altogether interrupted. The children, playing in the straw, seemed as happy as possible; but to the adults that sort of life must soon have become intolerable.

The arrangements, on the whole, seemed as good as circumstances admitted of, and reflected great credit on the Relief Committee of the Versailles Municipal Council, of which the late M. Edmond Scherer, laying aside his critic's pen for the nonce, was a most active member.

With this committee I established the most cordial relations, and was enabled to supplement its operations by forming a Ladies' Work and Visiting Committee on the model of that left at Sedan. Having succeeded in obtaining a pass to circulate freely in the German lines, through the instrumentality of the then crown-prince of Prussia, I personally devoted a good deal of my time to visiting outlying places within driving distance of Versailles, and making inquiries as to the need and feasibility of relieving cases of distress which might still be existing there. But my investigations resulted in the conviction that there was nothing to be done on any scale which would justify any attempt to organize relief as long as the siege operations lasted. For the bulk of the suburban populations had removed either within the fortifications of Paris or to Versailles, or gone clean away to the westward. All I could do was to relieve isolated cases of distress as I came across them.

The crown-prince of Prussia, who had

taken up his quarters at Les Ombrages, a charmingly rustic, straggling retreat belonging to Madame André, received me with marked kindness, of which he gave solid proof by giving directions to his staff to furnish me with the pass above alluded to. The crown-prince, however, while he expressed his personal sympathy with the mission intrusted to me, warned me that he would not vouch for the reception I might meet with from his cousin, the Red-Prince Frederick Charles, then engaged with General Chanzy and the Army of La Loire.

Nothing could have been simpler than the dinner, at which the crown-prince entertained Mr. Odo Russell (afterwards Lord Amthill) and myself. At this dinner, at which the staff of the 3rd Army was present, I happened to be seated next to General von Stosch, at that time at the head of the commissariat department. After the conclusion of the Franco-German war the general was gazetted to the command-in-chief of the German navy.

Observing that I had allowed one of the courses to pass untouched, General von Stosch gave me a friendly nudge, and advised me to think better of it, as there was nothing else to follow. I took the hint, and have felt grateful to the general ever since. Occasionally during dinner, the booming of the big guns of Mont Valérien, called by General Blumenthal his "Tafel-Musik," would break in upon the conversation.

After dinner we adjourned into a suite of low-roofed drawing-rooms, garnished all over with Scripture texts in French. In the centre of these, the crown-prince stood the whole evening with his back to the fire, smoking a long china pipe which our princess-royal had painted for him. In an adjoining room, some officers of the staff played airs on one of Madame André's pianos.

On one of the Sundays I passed at Versailles, I walked over with Monsieur Passa — the Protestant minister — to the military academy of St. Cyr. That establishment was of course closed, but the burly porter at once recognized M. Passa. Addressing him, M. Passa remarked, with emphasis, "Au moins vous avez bonne mine." To this sally the porter, who looked the very picture of health and jollity, replied apologetically, "Oui, monsieur, mais je souffre moralement."

When at Versailles it was at first my habit to take my meals in the smaller outer restaurant of the Hotel des Reservoirs. The large inner *salle à manger*

served as mess-room to the officers "des Grossen General-Stabes," at the head of which Moltke used to march out, followed by the grey-headed prince of Wurtemberg, in command of the Garde-Corps.

On the first occasion on which I took my lunch there, there was not a vacant chair except at the little table occupied by Madame la Comtesse —, who obligingly offered me a seat, which I naturally accepted. Before we had risen from table, a great clanking of scabbards was heard approaching from the officers' mess-room, and presently the tall, slender form of the great Moltke appeared in the doorway. Advancing straight to our table, Moltke, addressing the countess in a quiet, melodious voice, expressed his thanks to her for her devotion to the nursing of the German wounded.

Almost any afternoon Moltke was to be seen, with his hands folded behind his back, pacing the parterres at the back of the chateau, dedicated by Le Grand Monarque "à toutes les gloires de la France." Within those very walls the king of Prussia, in the early days of that month of January, 1871, was crowned emperor of Germany in the presence of the assembled German princes!

During my stay at Versailles, I went by invitation to lunch with some German officers quartered at Sèvres. After lunch one of them gave me a mount, and accompanied me on horseback through the woods to the left, towards St. Cloud, to a German siege-battery, which had just been unmasked, and which commanded a splendid view of Paris. The German battery faced the French battery, at Le Point du Jour, where the Seine passes out of the fortifications to the south of Paris. The point where we were standing seemed two miles distant from the French guns, one of which fired in our direction as we were looking that way.

About a year after the conclusion of the war, I received a begging letter, addressed to me in England, written in very bad French, from the same German officer, who recalled himself to my recollection, to quote his own words, as "l'officier qui vous a montré Paris à cheval." The letter, dated from Mayence, contained the modest request that I should lend the writer seven hundred thalers!

To the best of my recollection, the sun never shone once during my three weeks' sojourn at Versailles. A raw, frozen mist prevailed almost constantly, and the pavements and roads were half coated with ice and a thin sprinkling of snow, making

locomotion extremely painful to man and beast. I have never before, or since, experienced so unbroken a spell of utterly detestable weather.

On one of the worst days, I was passing along the broad Avenue de Paris, late in the afternoon, when I observed a threadbare but distinguished looking grey-haired Frenchman, of the old school, furtively picking up the fallen twigs under the trees lining the avenue. Even to those who could pay for it, fuel was at famine prices at Versailles. It was painful to think how small a blaze this poor old gentleman could have lighted in his attic with his few twigs!

Of this kind of respectable distress, shunning the public gaze and very difficult of access, there was an unusual amount at Versailles, which is always a favorite retreat of retired and pensioned officers. I was pained to hear of one of those elderly French gentlemen, of good family, getting his ears boxed by a young German officer. Through the Ladies' Committee, which I had instituted, I was enabled to bring relief home to some of this class.

Versailles was naturally the headquarters of British special correspondents, as well as of the German armies; our evenings, in consequence, were lively enough. Nor did Mr. Odo Russell, nor General Walker, who was attached to the staff of the crown-prince, hold aloof from our entertainments. On one occasion, I had the pleasure of having as my guests both Mr. Odo Russell — whom I had safely conveyed into Sedan some weeks previously — and Dr. W. H. Russell, the father of the race of special correspondents. To Mr. Sydney Hall, the well-known artist, I was indebted not only for agreeable society, but for the lucky recovery of a belt full of gold pieces, which I mislaid in a public part of the hotel. Mr. Hilary Skinner, the well-known correspondent of the *Daily News*, whose conversational powers none of his friends are likely to dispute, contributed largely to the general entertainment; and once we were favored with the visit of Mr. Archibald Forbes, who had ridden over from Margency, on the north side of Paris. On that occasion the *Daily News* was represented in full force. At Versailles, too, I first made the acquaintance of that fascinating personage, Laurence Oliphant. Mr. Oliphant was at that time acting as *Times* correspondent with the army operating under the orders of the grand duke of Mecklenburg, who, as Mr. Oliphant informed me, always

greeted him on his first appearance in the morning with the somewhat equivocal salutation, "Good-bye, Oliphant; good-bye."

While at Versailles, I seized every opportunity of conversing with German officers — generally on military topics. But I have a vivid recollection of some impressive remarks made to me by a young officer, whom the outbreak of the war found in business in Birmingham, on quite a different subject — viz., missionary work. "It is of little use," he argued, "sending out missionaries to the heathen to preach one kind of gospel, while resident traders and others, professors of the Christian religion, practise just the opposite. We ought to begin the other way — practise first, and preach afterwards."

On January 18th Versailles had surrounded with all kinds of festivities amongst the German officers, who were celebrating their emperor's birth or name-day. A grand dinner was given at the prefecture, where the emperor himself resided, and before which a couple of sentinels paced backwards and forwards day and night.

While at Versailles Mr. Odo Russell occupied a very modest apartment, in an upper story of the house occupied by Dr. W. H. Russell in the Place Hoche. He always went on foot and unattended to the prefecture. On one occasion, as he informed me himself, when he had occasion to visit the emperor, he had slipped in between the sentries — I presume, when they both had their backs turned. Perceiving Mr. Russell just in time to collar him, one of the men roughly demanded, "Wo gehen sie denn hin?" Mr. Russell did not make a diplomatic incident of this. Mr. Russell told me also that in the course of conversation, the late emperor William observed to him that this was his third entry into France with German armies; and that on the second occasion — *i.e.*, in 1815 — he remembered dancing with Lady William Russell, Mr. Odo Russell's mother. Readers of the crown-prince's journal may remember the passage which describes the ordinary after-dinner evenings at the prefecture being devoted to napping, when the conversation flagged, showing that emperors and princes are not exempt from human infirmities.

January 19th was a rude awakening from the festivities of the day before. It was somewhat analogous to the Duchess of Richmond's ball before Waterloo. I cannot aver that the great Moltke was caught napping, but most other people

were, when the guns of Mont Valérien and the French field-batteries, advanced towards the heights of Montretout, opened unexpectedly on the German lines in advance of Garches and St. Cloud.

It was the beginning of the last and famous sortie from Paris under General Trochu. Quite unaware that anything unusual was going to happen, I had made an early start from Versailles, and at about 8.30 A.M. found myself unexpectedly almost between two fires. I had reached the low ground, where the high arches of the aqueduct of Marly show conspicuously above the road to St. Germain. Every height on all sides of me was belching forth shot and shell, and the air was rent with all kinds of exploding missiles — those from the German batteries passing clean over my head, while the French failed to reach me.

It was a tremendous artillery duel, but I could at first make out nothing else. Later on, however, as I mounted the terrace of St. Germain and took up my station at the pavilion Henri IV., by the aid of a field-glass lent me by a German officer I could descry something of the movement of the contending forces.

The 4th German corps, brought round from the north side of Paris, had just reached the south-western slope of Mont Valérien, and was in the act of taking the French in the rear as they advanced towards the Park of Buzenval. I made out with the glass the horse-artillery guns unlimbering, and the horses standing out against the sky on the horizon line.

This opportune arrival of the 4th corps was the turning-point of the fight, which ended disastrously for the French. Owing to the failure of General Ducrot, who lost his way in the low ground about Rueil, to reach the field of battle in time with his division, the French never had any chance of success. The failure of this final sortie led to the armistice which was agreed to ten days later.

Having been intrusted with letters and papers for Miss Coutts Trotter — an elderly lady residing in a charming villa on the slopes of the terrace of St. Germain — I called while the battle was proceeding, to deliver my packets. Miss Coutts Trotter was sagacious enough to remain at her post throughout the war, knowing full well that her presence alone could have protected her property from devastation. From the windows of Miss Trotter's villa, high upraised above the Seine at its feet, we could view the battlefield as from a box at the opera. But we were too dis-

tant to see any of its horrible details, and were just out of range. There were, in fact, two bends of the Seine between us and the fighting, which was raging about three miles away.

It was, however, sufficiently near to be exciting, especially as shortly before I had seen a cannon-ball or shell bury itself on the bank of the Seine just below. By Miss Trotter's pressing invitation, I agreed to remain the night at her villa, where, in full view of the cannonade, we sat down to an excellent *déjeuner*. In my bedroom adjoining, I found an English housemaid airing my clean sheets before the fire. What a contrast with the scene outside. Looking out of my window after nightfall, I could see lines of camp-fires, marking the heights which had been contested during the day. Next morning, January 20th, at 4 A.M., when I opened my shutters and looked out into the pitchy darkness, the rattle of musketry made itself so distinctly heard, that I was persuaded that the battle was beginning over again. Such, however, was not the case. I understand that the firing proceeded from a French battalion which had lost its way — perhaps one of General Ducrot's — coming unexpectedly into contact with the enemy.

In order to get more correct information as to the result of the battle of the previous day than was obtainable at St. Germain, I drove back to Versailles, and learned how completely the sortie had failed. In the afternoon I returned to my hostess with the news, which she was very anxious to have.

Early next morning, Saturday, January 21st, I continued on my way northward, making for Margency, where Mr. Archibald Forbes had invited me to spend the Sunday with him. Following the road between the vast forest of St. Germain on my left, and the Seine on my right, below me, as far as Maisons, I enjoyed as much of the extensive view over the plain of Argenteuil as the frozen mist admitted of. The bridge having been blown up which, before the war, carried the road over the Seine from Maisons to Sartrouville, I was reduced to crossing the river by the railway bridge, which somehow had escaped destruction. Striking northward from Sartrouville, in order to give the French guns a somewhat wider berth than Mr. Forbes was in the habit of doing in making a shorter cut to Margency, I made for Ermon station — a sort of Clapham Junction on the north side of Paris.

Neither at Versailles nor at St. Ger-

main was there much visible destruction of property, both places having retained their inhabitants. But anything approaching the wanton destruction and general air of desolation which prevailed at and around Ermon on that January afternoon I never in my life experienced. Not a human being was to be seen anywhere; not a window was unbroken; not a door was on its hinges; not a fence nor gate was standing; and every lawn and waste place was strewn with some sort of paper litter, myriads of torn and untorn letters and accounts lying scattered everywhere. Every house, excepting an occasional one occupied by a superior officer, and every chest of drawers in every house for miles round, had been turned inside out. The ground was white with a double coating of snow and paper litter, and the air thickening with frost and fog.

It was getting dusk when I drove into the precincts of the villa occupied by Mr. Archibald Forbes at Margency. This villa had been assigned to Mr. Forbes by direction of the crown-prince of Saxony, to whose headquarters he was attached, as *Daily News* war correspondent. It was while thus engaged that Mr. Forbes achieved the beginning of his great reputation.

We spent our Sunday in visiting the northern suburban retreats of Parisians, of which Montmorency forms the centre. In the morning we penetrated eastwards as far as Villiers-le-Bel, where a train was drawn up, in the act of disgorging German infantry, just brought back from St. Quentin, whither they had been conveyed as reinforcements to General Goeben, who gained the battle of St. Quentin on the same day on which the sortie from Paris took place.

Near Villiers-le-Bel we encountered a party of officers of the Cuirassiers of the Guard, whose white tunics were at first hardly distinguishable from the surrounding snow. To my agreeable surprise, on coming close up to them, I recognized among them a Prussian baron, an old acquaintance, with whom I had made excursions in Switzerland. The baron at once gave me an invitation to mess for the following day, when I should be passing through their lines.

In the afternoon Mr. Forbes and I visited the Lake of Enghien and the villa, where, in a sort of garden-room, was then to be seen the famous statue of Madame George Sand by her son-in-law. There she reclined in a half-recumbent pose, her head resting on her hand, supported by the bent



elbow. A still freezing desolation reigned around—a not altogether unbecoming setting for that grave, reposeful marble figure!

At some very unearthly hour on Monday morning, when it was pitch dark and the thermometer somewhere near zero, Mr. Forbes woke me up, asking whether I felt inclined to accompany him, then and there, to a bombardment which he confidently expected would open before daylight from a fort near St. Denis. I respectfully declined, and several hours later, but still not late, — *i.e.*, about 8 A.M., — started on my road north-eastward in my dog-cart, drawn by my indefatigable little horse, which had not, I am ashamed to say, enjoyed even a Sabbath's rest.

Nothing could be more friendly than the reception I met with from the baron and his brother officers. Hitherto, whenever unintroduced I had encountered a Prussian "Junker," I had found him cold and stiff as steel. But the thaw was now complete. We had oysters and champagne for lunch, and the famous pea-sausage appeared at dinner, as main ingredient in a most excellent soup.

At about 9 P.M. I took my leave, having been provided with the watchword, in case of being challenged on my road to Dammartin, where I was to pass the night. However, before I had got half-way, the combination of an excellent dinner and the frosty air resulted in my dropping off to sleep, and the watchword dropping out of my mind. I was fortunately unchallenged, and, on presenting the billet with which I had been provided for a night's lodging at Dammartin, was accommodated with a mattress on the floor of a coachbuilder's between two carriages. Beyond Dammartin there was little or no evidence of devastation. It was an inexpressible relief to pass once more through villages wearing something of a peaceful air, imparted by the unwonted spectacle of unsmashed doors and windows.

W. H. (BULLOCK) HALL.

From The Contemporary Review.  
ROBERT BROWNING.

WHEN the news was flashed from Venice that Robert Browning had died, men felt as of old they felt when a great king had passed away — one who, at a time of change, had absorbed the new aims and thoughts of his nation while they were yet unshaped, who had given them form in

himself, and sent them forth alive and fresh, to be loved and used by his folk, and who, continuing to shape and reshape them with more and more completeness, had himself quietly grown into such a power that he impressed the seal and spirit of his personality upon the character of his people. The movement is slow of such a life and the strife is long, but at last, and when the best of his work is done, he comes forth, recognized as one of the spiritual kings, listened to by all as one of the prophets of mankind. This was the history of Robert Browning. He waited long, without complaint, without pretension, for his recognition by men of goodwill; and he had the happy fortune to attain it before he died. He had loved men, and he lived long enough to feel that they loved him. It is not the common lot; but his courage, his joyfulness, his consistent soundness of mind, deserved that gratification.

We look back over a space of fifty-seven years to his first poem. "Pauline" was sent to press in January, 1833; and though it is exceedingly immature, yet there has been rarely any youthful poem which more clearly foretold that a new world of poetry was about to open its doors to men. It has absolutely nothing to do with the past. There is, it is true, the sound in it of the blank verse of Shelley, but it does not belong to any of the separate countries, which yet had one atmosphere, of the world in which Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron and Shelley, Keats and Scott, thought and felt. It was part of the first rush of a new wave of emotion and thinking upon the shores of England.\*

\* I say "part of the wave," because, even before "Pauline," Tennyson had begun to write, and the same new elements, though mingled more with past motives, appeared in his poems. "The Supposed Confessions of a Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself," "The Poet," and "The Poet's Mind," "Love and Death," the manner of the "Sleeping Beauty" — all published in 1830 — illustrate the new paths into which poetry was turning. The same things jut out in the poems of his brother. They are still more marked in the poems of 1832. "The Palace of Art" is steeped in them. The "Lotus-Eaters" strikes another note of the same theme; and the "Lovers' Tale," published privately in 1833, may be compared throughout with "Pauline." How like, we say, yet how different! Nothing would be more fascinating than to isolate the new elements in Tennyson's works from 1830 to 1833, but our business is with Browning. May it still be long before we have to write of Tennyson as we are doing now of Browning. And it seems as if it would be long, for his last volume is full of poems so fair, so strongly wrought, so joyful in their strength, so pathetic, and so passionate that we seem to be reading the work of a man of thirty-five, in the plenitude of power. Goethe wrote well at eighty years of age, but there was no youth in his works. There is nothing in literature which resembles the young strength and feeling of this book by a man of eighty but the production of the "Ædipus at Colonus" by Sophocles, if it be true that

His poetry of introspection which asked, "Who am I, whence have I come, whither am I going?" began in it. His poetry which grew more and more eager round theological questions, with a wholly new turn in the theology — which went below dogma to the impassioned human desires out of which dogma had grown — began in it. His poetry which asked what was the aim of human life, what was the meaning of its problem, why the strife was so hard, and what was the use of it — and which asked this, not for the world at large, but for the individual in the world — began in it. His poetry, which determined to represent not what was common to human nature, to all men, but what was special in different types of humanity, and special to individual phases of each type, began in it. Moreover, there arose in it, as also in Tennyson — but in Tennyson it was less original, more on the model of past poetry — a new kind of natural description, or rather a new element in natural description, the subtle differentiation of which is too long to speak of now, but which is more composed, more invented, more infused with intellect, less drawn on the spot from nature, more surcharged with humanity, more passionate, more conceived in color less in line, more illustrative of the human purpose of the poem than had before arisen.

This novelty in the work, connected with the date, is full of interest. The last great poetry had closed about ten years before, in the deaths of Shelley and Keats. Both of them felt, but Shelley less than Keats, because he was away from England, that the world in which they lived was exhausted of beauty, interest, and excitement. There was none of that popular emotion which flowing from the minds and hearts of men kindles a poet and forces him into creation. The storm which followed on the Revolution of France had blown itself out, and Shelley, after in vain striving to excite himself with the struggle for Hellenic liberty, took to love-songs and metaphysics, while Keats fled back to Greece and to mediæval Italy for subjects. Then, in a dead backwater of exhaustion, pretty little poems of *pot-pourri* sentiment and *bric-à-brac* description, like those of Mrs. Hemans, delighted and enfeebled the cultivated world. But a new excitement which stirred the dead bones now came on England. The Reform movement was born,

the drama was given to Athens when Sophocles was so old.

and though the poets did not write about it, yet they breathed the atmosphere of passion in which the country lived. They were no longer forced to go to Greece and Italy to stir themselves into creation. They found their impulse in their own country and their own age. They took that excitement, and they changed it in themselves into an excitement on questions of the soul, of life, of human nature, of nature herself. The political ideal aroused in them the conception of a new spiritual ideal. The stir, the life, the battle in England did not become subjects which the muse could treat, but they awoke the muse from slumber and filled her with eagerness to do her own work; and as the ground temper of the world had changed since the time of Shelley and Byron, since it no longer looked backwards, but forwards, the work of poetry also changed, and looked also forward. But the new elements of the soul of poetry were all in confusion, mingled and tossed together like a sea in the centre of a hurricane, tumbling up and down, no ordered run in the waves — elements unable to be handled, seized, or isolated, their relations to each other unknown, their tendencies only guessed at, what they would be when crystallized as yet unimagined — so that we do not wonder at the tentativeness, the obscurity, almost the title of a poem like "Pauline." It is eminently representative of the fitful, strange, tormented, moody, wayward time; but, while we say this, we must remember that the trouble and fantasy of that time, its agony and waywardness, were not those of age, but of growth, not of an exhausted, but of a new-born period. Therefore their evil, in growth, would be eliminated — if the poet were true, and if his age pursued nobility. This was the case with Browning, and the growth was swift. In "Paracelsus," published two years later than "Pauline," in 1835, the vague thoughts of "Pauline" had taken clear form; the poet became master of his ideas, and gave them luminous shape; the waves ran in one direction before a steady wind.

Simultaneously with the political excitement and with the new poetic movement arose a theological excitement and a religious reform. It took two distinct shapes. One looked backward to find the perfection to which it aspired; the other looked forward to a like perfection. Both wished to bring religion home to the people, and the practical effect of both has been great. One was the movement which Newman led, and the other the movement which

Maurice led. The only thing I wish to mark in them was common to both. It was their passion, their eagerness, their sense that a new world was beginning, their indignation at the apathy of the age just behind them in all matters of the soul with God, of the nation conceived as having a duty to God. "Let us re-create theology and religious life as its form," they cried; and, what is more, they did that work.

This impulse, unlike the political one, could unite itself to poetry, and express its more ideal portion in verse. It was an impulse which had to do with the soul, with hopes, pleasures, and aspirations beyond the world, with the shaping of the right way of living, with nature, with the heart of man, and God. It was immediately taken up by Browning. It was not, save very slightly, taken up by Tennyson till 1842, when such poems as the "Two Voices" and the "Vision of Sin" appeared; till 1850, when "In Memoriam" concentrated all its questions round the problem of loss and sorrow. To Browning, on the contrary, the whole theological matter in its application to the question, "What is the meaning and the end of this life?" was always dear, and continued dear to him for more than half a century of work. In "Paracelsus" the way he meant to meet the problem and his view of it were clearly laid down, and from that view he has never swerved. What he said there, he went on saying in a hundred different fashions through the whole of his poetic life. In "Pauline" we have the same view, but unshaped, in broken bits, like elements in solution; uncombined, but waiting the flash of electricity through them, which will mingle them, in their due proportions, into a composite substance, having a clear form, and capable of being used for a distinct purpose. That flash was sent through the confused elements of "Pauline," and the result was "Paracelsus."

This is the history of the poet at his beginning in relation to the time at which he began. I have no intention of dealing with "Paracelsus," or with the wonderful world that was created after it. That were too large a task; for surely no other modern poet has had a greater variety than Browning within his well-defined limits. Nor can I attempt, in the few hours given me to write this article, to define the main lines of his work, or the main characteristics of his genius. That should be the result of some months of careful reading of his poems as a whole, and of careful

thought. It may be years, indeed, before we can stand enough apart from him, and from that deceiving atmosphere of the contemporary, to see clearly what he has done, to give it its just value, and to distinguish those powers and their pleasures which are unique in it, as well as useful for the growth of the imagination and the soul in man. The dead, who have been great, pass through a period of enthusiasm for their work — then of depreciation of it; and then from the balance of the two extremes arises at last the just appreciation which allots them their true place in the temple of poetry. Our grandchildren will know the judgment of time on Browning. Only one thing is quite clear. That judgment will give him a lofty seat and a distinct one; and I believe, if I may venture to prophesy, that, among the whole of the English-speaking peoples, and in proportion as they grow in thought, in spirituality, and in love of men and women, the recognition and the praise of the main body of Browning's poetry will also grow, and grow into a power the reach of which we cannot as yet conceive.

What I have yet to say will be taken up with "Pauline." That is a matter small enough to treat of in an article so necessarily occasional as this. Nevertheless, it has its own interest. Had "Pauline" been rejected from his works by Browning — were it as poor, as imitative, as the first efforts of poets commonly are, we should have no right to speak of it. But he has republished it; he felt there was stuff below its immaturity; he knew it was original and of its time, and that in the history of his poetic development it had a distinct place. It was crude and extravagant; "good draughtsmanship and right handling," he says himself, "were far beyond the artist at that time;" but he was right, though "with extreme repugnance and purely of necessity," in retaining it. It is valuable for the history of poetry, and it is valuable for the history of his own development.

It is a fragment of a larger design; of a poem which was to represent, as in dramatic contrast, various types of human life. Of these types, some were put aside, or worked up afterwards with other poems. "Pauline" is the presentation of the type of the poet.

It is remarkable that even at the age of twenty years Browning had chosen one of his methods, and chosen it for life. Even to his latest book he pursued this contrasted dramatization of characters, setting type over against type, and specialties of

the one type over against another, without, strange to say, any power of making a true drama. The character drawing is superb, but the characters do not clash or cohere to form a dramatic whole. They stand apart, like peaks in an Alpine range, each clear and proud, but the attempt to co-ordinate them fails. Here in "Pauline" we have the poet, but the poet in the confused, chaotic time of which I have spoken. We find him caught by love and hiding in his love from a past he longed to forget. He had sought wild dreams of beauty and good, strange, fair worlds, and the end was vanity. The past was dead, but its ghost haunted him and made him forever restless — the shame of failure, of hopes grown craven, was ever with him. Once he had "sung like one entering bright halls," but he had not been true to his aspiration. He had fallen, out of the enthusiasm which took him beyond himself, under the dominion of self, and all the glory departed. And a fine simile of his soul as a young witch whose blue eyes

As she stood naked by the river springs  
Drew down a god,

but who, as he sat in the sunshine on her knees singing of heaven, saw the mockery in her eyes, and vanished, tells, with much of the after-force of Browning, of how the early ravishment departed, slain by self-scorn that sprang from self-worship. Then he tells, in contrast with this, of the reverence and love he had, and which still survives, for one great poet whom he calls "Suntreader," and who may be Shelley, and this adoration at the root of his soul keeps him "not wholly lost." To strengthen this self-forgetful element, the love of Pauline has now come, and something of the old joy returns. A new impulse has arisen on him out of the universe. Let me take it, he cries, and sing on

fast as fancies come:  
Rudely, the verse being as the mood it paints.\*

This is the exordium, and it is Browning all over — the soul aspiring, the failure to realize the aspiration, the despair; and then the new impulse coming whence men know not, which bids the soul aspire again. It is failure, then, that makes growth possible, and bids man, uncontented, reach upwards to God, from whom the new impulse has come.

Then he strips his mind bare. What

\* A line which lays down one of the critical rules in accordance with which Browning wishes the metrical movement of his verse to be judged.

are his elements? he asks. The first is (and it is Browning's conviction concerning all men and women — the root of his clear impersonation of them in which he excels all modern poets) an intense and living personality, linked to self-supremacy, and to a principle of restlessness

Which would be all, have, see, know, taste,  
feel all.

But this would plunge him, "while confined in clay," into the depths of self, were it not that imagination also is there, and never fails — imagination which bears him beyond himself! With that there is also

A need, a trust, a yearning after God,

which forces him to see God everywhere, to always feel his presence, to know, even when most lost, that one beyond him is acting in him.

Of these, imagination, fed by ancient books and tales, made him creative, so that he *was* all he read of — "a god wandering after beauty," or

a high-crested chief  
Sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos.

Never was anything more clear than these lives out of himself, never anything clearer than what he saw — and the lines in which he records the vision have all the sharpness and beauty of his after-work.

Morn . . .  
On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea,  
The deep groves, and white temples and wet  
caves:  
And nothing ever will surprise me now —  
Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,  
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine's  
hair.

"Yet it is strange," he goes on, "that having these things — God in me urging me upwards, imagination making mine an infinite world, I should aim so low, seek to win the mortal and material, strive for the possible, not the impossible — even while there was, beyond all I could conceive of myself in God, 'a vague sense of powers folded up in me,' which, developed, would make me master of the universe."

But now, having aimed low, he fell into the sensuous life — and remorseful, sought in self-restraint peace — turning the mind against itself; but there was no rest gained thereby. For it is one of Browning's root ideas that peace is not gained by self-control, but by letting loose passion on noble things. Not in restraint, but in the conscious impetuosity of the soul to the highest, is the wisdom of life. A hundred after-poems are consecrated to this idea.

So, giving up that, the poet returned to song. But song alone did not content him. Music — the music of which Browning alone, with Milton, has written well, and the love of which appeared in this first poem — claimed him, and painting, and then the study of the great poets, in whom he "explored passion and mind for the first time;" till now his soul, fed at these great springs, rose into keen life; all his powers burst forth, and he gazed on all things, all systems and schemes, and heard ineffable things unguessed by man. Then he vowed himself to liberty, to the new world that liberty was to bring, where

Men were to be as gods, and earth as heaven.

All Plato entered into him; it seemed he had the key to life; his soul rose to meet the glory he conceived.

And then he turned to prove his thoughts, turned to

Men and their cares and hopes and fears and joys;

And as I pondered on them all I sought  
How best life's end might be attained — an end

Comprising every joy.

But as he looked the glory vanished, as if it were a dream dissolved by the touch of reality: —

I said 'twas beautiful  
Yet but a dream — and so adieu to it!

First went my hopes of perfecting mankind,  
And faith in them, then freedom in itself  
And virtue in itself, and then my motives, ends  
And powers and loves, and human love went last.

But, strange to say, this seemed his success; he had gained the world. As old feelings left, new powers came — wit, mockery, intellectual force, a grasp on knowledge; and they were his because that aspiration for the unknowable had gone. God, too, had vanished in this satisfaction, and in the temple where he had been knelt troops of shadows, and they cried — Hail, King!

Then, as the position given above is like that which Wordsworth relates as his, when after the vanishing of his expectations from the French Revolution he found himself without love but with keen powers of analyzing human nature — and was destroyed thereby — so the passage which follows, and which is exceedingly remarkable, is built on the same theme as that which Tennyson has used in the "Palace of Art:"

The shadows cry,  
"We serve thee now, and thou shalt serve no more!

Call on us, prove us, let us worship thee!"  
And I said, "Are ye strong! Let fancy bear me

Far from the past." And I was borne away  
As Arab birds float sleeping in the wind,  
O'er deserts, towers, and forests, I being calm;

And I said, "*I have nursed up energies,  
They will prey on me.*" And a band knelt low

And cried, "Lord, we are here and we will make

A way for thee in thine appointed life!  
O look on us!" And I said, "Ye will worship

Me; but my heart must worship too."

He is not yet, however, wholly lost in self. The plaguing which drove the soul in the "Palace of Art" into despair begins here in the felt necessity of worship. The shadows know that this feeling is against them, and they shout in answer: —

Thyself, thou art our king!

But the end of that is misery. His success is his ruin.

Still the effort to realize all success on earth goes on. "I will make every joy mine own, and then die," he cries; "I will be a poet whom the world will love, and find in that earthly love, satisfaction; I will have full joy in music, in old lore loved for itself; all the radiant sights of nature — all human love shall be mine. My fulness shall be on earth."

Yet, "when all's done, how vain seems all success;" the curse of decay and perishing is on it all. "And now," he cries, "that I love thee, Pauline, I know in touching the infinite of love, that I cannot rest in these successes of earth; I cannot accept finality:" —

Souls alter not, and mine must progress still;  
I cannot chain my soul, it will not rest  
In its clay prison.

It has strange powers and feelings and desires;

They live,

Referring to some state or life they live unknown.

Therefore he tries for the infinite — but still he will have it on earth. He will have one rapture to fill all the soul; he will have all knowledge. He will live in all beauty. He will have a perfect human soul which at some great crisis in human history shall break forth, and lead, and conquer for, the world. But when he tries, everywhere he is limited, his soul demands what his body refuses; every-

where he is baffled, maddened, falling short, chained down, unable to use what he conceives, to grasp what he can reach in thought. hating himself, imagining what he might be, and driven back from it into despair.

What does this puzzle mean? It means "this earth is not my sphere" —

For I cannot so narrow me but that  
I still exceed it.

"Yet," he continues, "I will not yet give up the earth. I have lived in all human life; it is not enough to satisfy the undying craving in me. Nature remains, and perhaps in her beauty I may find rest. I can live in all its life;" and, as he thinks, he is carried away by the passion of external beauty mingled with his love for Pauline. "Come with me," he cries, "out of the world," and there follows a noble passage of natural description clearly and subtly invented, morning, noon, and evening, with their colors and their movement, seen and felt as he and Pauline pass upwards through the changing scenery of a mountain glen; a passage full of many of those sharpened points of description in which Browning, all his poetry through, concentrates the sentiment of a landscape — and a passion of the whole rises till it reaches the height of eagerness and joy, when suddenly the whole fire of it is extinguished: —

I cannot be immortal, nor taste all.

O God, where does this tend — these struggling aims?

What would I have? What is this *sleep* which seems

To bound all? Can there be a *waking* point  
Of crowning life? The soul would never rule;

It would be first in all things, it would have  
Its utmost pleasure filled, but, that complete,  
Commanding, for commanding, sickens it.

The last point I can trace is, rest, beneath  
Some better essence than itself, in weakness;

This is *myself*, not what I think should be:

And what is that I hunger for but God?

My God, my God, let me for once look on  
thee

As though nought else existed, we alone!

And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark

Expands till I can say, — Even from myself

I need thee and I feel thee and I love thee;

I do not plead my rapture in thy works

For love of thee, nor that I feel as one

Who cannot die; but there is that in me

Which turns to thee, which loves or which  
should love.

Why have I girt myself with this hell-dress?

Why have I labored to put out my life?

Take from me powers and pleasures, let me  
die

Ages, so I see thee!

All that errs  
Is a strange dream which death will dissipate.

Beauty has risen on him again, he makes an end in perfect joy. "I believe," he cries, "in God and truth and love. Know my last state is happy, free from doubt or touch of fear."

This, again, is Browning all over. These are the motives of "Paracelsus," of "Easter Day," of "Abt Vogler," of "Andrea del Sarto," of "Waring" —

Oh, never star

Was lost here, but it rose afar!

of a hundred poems — motives wrought out with astonishing variety, in characters of men and women who loved nature and knowledge and art and love; motives consistently kept from youth to age, the child, in these, the father of the man; never better shaped, nor with greater force and individuality than at the trenchant and magnificent end of "Easter Day," where the questions and answers are like the clashing of sharp scimitars. Take the close, when driven from all earthly successes, and finding that to stay in them was to stay in ruin of the soul, he breaks forth: —

Thou love of God! Or let me die,

Or grant what shall seem Heaven almost!

Let me not know that all is lost,

Though lost it be — leave me not tied

To this despair, this corpse-like bride!

Let that old life seem mine — no more —

With limitation as before,

With darkness, hunger, toil, distress:

Be all the earth a wilderness!

Only let me go on, go on,

Still hoping ever and anon

To reach one eve the Better Land.

Out of the same quarry, then, from which "Pauline" was hewn, were hewn all the rest. The interest of this early poem is that the blocks are of similar shape to those which were afterwards used, and of the same stuff. But the stones, though quarried out, are only roughly hewn, unsculptured with ornament, not fitted to each other, lying as it were loose about the quarry — as indeed in the confused time at which the poet then lived they were likely to be.

It pleases us thus to see the first shaping of unorganized thought, *when* the thinker has afterwards built them into a nobly architected temple, when he has been faithful to his first conceptions and perfected them. Few have been so consistent as Robert Browning, few have been so true to their early inspirations. He is among those men

Who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish  
thought.

It is well, with this in our minds — it has been well, with a desire to realize this constancy of purpose and effort, to look back to his first book now that he has gone from us beyond the antechamber into the plenitude of the spaceless palace. Then we feel how steady, how fulfilled his life has been. Fifty-seven years of creative labor! When we think of that, we rather rejoice than mourn. Indeed, there is nothing to mourn for in such a death coming on such a life. It was a life lived fully, kindly, lovingly, and at its just height from the beginning to the end. No fear, no vanity, no lack of interest, no complaint of the world, no anger at criticism, no "villain fancies," no laziness, no feebleness in effort, no desire for money, no faltering of aspiration, no pandering of his gift and genius to please the world, no surrender of art for the sake of fame or filthy lucre, no falseness to his ideal, no base pessimism, no slavery to science yet no boastful ignorance of its good, no despair of men — no retreat from men into a world of sickly or vain beauty, no abandonment of the great ideas or disbelief in their mastery, no enfeeblement of reason, such as at this time walks hand-in-hand with the worship of the discursive intellect — no lack of joy and healthy vigor, and keen inquiry and passionate interest in humanity — scarcely any special bias running through the whole of his work, an incessant change of subject and manner combined with a strong but not overweening individuality which, like blood through the body, ran through every vein of his labor; creative and therefore joyful, receptive and therefore thoughtful, at one with humanity and therefore loving, aspiring to God and believing in God and therefore steeped to the lips in radiant hope; at one with the past, passionate with the present, and possessing by faith an endless and glorious future — it was a life lived on the top of the wave and moving with its motion from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age!

Why should we mourn that he is gone? Nothing merely feeble has been done, nothing which lowers the note of his life, nothing we can regret as less than his native dignity of soul. The imaginative power has varied through many degrees, as in all artists, but it never wholly failed, it never lost its aspiration, it never lost its pleasure in creation, it never painfully

sought for subjects. It was nourished by a love of beauty in nature, and by a love of love in man and of his wondrous ways, which was as keen in age as it was in early manhood. His last book is like the last look of the Phoenix to the sun before the sunlight enkindles the odorous pyre from which the new created bird will spring.

And, as if the muse of poetry wished to adorn the image of his death, he passed away amid a world of beauty and in the midst of a world endeared to him by love. Italy was his second country. In Florence lies the wife of his heart; in every city he had friends, friends not only among men and women, but friends in every fold of Apennine and Alp, in every breaking wave of the blue Mediterranean, in every forest of pines, in every church and palace and town-hall, in every painting that great art had wrought, in every storied market-place, in every great life which had adorned, honored, and made romantic Italy, the great mother of beauty, at whose breasts have hung and whose milk have sucked all the arts and all the literatures of modern Europe. In Italy he died, and in Venice. Sea and sky and city and mountain glory encompassed him with loveliness, and their soft graciousness, their temperate power of joy and life made his death easy. There is nothing which is not fair about his departure, nothing unworthy of him, nothing which leaves behind one trace of pain. Why should we mourn him? Strong in life, his death was gracious. Mankind is fortunate to have so noble a memory.

Nor has he left undone that which gives to us a further right to think happily of his death. He has left behind him a religious lore of life, based on faith in a life to come. It is well that both our greatest poets in England, that is, the two greatest men in all our modern England, men whose power will be ever young when every other name in the last hundred years will be with difficulty remembered — for the poet is the eternal power — it is well that both, in an age whose intellect and imagination have been so weakened by outside knowledge, that it has become unable or unwilling to see God, and has no shame in claiming utter death as the true repose of men — should both maintain for us the mighty truths of God's fatherhood and man's perfection beyond death.

In a material world, in a world which claims the reasoning of the understanding, apart from emotion, as the judge of all things, Browning never faltered in his claim of the spiritual as the first, as the

master in human nature, nor in his faith of God with us, making, guiding, loving us, and crowning us at last with righteousness and love. In a world, the knowledge of whose educated men is chiefly concerned with the knowledge of death, the passion of which is chiefly absorbed in gathering treasure which the moth and the rust corrupt, the ideas of whose upper classes are decaying, which fears the future and clings to the past as if the morning were there; whose culture is criticism, and whose outlook in life is too often the outlook of cynicism or sorrow or despair, for it sees nought but death at last as absolute monarch — this poet held up the blazing torch of life in God, of aspiration to that life, of an ineffable glory which was to fill humanity. He kept his contempt for hopelessness, his hatred for despair, his joy for eager hope, his faith in perfection, his pity for all effort which only claimed this world, for all love which was content to begin and end on earth — his reproof for all goodness and beauty which was content to die forever. It is a mighty legacy to leave behind.

And now Paracelsus has "attained."

If I stoop

Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,  
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,  
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.  
You understand me? I have said enough.

STOFFORD A. BROOKE.

From The National Review.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IT has become a commonplace — which is too often another name for a conventional insincerity — to say on the morrow of a great writer's, and especially of a great poet's, death that the "time has not come for any attempt to estimate the value of his work," or to "fix his future place in literature." In so far as this convenient platitude has encouraged criticism to abstain from the latter of these two undertakings, it has no doubt done excellent service. Any stock phrase deserves to be cherished which enables sensible men to disclaim with a good grace that ridiculous enterprise known as "fixing the future place in literature" of a recently deceased poet. The appeal to Time, moreover, is particularly appropriate in this connection, because Time, who was once thought to require this species of anticipatory assistance in the work of classifying departed

bards, is in reality excellently well able to dispense with it. He is in the habit of ignoring the suggestions of critical obituarists altogether, and of proceeding, in his own fulness, to fix the place aforesaid with an absolute indifference to the arrangements of any prophetic class-list which they have been good enough to issue for his guidance.

To this extent, therefore, the familiar commonplace to which I have referred is a truism of the most frankly self-evident description. Undoubtedly "the time has not come" within a week, a month, a year, a decade, for aught one knows, of a poet's death to determine what position that poet will hold in the estimation of his countrymen twenty, fifty, or a hundred years hence. But as an excuse for shirking the critic's ordinary duty of recording the total impression which the deceased poet's works have made upon him, and of endeavoring to determine how far it realizes a high, or the highest, ideal of what great poetry should be, the indolent dictum in question appears singularly inadequate. As a matter of fact, in the case of poems which have been long and largely studied, the time for performing this critical operation *has* in most cases distinctly arrived, as soon as ever it becomes certain that the work to be criticised as a whole can receive no further addition — a point as completely ascertained the day after the poet's death as it is when he has been twenty years in his grave. No doubt it is true that in the first freshness of our loss, the natural emotions of gratitude and admiration for whatever of supreme poetic excellence he has bequeathed to us may make it hard to exercise critical impartiality in judging of his work in bulk. True also it is, no doubt, that a poet's mere loftiness of intellectual stature may, when his commanding figure has but recently disappeared from view, be felt as a disturbing influence by those who would fain discriminate between his *generic* greatness as thinker and man of letters, and his *specific* power as poet. These however are, after all, rather subjective hindrances of the critic than objective difficulties of his undertaking. The occasion for criticism is not the less appropriate and opportune because minds of the less critical and more impressionable order feel unequal to availing themselves of it.

To defer the appreciation of the great genius and illustrious man of letters who has just been taken from us would be especially gratuitous, in that probably no poetic writings have ever been discussed



in the lifetime of their author with such fulness and earnestness, under their every aspect, intellectual, moral, and artistic, as those of Mr. Browning. It is impossible to suppose that any man qualified to form a definite opinion on its merits, and to give reasons for the faith that is in him, has either the judgment or its justification still to seek. If Mr. Browning had done nothing more than supply the minds of his countrymen with the invaluable stimulus which the endless disputes as to his genius and position as a poet have afforded them, their debt to him would be no inconsiderable one. But to have moulded the thought of an entire generation of the people of a great and highly civilized country is an achievement which it is hardly possible to honor in excess; and it would be as impossible to deny that Browning has done this as conspicuously for one department of national thought as Carlyle has for another. His work is related to the ideal life of the nation as Carlyle's is related to its practical life; and if his influence has not been wielded over quite so long a period as was that of the author of "Sartor Resartus," it has, on the other hand, extended over a more feverishly active time. Nor has its duration been by any means so limited as the newspaper obituarist, writing with a chronology of the poet's works before him and counting years accurately enough on his fingers, would have us believe. From "Pauline" (1835) — so runs his computation — to "The Ring and the Book" (1868), thirty-three years; from "The Ring and the Book" (1868) to "Asolando" and "Death" (1889), twenty-one years. That is to say, half a lifetime of "obscurity," and another half lifetime of "influence." It is an easy, a convenient, and a symmetrical way of mapping out Mr. Browning's career; but it is a little delusive. Perhaps one may be forgiven for suggesting that the period during which a great writer's effect upon the mind of his time is the most potently formative, and the most richly fertilizing, does not necessarily coincide with that during which his name has been rolled most frequently round the greatest number of human tongues; and that, except on this assumption, the beginning of Mr. Browning's influential period, as fixed in that chronology, ought unquestionably to be ante-dated by more than a decade.

How great his power in reality was in this era of what his young and too demonstrative devotees of the present day are accustomed to describe with superfluous indignation as his "neglect," I may possi-

bly fail to persuade them. There was no Browning Society in those days, and even the wisest virgin whom you took down to dinner was not then expected to pretend to understand, or even to have read "Sordello," as I presume to be *de rigueur* with even a foolish virgin nowadays; but the poet's audience, though fewer, was not, I venture to think, less fit, than it is at present. It was only in the drawing-rooms, where he is now so edifyingly popular and so intelligently admired, that Mr. Browning was neglected. Those years of his supposed obscurity, over which his latter-day disciples so elegantly lament, were, at least a full half of them, merely years in which his works and his fame had not yet emerged from the shades of the academic cloister into the light of the afternoon tea-party. Those of us who were born in the early — the very early — 'forties will remember what Mr. Browning was to them between 1855 and 1860, when "Men and Women" was his latest work. This was well-nigh ten years before "The Ring and the Book" first brought the poet — to use a phrase more odious in this connection than any other — "into fashion," and to those born at the date I have mentioned, the ten years in question determined the whole bent and direction of their intellectual lives. When to this one adds that it is by the men who passed from boyhood, through youth, into maturity during the period named, that the character of the whole generation which has succeeded it has been mainly fixed, it will be clear, I think, that the high-water mark of Browning's intellectual influence has been materially post-dated by contemporary commentators, and that the greater part of his solid and lasting work as a part of it is accomplished before he attained to popularity — the popularity of his later days — at all.

It is not, therefore, from his disciples of this most inspiritual and masterful period of his life that any undue depreciation of his poetic genius is to be apprehended. Black, indeed, would be their ingratitude if they could ever forget what they owe to him. Nay, who can he who ever can forget the poet, beginning — he may, of his intellectual awakening — the magician of his sixteenth, his seventeenth, or perhaps his eighteenth year, whose wand and incantations commanded and enthralled him onward and onward through early manhood, up to the very confines of middle age? Why, it would be far more difficult to forget, and certainly far more impossible to disparage

him, than it would be to forget or disparage that earlier enchanter of the senses and the impressions, that fairy prince of poetry, the touch of whose lips flashed life in an instant through every chamber of that sleeping palace — the imagination of youth! *He* may come from anywhere, and depart after his miracle with a step as light and swift as his kiss, leaving no trace behind. The stanza of the "Adonais," the strophe of the "Lotos Eaters," the sonnet of Wordsworth, or the ode of Keats, which first unsealed the eyes of boyhood, may be remembered by the man; but just as often it may not be. The magic is too sudden and too disturbing to the enchanted one to allow him to take much note, at the moment, of the magician. But the full intellectual awakening of youth by poetry is a slower process; it is one which admits of and in fact demands, a closer personal contact, and even, as it were, intimacy between the poet and his reader; and it leaves in consequence an infinitely deeper impression of the former's individuality upon the latter's mind. Those who have seen the world of human action and human passion widening slowly but awfully before their youthful eyes to the verse of "Pippa Passes;" those who from the pages of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" first studied the crisis of a great movement towards free thought, and imbibed new and deeper conceptions of the great religious problems of our time; those who, a dozen years later, but still in early manhood, were shown the mystery of iniquity in Guido Franceschini, and the wonder of purity in Pompilia, and the majesty of justice in Pope Innocent XII. — these can never forget the name and work of Robert Browning, or doubt or misapprehend his place in their lives. It never can be, it never will be again, with them, as though Browning had never been. His poetry has become a portion of themselves, his influence has become an indelible part of their lives.

Let thus much have been said in anticipation of, and in the hope of disarming, any cavil at what will have to be added. If the early admirers, the early disciples and followers of Mr. Browning have had less to say of late; if they have declined in the great majority of cases to swell the adulatory chorus of his later-day devotees; and if one of them ventures now to break the unison of laudatory voices with a protesting word, it is not that they or he are wanting in respectful admiration of the departed poet, and in grateful recognition of the imperishable services

which he has rendered to the intellectual life of the country. But unless a poet and a psychologist are one and the same thing, unless profound and penetrating studies of human character, wise and noble reflection on human life become poetry in right of their high matter, and independently or even in defiance of their imperfections of form; unless mere power stands for everything that goes to the making of poetry and beauty for nothing — then must it, I submit, be acknowledged that too much of what Mr. Browning gave us during the last twenty years of his life could hardly be described as poetry at all. That all of it, or most of it, has been as acute, as subtle, as incisive, as forcible as the best of the poet's earlier work may be readily admitted; but that it lacks the charm of expression, the distinction of manner which, when he chose to do so, he could impart to his poetic utterances, is a proposition which I imagine will hardly be denied. I am well aware that within a certain circle of his votaries it is deemed sufficient to insist — as it can, indeed, be insisted without fear of contradiction — that there has been no decline in the stimulating intellectual quality of Mr. Browning's work; and that he remained to the day of his death as great and as commanding a spiritual teacher of his countrymen as ever. But surely these well-meaning but injudicious eulogists might perceive that praise of this particular description, be it as high as it may be, could never of itself avail to distinguish Robert Browning's position from that attained before him in point of time, and beside, if not above, him in point of place, by Thomas Carlyle. Yet, unless prose and poetry be one, what sort of claim to poetic supremacy would that be which has to be formulated in terms as justly and as completely applicable, word for word, to a great prose writer? I do not say, I am far from saying, that Mr. Browning's claim to poetic supremacy is only capable of such formulation; but I do say that this is the form which it most frequently takes among the school who have constituted themselves the authoritative expositors of his work and the chief guardians of his fame. And I say, further, that the fact of their doing so, and of their dwelling with as much enthusiasm on these latter works, in which he shows himself the thinker only, as on the earlier ones in which the presence of the poetry was no less conspicuous than the weightiness of the thought, has been mainly responsible for any decline of poetic quality

which may have been visible in the work of his declining years.

The nexus of cause and effect is, indeed, too plain to be missed. Upon a man of Mr. Browning's intellectual energy and fervor, upon a preacher so full of his message and so eager for its utterance, the long-delayed experience which befell him when approaching his sixtieth year could hardly have failed to exercise a more or less disturbing effect. The situation in which he found himself when the appearance of "The Ring and the Book" at last made his poetry the literary vogue of the day, was something like that of the great Parliamentary orator who sees the deserted benches of the House of Commons filling with noiseless rapidity as he rises to speak. It is a situation full, no doubt, of mental and emotional stimulus, but far more conducive to copiousness of production than to perfection of form. That it stimulated Mr. Browning's creative energies to the utmost, a survey of his writings during the period in question will convince any one. If we leave out of the account the longest of all his poems, the four volumes of "The Ring and the Book," we shall find that the poems published in the last twenty years of his literary activity equal in bulk, and perhaps exceed in actual number of lines the whole of the poetic production of the previous thirty-three years. For this Mr. Browning, being human, had to pay the penalty. "Art is long," and the proverb, as I take it, refers not only to its acquisition but to its practice. Mr. Browning's poems suffered, and could not but suffer from the fact that they were poured forth, fused and molten as it were, from that magnificently heated brain, and presented to the public in the amorphous condition in which the mass had cooled. It is possible that on some men a comparatively sudden popularity of this kind might have produced a different, even an opposite effect, and that it would have lent energy to their perfective no less than to their productive impulses. But with Mr. Browning it was not so. We cannot exactly say, indeed, that the artistic spirit was wanting in him, or even that it was lower than the normal strength. On the contrary, it was, within the limits which he recognized and presented to himself, of extraordinary power. He worked on his peculiar line as a thorough artist, if ever man did; but the art which came naturally to him was not specifically that of the poet. He was not, he never had been, studious of the external beauty of poetic form. Had he been so, he must have run

his pen through scores, through hundreds of lines which he has allowed to stand. Command over the beauty of external form was a faculty which he was slowly acquiring at the moment when popularity overtook him; and from that moment, or so I think it must appear to an impartial judgment, he ceased to strive after it. That he was a real poet in the sense of having written real poetry will be admitted by every competent critic. But it will have, I fear, to be added that no poet so eminent as Mr. Browning has ever left behind him so large a body of brilliant, profound, inspiring literature, wherein the essential characteristics of poetry will be sought in vain.

H. D. TRAILL.

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From The Contemporary Review.

BRAZIL, PAST AND FUTURE.

AFTER a brief existence of sixty-seven years the last monarchy on the American continent has disappeared. It was founded in 1822, when the crown-prince of Braganza was made emperor under the title of Pedro I., whose reign came to an end in 1831, when he abdicated and retired to Oporto. His son, Pedro II., ascended the throne in 1840, at the age of fifteen, and wanted therefore but one year to celebrate his jubilee. As a constitutional sovereign he left little to be desired, taking no part in politics, and confining his efforts to the promotion of arts and sciences, and the abolition of slavery. But for the Paraguayan war his reign would have been an unbroken career of progress. Nevertheless, the growth of the republican movement has been no secret. It began in Rio Grande in 1835, when Garibaldi headed the Farapos, who were only suppressed after ten years of civil war. In our own time many prominent Brazilians declared openly their intention to proclaim a republic on Dom Pedro's death, and the emperor himself knew well that his grandson, the Prince of Parà, had no chance of the throne. The revolution, however, was probably hastened by the planters, in revenge for the law of May, 1888, abolishing slavery.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

BY virtue of the Treaty of Utrecht a monopoly of the slave-trade was conceded to England in 1713, and during the eighteenth century English merchants conveyed immense numbers of negroes from Africa to Pernambuco, Bahia, Santos, and

Buenos Ayres. In this manner the industries of Brazil became dependent on negro labor, and when Pedro II. ascended the throne, in 1840, the number of slaves was understood to reach two millions, or one-fourth of the population. Great Britain had, meantime, not only liberated the slaves in her own West India islands, but had undertaken an active crusade to prevent or abolish slavery elsewhere, and in 1826 a treaty had been signed at Rio Janeiro, prohibiting any further importation of slaves from Africa. It was not, however, until 1872 that a law was passed for the gradual abolition of slavery, whereby it was decreed that all children of slaves should thenceforward be born free, that certain revenues be devoted to the annual redemption of a number of slaves, and that slavery should utterly cease in the year 1900. This measure was brought in by Viscount Paranhos de Rio Branco, the prime minister, who was a natural son of Pedro I., and possessed the cordial sympathy and support of his half-brother, the emperor. The religious orders led the way by manumitting their slaves, and several private persons generously imitated the example. The planters, on the contrary, opposed the measure as far as possible, anticipating that the blacks, once emancipated, would do no more work, but let the coffee and sugar plantations fall to ruin. Nor was the government heedless of the danger of a labor crisis. In 1880 a special embassy was sent to Pekin, when it was arranged with Prince Kung to introduce 200,000 Chinese into Brazil, but the treaty afterwards fell to the ground. Redoubled efforts were then made, by sending "drummers" all over Europe with offers of free passages, food for twelve months, and free grants of land, which had the effect of attracting more than 100,000 Germans and Italians, no fewer than 131,000 emigrants of all nationalities landing last year at Rio and Santos. The planters, too, imported the newest and best agricultural machinery from the United States and England, for the saving of labor. Such was the position of affairs in May, 1888, when the princess-regent signed the law emancipating at least 1,300,000 slaves. In 1876 it had been found that 40,000 planters possessed 1,511,000, of all ages and sexes. My space will not permit me to discuss their treatment. I have seen at Rio Grande a female slave who was twice given her liberty, and who refused to leave her mistress. The lash, meantime, was common on the plantations, and many slaves com-

mitted suicide, and even killed their children, to avoid a life of hopeless toil and ill-treatment.

#### AREA AND POPULATION.

BRAZIL is about the size of Europe, some of its provinces being three times as large as France. The census of 1874 was as follows :—

Europeans . . . . .	244,000
Brazilian whites . . . . .	3,787,000
Free negroes . . . . .	2,291,000
Negro slaves . . . . .	1,511,000
Indians . . . . .	3,275,000

Europeans settle almost exclusively on the coast.\* There is in fact a strong vein of foreign blood at all the ports, as the names of many of the old families imply. The Dutch held Pernambuco in the seventeenth century. The French founded Rio Janeiro, where Fort Villegagnon takes its name from an equerry of Mary Stuart. Italians have been up and down the coast for two centuries. Germans are 70,000 strong in Rio Grande do Sul, and Scotch red-headed children are seen along the San Paulo railway. When we call to mind that Portugal banished all her Jews to Brazil in 1548, it is surprising how few there are; only a handful at Rio Janeiro. Portuguese is the dominant race, partly because the conquerors were of that stock, partly because immigration from Portugal has been continuous; thus, in ten years ending 1884, no fewer than 137,000 Portuguese settlers landed in Brazil. But in the next century it is possible the Germans or Italians, who have much more energy than Brazilians, may exercise paramount influence in public affairs.

#### BRITISH INTERESTS.

IN 1875 it was computed that 31 millions sterling of British capital were invested in Brazil, thus :—

Government loans . . . . .	£19,200,000
Railways, banks, etc. . . . .	12,000,000
Total	£31,200,000

At present it would appear that our investments reach 93 millions, of which 28 millions are in State loans and the rest in railways and other joint-stock enterprises. In the last fourteen years our monetary relations with Brazil have trebled, but they were until 1875 of very slow growth, seeing that our dealings with that country go

\* In Mrs. Mulhall's Travels in Brazil (Stanford, 1882), it is mentioned that we only met three Europeans in Matto Grosso, one of whom was Mr. Youle, a Scotch settler.

back more than 300 years. In 1530 a Brazilian king came to visit Henry VIII., and died, says Southey, on the return voyage. Mr. Pudsey built a factory at Bahia in 1542, John Whithall at Santos in 1581, James Purcell at Maranham in 1626, and John Dorrington started a mercantile house at Bahia in 1658. In the story of Robinson Crusoe, in the eighteenth century, Defoe alludes to the sugar plantations owned by Englishmen at Bahia and Pernambuco. In 1808 we find the English merchants of Rio Janeiro offering a sum of £1,200 sterling to the secretary of Princess Carlotta to obtain them permission from the viceroy Liniers to open branch houses at Montevideo and Buenos Ayres; they certainly held a great portion of the trade of Brazil in their hands, and still more so after the overthrow of Portuguese rule in 1822. At the same time Lord Cochrane and others lent valuable services in the Brazilian navy, and General Caldwell in the army. With the introduction of gasworks and railways in 1851, numbers of engineers and capitalists became connected with the country. Henry Law constructed the Ilha das Cobras docks, William Ginty the roads to Tijuca and Petropolis, while English companies were laying down the San Paulo, Bahia, and other railway lines, establishing banks all over the empire, putting steamboats on the internal waters, and developing the mining wealth of San Juan del Rey. Individuals, too, helped efficaciously in the onward march of trade; Proudfoot and Crawford at Rio Grande, Bramley-Moore at Rio Janeiro, Hugh Wilson at Bahia, Bowman at Pernambuco, Bennett at Tijuca, McGinity at Port Alegre; these and many others did good service.

#### PRODUCTS.

COFFEE is the sheet-anchor of Brazilian industry and wealth. Its cultivation was introduced by a poor priest in 1754, and Brazil now grows 60 per cent. of the coffee of the world, the crop in 1885 being estimated at 390,000 tons, against 163,000 in 1855. The plantations cover 2,200,000 acres, with about 900,000 million trees. In good years the crop is valued at 22 millions sterling, nine-tenths being exported. Sugar is the oldest industry, the crop averaging 300,000 tons, valued at £40,000,000. Cotton has declined of late years, the area being under 100,000 acres, and the yield from 30,000 to 40,000 tons of cotton-wool, worth about £1,500,000. The yerbaes or tea-forests cover ten million acres, the an-

nual product being 40,000 tons, of which one-half is exported, of the value of £500,000. India-rubber from the Amazon averages £800,000. The tobacco crop, from 100,000 acres, is estimated at 38,000 tons, valued at £1,400,000. Thus the total vegetable products make up about 30 millions sterling. Animal products are considerably under four millions sterling, and manufactures of all descriptions fall short of ten millions. There was a time when gold and diamonds formed principal products, when the viceroy's horse was shod with the glittering metal, but at present the total product under these heads is barely £400,000 a year. If to the foregoing we add the earnings of railways, tramways, gas companies, shipping, banks, merchants, professional classes, etc., we find the total earnings of the nation approach a sum of 70 millions sterling per annum. We see, therefore, that the wealth of Brazil is rather a figure of speech than a reality. The earnings and industries of the Argentine Republic in 1884 amounted to £62,300,000, with a population of only 3,200,000 souls, or one-third that of Brazil. In the one country the average is nearly £20 per head, in the other barely £6, but wealth is so congested in the latter that two-thirds of the population are extremely poor, while many of the planters have enormous incomes. There is some similarity between the condition of things in Russia and that in Brazil, neither country being at all as rich as its neighbors.

#### PUBLIC WORKS.

ENGINEERING has done wonders in Brazil, and the traveller is astonished at the signs of gigantic labor and persevering energy amid a people and climate suggestive of indolence. The first railway was made in 1851, by Baron Mauà, to the Organ Mountains, and was soon followed by the Pedro Segundo, a main trunk line with numerous branches, which passes through the most magnificent scenery, carrying two million passengers yearly. The Santos and San Paulo line, made by a London company in 1860, at a cost of three millions sterling, is another triumph of engineering, being carried over the Serra Cubaton at a height of 2,700 feet by means of four inclines of one in ten, up which the train is drawn by a chain. The Bahia and Pernambuco lines, also by English companies, were made about the same time. Several new lines are being constructed in the interior, one of the most remarkable being the Misiones and Rio Grande line, of which Mr. O'Meara

has recently opened some sections on the upper Uruguay. At the close of 1888 there were 5,300 miles of railway in Brazil in actual traffic, of which 4,200 miles had been constructed since 1877. Some of them cost over £30,000 a mile, owing to the tremendous natural obstacles of the route. The total outlay exceeds 100 millions sterling, about 1,300 miles having been made by government, including the Pedro Segundo line, and 4,000 by joint-stock companies, chiefly English. There are 7,100 miles of telegraph by land, besides cables along the coast, from the Amazon to Montevideo. Except Ginty's roads near Rio Janeyro there are few high-ways; distances are so great and population so sparse. The overland route from Rio Janeyro to Goyaz, for example, takes 120, and that to Matto Grosso 140, days. Nevertheless, all the principal towns have gasworks, schools, and other marks of civilization. The municipal hospitals of Brazil are some of the finest in the world, that of the Misericordia at Rio Janeyro receiving 14,000 indoor patients yearly. Schools are not yet sufficiently numerous, only 15 per cent. of children of school age receiving any instruction. Dockyards and arsenals are numerous and well-equipped, and many of the principal ports have been improved by Sir John Hawkshaw.

COMMERCE.

DURING his reign Dom Pedro had the satisfaction to see commerce quintupled, as shown by the official statement of imports and exports combined, viz. :—

ANNUAL AVERAGE.

	£
1836-41 . . . . .	9,900,000
1852-61 . . . . .	22,800,000
1872-81 . . . . .	39,600,000
1885-87 . . . . .	43,600,000

The fiscal system has, nevertheless, always been essentially bad, all successive generations of Brazilian economists being blind believers in the "balance of trade" theory, of the Dark Ages, and hence directing all their efforts to stimulate exports and diminish imports. They succeeded in their insane purpose, the exports being always largely in excess of imports, viz. :—

AVERAGE YEARLY, £

Period.	Imports.	Exports.	Surplus Exports.
1862-66	13,700,000	15,100,000	1,400,000
1872-74	17,200,000	21,400,000	4,200,000
1885-87	20,400,000	23,200,000	2,800,000

Trade is lamentably hampered by op-

pressive tariffs; customs-dues on imported merchandise in 1887 amounted to £8,400,000, or 40 per cent. of the value. Brazilian statesmen excuse themselves by saying that import-dues must form the bulk of the public revenue, but a good deal of the money thus collected is subsequently wasted in bounties to sugar mills, cotton mills, etc. It was stated in 1886 that some mill-companies had drawn heavy sums in government guarantees, without ever having turned out a pound of sugar or a yard of calico. Our trade relations with Brazil do not increase much; they amounted last year to £11,800,000, against £10,800,000 in 1878. Internal commerce depends chiefly on railways and rivers; the freight on the former, as Colonel Church truly observes, is often excessive, and the rivers traverse very thinly peopled territories. The itinerary of the Amazon Company shows a length of 22,000 miles, including tributary rivers, of which the Amazon has a hundred bigger than the Rhine.

FINANCE.

So much British capital is at stake in Brazil that it is necessary to approach this part of the subject with cool discrimination. The growth of revenue and debt is the first point for consideration, viz. :—

Year.	Revenue.	Debt.
1864	£6,100,000	£18,700,000
1874	11,200,000	72,100,000
1888	14,100,000	107,200,000

All South American financiers speak of increase of revenue as proof of growing prosperity and wealth, when it is sometimes the reverse, being simply an increase of taxation and poverty. Brazil depends so largely on her agricultural products that the value of her exports affords a fair measure of her wealth and resources. If, then, we compare the figures for 1888 with those of 1864 we find that in twenty-four years wealth and commerce have risen only 54 per cent., while taxation has increased 133 per cent., and public debt nearly 500 per cent. The increase of taxation is, in fact, mainly the result of growth of debt, the latter having risen £88,500,000 since 1864, which is accounted for thus :—

Paraguayan war . . . . .	£48,000,000
Railways . . . . .	26,000,000
Sundries . . . . .	14,500,000
Total	£88,500,000

The actual debt of 107 millions sterling is not excessive. The burden of taxation is, however, apparently as much as the

country can conveniently bear. We have seen that the sum total of Brazilian industries is hardly 70 millions sterling a year; the general taxation is, therefore, equal to 20 per cent. This is exclusive of local taxes, which are usually more than 50 per cent. of those of the nation, each province having its own customs-dues over and above what is collected by the imperial officials. Thus nearly one-third of the total earnings of the Brazilian people go in taxes, whereas in the United Kingdom we pay only 125 millions sterling a year out of a gross income of 1,260 millions, or about 10 per cent. In one respect, of course, the burden of taxation comes to be less felt in Brazil than elsewhere; one-half of the population consists of negroes, who have few wants or expenses, and whose labor, meantime, helps so largely to swell the national revenue. It is quite possible that Brazil could raise her taxation, if necessary, to 20 millions sterling, by simply reducing the income of the 40,000 planters on an average £150 each. As long, however, as the finances are carefully handled, there is no reason for any more revenue than at present. The taxes might even be lightened, if the bounties and guarantees on sugar and cotton mills could be abolished.

Perhaps it is better at present not to raise tariff questions that might cause feelings of rivalry. Let the new government go on in the beaten track, and be a little more liberal in land-grants to immigrants. The danger of a labor crisis is probably exaggerated. It is said, indeed, that the coffee-crop last year fell off by one-third, consequent on the abolition of slavery. Some confusion must be expected at first, but the country will rapidly recover its energies. The United States at present produce twice as much cotton as before the abolition of slavery; there is every reason to expect that Brazil will likewise increase her exports, especially as the influx of Italians, Germans, etc., continues unabated.

#### THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

WILL Brazil hold together, or break up into half-a-dozen republics? This is a difficult question to answer. Notwithstanding a residence of twenty-five years in South America, watching the ebb and flow of Brazilian politics, I dare not offer a prediction in the matter. Disintegration was the fate of Spanish America after the Independence; Mexico lost Guatemala and Nicaragua, Venezuela lost New Grenada, Peru was shorn of Bolivia, and the

vicerealty of Buenos Ayres saw the secession of Paraguay and Uruguay. This was partly the result of enormous distances between some of the old viceregal seats of government and their provinces at a time when railways were unknown. It took, for example, a mounted courier sixty days to ride from Caracas to Guayaquil, or from Buenos Ayres to Tarija or Tucuman, with an order from the viceroy to the local *intendente*. In later times there has been more or less of a centripetal tendency. We have seen the Argentine Confederation, in 1863, annex itself to the republic of Buenos Ayres, and a similar project in 1866 was narrowly defeated for combining the five republics of Central America under Guatemala. Even at present there is a party favorable to the annexation of Paraguay and Uruguay to the Argentine. It would be wrong, therefore, to suppose that all South American nations must split up into small fragments.

In the case of Brazil it is true we have the great difficulty of enormous distances, for it is much easier to go from Rio Janeiro to St. Petersburg than to Matto Grosso or Goyaz. Nevertheless, there is no reason why the republic should not administer those remote provinces as well as the empire did, and I think they were much better governed than some of the other parts of South America. At Cuyabà, 3,000 miles from Rio Janeiro by the only practicable route, the water one, I found a city as large and well built as Shrewsbury, and as well ordered in every respect. There were no iron bars on the windows, such as are common in the neighboring countries. It will be said, perhaps, that the remote provinces will be the first to throw off the yoke of the metropolis, but this is most unlikely, since they enjoy special favors and advantages. The people of Matto Grosso are allowed to receive European products free of all import-dues, and the treasury of Rio Janeiro maintains a monthly line of steamers from Montevideo to Cuyabà for their benefit. In those provinces which are exposed to attacks from Indians considerable garrisons are, in like manner, kept up by the nation for the protection of the inhabitants.

Nor must we overlook racial tendencies and traditions. Portuguese and Brazilians are more peaceable and orderly than Spaniards and Spanish Americans. There have been but two revolutions in Brazil in seventy years, and both have been bloodless. The people are patriotic and industrious, and despite of climate have made great progress, while preserving an envi-

able degree of security for life and property.

While I write, a telegram appears in the London papers that the province of Rio Grande do Sul desires to separate from Brazil and join the republic of Uruguay, which lies along its southern frontier. Such an event has long been predicted, and may come to pass. Rio Grande is not quite Brazilian as regards language, Spanish being commonly spoken, and German in the vicinity of Port Allegre. It cannot be forgotten, as I observed before, that the province made a determined effort in 1835 to secede from Brazil, and was aided by the republic of Uruguay, whose forces were led by Garibaldi, the struggle lasting ten years. It is, therefore, quite possible that the Rio Grandenses should now seek to coalesce with their old friend and ally. Commercial interests may also tend in that direction, the railway system of Rio Grande and Uruguay being already one, and apart from that of Brazil which terminates at Santos.

In case of Rio Grande joining the republic of Uruguay, the port of Montevideo would probably become its chief outlet, by means of the Northern Uruguay Railway, now rapidly pushing forward its rails to Bagé. The port of Rio Grande is inaccessible to ocean steamers, its bar being dangerous even to small craft, while Montevideo receives sixty European steamers monthly. Pelotas is the industrial centre of Rio Grande do Sul, having large *saladeros*, where a million head of cattle are annually slaughtered and salted down, for exportation to the West Indies. The province possesses great pastoral wealth, the natives being the best horsemen in South America, and akin in tastes and pursuits to those of Uruguay.

Supposing that Rio Grande secedes from Brazil, this would mean a loss of 140,000 square miles, and 480,000 inhabitants — that is, 4 per cent. alike of area and of population. But we must not count heads only, the Rio Grandenses being the finest people in Brazil, with a mixture of 70,000 Germans. The loss of such a province would be greater than that of Bahia or Pernambuco.

It is, however, far from certain that Rio Grande desires to secede. The *fazendeiros*, who own estates of vast extent, will hesitate to join with Uruguay, a republic which had twenty-six revolutions from 1864 to 1887. They care nothing for the triumph of Blancos or Colorados at Montevideo, however the advanced repub-

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3556

licans, mostly shopkeepers, may call out for the union. Neither will the 70,000 Germans vote for the Uruguayan annexation.

Perhaps the wish is father to the thought when I say that the probability is in favor of Brazil holding together. Every day that passes lessens the danger of disruption, and Brazilians know well that the good opinion of the outer world largely depends on their keeping the even tenor of their way, as they have done for seventy years in the past. M. G. MULHALL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

*Author.* Well, you have read my MS., tell me frankly what you think of it.

*Publisher.* It is excellent, full of interest of the highest order; the historic incidents are most graphically described. I have read few works which show deeper research and a higher appreciation of the stirring events of the period you describe; to me it seems admirable.

*A.* I am delighted to hear this, and with your name on the title-page, it will be a success.

*P.* Excuse me, I have only given you my opinion of the book; I did not say that I would publish it.

*A.* What do you mean?

*P.* I mean that my opinion is *quantum sufficit*, just what it is worth as an individual opinion; as a publisher I have to consider the public taste, and I fear a work like yours would have little chance of success. There are two styles of literature which are popular just now; with the public anything connected with mental processes of thought, of involution, evolution, metaphysical, analytical disquisitions, — all the subtleties and mysteries of science, the more unintelligible the better; or it must be a startling novel, a nineteenth-century Mrs. Radcliffe style, the shilling thrilling volume of sensational incidents, worked up by the pen of a ready writer, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," — this is what succeeds; but a work of culture and thought, men or women either have no time to read, or at any rate no time to appreciate. I am sure we should not dispose of a hundred copies of your book.

*A.* That's not encouraging, but I agree with you. Literature in its high and elevated sense is quite neglected; people



seem to have, as you say, no time for reflection, only for feeling. We move at railway speed; and then there are the competitive examinations, which fill and weaken the brains of half our youth, and the other are swept onward by the whirl of political or social life. So I perfectly see the force of your observations, and so far as circulation goes, I may as well throw the MS. into the fire.

*P.* That is the worst use you could make of it; there is still an interest in writing for the few. There are always some who retain their classic tastes, and whose presence would have been welcomed in society half a century ago, when no man could play a part there unless he was the possessor of mental acquirements. I admit they are rare now, but the approval of the intellectual minority is worth having.

*A.* As you say, the cultivated minds are few compared with what they were even in my younger days, for we somehow did manage to combine the student and the society life. Then you must remember that we lived in the time when the memories of the great literary giants were still fresh in the minds of men,—Scott, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Hallam,—what a list I might name!—had just passed away. The classics were not considered useless studies. In the occupation of time, not what would pay, but what would elevate the mind, was chiefly considered. An Oxonian told me the other day that all the historic standard works are left unread on the shelves of the Bodleian now, and no one cares for them.

*P.* You allude to college life. The change must be as great in all social life since you first entered it.

*A.* Talk of the Jubilee! no change during the last half-century has been greater than the changes in social life. You made a very true remark just now, that no man could fill a space in society fifty years ago unless he possessed intellectual qualifications; a dandy, even, required something more than stage properties to obtain and to maintain his position.

When wits and courtiers sought the same resorts.

All courtiers wits, and all wits fit for courts.

The extravagances of dandy life have been widely told; but these vanities were merely the ripple on the surface of superior merit. I have always heard that Brummell, who, in the time of the Regency, was the great leader of fashion, the chief of the dandies, was the possessor of

great gifts of tact, of knowledge, of memory, and keenness of perception. "Had Brummell," writes a great authority in those days, "been nothing better than an elegant automaton, he would never have acquired the influence that he decidedly obtained; he would not have enjoyed the society of clever men; neither would they have thought it worth their while to bestow a word upon him, even in their moments of relaxation. But the reverse was the case. His acquaintance was not limited to men of fashion only—it comprised a great portion of the most intellectual men of the time; and at what period of our history was there such a constellation of genius?" And Lord Byron writes: "I liked the dandies; they were all civil to me. I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at five-and-twenty. I knew them all, more or less, and they made me a member of Watier's (a superb club at that time), being, I take it, the only literary man, except two others (both men of the world)—Moore and Spencer—in it. Our masquerade was a grand one; so was the dandy ball too."

I will take the men I have personally known, of a far later date—Count d'Orsay, Lord Cantilupe, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Alvanley, Sir George Wombwell, Sir Henry Mildmay, Ridley Colborne, and others. They were all men of excellent accomplishments, and dress was the least part of their merit; they understood the value

of employing  
Some hours, to make the rémnant worth enjoying.

They were always welcome guests, not only in fashionable but in grave political circles. To be a man of the world, was to be a man above the level of ordinary men. Count d'Orsay was a brilliant leader of the dandy class—strikingly handsome, of a splendid *physique*, a commanding appearance, an admirable horseman of the Haute Ecole school. When he appeared in the perfection of dress (for the tailors' art had not died out with George IV.), with that expression of self-confidence and self-complacency which the sense of superiority gives, he was the observed of all. Add to this his real accomplishments—a sculptor, an excellent artist, and the possessor of a happy faculty of seizing the expression and drawing an admirable likeness in a remarkably short time. A collection of the *habitués* of Gore House was published by Mitchell in Bond Street, and had a large sale.

*P.* In fact, there were Admirable Crichtons in those days?

*A.* Very much so. Men took great pains with themselves — they did not slouch and moon through life ; and it was remarkable how highly they were appreciated by the crowd, not only of the upper but the lower classes. I have frequently ridden down to Richmond with Count d'Orsay. A striking figure he was in his blue coat with gilt buttons, thrown well back to show the wide expanse of snowy shirt-front and buff waistcoat; his tight leathers and polished boots; his well-curved whiskers and handsome countenance; a wide-brimmed glossy hat, spotless white gloves. He was the very beau-ideal of a leader of fashion. As he rode through Kensington and Brompton he excited general attention. I was greatly interested in noticing the admiration with which he was regarded. What sentiment such an appearance might excite at the present day I cannot pretend to say, but at that time the effect produced was unmistakable; they stared at him as at a superior being.

*P.* Like Beau Brummell, he must have possessed higher qualities than even those you have mentioned.

*A.* He had certainly a great self-command, and most of all, great kindness of disposition. If he were *sui profusus*, he was never *alieni appetens*. He was lavish in his generosity; if any merit claimed kindred at Gore House it had its claim allowed. He possessed, moreover, that great quality, as I say, of self-command; this enabled him to bear his own burden in life without inflicting the history of his sorrows on others. During the latter years of his residence at Gore House, he could only leave it from midnight on Saturday until the same hour on Sunday; at all other times his creditors were on the watch to seize him. On Saturday after twelve he was to be seen at Crockford's, always gay and smiling, as if he had no anxiety or fears. During the week-days I sometimes passed the afternoon with him in Gore House gardens, and never on any one occasion did he allude to his misfortunes. He bore in his conduct testimony to the wisdom of Jaques Roux, who says: "Happy he who mortifies the bitter pleasure of calling out at all that hurts and pains him! he will be at peace with others and himself." This reserve I call true courage, and the count possessed it in the highest degree. Even cruel ingratitude, which in general embitters most dispositions, failed to arouse in him any

feeling of indignation. At the time I speak of, the late emperor Napoleon resided, when Louis Napoleon, near Gore House, where he spent all his time. When, in 1850, the Gore House establishment had to be broken up, and its occupants went to Paris, they naturally expected that the president would have shown them all possible kindness. On the contrary, he treated his old friends with coldness and indifference, and the count even then never complained. Lady Blessington did not practise so much restraint. A good *mot* is told of her, when the president on some formal occasion asked her, "Vous pensez rester à Paris très long temps, milady?" she replied, "Et vous, monseigneur?"

Doubtless it was difficult for the president, after Count d'Orsay's prolonged self-imposed exile from France, and occupying as he did a very large space in a very important circle in English society, to place him over the heads of those who were more ostentatiously connected with him, and who had been associated with all his schemes; but still, he should have remembered that Gore House was for a long period a real home for him in his time of anxiety and disappointment, when there seemed to be little chance of the realization of his ambition. Count d'Orsay painted a charming picture of Lady Blessington as she presided over the nightly reunions of all that was most eminent in literature and politics and social distinction. Her face at that date was still beautiful, and she dressed with the grace beyond the reach of art, which sets off those advantages that survive even the lapse of time. It was a lesson for us of the younger generation to observe the grace with which the *grands seigneurs* bent the knee as they kissed her hand, and then addressed her beautiful niece, Marguerite Power, with such courteous words as bring "the smile to beauty's lips and light to glorious eyes." Count d'Orsay was always rich in epigram and amusing anecdote, pleasing every one in turn by some kind remark. If any young member of Parliament had made any trifling success in the House, D'Orsay was sure to have heard of it, and to say, "Mon cher, comme vous avez bien exprimé cette idée." The occupants of Gore House bore testimony to the truth that the charm of all manner must come from the heart.

*P.* Did the count die in Paris?

*A.* Yes. Lady Blessington did not long survive the change from her charming home and *entourage* to a new society, and

after her death the count pined away, — he had no object in life or interest left. When at last the president did offer him the place of directeur des Beaux Arts, he was unfit for any work. I visited him at that time, and found his room all hung with black curtains, the bed and window curtains were the same; all the souvenirs of one so dear were collected around him. It was most sad. There are moments and scenes even in early youth in which we are deeply impressed with the nothingness of all worldly things; such a scene and such a moment was this to me.

*P.* It must have been a painful sight! You spoke of Crockford's. Was not that a very pleasant club?

*A.* It was indeed the beau-ideal of a club. The notion that any man of large fortune was at once elected a member in order to pluck and pigeon him, was quite absurd. A novel was written at the time I speak of called "Crockford's; or, Life in the West," which was about as true a representation of the life and manners of that time as "Lothair" is of the present. The fact is, it was very difficult for any one, however well known or highly considered, to be elected to Crockford's. The number of candidates being out of all proportion to the vacancies, a man of large fortune and good birth was, *cæteris paribus*, more widely known, and so far was preferred to a person with not the same credentials; otherwise success depended on personal qualifications. It cannot be said that the club was independent of play, for it could not have been kept up in such a luxurious style without play; but many a member never entered the play-room. It was at the end of a long suite of magnificent apartments. The custom, if members like myself partook frequently of the supper and never played, was at the close of the season to throw a ten-pound note on the play-table and leave it there. But that was really conscience-money; no one inquired, asked for it, or perhaps even noticed it.

*P.* These must indeed have been delightful *noctes cœnæque*.

*A.* We shall never see their like again. During the Parliamentary season, supper was provided from twelve o'clock to five in the morning — and such a supper! Francatelli was *chef*. I rather think he received £800 a year. But there was every dish and drink that could gratify the most fastidious taste; and night after night were met there all those who were noted for any superiority, intellectual or personal. Politics, literature, art, fashion,

rank; the wit, the courtier, the poet, the historian, the politician, were found at the table. It was frequently a tilt of freshest wit and clever repartee. There every night after the House of Commons might be heard the sparkling epigrams and wit of the party whips, Henry Baring and Ben Stanley, rivals in social as in political life; there might be seen that *arbiter elegantiarum*, Mr. Auriol, whose good luck, appetite, and appearance obtained him the name of "Crockford's Ugly Customer." There the great leaders, who, like Charles Fox, "in retreat laid their thunder by," would meet on neutral ground, forgetful of all party objects in the good-fellowship of mutual enjoyment. The dandies of course mustered strong; and there, as I have remarked, Count d'Orsay generally every Saturday night was seen, and again on Sunday night until half past eleven, when he left, so as to reach Gore House before the Cinderella hour of twelve, where he would not unfrequently find some of those who were so anxiously for his society waiting at the gates; but he was safe until the last stroke of twelve.

*P.* Why was such a pleasant resort ever broken up?

*A.* In consequence of the report of the Gambling Committee of the House of Commons, of which I was a member. Lord Palmerston was our chairman, and he did all in his power to save Crockford's, on the ground that the play was fair, credit was seldom given, and that anything was preferable to private play. The sequel has proved how correct he was. This was a most interesting committee. All the keepers of the various gambling-houses, the bonnets, touters, and accomplices, were examined, and startling revelations were made. One episode in the course of the examination of witnesses amused us very much. Some important turf authority was in the witness-box, and Milner-Gibson failed to obtain any distinct evidence from him. Then Lord George Bentinck tackled him, and he at once gave us full information. Milner-Gibson was very angry. "Why do you reply to Lord George," he asked, "and not to me?" "Because his lordship knows what he is talking about, and you don't." The whole report of that committee is well worth studying as a picture of the turf and the gambling circles of fifty years ago. But all the chairman's efforts failed to save Crockford's. The committee recommended that on the declaration of two householders the police should be empowered to enter any house where public play was carried on. Very

shortly after the report of the committee the required declaration was made, and the police at once acted upon it. In vain it was declared in court that the club existed independent of play, that the gaming was carried on in another part of the establishment. The magistrates decided against it, and it was at once closed. The anticipations of Lord Palmerston proved to be correct; for since then private play has greatly increased, and has led to very painful results.

*P.* So there was an end of these festivities?

*A.* An end of the play and of this pleasant life. But a supping club was started in Piccadilly, called the Coventry; it was not, however, the same thing. It was easy to succeed Crockford's, but not to replace it. The Coventry dragged on a lingering existence. There was not the same desire to belong to it. Coventry House was very near the old famous club Watier's.

*P.* The centre of the old dandies you have been talking of?

*A.* Exactly; it was their headquarters. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, then Lord Gwydyr, was chief of the dandies. This great friend of the prince regent told me how important the dandy class of society was, not only socially but politically; so much so, that at the coronation, when there was great fear of disturbances in consequence of the queen's expressed intention of presenting herself at the Abbey during the ceremony, George IV. was in a state of great anxiety, and he sent for Lord Gwydyr to ask him what was the feeling of the dandies; who replied, "It is not favorable to your Majesty." "I care nothing for the mob," exclaimed the king, "but I do for the dandies!" and asked Lord Gwydyr's advice. Lord Gwydyr suggested that to keep them in good humor it might be well if his Majesty invited them to breakfast somewhere in the vicinity of the Abbey on the morning of the coronation. The king acquiesced. A grand breakfast was prepared in one of the rooms of the House of Lords, and the king regained all his popularity with the dandies.

*P.* You spoke of the private play which followed on the closing of Crockford's; but surely, from all you have heard, much larger fortunes were lost formerly than have been lost in recent days?

*A.* That is quite possible; but I can understand that the results were not so bad when playing against a public bank. With a public bank there can be no personal quarrels, no bitter feelings awak-

ened. A man loses his money; there is an end of it. No one can be personally reproached or suspected; there is no hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness afterwards; there are no ties of affection and friendship broken. This was Lord Palmerston's contention. No doubt immense fortunes were squandered at Crockford's, and the high play and high living were attended with the saddest results. I have been told on unquestionable authority that several of the members of Watier's Club committed suicide. I myself can recall six or seven of that set (Watier's was closed before my time) who did so. It must have been a life of intense excitement, and the nervous system could not stand it. Moreover, in those days hard drinking was the custom, and weakened alike both mind and body.

*P.* Did you see much of Louis Napoleon at Gore House?

*A.* Constantly. He was always there. The strange thing is that the Count d'Orsay, who was such a remarkable judge of character, had no opinion of the prince's ability. "C'est un brave garçon," he used to say, "mais pas d'esprit;" and he smiled when the prince used to speak of the possibility of his return triumphant to France—a conviction which he always possessed. At the time of the vacancy of the Greek throne it was suggested that the prince might be an excellent candidate for the succession; if elected, he would have been so with the good wishes of France and England. This was Lord Palmerston's idea; but when the prince was sounded on the subject he declined at once, and privately explained that all his hopes were centred in France. He had such implicit confidence in the future, that he used to say to his cousin the Duchess of Hamilton (Princess Marie of Baden), "Marie, when I am at the Tuileries I shall make such and such changes;" and she would reply, "I wish, Louis, you would not always talk like this—people only laugh at you." Even when he was leaving Paris for his prison at Ham, he turned to the officer who commanded the guard of Chasseurs drawn up on the platform of the station, and expressed his intention of changing the uniform of the regiment. He was a regular fatalist, like his uncle with the sun of Austerlitz.

*P.* Louis Napoleon really liked the English?

*A.* Very much so. I recall a dinner at the Elysée. We were about thirty English and the same number of French. After dinner, when, in French fashion, we

all rose to leave the table with the ladies, the president said, "No, no, we follow the English fashion to-day;" so to the astonishment of all the establishment wine was put on the table, and we remained about an hour after the ladies. He was always very kind to the English and grateful for the attention he had received, except, as I have said, in the case of Lady Blessington.

P. You young men who had a fair start must have had a good time of it in those days.

A. We had indeed. I was early in public life, and the political youth of the nation filled a large space in men's minds then; the leaders greatly interested themselves in the young generation. It was not only in political circles that we were welcomed, but all the *salons* were opened to us; and there were *salons* then such as can never exist again. The influence of highly gifted women, pre-eminent by birth, education, and manners, is lost, I fear never to be renewed; and even if it were possible to renew the past, female influence would not be the same under the present conditions of society. In the interest of high culture and breeding, this is one of the most to be regretted changes in the last half-century. How I recall the kindly, genial presence of Lady Jersey, the warm greeting of Lady Willoughby de Eresby, the perfection of Lady Palmerston's manner, the charm of Lady Tankerville, who combined English frankness with all the grace of the house of Grammont! It was indeed a distinction to be received into any of these houses. It was the time of select *recherché* dinners, and such *petits soupers* as those recorded in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's epicurean verse:—

Oh, think when the long hours of parting are  
past,  
And we meet with champagne and a chicken  
at last.

At this time Vauxhall existed. Large parties met there and returned to supper; all was hospitable and genial, but there was no vulgar extravagance. *La famille Juive* and *la famille Benoiton* were not admitted even into the outer halls of those houses, which they have now supplanted with the combined forces of wealth and vulgarity, and have changed refinement and good taste into a race of expenditure, when all things are valued by their cost and not their merit. Few of the present magnates of society could have been seen at Almack's, which temple of fashion the

great ladies I have named presided over, and without whose voucher no one could gain admission. Almack's was the portal to that select circle of intellect and grace which constituted the charm of society. The great ladies then received in the early evening *la prima sera*, immediately after dinner, without any special invitation, all their inner circle. It was the hour of pleasant companionship and lively talk, when wit and politician mingled with the beauties of the day. Alas! even now as I write, the last of those *grandes dames* has passed away; Holland House will be a thing of the past. I never recall what is called the London season, even as it was in my youth, without thinking how forms and habits survive the spirit which originated and animated them. We have a London season now, but how different from the season of fifty years ago! Lord Willoughby said that in his dandy days the inner circle of society certainly never exceeded six hundred, and no one could enter it unless with the approval of the great ladies; even the young men were taken round and duly presented to them before they were invited within the sacred circle. The real object of the season was to give the youth of the aristocracy occasions for meeting; and it rarely happened that any young lady of consideration passed two seasons without having the opportunity of settling for life. There were no railways to invite incessant change. Once established in town, families remained there; the same society met on every public occasion, and each individual was thoroughly known to all the others. Now there is the same idea of a season and of society, but *quanto mutatus* thousands of people crowd into the West End; the publican and Jew have jostled the aristocracy off the stage of London life. It is the hour of the speculator, the schemer, the stockbroker. They reign supreme; there is no time or opportunity to cement acquaintances; the old order has passed away, and the new order leaves everything to be desired, and year after year only adds to the long list of failures and disappointments on the part of those families who cling to a tradition which is nothing but a name.

P. Surely the ladies you mention must have possessed far greater merits than those associated with mere fashion. You say they were highly accomplished; but even fashion and accomplishments cannot explain the vast influence they seem to have exercised.

A. This is true. I will take Lady Jer-

sey; from her earliest youth she had played a great rôle in society, and was proficient in the qualifications which constitute its charm. An admirable linguist, all foreigners found a home in Berkeley Square. She possessed the special knowledge which rendered her society agreeable to literary men; and her keenness in politics placed her at the head, as it made her house the centre, of attraction to the then Tory party. At the time I knew her she was at the zenith of her popularity. Her personal influence was remarkable. Whenever she travelled she met with exceptional attentions. I remember when she arrived in Paris she was received like royalty by all the directors of the *Chemin du Nord*; and when she visited the Louvre the galleries were all lit up, an honor only paid to royalty. She moved with a kind of regal dignity, as if she felt herself to be the queen of society. What an acquaintance she had among the celebrities of the day! She frequently expressed regret that she had never kept a list of those who had dined with her since she first lived in Berkeley Square. Their very names would have been an interesting record of the past. Byron was a frequent visitor there. She told me that after his separation from Lady Byron, when he left the seat he had occupied next her at the end of the room, the ladies who approached her lifted up their dresses that they might not be polluted by touching the floor where he had passed, so strong was the feeling against him. It certainly required a great deal of self-denial to fill such a position as Lady Jersey's. One thing, she could rarely go out at night; indeed, she always dined at home, and had a table for ten or twelve every day. Her intimate friends had the privilege of writing their names down at the house, and dining there whenever there was room. Of course, this kind of life was very expensive; so, independent of popularity, prestige, and rank, other qualifications were indispensable for a lady of fashion. Lady Jersey's name recalls to my memory one who was widely known, and as widely appreciated and loved. Let me pay this tribute to Lady Clementina Villiers, the light of her home and of the society she adorned. Some one remarked to Lord Jersey, "No one was perfect." "There is one who is perfect — there is Clementina," was his reply. Her very presence lent a charm to all her surroundings. Leading the gay life of the London season, she found time for many accomplishments, and serious studies. Needless to say how many suitors she

had, amongst them being the Duke d'Ossuna,\* pleasant, agreeable, sixteen times grandee of Spain. He renewed over and over again most magnificent offers; and he really was attached to her, for a friend who long resided at Madrid told me his palace at Madrid was full of drawings of Lady Clementina. She was indeed a pearl which he hoped he had found in his path in life; but he pleaded in vain. What infinite grace and charm she possessed! Well I remember when there was to be a grand fancy ball at the palace, when it was intended to introduce the minuet, how we daily practised the steps in Berkeley Square under the direction of the *fleur des poix*, the young gay Prince Talleyrand. Then Augustus Stafford wrote a graceful stanza, with which all sympathized, for Lady Clementina:—

May every hope and every joy  
Combine to make thy lot  
As tranquil as the minuette,  
And as gay as the gavotte.

Alas! it was not to be. Lady Clementina went abroad to Germany in 1858, and died there. I was told that she had a singular foreknowledge of her death when she left her home never to return.

In the sunset of life there is mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.

P. This was very sad; but tell me about Lady Palmerston. Do not you think that Lord Palmerston owed much to Lady Palmerston, and that her great popularity and hospitality was of much use in his relations with his party?

A. There is not the least question that Lady Palmerston's dinners and receptions kept the party together. She was a perfect hostess. Except the first Lady Granville, I have never seen any one possessed of so much tact, and, on great occasions, courtesy. Lady Granville's manner was consummate acting; she had not only a word, but *the* word, to say to all her guests. When ambassador in Paris she was always looking beyond the person she was actually receiving, and preparing for the next. Never was ambassador more popular. But Lady Palmerston's frank and genial manner really came from the heart. She was grateful to her husband's

\* The Duke d'Ossuna represented the magnificence of the old Spanish grandees. During his prolonged absences, his palace at Madrid was kept up as if he were resident there—establishment, stables, and a daily table for twenty, at which his *major-domo* presided. He had eight chateaux or palaces maintained in the same condition, and as many more which only required a few days for preparation; and all this time he lived in a small apartment in Paris.

supporters, and her welcome was the expression of her affection for, and pride in him. No leader of a party ever had a more efficient helpmate than Lady Palmerston proved herself to Lord Palmerston.

P. What do you say to Mrs. Disraeli — I beg her pardon — Lady Beaconsfield?

A. Yes; she was certainly his "guide, companion, counsellor, and friend," and Lord Beaconsfield fully appreciated her sympathy and devotion. He always said that he owed everything to her. But she never attempted a *salon*; hers were entirely domestic qualities. As the wife of a great leader and minister she had little influence on the party; in fact, was very little known. Lady Palmerston was entirely devoted to the object of confirming the wandering in their adherence, and winning over opponents. Many a difficult crisis has been averted by Lady Palmerston entering the room at the suitable moment, and in her charming manner insisting on the discontented or disappointed one accepting her gracious hospitality. She possessed the power of making each visitor feel that he was the guest she delighted to honor; and thus her receptions were highly appreciated, and were of incalculable benefit to the party. Lord Palmerston was also admirable in his tact and manner. It was ironically said of him by an old diplomatist, "Lord Palmerston is an excellent foreign secretary, he has so many pleasant social vices." One thing is certain, he had remarkable social qualities, he was keen in observation, with a *curiosa felicitas* of expression, — a consummate actor. An old friend who was recalled from an important but distant legation and appointed to an inferior post in Europe, came to me the day of his arrival in a state of indignation that he had never been consulted about the change. "I shall go at once to Carlton Gardens and let his lordship know in unmeasured terms what I think of his abominable conduct; afterwards I will return and tell you the result." He did return; and I said I hoped he had not minced the matter with the minister. "Plague confound the fellow! I never could say a word." "What do you mean?" "Why, I sent in my card and was kept in the dining-room — while he was, of course, arranging the scene; for no sooner was I shown into his study, than before I could utter a word, he rushed up, seized me by both hands, — 'My dear, dear friend,' he said, 'I rejoice we have you back amongst us; you exchange barbaric life for civilization; all your friends are so glad to welcome you.'

'My lord, I am surprised,' I struggled to say. 'Not a word, not a word! here is Lady Palmerston. My dear, welcome your old friend home; he is one of us again. He will dine with us to-day — won't you? We must keep you, now we have got you back. I am off to a Cabinet. Lady Palmerston, get our friend to tell you some of those anecdotes which used to delight us; I leave him in your care. Good-bye — *au revoir*, at eight o'clock,' and so he rushed out. I am engaged to dine, and have lost my chance!"

He possessed great epigrammatic power. Some one remarked there was no difference between occupation and business. "Why," he remarked, "the French are in occupation of Ancona, but they have no business there." He defined a deputation as "a noun of multitude, signifying a great many, but signifying very little." He certainly had the art of keeping in office, hence the lines:—

Full many a government I have known  
For now twice twenty years,  
In every one I see the name  
Of Palmerston appears.

But yet I would not rashly blame,  
And pause ere I condemn;  
Did all these rat to Palmerston,  
Or Palmerston to them?

His vanity gave occasion for many a joke; there was one, the parody on Goldsmith —

When some gay viscount old and jolly,  
Thinks that his hair becomes too grey;  
What art can chase the *tempus molle*,  
What art can drive his years away?

The only art his years to cover,  
To hide his age from every eye,  
And be the young and tender lover  
We used to know him, is to *dye*!

He might have been classed among the dandies I have mentioned.

Lord Palmerston possessed great readiness and tact. A friend of mine wished to obtain a consular appointment for a relative — this was before the introduction of competitive examinations. "Too happy to serve you," said Lord Palmerston. "Call to-morrow and I will see what can be done." The next day he proposed a consulship of £600 a year in Asia Minor. My friend was delighted. But as he was leaving the room, Lord Palmerston called out, "I will have the papers sent for you to sign." "What papers?" "Why, you are aware that whoever recommends a consul, is made responsible for all the money that passes through the consul's hands." Need

I add that there was an end of the transaction, for the relative was fond of play, which Lord Palmerston well knew.

*P.* What was the meaning of the feud between Urquhart and Palmerston? You must have known Urquhart.

*A.* Intimately; and a remarkable man he was. His relations with Lord Palmerston were curious. I forget what was the original cause of Urquhart's hatred of Palmerston; of one thing he was certainly convinced, that he (Lord Palmerston) was in the pay of Russia, and betrayed the interest of England. The thing was absurd; but Lord Palmerston did not like it, and was very glad when Urquhart had the opportunity of bringing forward his indictment in the House, when, as was expected, he entirely failed to substantiate any of his charges. From that moment the "faith as it was in Urquhart," as the *Spectator* styled it, visibly declined.

*P.* Had he not a large following?

*A.* Very large indeed. There were a great number of persons, and these men of ability and consideration, who regarded Urquhart as a prophet—as the founder of a new dispensation. His was a strange career. He was secretary at Constantinople during Lord Ponsonby's embassy; he then adopted quite the Oriental life, and his influence entirely superseded the ambassador's. This led to violent scenes, and Urquhart was recalled; this was in the reign of William IV., who became acquainted with Urquhart, and at once was subject to his influence. Had the king lived, that influence would have affected any government. At this time "The Portfolio," a collection of documents on foreign affairs, was edited and written by Urquhart. It produced a great sensation in the diplomatic world; not alone by the new light it threw on many political and social questions, but from the keen observations and ability of the writer. It contained from time to time passages of singular beauty and remarkable foresight. I remember when he foretold our terrible Afghanistan disasters of 1841, he wrote (I quote from memory): "I warn you in this midnight of your intoxication a day-dawn of sorrow is at hand; and although my voice is now raised in vain, and my words find no responsive echo in your hearts, they will sink into your spirits when they are broken and subdued by misfortune." His chief work—"The Spirit of the East"—possesses great merit. He was entirely master of the Eastern question; and on his own evidence, like the poet, he wandered east-

ward, not "now and then," but in his daily life. His house at Watford was an Eastern palace, with a Turkish bath (for it was Mr. Urquhart who introduced Turkish baths into this country), which in luxuriousness was inferior to none in Constantinople. Here Mr. Urquhart passed much of his time writing and sipping sherbet, with the thermometer at 140 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit. The repasts consisted of piloffs, kabobs, Indian curries, and sauces. He expended all the fortune he inherited, and the large sums he received from his many followers, on missions and couriers to all parts of the globe. Through him the world was to be renewed. Never was a greater instance of how faith in one's self can affect others. Although he has long passed away from public life, his memory survives among many who are interested in foreign affairs. The foreign affairs committee of Newcastle, and in many large towns, still exist, and have not lost faith in their great master, with whom they were always in constant communication. Numerous deputations arrived from these local bodies, to ask advice as to candidates for Parliament, or for an opinion on the important foreign question of the day. Woe betide the individual who presumed to differ from, or wrongly interpret, the oracle!

Lord Houghton tells us in his melodious verse:—

Westward roll the orbs of heaven,  
Eastward turn the thoughts of men.

Every thought of Urquhart turned eastward; he could trace the influence of the East in the most trifling incident—each thought was Oriental. One morning he called on me accompanied by a tailor; he was to be the best man at a wedding, and wished for my advice as to his costume for the ceremony. There was a Scotch plaid lying on a chair, and the tailor, a little, sallow, sharp-nosed man, happened to take it up, and threw it over his shoulder. Urquhart paused in the discussion, as to blue frock-coat or blue dress-coat, gilt or plain buttons, looked at the tailor, went to him with an exclamation of astonishment, seized him by the arm, and said, "Sir, you are an Eastern." "A what, sir?" said the astounded man. "An Eastern,—an Arab. No one without Eastern blood could have worn a plaid in that way. What's your name?" "Jones, sir." "Your Christian name?" "Abraham." "Exactly; I was sure it was Eastern. I don't care what your name is,—Jones, Potts, anything you like,—you may tell



your family that they may call themselves what they like; but they are Arabs, they come from the East, and they should be proud of it."

Urquhart invited me for two days to—I forget the Eastern name he gave his house at Watford, by the river-side—but he added, "if you come early you can take a bath." I was not greatly tempted to take, as I supposed he intended, a dip in the Thames; but I left early, and reached the house about ten o'clock, where I was received by two servants in Oriental costume, who salaamed as they showed me into the drawing-room. "Family all in bath," said one. "All in the river!" I exclaimed. "No river, no river, sahib! in bath." It seemed an extraordinary reception, still more so when a small child, with only a little linen cloth on and all dripping wet, entered the room, made a low salaam, kissed my hand, pressed it to his forehead, and said, "Papa and mamma leave bath soon," and then ran away. What it all meant I could not imagine, never having heard of this Eastern life and Turkish baths; but presently the two Orientals again appeared, threw open the folding-doors at one end of the room, and a procession such as was seldom seen in the West, appeared. It was headed by Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, in turbans and large white sheets, fringed with gold embroidery, thrown over them. They were followed by three or four young men in similar costumes, only not quite so magnificent. These, I learnt subsequently, were the private secretaries; then followed a large retinue of servants, some still in a very moist condition. No word was spoken. Urquhart saluted me in Eastern fashion, said in a solemn voice, "Breakfast will be ready in an hour," and the pageant passed on. This delay brought it to half past eleven. I had plenty of time to admire the beautiful furniture of the rooms, mostly of Eastern production. When my host and hostess returned they were in ordinary dress. At length, to my great relief, breakfast was announced, and I found myself recalling my young life in Smyrna. Except that we were given knives and forks, we might have been eating in an Eastern bazaar. After breakfast the bath mystery was cleared up, for through the folding-doors I was shown into a beautifully furnished boudoir. This led at once into a room lined with white marble, inlaid with gold work. Here were seats with embroidered cushions, there were tables covered with goblets such as Benvenuto Cellini would not have de-

spised. I may say that this description was the result of subsequent observation; for when first the heavy crimson velvet *portières*, which separated it from the boudoir, were drawn aside, I was completely overcome by a rush of hot air. "I forgot," said Urquhart, who observed my astonishment, "you are not accustomed to a Turkish bath."

"I never have even heard of it."

"Well, it will be a new life, a new revelation for you. You think this hot; why, it is only 140. I sit for hours in this at 180 degrees, read, write, and sip sherbet. I undertake to say that any invalid, no matter what his ailment or his age, put in here for a couple of hours at 180 degrees, he would leave all his maladies in the bath, and come out fresh as a youth. Now you will try it?"

"No, I thank you."

"To please me?"

"Not even to please you. I am glad to have seen it, for it recalls my early Eastern travel, and certainly seems the perfection of luxury." Then we passed on to what my guide called the cooling room. This really was delightful—a gentle warmth of temperature, divans placed all round it, amber-mouthed pipes inviting the bather to soothe his nerves. In all these rooms there was a subdued light, such light as half conceals the grace which it reveals. It was admirable in the combination of richness and good taste. I could well picture the Sybarite existence of the man of deep and earnest thought dreaming his dreams in such an epicurean calm; for *silence* was written up in large letters. So here the recluse or student might indulge the *dolce far niente*; and it was evident that all who came within the influence of Mr. Urquhart were bound to go through this process of purification. Seeing that I had no faith in the virtues of the bath, we passed from the bath to the garden.

Here was seen another proof of his wonderful energy and thought. From far and wide visitors who knew nothing of Mr. Urquhart and his eccentricities, or, as his disciples called them, his mysterious qualities, came to see his strawberries; they were exceptional in size and flavor. This result was achieved by digging trenches six feet deep, filling in four feet of any refuse, even dead leaves, decayed branches, then covering this with two feet of soil, and between the rows of plants placing slates so as to preserve the heat engendered by the decayed substance. The effect was remarkable, although it

must be said that others have tried a similar process in other parts, and the result has not been equally satisfactory; but his attention to gardening proved the remarkable versatility of mind of my entertainer, and walks, shrubberies, and flower-beds were all kept in perfection of order. Here we strolled, and Urquhart gave me most interesting information on the Eastern question, which was shortly to be discussed in the House of Commons. His knowledge of treaties, of all matters connected with the influence of Russia in the East, was very great, and his remarks were interspersed with amusing anecdotes. I listened with rapt attention, as if I were a disciple of his school. Now and then I ventured a remark; but before my sentence was concluded, he would stop me with "I know what you are about to say, but first let me tell you *par parenthèse*, so and so." In vain did I try to edge in an observation; on went my host in one roll of interesting matter, clothed in eloquent language. At last my attention was exhausted, and I suggested an adjournment.

"We have had a delightful talk," said Urquhart, "and really it is refreshing to find any one so well informed on these questions. I agree with most of your views." As I had not had the opportunity of expressing any opinions, Mr. Urquhart's imagination must have been very vivid. The dinner was in the same Oriental style as the breakfast. While we were at table a secretary announced the arrival of a deputation from one of the foreign affairs committees.

"How long have they been here?"

"Two hours."

"Have you shown them all over the grounds?"

"We have shown them everything, sir."

"Well, I shall not be ready to receive them for nearly two hours more. Is the bath well heated?"

"One hundred and sixty degrees, sir."

"Put them into the bath!" And so, to their astonishment, these political pilgrims, who had never heard of a Turkish bath, found themselves suddenly plunged into an atmosphere of torrid intensity; nor less must they have been surprised at the evidence of Sybarite luxury in the life of the preacher of the new dispensation. When Mr. Urquhart was ready for the interview, we assembled in the large hall; the deputation was courteously welcomed by Eastern observances—for one of Urquhart's creeds was that hand-shaking was one of the results of a degraded civiliza-

tion. After the question was asked on what particular subject they required information, Mr. Urquhart let forth with a knowledge and volubility which was in no degree diminished by his morning's exertions. Treaty after treaty was quoted with an amount of detail perfectly astounding, denunciations against Palmerston rolled forth in unlimited flow. "What," he asked, "must be the errors and weaknesses of a nation when a traitor like Lord Palmerston is enthroned in the highest place, and governs this great people?"

Unfortunately for the perfect harmony of the interview, one of the deputation ventured to remark, "There is one point you have mentioned, Mr. Urquhart, on which I presume to differ from you."

"What!" shrieked out Urquhart, amid responsive groans of indignation on the part of the establishment, "What! do I hear you differ from me? Why, sir, you come to learn here, to have your contemptible ignorance enlightened, to sit at my feet and listen; and you differ from me! Are you mad?" and so saying he rushed at the trembling culprit, seized him by the collar, shook him, while the three friends tried to assist him, and adjured Urquhart to forgive the outrage. "He never meant this, Mr. Urquhart; he only asked for a little more information."

At last the great man was appeased, and quiet restored. The lecture continued to a late hour. When I was shown to my bedroom I found a bedstead and blankets, but no sheets and pillows. "Is this my bed?" I asked.

"Of course," was the reply; "what is the matter with it?" for my surprise was apparent.

"Why, there are no sheets or pillows—"

"Sheets and pillows! Well, my dear fellow, I am disappointed in you. I was just congratulating myself after all you said this morning, on having at last found in the younger generation a man who was superior to the contemptible ideas of what is called civilization. Sheets and pillows! Why, sir,"—and here his voice rose to the oratorical pitch—"do you imagine our forefathers in the days of England's greatness, before men like Palmerston were permitted to drag on a guilty existence,—do you suppose they cared for sheets and pillows? It is this miserable, contemptible luxury that is the ruin of England. Sheets and pillows! Well, I did not expect this of you. Our bed is on the floor with blankets; our children's the floor without blankets. However, as

my guest you shall have sheets." And then there was a great disturbance in the household. At last sheets were brought, but they must have been taken direct from the water-tub, for they were so wet that Mr. Urquhart had his own way, and I had to roll the blankets round me and wait for day.

*P.* What connection was there between civilization, Turkish baths, and Palmerston's supposed Russian intrigues?

*A.* Urquhart's theory was, that a nation must be in the last state of decline to admit of the existence, much less of the rule, of such a "criminal" as he styled Lord Palmerston, — rather a far-fetched conclusion, even if his premises were correct. But Urquhart did not care for logic, he demanded faith, what, as I have said, the *Spectator* styled the "faith as it is in Urquhart," one article of which was that only those have enlightened minds who have clean bodies — hence the introduction of the Turkish baths. He found devoted adherents amongst the ablest men. Monteith of Carstairs, one of those who at Cambridge were styled the Twelve Apostles (amongst whom were Tennyson, Hallam, all men of distinguished ability), entirely believed in him as the Saviour of Society.

*P.* Was the Monteith you speak of the son of Monteith of Carstairs, who received Sir Robert Peel in 1835 in Glasgow?

*A.* Yes; it was on the occasion of Sir Robert's election as lord rector of the university. I can remember the sensation Sir Robert created when he visited Glasgow. A great banquet was given him, and his speech, like his inaugural address, was a noble effort, and produced a deep impression; but I recall a passage which gave occasion for a great deal of parody and amusement. Sir Robert described how he travelled through Scotland, "not in a luxurious post-chaise, but on a humble but faithful steed." Lord Lytton in his admirable satire, the "New Timon," says, —

Now on his humble but his faithful steed  
Sir Robert rides, he never rides at speed.

Old Mr. Monteith was very proud of having Sir Robert as his guest on this important occasion. Mr. Monteith was a very remarkable man — one of the last of the city magnates, in the days of tappit hens and Glasgow punch — of shrewd sense and great benevolence. His son, the late Robert Monteith, came very early under the Urquhart influence, and was one of the most considerable of his disciples.

Urquhart never moved without a tribe of secretaries and clerks. His correspondence was enormous. I have always been surprised that some portion of it has not been published; it would throw light on a great many diplomatic negotiations.

*P.* I can well imagine his papers to be of great interest. And now you must let me say that you have told me a great deal which interests me. If you will allow me to publish what I recollect of your reminiscences, they will prove far more acceptable to the public than any historic essay. And why should you not continue these recollections of the past in a future number of *Maga*, if we find that my readers sympathize with my view?

*A.* Willingly. I will find the memories of the past if you find the readers.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
A LUMBER-ROOM.

It discovers an altar to an unknown god, — humanity in ignorant worship of time. It offends us at the same time that it fascinates; we approach it in impatience; we descend from it with lingering, in dust and tears. As in a vault we look round; we dare not transpose or remove. Our memorial chapel is an attic where grandpapa's crutches touch the long, sloping roof, and the moralities are inscribed on a sampler, traversed by mystic signs. Our religion is betrayed in our attachment to the obsolete; the four-post bed in its mouldering uselessness awaits the final trump. Not without hope of ultimate restoration have these rusting fire-irons, this dilapidated furniture, been confided to the custody of the mildew and the moth. Neither are trophies of our mortality wanting. We preserve, as in a crude catalogue, records of our ancient sickness or necessity. We cannot destroy the leading-strings of our own childhood; and what of the knobbed stick, the pad, the crutch? Gratitude still leans on these; the horn spectacles, that have ceased to lighten the eyes of our ancestors, dim our own. The nearer an object has lain to life the keener it penetrates our sympathy. A pipe, a ragged purse, a stained palette, a carving half blocked-in, any broken instrument, engage us more than objects stamped with the estranging impress of remoteness or achievement. The globe once habited by gold-fish, the empty bird-cage, even the tenantless mouse-trap, distress us. Instinctively we moralize. Divines

exhort us to an examination of conscience, and we turn a deaf ear; the conscience is too close for impartial survey and censure. Neither must remorse, which is old conscience, be adverted to. A past to which we are attached either by prejudice or voluntary affection impedes and constricts us. In a lumber-room we conduct the scrutiny of our dead selves without embarrassment; we stand aloof, observe and remember.

Yet why generalize, why speak of lumber-rooms, when it is of one we are thinking,—the many-nooked attic in an old-fashioned farmhouse, where two rosy-cheeked children played in winter on a floor strewn with store-fruit and ripening damsons? It had been revealed to them that, if a certain curious hair trunk were opened, with due rites and at propitious hour, the dolls they had fondled, lost, forgotten, and after many days desired with tears, would suddenly be discovered lying bright and uninjured as on the day of gift. A warming credulity crept through me as I listened to details of the anticipated reunion. We discussed the toilettes of lost favorites that "suddenly as rare things will, had vanished," the oddities and infirmity of others taken from us by violence or disaster. We recalled the lovable traits of creatures fallen to decay through ill-usage or neglect. We named them by name—Zinga, the Only Son, Antoinette. Everything was ready; faith flowed to the brim of the event. Had the Child Christ been there, immediately must that hair trunk have yielded up its dead. I remember the chill of heart with which I heard that nothing had been found. There was some quiet weeping on the attic stairs, then all reference to the lost generations ceased. The number of these small children of the resurrection was to have exceeded fifty. Great must have been the depopulating of the imagination!

For the tradition of a millennium, a return of the goodliest creatures that have sojourned with us, is exciting and recurrent, and will never be banished from the hospitable human heart passionate to entertain its heroes. The past must return to us, and something more than the past—the past and our joy in meeting it again. It cannot be that King Arthur and Barbarossa have taken leave of us forever. We want to walk the earth with them again; they kept us in tune; they dispersed the influences that made life spiritless; they set a-ripple the current of our days; let the saints break through to an alien Paradise; the children of earth guard in their

hearts everlasting welcome for such as have founded human happiness on worldly triumph, earthliness, pomp, and far-spreading revel. We build monuments to the men who have given order to life; to those who have given color we render warmer homage; we ask for them back again. We believe they are stored for us in some cavernous lumber-room of earth, and, returning, will one day cast a processional majesty on life. We have not the courage of the children; we dare not lift the lid of the hair trunk that contains our hopes; we enshrine them, and let no man approach with unreverent feet. For we are tempted to call mystic what we shrink from discovering, equally with that we are impotent to penetrate. Awe of contact with intolerable power operates more rarely than fear of exposing emptiness in retaining us in an attitude of worship.

Belief in a millennium, as we have suggested, may justify the more honorable contents of our lumber-room, some hope that one day they may be reunited to the glory of the ball-room and the banquet; but what shall we say of the objects stowed away in its lowlier corners, the homely, discarded things an elder world esteemed beautiful, buried by us out of sight with revolt and a struggling shame; or, it may be, the creatures of our own caprice, the fad, the extravagance of an hour, the ephemeral display, the relic of a season's finery that instead of rotting with last summer's leaves continues to grin on us from an obtrusive peg? Why did we not give these things to the elements? What prompted us to preserve them? Has the savage, we cry in our irritation, his lumber-room as well as his idol-chamber? Does he revere his rubbish and his gods? We respect the squirrel's instinct to hoard nuts. What animal, even of the more sober Scripture kind, has been known to retain and consecrate its tarnished weapons, its frayed garniture, or forsaken cell? Is then this habit of storing a spiritual habit of which we may be proud, or one for which a future architect will make no provision? As we reflect on the great lumber-rooms of the world, on the difference in quality between the warehouse and the museum, our conclusion visits us as a smile; had man destroyed universally, instead of discarding, had he never learnt to spare that from which his vital interest was withdrawn, antiquity would not now be lying about us as the hills round about Jerusalem, protecting us against those gusts from chaos that sweep across the plain of time.

One of the peculiar and moving attributes of lumber is its persistency. We are forever confounding it with rubbish, but rubbish is ephemeral lumber and not worth a thought. Lumber incommodes us, the grim fostering it requires is burdensome; rot, that woody rheumatism, may infest its bones; it has need of air, in certain cases of light and warmth. Yet it does not reward our solicitude. The indefinable grace of length of days, a shadow as from the under-feathers of time's wing, rests over it; its corporeal presence is disconcerting. Our respect for it is mingled with admiration of our own long-suffering. Comfort, luxury, convenience, counselled its removal; it owes its conservation to a lenient reliance on the hereafter. Its "patient continuance" in uselessness impresses us. For how strong is the impulse in living things to get done with themselves when their best is accomplished! "The flower fadeth" — in that is its happiness. The pathos of life lies, not in its transience, rather in its survival of beauty, its monotony, its instinct for the formation of habits. It is natural that the blossom should scatter and the leaf drift. We suffer with the withering flowers that linger, the uncomely creatures that cannot remove, the things that corrupt and do not find a grave, that alter, and yet wane not nor slip away. If a traveller, roving our northern coasts in November, turn from one of the inlet coppices of its cliffs, silver with the curled-up meadow-sweet and gold with wide-floundered fronds of blemished bracken, to the bare winter sea, he will learn the harshness of imperishable life. The great water lies as under a spell, stricken by its impotence to suffer change, to abandon itself to the passionate, capricious misery of the wind. It is sick of its own monotony; the currents of summer sunshine withdrawn, it would fain grow old, break up, and perish. Its tides heave in lethargic revolt against the oppression of their own routine; eternity clings to it as a fetter.

It were not difficult to ponder till one pondered oneself into the paradox that nothing is useful till it has lost its use. From the moment anything is put aside its leavening potency begins. Our awe of the dead springs in part from the sense we have of their being no more subject to life's daily wear and tear. We think of them in the perfect employment of perfect leisure. Again it is the lumber on old faces that attracts us. The reason we feel so keenly the loss of even a commonplace,

old acquaintance is that with him is destroyed so much of old-fashioned experience, philosophy fallen out of repute, and inconsequent religion. Evidence harasses us, tradition consoles. To-day is for the craftsman, yesterday for the artist. We cannot reverence what we are ever handling. The sculptor sees his work as it will be when it cools into immortality. He who would attain distinction in the use of speech must have knowledge of the undisturbed, monumental languages. The England we touch and converse with to-day is not our country. Our country is where the moth and worm corrupt, on the battlefield, and in the crypt.

Precious as we have proved our unprofitable effects, we can by no means unreservedly maintain that all things fallen into discredit should be harbored in hope of future spiritual authority. We must discriminate between dead and lively lumber. Dead lumber is that which, before it became lumber, fatigued and disgusted us; lively lumber is that which in its pre-lumber stage gave us interest and delight. What once genuinely excited us may be spared, so only it pertained not to controversy; for controversy, as St. Paul points out, should set before close of day. But any work of art, utensil, instrument, or paper that has depressed or wrought us evil, should, when its term is over, be obliterated cleanly as by flame. Though we would deal tenderly with the pious practice of, as it were, providing almshouses for our infirm and unserviceable chattels, it has, like other gracious customs, its abuse; we hoard documents less than intimate, and more than official. "On ne peut écrire que les choses *dures*; quant aux choses *douces*, elles ne peuvent s'écrire et ce sont les seules choses amusantes." Truth, Marie Bashkirtseff! the only amusing things, and of them, though you affirm they cannot be written, your own journal affords delicious examples. In correspondence "les choses *dures*," should be consigned to the waste-paper basket; "les choses *douces*" to the pigeon-hole. We should be able to recur to favorite passages in our letters with the ease and familiarity with which we turn to favorite passages in our books. Instead of this possession of our friends' luminous suggestions and happy eloquence, we crowd our drawers with manuscripts that will never be handled till they are flung by impatient hands in basketfuls on the furnace.

To judge of this habit of accumulation in its fondness and extremity, we must

take cognizance of it in the amassments of a lifetime, when the secret places of cabinets and bureaus expose black profiles no delicate personal recollections can tint; miniatures of ladies who open on us the full sweetness of their wide, shining, trustful eyes; locks of hair, alas! not the shade of auburn of the miniatures, a cloudier brown, yet lovable in their strong-fibred curl, baffling and beautiful tokens! We cannot interpret; we should be more at home among the catacombs. From this cynical thought we, guardians or distributors of the worthless treasure of the dead, are recalled by the manifestation, 'mid official files, of a packet curiously corded with flushed ribbon, giving glimpses of a handwriting intricate as fine trellis. Love-letters, modernity! We have reached the heart of our mystery. Our "dark tower" is upon us. We attain the very essence and underlying reality of rubbish in a packet of yellow love-letters. Whether we read them or not matters little. They are the sacred writings, the civilizing scriptures of mankind. We do not open a Bible when we come upon it in foreign characters in a heathen land. We touch it and give thanks.

MICHAEL FIELD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST.

**KAMAL** is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,  
 And he has lifted the colonel's mare that is the colonel's pride;  
 He has lifted her out of the stable door between the dawn and the day,  
 And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.  
 Then up and spoke the colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:  
 "Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"  
 Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:  
 "If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know where his pickets are.  
 At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into Bonair —  
 But he must go by Fort Monroe to his own place to fare,  
 So if ye gallop to Fort Monroe as fast as a bird can fly,  
 By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.  
 But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,  
 For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men."

The colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,  
 With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.  
 The colonel's son to the fort has won, they bid him stay to eat —  
 Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.  
 He's up and away from Fort Monroe as fast as he can fly,  
 Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,  
 Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,  
 And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.  
 He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.  
 "Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."  
 It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,  
 The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.  
 The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,  
 But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a lady plays with a glove.  
 They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,  
 The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.  
 The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woful heap fell he, —  
 And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.  
 He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small room was there to strive —  
 "'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive;  
 There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,  
 But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.  
 If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,  
 The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;  
 If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,  
 The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."  
 Lightly answered the colonel's son: "Do good to bird and beast,  
 But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.  
 If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,  
 Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.  
 They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,  
 The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.  
 But if thou thinkest the price be fair, and thy brethren wait to sup,  
 The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, — howl, dog, and call them up!

And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer  
and gear and stack,  
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll  
fight my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and  
set him upon his feet.  
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when  
wolf and grey wolf meet.  
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed  
or breath.  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to  
jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the colonel's son: "I hold  
by the blood of my clan;  
Take up the mare for my father's gift — she  
will carry no better man!"

The red mare ran to the colonel's son, and  
nuzzled against his breast,  
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then,  
"but she loveth the younger best.  
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my  
turquoise-studded rein,  
My brodered saddle and saddle-cloth, and  
silver stirrups twain."

The colonel's son a pistol drew and held it  
muzzle-end,  
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he;  
"will ye take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a  
limb for the risk of a limb.  
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send  
my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that  
dropped from a mountain-crest —  
He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he  
looked like a lance in rest.  
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said,  
"who leads a troop of the Guides,  
And thou must ride at his left side as shield  
to shoulder sides.  
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and  
board and bed,

Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him  
with thy head.  
And thou must eat the white queen's meat,  
and all her foes are thine,  
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the  
peace of the Border-line,  
And thou must make a trooper tough and  
hack thy way to power —  
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when  
I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the  
eyes, and there they found no fault,  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-  
Blood on leavened bread and salt;  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-  
Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,  
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife,  
and the wondrous names of God.  
The colonel's son he rides the mare and  
Kamal's boy the dun,  
And two have come back to Fort Monroe  
where there went forth but one.  
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard,  
full twenty swords flew clear —  
There was not a man but carried his feud with  
the blood of the mountaineer.  
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the colonel's  
son. "Put up the steel at your sides!  
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief —  
to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

*Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the  
two shall meet  
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's  
great Judgment Seat.  
But there is neither east nor west, border or  
breed or birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though  
they come from the ends of the earth.*  
YUSSUF.

THE PAINS OF MUSIC. — A good many Londoners will await with much interest the decision of a case which was before Mr. Justice Chitty on December 6. The owners of some flats in Westminster applied for an interim injunction restraining one of their tenants from playing a piano, violoncello, or any other musical instrument so as to annoy any of the plaintiffs' other tenants. It was stated that the son of the defendant, who occupied one of the flats, desired to become a professional musician, and practised on the violoncello from eight in the morning till ten at night, with certain intervals, when he practised on the piano, and a daughter and her governess also played on the piano. Such perseverance as this young man's appears to

indicate a real liking for music, but how many hapless girls, without any ear for music, are daily condemned to spend weary hours in acquiring an art which they will hasten to abandon when liberated from parental control. It is a wearisome penance to the children themselves, wasting their energies, and tending to produce a condition of nervous irritability. In a crowded city the habit of practising scales and exercises for hours at a time is, we venture to say, without using the term in a legal sense, a nuisance to everybody within earshot. It has, however, even more serious consequences, for we have but too often to note how the quiet and repose so much needed in sickness is destroyed by the slavish adherence to this antiquated fashion.

British Medical Journal.

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## CONTENTS.

I. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS		
CARLYLE. By Professor Tyndall, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	323
II. MARCIA, . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . .	339
III. THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY. CASANOVA, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	348
IV. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MYSTIC, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	360
V. ROBERT BROWNING. By Edmund Gosse, . . .	<i>New Review</i> , . . . . .	372
VI. DUTCH GIRLHOOD. By Mrs. Lecky, . . .	<i>English Illustrated Magazine</i> , . . .	375
VII. THE SECRETS OF A CATALOGUE, . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . .	380
POETRY.		
ROBERT BROWNING, . . . . .	322   A NEW YEAR'S GREETING, . . .	322
A JAPANESE BELLE, . . . . .	322	
MISCELLANY, , . . . . .		384

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## ROBERT BROWNING.

GONE from our eyes, a loss forevermore,  
 Gone to pursue within an ampler sphere  
 The aims that winged thy soaring spirit  
 here!  
 Gone where she waits thee, who when living  
 bore  
 A heart, like thine, veined with love's purest  
 ore!  
 Gone to behold, with eyes serene and clear,  
 The world, that to thy life was ever near  
 In gleams, now perfect dawn, of heavenly lore!  
 Gone from our eyes that noble gracious head,  
 The quick, keen glance, the welcoming,  
 frank smile,  
 Hushed, too, the voice with its strong,  
 manly ring,  
 But not the strains, in which our souls are fed  
 With thoughts, that life of half its pain be-  
 guile,  
 And hopes of what the great beyond shall  
 bring!

THEODORE MARTIN.

London, 14th December, 1889.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## A JAPANESE BELLE.

"This tiny Japanese lady, whom you left, as you  
 thought, on the lid of the glove-box at home."—*Sir  
 Edwin Arnold, in Daily Telegraph.*

EDWIN ARNOLD, knight and poet, vividly  
 descriptive man,  
 I'm in love, and you must know it, with your  
*belle* in far Japan.

Her *kimono* looks so telling with sleeve sway-  
 ing in the wind,  
 And the amber *obi* swelling into satin bows  
 behind.

Though her charming little nose is, you con-  
 fess, a trifle flat,  
 When the lips are red as roses, who would  
 stop to think of that?

Sunny smiles so sweet and simple, scornful  
 cynic soul might win,  
 While a most bewitching dimple guards the  
 fascinating chin.

Teeth the purest pearl outshining, shell-pink  
 nails, and she will wear  
 Just one red *camellia* twining in her ebon  
 wealth of hair.

Jet looks grey beside her tresses blacker than  
 the murk midnight,  
 While the little hand that presses each co-  
 quettish curl shines white.

She is quite an *avis rara*, but her lips for me  
 were dumb,  
 Though she murmured, "*Sayonara*," and  
 again should bid me come.

If her fairy ears I frighten with the wild words  
 of the West,  
 Surely love will come to lighten all the bur-  
 den of my breast.

I will learn her awful lingo, if by any chance  
 I can;  
 I'll despoil the gay flamingo to provide her  
 with a fan.

She will note my admiration, smiling in a  
 sweet surprise,  
 And there *can* be conversation lovers learn  
 'twixt eyes and eyes.

Come what will, methinks I'll chance it, and  
 for pretty things to say,  
 I will read up, during transit, all "The Light  
 of Asia."

Since, Sir Edwin, dainty dreamer, thine the  
 pen that bids me go,  
 By the fastest train and steamer, straightway  
 off to Tokio.

Punch.

## A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

TO E. S.

"Love, we are in God's hand."  
 R. BROWNING.  
 (Andrea del Sarto.)

"Shall I find aught new  
 : : : :  
 With the changing year?"  
 R. BROWNING.  
 (James Lee's Wife.)

WHAT shall I say to you, dear,  
 That you have not heard before,  
 In years that long are past, dear,  
 From those you lov'd of yore?

I can only pray God keep you  
 Throughout the coming year!  
 May his mercy and love ever shield you  
 'Mid sorrow and trials here!

You have heard the words before, dear,  
 From other lips than mine,  
 Ere I had seen your face, dear,  
 Or clasped my hand in thine.

I know their sound brings back to you  
 The dead and distant years,  
 With all that was so dear to you—  
 The smiles, the joy, the tears.

"God bless and keep you safe, dear,"  
 Again you hear that prayer;  
 But, oh, the words call up, dear,  
 Far other days that were!

Academy.

F. P.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS  
CARLYLE.\*

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

IT is an age of "Reminiscences;" known to me, in great part, through extracts and reviews. Pleasant reading, in their fulness, many of these records must surely be. Carlyle has given us his "Reminiscences" — written, alas! when he was but the hull of the true Carlyle. Still methinks the indignation thereby aroused was out of proportion to the offence. It is not, however, my task or duty to defend the "Reminiscences." In clearer and happier moments Carlyle himself would have recoiled from publishing their few offending pages. When they were written all things were seen by him through the medium of personal suffering, physical and mental. This lurid atmosphere defaced, blurred, and sometimes inverted like mirage, his coast-line of memory. The figure of himself, standing on that quivering and delusive shore, has suffered more from the false refraction than anything else. With the piercing insight which belonged to him all this, in healthier hours, would have been seen, weighed, and rectified by Carlyle himself.

Vast is the literature which has grown around the memory of this man. It is not my desire, or intention, to sensibly augment its volume. I wish merely to contribute a few memorial notes which I am unwilling to let die. In presence of what has gone before, they are but as a pebble dropped upon the summit of a tor. There are amongst us eminent men who knew Carlyle longer, and who saw him oftener, than I did — whose store of memories is therefore far larger than mine. But it was my fortune, during some of the most impressive phases of his life, to be very close to him; and though my visits to his home in Chelsea, and our common rambles in London and elsewhere, were, to my present keen regret, far fewer than either of us wished them to be, they gave me some knowledge of his inner life and character. Better, however, than in any formal record, that life is to be sought and

\* Written for the most part from memory in the Alps, 1889.

found in his imperishable works. There we best see the storm of his passion, the depth of his pity, the vastness of his knowledge — his humor, his tenderness, his wisdom, his strength. As long as men continue capable of appreciating what is highest in literary achievement, these works must hold their own.

When, before a group of distinguished and steadfast friends, the statue of Carlyle was unveiled on the Thames Embankment, I briefly referred to my first acquaintance with his works. "Past and Present," the astonishing product of seven weeks' fierce labor in the early part of the year, was published in 1843; and soon after its publication I met some extracts from the work in the Preston newspapers. I chanced, indeed, to be an eye-witness of the misery which at that time so profoundly moved Carlyle. With their hands in their pockets, with nothing in their stomachs, but with silent despair fermenting in their hearts, the "hunger-stricken, pallid, yellow-colored" weavers of Preston and the neighborhood stalked moodily through the streets. Their discontent rose at length to riot, and some of them were shot down. Such were the circumstances under which Carlyle appealed to Exeter Hall, with its schemes of beneficence for aborigines far away. "These yellow-colored for the present absorb all my sympathies. If I had a twenty millions with model farms and Niger expeditions, it is to them I would give it." Under the same circumstances he warned his "corn-lawing friends" that they were driving into the frenzy of Socialism "every thinking man in England." With my memory of the Preston riots still vivid, I procured "Past and Present," and read it perseveringly. It was far from easy reading; but I found in it strokes of descriptive power unequalled in my experience, and thrills of electric splendor which carried me enthusiastically on. I found in it, moreover, in political matters, a morality so righteous, a radicalism so high, reasonable, and humane, as to make it clear to me that without truckling to the ape and tiger of the mob, a man might hold the views of a radical.

The first perusal of the work gave me but broken gleams of its scope and aim. I therefore read it a second time, and a third. At each successive reading my grasp of the writer's views became stronger and my vision clearer. But even three readings did not satisfy me. After the last of them, I collected economically some old sheets of foolscap, and wrote out thereupon an analytical summary of every chapter. When the work was finished I tied the loose sheets together with a bit of twine and stowed them away.

For many years they remained hidden from me. I had passed through the railway madness of the "forties," emerging sane from the delirium. I had studied in Germany, had lectured at the Royal Institution, and in 1853 had been appointed its professor of natural philosophy. For fifteen years I had enjoyed the friendship of Faraday, whose noble and illustrious life came to an end in 1867 on Hampton Court Green. Reverently, but reluctantly, I took his place as superintendent of the Royal Institution, vastly preferring, if it could have been so arranged, to leave Mrs. Faraday in undisturbed possession of the rooms which had been her happy home for six-and-forty years. The thing, however, could not be. On returning from one of my Alpine expeditions I found at the entrance of the rooms which had been occupied successively by Davy and Faraday, my name upon the wall. It was to me more of a shock than a satisfaction.

The change, however, brought me nearer to Carlyle; and to Albemarle Street from time to time he wended his way to see me. Once he found me occupied, not with a problem of physics, but with a question of biology of fundamental import. The origin of life was, is, and ever will be, a question of profoundest interest to thoughtful men. In the early "seventies" I was busy experimenting on this question, my desire being to bring to bear upon it physical methods which should make known the unmistakable verdict of science regarding it, and thus abolish the doubt and confusion then existing. Permitting air to purify itself by the subsidence of all floating motes, so that the track through it of a sunbeam, even when

concentrated to a focus, was invisible, infusions of meat, fish, fowl, and vegetables were exposed to such air and found incapable of putrefaction. The vital oxygen was still there; but with the floating motes, the seminal matter of the atmosphere had vanished, and with it the power of generating putrefactive organisms. The organisms, in other words, required the antecedent seed — *there was no spontaneous generation*. By means of gas stoves rooms had been raised to the proper temperature, and into one of these rooms, which was stocked with my moteless chambers, I took Mr. Carlyle. He listened with profound attention to the explanation of the experiments. They were quite new to him; for *microbes, bacilli, and bacteria* were not then the household words which they are now. I could notice amazement in his eyes as we passed from putrefaction to antiseptic surgery, and from it to the germ theory of communicable disease. To Carlyle life was wholly mystical — incapable of explanation — and the conclusion to which the experiments pointed, that life was derived from antecedent life, and was not generated from dead matter, fell in with his notions of the fitness of things. Instead, therefore, of repelling him, the experiments gave him pleasure.

After quitting the laboratory I took my guest up-stairs, and placed him in an arm-chair in front of a cheerful fire. The weather was cold, and I therefore prepared for him a tumbler of mulled claret. And now we arrive at the cause which induces me to speak thus early of a late event. About a fortnight prior to this visit, while rummaging through a mass of ancient papers, I had come upon the long-lost sheets of foolscap which contained my analysis and summary of the various chapters of "Past and Present." The packet, tied as aforesaid, and bearing the yellow tints of age, lay in an adjacent drawer. At length I said to him, "Now you shall see something that will interest and amuse you." I took the ragged sheets from the drawer, told him what they were and how they had originated, and read aloud some of the passages which had kindled me when young. He listened, sometimes clinching a paragraph by a

supplement or ratification, but frequently breaking forth into loud and mellow laughter at his own audacity. It would require gifts greater even than those of Boswell to reproduce Carlyle. I think it was my sagacious friend, Lady Stanley of Alderley, who once remarked to me that in the reported utterances of Carlyle we miss the deep peal which rounded off and frequently gave significance to all that had gone before.\* Our fun over the eviscerated "Past and Present" continued for some time, after which it ceased, and an expression of solemn earnestness overspread the features of the old man. "Well," he said at length, in a voice touched with emotion, "what greater reward could I have than to find an ardent young soul, unknown to me, and to whom I was personally unknown, thus influenced by my words." We continued our chat in a spirit of deeper earnestness, and after he had exhausted his goblet we walked together down Albe-marle Street to Piccadilly, his tough old arm encircling mine. There I saw him safely seated in a Brompton omnibus, which was his usual mode of locomotion. When he was inside every conductor knew that he carried a great man.

All this was late in the day of my acquaintance with Carlyle. I first saw him, and heard his voice, in the picture-gallery of Bath House, Piccadilly. I noticed the Scottish accent, not harsh or crabbed, as it sometimes is, but rich and pleasant, which clung to him throughout his life, as it did also to Mrs. Somerville. I first became really acquainted with him at the "Grange," the Hampshire residence of the accomplished and high-minded Lord Ashburton. Sitting beside him at luncheon, I spoke to him, and he answered me bluntly. James Spedding was present, and to render myself sure of his identity I asked Carlyle, in a low voice, whether the gentleman opposite was not Spedding. "Yes," he replied aloud, "that's Spedding." He had no notion of tolerating a confidential whisper. The subject of homœopathy was introduced. Carlyle's ap-

\* From Dr. Garnet's excellent "Life of Carlyle" I learn that Mrs. Allingham had also drawn attention to this point.

preciation of the relation of cause and effect was as sharp and clear as that of any physicist; and he thought homœopathy an outrageous defiance of the proportion which must subsist between them. I sought to offer an explanation of the alleged effects of infinitesimals, by reference to the asserted power of the Alpine muleteer's bell to bring down an avalanche. If the snow could be loosened by a force so small, it was because it was already upon the verge of slipping. And if homœopathic globules had any sensible effect, it must be because the patient was on the brink of a change which they merely precipitated. Carlyle, however, would listen to neither defence nor explanation. He deemed homœopathy a delusion, and those who practiced it professionally impostors. He raised his voice so as to drown remonstrance; while a "tsh!" with which Mrs. Carlyle sometimes sought to quiet him, was here interposed. Casting homœopathy overboard he spoke appreciatively of George III. The capacity of the king was small, but he paid out conscientiously the modicum of knowledge he possessed. This was illustrated by the way in which he collected his library, always seeking the best advice and purchasing the best books. Carlyle's respect for conscientiousness and earnestness extended to all things. We once went together to an exhibition of portraits at South Kensington. Pausing before the portrait of Queen Mary (Bloody Mary, as we had been taught to call her), he musingly said, "A well-abused woman, but by no means a bad woman — rather I should say a good woman — acting according to her lights." He ought, perhaps, to have extended the same tolerance to Ignatius Loyola whom he hated and scathed. In the evening, while we stood before the drawing-room fire, I spoke to him of Emerson. There was something lofty in the tone of Carlyle's own voice as he spoke of the "loftiness" of his great American friend.\* I mentioned Lewes's life of Goethe, which I had been just reading, and ventured to express a doubt

\* Their friendship continued unimpaired to the end. Not long before Carlyle's death, I noticed two volumes of the same shape and binding on the table of his

whether Lewes, as a man, was strong enough to grapple with his subject. He was disposed to commend the life as the best we had, but he was far from regarding it as adequate. Carlyle was a bold rider, and during this visit to the Grange he indulged in some wild galloping. Professor Hofmann was his companion, and he humorously described their motion as tantamount to being shot like a projectile through space. Brookfield was one of the guests, a man of grace and culture, who might have been a great actor, and who entertained a high notion of the actor's vocation. One evening he gave us an illustration of his dramatic gifts—extemporizing, and drawing by oblique references, the principal personages round him into his performance. It was then I first heard the resonant laugh of Carlyle. Himself a humorist on a high plane, he keenly enjoyed humor in others. Lady Ashburton, with fine voice and expression, read for us one of Browning's poems. It was obvious from his ejaculatory remarks that Carlyle enjoyed and admired Browning.

As time went on I drew more closely to Carlyle, seeking, among other things, to remove all prejudice by making clear to him the spirit in which the highest scientific minds pursued their work. They could not detach themselves from their fellow-men, but history showed that they thought less of worldly profit and applause, and practised more of self-denial than any other class of intellectual workers. Carlyle had been to the Royal Society, but found the meetings he attended flat, stale, and unprofitable. Not knowing how the communications were related to the general body of research, they, of course, lacked the sap which their roots might have supplied to them. He was surprised to find me fairly well acquainted with "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," declaring that, as far as his knowledge went, the persons were few and far between who showed the least acquaintance with Goethe's "Three Reverences"—reverence for what is above us, reverence for what is around us, reverence for what is

sitting-room. Opening one of them I found written on the fly-leaf:—

"To Thomas Carlyle  
"with unchangeable affection  
"from Ralph Waldo Emerson."

The two volumes were Emerson's own collected works. "That," I said, "is as it ought to be; you and Emerson must remain friends to the last." "Ay," he responded, "you are quite right; take the volumes with you, but return them punctually;" which I did.

beneath us. To this feature of Goethe's ethics Carlyle always attached great importance. Among the spoken and written words of our age the utterances of Goethe were, in his estimation, the highest and weightiest. Of Fichte and Schiller he sometimes spoke with qualified admiration—of Goethe never. He may have been indebted to the great German for a portion of his spiritual freedom, and such indebtedness men do not readily forget. Unswerving in his loyalty, Carlyle, towards the end of his life, would have ratified by re-subscription the ardent outburst of 1831. "And knowest thou no prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the God-like has revealed itself, and by him been again prophetically revealed; in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, man's life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him and name him—Goethe."\* The majesty of Goethe's intellect seemed, in Carlyle's estimate of him, to dissolve all his errors both of intellect and conduct. The standards of the homiletic marketplace were scornfully brushed aside; drawbacks and qualifications were blown away like chaff, "the golden grain" of the mighty German husbandman being alone garnered and preserved.

I had various talks with him about Goethe's mistaken appreciation of the "Farbenlehre" as the greatest of his works. To Carlyle this was a most pathetic fact. The poet thought he had reached the adamant of natural truth, and alas! he was mistaken. But after all, was he mistaken? Over German artists the "Farbenlehre" had exercised a dominant influence. Could it be all moonshine? Thus he mused. While holding firmly to the verdict that, with regard to theory, Goethe was hopelessly wrong, I dwelt with pleasure on the wealth of facts which his skill and industry had accumulated. This to a certain extent gratified Carlyle, but he sighed for the supplement necessary to the scientific completeness of his hero. He was intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of Goethe's work—sometimes more intimately than the poet's own countrymen. I once had occasion to quote the poem "Mason Lodge," translated and published in "Past and Present," † The article in which it was

\* Sartor Resartus, Library Edition, p. 244.

† Book III. chap. xv. A very noble song and a great favorite of Carlyle's. With it he wound up his rectorial address at Edinburgh. The reciting of two of

quoted was afterwards translated into German; the original poem, therefore, required hunting up. None of my friends in Berlin knew anything about it. On learning this I went down to Chelsea, where, in answer to my inquiry, Carlyle promptly crossed his sitting-room and took from a shelf the required volume.

Thus, through years I kept myself in touch with this teacher and inspirer of my youth. The "Life of Frederick" drew heavily upon his health and patience. His labors were intensified by his conscientiousness. He proved all things, with the view and aim of holding fast that which was historically good. Never to err would have been superhuman; but if he erred, it was not through indolence or lack of care. The facts of history were as sacred in his eyes as the "constants" of gravitation in the eyes of Newton; hence the severity of his work. The "Life of Frederick," moreover, worried him; it was not a labor into which he could throw his whole soul. He was continually pulled up by sayings and doings on the part of his hero which took all enthusiasm out of him. "Frederick was the greatest administrator this world has seen, but I could never really love the man." Such were his words. While engaged on this formidable task, he was invited to stand for the rectorship of Edinburgh University. For the moment he declined, promising, however, to consider the proposal when his labors on Frederick were ended. The time came, and he accepted the invitation. Disraeli was pitted against him, but he won the election by an overwhelming majority. His transport to Edinburgh had then to be considered. After many talks with him and his wife, the simplest and safest solution seemed to be that I should take charge of him myself.

It was arranged that he should go first to Freystone, in Yorkshire, and pay a short visit to Lord Houghton. On the morning of March 29th, 1866, I drove to Cheyne Row, and found him punctually ready at the appointed hour. Order was

Carlyle's first law, and punctuality was one of the chief factors of order. He was therefore punctual. On a table in a small back parlor below-stairs stood a "siphon," protected by wickerwork. Carlyle was conservative in habit, and in his old age he held on to the brown brandy, which was in vogue in his young days. Into a tumbler Mrs. Carlyle poured a moderate quantity of this brandy, and filled it up with the foaming water from the siphon. He drank it off, and they kissed each other—for the last time. At the door she suddenly said to me, "For God's sake send me one line by telegraph when all is over." This said, and the promise given, we drove away.

In due time we reached Freystone, where the warmest of welcomes greeted Carlyle. A beautiful feature in the record of Carlyle's relations to his friends is the loving loyalty of Lord Houghton. Not long prior to his lamented death he sent me an extract from a letter written by Carlyle to his wife on the occasion, I believe, of his first visit to Freystone. It had been purchased by Lord Houghton from some collector of letters, into whose hands it had fallen. It showed how long-standing Carlyle's malady of sleeplessness had been. It spoke of the weary unrest of the previous night—the ceaseless tossing to and fro—and of the comfort he experienced in thinking of her, as he smoked his morning cigar in the sunshine. On the first night of his last visit to Freystone, the unrest was not only renewed but intensified. Railways had multiplied; they clasped Freystone as in a ring, and their whistles were energetically active all night. I feared the result, and my fears were only too well grounded. In the morning I found Carlyle in his bedroom, wild with his sufferings. He had not slept a wink. It ought to be noted that the day previous he had dined two or three hours later than was his wont, and had engaged in a vigorous discussion after dinner. Looking at me despairingly, he said, "I can stay no longer at Freystone, another such night would kill me." "You shall do exactly as you please," was my reply. "I will explain matters to Lord Houghton, and he, I am persuaded, will comply with all your wishes." I spoke to Lord Houghton, who, though sorely disappointed, agreed that it was best to allow his guest complete freedom of action. It was accordingly arranged that we should push on to Edinburgh. Carlyle's breakfast was prepared. He partially filled a bowl with strong tea, added milk, and an

its verses, under peculiar circumstances, had an important influence on my own destiny.

"Solemn before us,  
Veiled, the dark Portal,  
Goal of all mortal:  
Stars silent o'er us,  
Graves under us silent!

Here eyes do regard you,  
In Eternity's stillness;  
Here all is fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you,  
Work and despair not."

egg beaten up. Rendered thus nutritive, the tea seemed to soothe and strengthen him. As he breakfasted our projects were discussed. Once, after a pause, he exclaimed, "How ungrateful it is on my part, after so much kindness, to quit Freystone in this fashion." Taking prompt advantage of this moment of relenting, I said, "Do not quit it, but stay. We will take a pair of horses and gallop over the country for five or six hours. When you return you shall have a dinner like what you are accustomed to at home, and I will take care that there shall be no discussions afterwards." He laughed, which was a good sign. I stood to my guns, and he at length yielded. Lord Houghton joyfully ratified the programme, and two horses were immediately got ready.

The animal bestrode by Carlyle was a large, bony grey, with a terribly hard mouth. He seemed disposed to bolt, and obviously required a strong wrist to rein him in. Carlyle was no longer young; *paralysis agitans* had enfeebled his right hand—for some time my anxiety was great. But after sundry imprecations and strenuous backward pulls, the horse was at length clearly mastered by its rider, and we fleetly sped along. Through lanes, over fields, along highroads, past turnpike gates where I paid the toll. This continued for at least five hours, at the end of which we returned and handed the bespattered horses over to the groom. The roads and lanes had been abominable, mud to the fetlocks, not to speak of the slimy fields. Had the groom's feelings been allowed open vent, we should have had imprecations on his part also. We heard only a surface murmur, but the storm, I doubt not, discharged itself behind our backs in the stable. Carlyle went to his room, donned his slippers and his respectable grey dressing-gown. Carrying with him one of the long "churchwardens," which he always obtained from Glasgow, he stuffed it full of tobacco. Choosing a position on the carpet by the hall fire, which enabled him to send the products of combustion up the chimney, to the obvious astonishment of the passing servants he began to smoke. Having with me at the time a flask of choice pale brandy, of this, mixed with soda-water, I gave him a stiff tumbler. The ride had healthily tired him, and he looked the picture of content. At six o'clock his simple dinner was set before him, and he was warned against discussion. It was the traditional warning of the war-horse to be quiet when he hears the bugle sound. In

the evening discussion began with one of the guests, and I could see that Carlyle was ready to dash into it as impetuously as he had done the night before. I laid my hand upon his arm and said sternly, "We must have no more of this." He arched his brows good-humoredly, burst into laughter, and ended the discussion. I accompanied him to his bedroom, every chink and fissure of which had been closed to stop out both light and sound. "I have no hope of sleep," he said, "and I will come to your room at seven in the morning." My reply was, "I think you *will* sleep, and if so, I will come to your room instead of your coming to mine." My hopes were mainly founded on the vigorous exercise he had taken; but the next day being Good Friday, I also hoped for a mitigation of the whistle nuisance.

At seven o'clock, accordingly, I stood at his door. There was no sound. Returning at eight, I found the same dead silence. At nine, hearing a rustle, I opened his door and found him dressing. The change from the previous morning was astonishing. Never before or afterwards did I see Carlyle's countenance glow with such happiness. It was seraphic. I have often thought of it since. How in the case of a man possessing a range of life wide enough to embrace the demonic and the godlike, a few hours' sound sleep can lift him from the grovelling hell of the one into the serene heaven of the other! This question of sleep or sleeplessness hides many a tragedy. He looked at me with boundless blessedness in his eyes and voice. "My dear friend, I am a totally new man; I have slept nine hours without once awaking." That night's rest proved the prelude and guarantee of his subsequent triumph at Edinburgh.

We had been joined at Freystone by Huxley,\* and in due time started, all three together, for the beautiful metropolis of the north. There Carlyle was lodged in the house of his gentle and devoted friend, Erskine of Linlathen. He was placed as far from the noises of the street, in other words as near the roof, as possible. I saw him occasionally in his skyey dormitory, where, though his sleep did not reach the perfection once attained at Freystone, it was never wholly bad. There was considerable excitement in Edinburgh at the time—copious talking and hospitable feasting. The evening before the event-

\* And by the able and lamented Mr. Maclellan. Dr. Hirst also paid a brief visit to Freystone and was afterwards one of Carlyle's hearers in Edinburgh.

ful day I dined at Kinellan with my well-beloved friends, Sir James and Lady Coxe, whose permanent guest I was at the time. Sir David and Lady Brewster were there, and Russell of the *Scotsman*. The good Sir David looked forward with fear and trembling to what he was persuaded must prove a *fiasco*. "Why," he said to me, "Carlyle has not written a word of his address; and no rector of this university ever appeared before his audience without this needful preparation." In regard to the writing I did not share Sir David's fear, being well aware of Carlyle's marvellous powers of utterance when he had fair play. *There*, however, was the rub. Would he have fair play? Would he come to his task fresh and strong, or with the pliancy of his brain destroyed by sleeplessness? This surely is the tragic side of insomnia, and of the dyspepsia which frequently generates it. "It takes all heart out of me, so that I cannot speak to my people as I ought." Such were the words of a worthy Welsh clergyman whom I met in 1854 among his native hills, and whose unrest at night was similar to that of Carlyle. Time would soon deliver its verdict. The eventful day came, and we assembled in the ante-room of the hall in which the address was to be delivered — Carlyle in his rector's robe, Huxley, Ramsay, Erskine, and myself in more sober gowns. We were all four to be doctored. The great man of the occasion had declined the honor, pleading humorously that in heaven there might be some confusion between him and his brother John, if they both bore the title of doctor. I went up to Carlyle, and earnestly scanning his face, asked: "How do you feel?" He returned my gaze, curved his lip, shook his head, and answered not a word. "Now," I said, "you have to practise what you have been preaching all your life, and prove yourself a hero." He again shook his head, but said nothing. A procession was formed, and we moved, amid the plaudits of the students, towards the platform. Carlyle took his place in the rector's chair, and the ceremony of conferring degrees began. Looking at the sea of faces below me — young, eager, expectant, waiting to be lifted up by the words of the prophet they had chosen — I forgot all about the degrees. Suddenly I found an elbow among my ribs — "Tyn-dall, they are calling for you." I promptly stood at "tention" and underwent the process of baptism. The degrees conferred, a fine, tall young fellow rose and proclaimed with ringing voice from the

platform the honor that had been conferred on "the foremost of living Scotchmen." The cheers were loud and long.

Carlyle stood up, threw off his robe, like an ancient David declining the unproved armor of Saul, and in his carefully brushed brown morning-coat came forward to the table. With nervous fingers he grasped the leaf, and stooping over it looked earnestly down upon the audience. "They tell me," he said, "that I ought to have written this address, and out of deference to the counsel I tried to do so, once, twice, thrice. But what I wrote was only fit for the fire, and to the fire it was compendiously committed. You must therefore listen to and accept what I say to you as coming straight from the heart." He began, and the world already knows what he said. I attended more to the aspect of the audience than to the speech of the orator, which contained nothing new to me. I could, however, mark its influence on the palpitating crowd below. They were stirred as if by subterranean fire. For an hour and a half he held them spell-bound, and when he ended the emotion previously pent up burst forth in a roar of acclamation. With a joyful heart and clear conscience I could redeem my promise to Mrs. Carlyle. From the nearest telegraph office I sent her a despatch of three words: "A perfect triumph," and returned towards the hall. Noticing a commotion in the street, I came up with the crowd. It was no street brawl, it was not the settlement of a quarrel, but a consensus of acclamation — cheers and "bravos," and a general shying of caps into the air! Looking ahead I saw two venerable old men walking slowly arm-in-arm in advance of the crowd. They were Carlyle and Erskine. The rector's audience had turned out to do honor to their hero. Nothing in the whole ceremony affected Carlyle so deeply as this display of fervor in the open air.

All this was communicated by letter to Mrs. Carlyle; and as I shared the general warmth of the time, it is to be assumed that my letters were of the proper temperature. She, at all events, wrote warmly enough about me afterwards. Wound up, as she had been, to such an intense pitch of anxiety, the thin-spun life was almost "slit" by the telegram. Her joy was hysterical. But after a little time, aided by the loving care of friends, she shook away all that was abnormal in her happiness. She dined that evening with John Forster. Dickens and Wilkie Collins were of the party. She entered the drawing-room exultant, waving the telegram in the air.



Warm felicitations were not wanting, and probably on that occasion her cup of bliss was fuller than it had been for years before.

Carlyle's great task having ended thus happily he joined in festivities, public and private. Meat and wine I have forgotten, but I have not forgotten the jocund after-dinner songs. They were sung by their composers. Dry science became plastic in the hands of these artists; and the forms it assumed must have astonished Carlyle. He joined heartily in the fun. Two banquets dwell specially in my memory — a *Symposium Academicum*, got up in Carlyle's honor, and a dinner at the house of his steadfast friend, Professor Masson. At both hilarity ran high. The figure of Dr. Maclagan, with eyes directed piteously upwards, with body bent, and hands clasped in agony over some excruciating medical absurdity, has left an unfading photograph upon my brain. Till then I had thought the dinners of our Royal Society Club in London the most genial in the world; but they could not hold a candle to this Edinburgh Symposium. The dinner at Masson's was equally jovial. Lord Neaves was there — one of the most pleasant personages I had ever met. He was charged with his own bright ditties, which he sang with infective animation. Some time previously John Stuart Mill had written his "Examination of the Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton," wherein he had reduced the external world to "a series of possibilities of sensation." Lord Neaves had thrown this theory into lyric rhyme. The refrain of his song was "Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter." The whole table joined in the refrain, Carlyle, with voice-accompaniment, swaying his knife to and fro, like the baton of a conductor. If, afterwards, in a fit of depression he described the time he spent in Edinburgh as "a miserable time," he must have been the victim of self-delusion. It was a time of joy and gladness which he amply shared; but he seemed unable, subsequently, to shoot the rays of memory through the heavy atmosphere which immediately surrounded him. Like light rays in a fog, they were quenched by repercussion from his own melancholy broodings. In Edinburgh all the necessary elements combined to render him happy. In the background slumbered the consciousness of success. In the same region lay thoughts of his wife, whose pride in his triumph would reverberate its glow upon him. Clinging to her image were memories of a

time when her union with him was deemed a *mésalliance*. Who could think so now? He stood consciously there as a victor over difficulties which would have broken to pieces not the feeble only but the strong — a victor in the chief city of his country, which he had entered fifty-seven years previously as a wayworn peasant-boy. Such, during his actual stay in Edinburgh, were Carlyle's pleasant musings — swept, alas! into practical oblivion by calamity soon afterwards.

Huxley and I had proposed to ourselves an excursion in the Highlands; but snow had fallen, covering the hills and rendering them unfit for exercise. Our thoughts turned homewards, and our bodies soon followed our thoughts. Before coming away I visited Carlyle in his bedroom. He was correcting the proofs of his address. "Now," he said, "the tollgates at Freystone are to be settled for." I made light of them, and urged him to say good-bye. But he would not. "The thought of them clings to me like unwashed hands." He recognized as mean the cause of the discomfort, and used a congruous metaphor to express it. I still refused to make out a bill, so he put down all the items he remembered, added them together, and said, "I owe you so much." Looking over the account I retorted, with mock sternness, "I beg your pardon, you owe me fourpence halfpenny more." He laughed heartily, produced the fourpence halfpenny, which, with an air of business-like gravity, I pocketed, and bade him good-bye.

Immediately after my arrival in London I called upon Mrs. Carlyle. It was a bright welcome that she gave me. A deep and settled happiness had taken possession of her mind; though she could still afford a flash of sarcasm for one of the Edinburgh audience who had visited her the day before. The glow of pride in her husband was obvious enough. Not before a select few, but before the world at large, he had won for himself renown, and for her choice of him, justification. She wrote to him, "I have not been so fond of everybody since I was a girl." We chatted long over the occurrences in the north, which I thought would give her a new lease of happy life. Referring to her anxiety about the address she said she had never entertained the thought of his breaking down. As long as he had life there was no fear of that. But she thought it quite possible that life itself might snap, and that he might fall down dead before

the people. It must have been her lithe fingers, and her high-strung nerves, that gave to the pressure of her hand an elastic intensity which I have not noticed elsewhere. Such warmth of pressure had been always mine. As might be surmised, it was not relaxed on this occasion, when, all unconscious of impending disaster, I stood up and bade her good-bye.

I went to the Isle of Wight, which was my usual refuge when tired, made Freshwater Gate my headquarters, and was refreshed as I had often been before by the broad-blown, brotherly voice of Tennyson. Two walks in the island have always had a special charm for me; one along "the ridge of a noble down" which stretches from Freshwater Gate to the Needles; the other along the spine of the island from Freshwater Gate to Carisbrook, past ancient Barrows, with the Solent on the one side and the ocean on the other. From Carisbrook it was an easy walk to Cowes, whence steamers plied to Southampton. Returning from the island on the occasion now referred to, I chose this latter route, and on reaching the railway station at Southampton, went straight to the book-stall to pick up a copy of the *Times*. On opening the paper I was stunned. Before me stood in prominent letters, "Sudden Death of Mrs. Carlyle." I sped to London, and on my writing-table found a note from Miss Jewsbury. Carlyle had arrived in Chelsea. "For Heaven's sake," said my correspondent, "come and see the old man; he is utterly heart-broken." In a few pathetic words Leslie Stephen has told the story of her death: "Mrs. Carlyle had asked some friends to tea on Saturday, April 21. She had gone out for a drive with a little dog; she let it out for a run when a carriage knocked it down. She sprang out and lifted it into the carriage. The carriage went on, and presently she was found sitting with folded arms in the carriage, dead."

I drove forthwith to Chelsea. The door was opened by Carlyle's old servant, Mrs. Warren, who informed me that her master was in the garden. I joined him there, and we immediately went up-stairs together. It would be idle, perhaps sacrilegious on my part, to attempt any repetition of his language. In words, the flow of which might be compared to a molten torrent, he referred to the early days of his wife and himself — to their struggles against poverty and obstruction; to her valiant encouragement in hours of depression; to their life on the moors, in Edinburgh, and in London — how lovingly and

loyally she had made of herself a soft cushion to protect him from the rude collisions of the world. The late Mr. Venables, whose judgment on such a point may be trusted, often spoke to me of Carlyle's extraordinary power of conversation. In his noon of life it was without a parallel. And now with the floodgates of grief fully opened, that power rose to a height which it had probably never attained before. Three or four times during the narrative he utterly broke down. I could see the approach of the crisis and prepare for it. After thus giving way, a few sympathetic words would cause him to rapidly pull himself together, and resume the flow of his discourse. I subsequently tried to write down what he said, but I will not try to reproduce it here. While he thus spoke to me, all that remained of his wife lay silent in an adjoining room.

His house was left unto him desolate. Sympathy from all quarters flowed towards him, but it seemed to do him little good. His whole life was wrapped in mourning. I think it probable that in the lamentations which have reached the public through the "Reminiscences," he did himself wrong. His was a temper very likely to exaggerate his shortcomings; very likely to blame himself to excess for his over-absorption in his work, and his too great forgetfulness of his wife. The figure of Johnson standing bareheaded in the market-place of Lichfield, to atone for some failure of duty to his father, fascinated Carlyle; and now in his hour of woe he imitated Johnson, not by baring his head, but by lacerating his heart. They had had their differences — due probably more to her vivid and fanciful imaginings than to anything else. He, however, took the whole blame upon himself. It was loving and chivalrous, but I doubt whether it was entirely just. I think it likely that in her later years she would have condemned some of the utterances of her earlier ones. As time passed she grew more and more mellow and tender — more and more into the form and texture of the wife needed by Carlyle. Had she lived a little longer his self-reproaches would never have been heard.\*

\* There was a fund of tenderness and liberality in Mrs. Carlyle; but her sarcasm could, on occasion, bite like nitric acid. Like her husband, she could hit off a character or peculiarity with a simple stroke of the tongue. Her stories sparkled with wit and humor. It may be an old yarn; but she caused me to shake with laughter by her inimitable way of telling the story of an old French priest, who discoursed to his peasant congregation on Samson's feat of tying the foxes' tails together, and sending them with burning brands through the standing corn. The ruin to agricultural produce

Let me, however, forsake surmises and return to facts. He had laid his wife in Haddington churchyard. The summer had passed, and harsh, dark winter was approaching. To spend the winter in Cheyne Row with all its associations was more than he could be expected to bear. But what was to be done? A loving answer to this question came to him in his hour of need. The first Lady Asburton had been Carlyle's friend, and the second, with a more fervent nature, was no less so. She had taken at Mentone a beautiful villa, the Villa Madonna, and thither she pressed Carlyle to come. I saw him frequently at this mournful time, and talked much with him about his plans. The Mentone scheme he deemed at first clearly impracticable; but the more it was thought over the more evident it became that it was the only really practicable course open to him. As the gloom of December set in, the necessity of getting him away from London became more and more apparent. Counting the days at my disposal, I found that it was within my power to convey him to Mentone, deposit him there, and return in time for my personal duties in the Royal Institution. Lectures would begin, but men were there whose friendship had never failed me, and on whom I could rely that all things would be well conducted during my absence. Seeing the possibility, my action was prompt. I offered to take charge of him, cutting short hesitation and discussion by pointing to the inexorable march of time. Over the packing of his pipes we had a wrangle. It was clearly evident that his mode of packing would bring the churchwardens to grief, and I emphatically told him so. But he would have his way. He knew how to pack pipes, and would be answer-

was described so vividly, and with such local and domestic applications, that the people burst into weeping. Their sobs and tears reacted on the old priest himself. He also fell to weeping, but tried to assuage the general grief by calling out, "Ne pleurez pas, mes enfants. Ne pleurez pas; ce n'est pas vrai!" Her voice was exquisitely comic as she told this story. The only intimation that I ever had of past unhappiness on her part was given during an evening visit when I found her alone. She then told me that some years previously she had kept a journal, in which, to relieve her mind, she wrote down her most secret thoughts and feelings. She condemned, as she spoke to me, this habit of introspection. One day she had left the book upon her desk, and on returning to her room, found there a visitor actually looking into the journal. He probably regarded it as a mere library book; but her wrath and rage, on finding sayings and sentiments intended for her own eye alone, and kept secret even from Carlyle, thus prided into, were uncontrollable. As she spoke to me her anger seemed to revive, and its potency could not be doubted. When I quitted her, I carried away the impression that her maturer judgment had caused her to regard these journal entries as the foolish utterances of a too sensitive past.

able for their safety. Out of fifty thus packed at Cheyne Row, three only reached Mentone unbroken. I afterwards enjoyed the triumph of sending him fifty without a single fracture.

But I anticipate. Rime was in the air, sucking the vital warmth out of every living thing when we started on the morning of the 22nd of December. A raw breeze blew in our faces as we crossed the Channel, or rather a breeze created by the vessel's motion, for the air was still. I tried to muffle him up; but immediately resigned my attempted task to a young lady who wound and pinned his comforter in a manner unattainable by me. Carlyle was interested to learn that his kind protectress was the daughter of Sir John Herschel. She was then Miss Amelia Herschel, she is now Lady Wade. In Paris we spent the night at the Grand Hotel de St. James, Rue St. Honoré. A bad sleeper myself, I had long before chosen this hotel, because its bedrooms opened into a garden. We were well lodged; but some slight creak or clatter of a loose window roused Carlyle, who became vocal. Noise at night was a terror and a torture to him. I rose, reproved and corrected the peccant window, the night afterwards passing quietly. Next morning we started. At the Gare de Lyon we were met by my lamented friend Jamin, a member of the Institute, who helped us with the railway officials, and sent us on our journey with a hearty God-speed.

In England, as stated, the weather was harsh; it continued so in France. We had the good luck to secure a coupé in the Marseilles train. Throughout the day the landscape was cut off by freezing mist, and at the Lyons station the outlook was specially dismal; due precautions, however, had been taken against cold. In view of my winter expedition to the Mer de Glace in 1859 I had purchased a sheepskin bag, lined with its own wool, and provided with straps to attach it comfortably to the waist. Swathed with this to the hips, such heat as he could generate was preserved for his feet and limbs. At Lyons food, wine, and a bottle of water for the night were secured. The water-bottle stood on a shelf in front of us. "Observe it," I said to my companion. He did so with attention. At times the water would appear quite tranquil; then it would begin to oscillate, the motion augmenting till the liquid splashed violently to and fro up the sides of the bottle; then the motion would subside, almost perfect stillness setting in.

In due time this would be again disturbed, the oscillations setting in as before. Carlyle was well acquainted with the effects of synchronism in periodic motion, but he was charmed to recognize in the water-bottle an analyst of the vibrations of the train. It told us when vibrations of its own special period were present in, and when they were absent from, the confused and multitudinous rumble which appealed to our ears. This was monotonous and permitted us to have some sleep. On opening our eyes in the morning we found a deep-blue sky above us, and a genial sun shining on the world. The change was surprising; we had obviously reached "the Sunny South."

We rested at Marseilles, and walked through the sunlit city. Carlyle seated himself on a bench in the shade of trees, while I went back to our hotel. On returning I found him in conversation with a paralyzed beggar boy, from whom he had extracted the sad story of his life. "The poor we have always with us," may be truly said of all kindreds and tongues. In Marseilles we had them singing in the streets for eleemosynary sous. Carlyle contributed liberally. At the proper time we took our tickets for Nice. In its later years the factory smoke which pollutes our air, the dyers' chemistry which pollutes our rivers, the defacement of natural beauty which many of our industries have brought in their train, were hateful to him. The railway whistle, rather than the grand roar of the rushing locomotive, was his abomination. Tumult and confusion, especially when mixed with the stupidity of men and women, he detested. Such confusion we found at the Marseilles railway station, and his disgust thereat was registered in his voice and written on his countenance. At Nice the railway came to an end, and a carriage was needed to take us over the hills to Mentone. We had a vigorous altercation at a cab-stand, where gross extortion was attempted. We retired to a respectable hotel, the courteous proprietor of which, after some waiting, provided us with the required vehicle. The lights of Monaco shone below us as we slowly crept over the hills. From the summit we trotted down to Mentone, reaching it at two o'clock in the morning. He was expected, and a loving friend was on the alert to welcome him. The reception was such as a younger man might envy. It was indeed plain to me that the storm-tossed barque had reached a haven in which it could safely rest.

I allowed myself a few pleasant excursions

in the neighborhood. We all ascended to the high-perched village of Sant' Agnese, whence, though strenuously opposed by Carlyle, I continued the ascent to the summit of the Aiguille. This is the highest peak of the region. The sun was setting as I reached the top, flooding the Maritime Alps and the bays and promontories of the Mediterranean with blood-red light. It was a grand scene. We dined with the accomplished Lady Marian Alford. The present Lord Brownlow, as Mr. Cust, was there at the time, and a finer specimen of physical manhood I thought I had never before seen. After dinner a discussion arose about the sun as the physical basis of life. Carlyle's usual dislike to anything savoring of materialism showed itself, while I, with my usual freedom, told him that he was sure to come to grief if he questioned the sun's capacity as regards either light or life. In the morning, at an early hour, I found him vigorously marching along the fringe of the Mediterranean. In the afternoon we had a long drive on the Corniche Road. The zenithal firmament, as we returned, was a deep blue, the western sky a fiery crimson. Newton's suggestion — it could hardly be called a theory — as to the cause of the heavenly azure was mentioned. Carlyle had learned a good deal of natural philosophy from Leslie, of whom he preserved a grateful remembrance. From Leslie he had learnt Newton's view of the color of the sky, and he now stood up for it. Leslie, he contended, was a high and trustworthy authority. "An excellent man," I admitted, "in his own line, but not an authority on the point now under discussion." Carlyle continued to press his point, while I continued to resist. He became silent, and remained so for some time. A *dépendance* of the Villa Madonna had been placed at his sole disposal, and in it his fire was blazing pleasantly when we returned from our drive. I helped him to put on his dressing-gown. Throwing himself into a chair, and pointing to another at the opposite side of the fire, he said: "I didn't mean to contradict you. Sit down there and tell me all about it." I sat down, and he listened with perfect patience to a lengthy dissertation on the undulatory theory, the laws of interference, and the colors of thin plates. As in all similar cases, his questions showed wonderful penetration. The power which made his pictures so vivid and so true enabled him to seize physical imagery with ease and accuracy. Discussions ending in this way were not unfrequent

between us, and, in matters of science, I was always able, in the long run, to make prejudice yield to reason. On the day of my departure we all drove to Monaco — our warm-hearted hostess, Carlyle, and a young lady who was then a lovely child, and who is now a charming mother. On the little pier I bade them good-bye and went on board the steamer for Nice. Almost at the point where we had quitted the rime the train plunged into it again. It had clung to its clime persistently, while sunshine covered the Mentone hills.

After Carlyle's return from Mentone in the spring we had various excursions together. I accompanied him to Melchet, the beautiful seat of Lady Ashburton, and rode with him through the adjacent New Forest. We drove to Lyndhurst to see Leighton's frescoes. We frequently walked together. One day, the storm being wild and rude, a refuge from its buffets was thought desirable. He said he knew of one. I accordingly followed his lead to a wood at some distance. We skirted it for a time, and finally struck into it. In the heart of the wood we found a clearing. The trees had been cut down and removed, their low stumps, with smooth, transverse sections, remaining behind. It was a solemn spot, perfectly calm, while round the wood sounded the storm. Dry, dead fern abounded. Of this I formed a cushion, and placing it on one of the tree stumps, set him down upon it. I filled his pipe and lighted it, and while he puffed, conversation went on. Early in the day, as we roamed over the pastures, he had been complaining of the collapse of religious feeling in England, and I had said to him, "As regards the most earnest and the most capable of the men of a generation younger than your own, if one writer more than another has been influential in loosing them from their theological moorings, thou art the man!" Our talk was resumed and continued as he sat upon the stump and smoked his placid pipe within hearing of the storm. I said to him, "Despite all the losses you deplore, there is one great gain. We have extinguished that horrible spectre which darkened with its death-wings so many brave and pious lives. It is something to have abolished hell-fire!" "Yes," he replied, "that is a distinct and an enormous gain. My own father was a brave man, and, though poor, unaccustomed to cower before the face of man; but the Almighty God was a different matter. You and I do not believe that Melchet

Court exists, and that we shall return thither, more firmly than he believed that, after his death, he would have to face a judge who would lift him into everlasting bliss or doom him to eternal woe. I could notice that for three years before he died, this rugged, honest soul trembled to its depths at even the possible prospect of hell-fire. It surely is a great gain to have abolished this terror."

Sir Benjamin Brodie, the great surgeon, a man of highly philosophic mind, whose intimate friendship I enjoyed for many years before his death, always held and insisted that a good memory was essential to the making of a great man. That Carlyle's memory was astonishing numerous proofs could be given. One instance, associated with a fact of some interest, occurs to me as I write. When, struck down by the malady which has shorn away before their time so many precious lives, the gifted Clifford was approaching his end, I called one evening to see him in Quebec Street, and found Professor Croom Robertson at his bedside. Clifford had been reading a work on Germany "by Thomas Carlyle, barrister-at-law," and conjecture was set afloat to determine at what period of his career Carlyle had donned this designation. It was known that he once had thoughts of becoming a lawyer, but it was not known that he had ever used the title of a lawyer. Clifford said, "The subject is one which Carlyle might be expected to handle; the style is, to some extent, that with which we are so well acquainted, still the book is one which nobody, knowing Carlyle, could suppose him to have written at any period of his life." I went down to Chelsea next day and made enquiries about the authorship of the volume. "Oh," said Carlyle, with a laugh, "that was 'the Miracle.'" There was in Annandale a second Thomas Carlyle, whose cleverness, when a youth, caused him to be looked upon as a prodigy. Both he and the other Thomas sent from time to time mathematical questions to a local newspaper, and answered them mutually. Here Carlyle's extraordinary memory and narrative power came into play. He ran some centuries back, struck into the Miracle's family history, and traced it to that hour. While studying at the university of Marburg, I had been one morning startled by the intelligence that Thomas Carlyle, *der Engländer*, had arrived in that historic town. On inquiry, however, I found that it was not my Carlyle, but Carlyle the Irvingite, who had

come on a visit to Professor Thiersch. It was, in fact, the Miracle. The professor, a very distinguished Greek scholar and a pious man, had just joined the Irvingites; hence the visit of the Miracle. Carlyle spoke with feeling regarding what he considered to be the decadence and spiritual waste of his namesake and competitor, who when he came to Marburg had, I was told, the rank and function of an "apostle."

An event, important in its relation to Carlyle's memory, is to be noted here. Meeting one day in the Athenæum Club Mr. (now Sir Mount Stuart) Grant Duff, he informed me that an accomplished American friend of his was very anxious to know Carlyle, but that he was held back by the notion that Carlyle disliked Americans. I was able to say upon the spot that this was an error. From my own direct questionings I had learned that the feelings of the old man were those of gratitude rather than of dislike. At a time when his own countrymen, failing to recognize his need of a form of expression suited to his genius, had set him down as merely eccentric and wayward — meting out to him the wages of eccentricity and waywardness, and describing the work in which he had invested his highest faculty as "a heap of clotted nonsense" — America, through her noblest son, had opened to him her mind, her heart, her purse. Still, to make assurance doubly sure, I told Grant Duff that I would go down to Chelsea and make myself acquainted with Carlyle's present feelings. I went, and mentioned this conjectural dislike of Americans. "What nonsense!" he exclaimed; "bring him down here immediately." The gentleman here referred to was, and is, Mr. Charles Norton of Harvard College. He came to Carlyle, and his visit was the starting-point of a friendship which proved its steadfastness after Carlyle was dead and gone. With chivalrous firmness of purpose Mr. Norton has sought, and I am told successfully sought, to stem and roll back the foul wave of detraction and abuse, whereby inconsiderate England threatened to overwhelm the memory of a man to whom her best and bravest owe a debt never to be cancelled. On this sad subject, however, it is not my intention to dwell; but many patriotic men regard it as a calamity of unspeakable magnitude, that Carlyle's opinions on the grave questions which now agitate us should be reduced to nullity. Were he amongst us he could point for our instruction to certain apposite phases

of the French Revolution, which he — incomparable limner that he was! — has thrown upon the canvas of history. The manifold coiling of fraternal arms; the friendships sworn and resworn at the "Feast of Pikes;" the pathetic *Souper fraternel*, with citizens "hobnobbing in the streets to the reign of Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood;" and then, ah me! the law of gravity illustrated by the ipessant fall of the guillotine; the hackings, stranglings, fusillades, and noyades; cargoes of men, women, and children sunk by their sworn brothers in the Loire and the Rhone! One can fancy his presageful countenance were he to witness the revival, in our own day, of this ghastly farce of "fraternity" — unsexed, it is true, and converted into "sisterly embraces." When the manhood of England has departed, this nauseous sentimentalism may go down with the electorate — not before.

My recollection here reaches back to two powerful and important letters published by Carlyle, one in the *Examiner* and another in the *Spectator*, during a former Repeal agitation. Each of them bore the initial "C." as signature. His bold outspokenness and fiery eloquence had endeared him to the enthusiastic Young Irelanders, and it was thought that a word from him would, at the time, be a word in season. These letters had been read by me with profound interest when they first appeared, and I notified their existence to more than one able editor, when Carlyle's name was mentioned a year or two ago in the House of Commons. Standing recently beside the book-stall at Godalming railway station, I took up a quaint little book, with a quaintly printed title on its cover — "A pearl of English Rhetoric. Thomas Carlyle, on the Repeal of the Union." It was a reprint of one of the letters signed "C.," to which I have just referred. After long burial it had been unearthed, and thus restored to the public. I give here a sample of its arguments against Repeal: —

Consider [says the pearl-diver] whether, on any terms, England can have her house cut in two and a foreign nation lodged in her back parlor itself? Not in any measure conceivable by the liveliest imagination that will be candid! England's heavy job of work, inexorably needful to be done, cannot go on at all, unless her back parlor too belong to herself. With foreign controversies, parliamentary eloquences, with American sympathizers, Parisian *émeutiers*, Ledru Rollins, and a world just now [1843] fallen into bottomless anarchy, parading incessantly through her back parlor,

no nation can go on with any work. . . . Let Irish patriots seek some other remedy than repealing the Union; let all men cease to talk or speculate on that, since once for all it cannot be done. In no conceivable circumstances could or durst a British Minister propose to concede such a thing: the British Minister that proposed it would deserve to be impeached as a traitor to his high post, and to lose his worthless head. Nay, if, in the present cowardly humor of most ministers and governing persons, and loud, insane babble of anarchic men, a traitorous minister did consent to help himself over the evil hour by yielding to it and conceding its mad demand—even he, whether he saved his traitorous head or lost it, would have done nothing towards the Repeal of the Union. While a British citizen is left, there is left a protestor against our country being occupied by foreigners, a repealer of the Repeal.

Carlyle's mind was not of a texture to be greatly flurried by the prospect of confusion and bloodshed which the repeal of the Union would infallibly carry in its train. He would have grimly accepted this result. But he would have been moved to the depths of his nature by the Liberal palinode of 1886, and the consequent spread of untruth among a straightforward and truth-loving people. "A national wound," he would have said, "may be healed by the healthy surgery of the sword, but not when it is accompanied by national putrefaction." He would have made his own observations on the fell potency of that party virus, which has brought men whom he regarded and loved as younger brothers into partnership with so much that is mean and mendacious in political life. They have, I doubt not, their hours of misgiving, if not of self-accusation.

A word or two may here be thrown in as to Carlyle's relation to the "Nigger question." He undoubtedly rated the white man above the black. The capacity of rising to a higher blessedness, and of suffering a deeper woe, he deemed the prerogative and doom of the white. Hence his sympathy with the yellow-colored weavers of Lancashire, as against "black Quashee over the seas." Even among ourselves he insisted on indelible differences. Wise culture could make the cabbage a good cabbage and the oak a good oak; but culture could not transform the one into the other. It is interesting to observe how Locke's image of a sheet of white paper, on which education could write everything at will, laid hold of even powerful minds. I had many discussions

with the late Mr. Babbage upon this subject. His belief in the all-potency of education, as applied to the individual, I could not share. Brains differ, like voices; and as the voice-organ of a great singer must be the gift of nature, so the brain-organ of the great man must also be a natural gift. Nobody who knew Carlyle could dream for a moment that he meant to be unfair, much less cruel, towards the blacks. "Do I then hate the Negro? No; except when the soul is killed out of him I decidedly like poor Quashee. A swift, supple fellow; a merry-hearted, affectionate kind of creature, with a great deal of melody and amenability in his composition." It was not the guilt of "a skin not colored like his own," but the demoralizing idleness of the negro amid his pumpkins, that drew down the condemnation of Carlyle. His feelings towards the idle, pampered white man were more contemptuous and unsparing than towards the black. "A poor negro overworked on the Cuba sugar grounds, he is sad to look upon; yet he inspires me with sacred pity, and a kind of human respect is not denied him. But with what feelings can I look upon an over-fed white flunkey, if I know his ways? Pity is not for him, or not a soft kind of it; nor is any remedy visible except abolition at no distant date." In "Sartor" he writes: "Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that, with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritual indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life."

Still, it must be admitted that Carlyle estimated the whites as of greater value than the blacks; and he deprecated the diversion towards the African of power which might find a more profitable field of action at home. Perhaps he saw too vividly, and resented too warmly, the mistakes sometimes made by philanthropists, whereby their mercies are converted into cruelties. We see at the present moment a philanthropy which would be better named an *insanity*, acting in violent opposition to the wise and true philanthropists, who are aiming at the extinction of rabies among dogs, and of its horrible equivalent, hydrophobia, among men. Reason is lost on such people, and instead of reason Carlyle gave them scorn. Perhaps he was too scornful. History had revealed to him the unspeakable horrors of a black insurrection. Hence his action, as regards Governor Eyre, after the outbreak

at Morant Bay.\* "Hell had broken loose, and the fire must be quenched at any cost." Perhaps he was right; perhaps he was wrong. The question at the time produced an extraordinary cleavage among intimate friends; but, not to my knowledge, did it produce any permanent estrangement. Huxley and Spencer fought like brothers under a common flag; Hooker and myself, equally fraternal, under the opposite one. We surely did not love each other less afterwards because of this temporary divergence of judgment. I fervently trust that all our differences may have a similar end.

"It is related," says Dr. Garnet, "that, fascinated by the grand figure of Michael Angelo, he [Carlyle] once announced his intention of writing his life." He would have thus added to his picture-gallery "The Hero as Artist." Carlyle would have found "The Hero as Man of Science" a more fitting theme. He had mastered the "Principia," and was well aware of the vast revolutionary change wrought, not in science only, but in the whole world of thought, by the theory of gravitation. The apparently innocent statement that every particle of matter attracted every other particle with a force which was a function of the distance between them, carried the mind away from the merely *falling* atoms of Epicurus and Lucretius to conceptions of molecular forces. By their aid we look intellectually into the architecture of crystals. But the inquiring spirit of man cannot stop there. It now recognizes, with what ultimate results we know not, the all-potent play of molecular forces in the animal and vegetable organisms. Without, however, trenching upon these points, which he saw as in a glass darkly, he would have found in Newton or Boyle an appropriate subject. Had he taken either of them in hand he would undoubtedly have turned out an impressive figure. Boyle especially would, I imagine, have appealed to his sympathies and love.

The mistake, not unfrequently made, of supposing Carlyle's mind to be unscientific, may be further glanced at here. The scientific reader of his works must have noticed the surprising accuracy of the metaphors he derived from science. With-

\* I may here say that when speaking to Governor Eyre upon the subject, he declared to me that he knew as little, at the time, about the floggings of women and other cruelties, as I did. But though he might have mitigated the severity of the verdict against himself, by shifting the odium on to his subordinates, he refused to do so, and accepted all the blame.

out sound knowledge such uniform exactitude would not have been possible. He laid the whole body of the sciences under contribution — astronomy, from the nebular theory onwards; mathematics, physics, chemistry, geology, natural history — drawing illustrations from all of them, grinding the appropriate parts of each of them into paint for his marvellous pictures. Quite as clearly as the professed physicist he grasped the principle of continuity, and saw the interdependence of "parts" in the "stupendous whole." To him the universe was not a mechanism, but an organism — each part of it thrilling and responding sympathetically with all other parts. Igdrasil, "the Tree of Existence," was his favorite image: "Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communication with all, I find no similitude so true as this of a tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful, and great. The '*Machine* of the Universe,' — alas, do but think of that in contrast!"\* Other penetrative minds have made us familiar with the "Social Organism," but Carlyle saw early and utilized nobly the beauty and the truth of the metaphor.

In the month of May, 1840, the foregoing words were spoken. Harking back to 1831, we find him at Craigenputtock, drawing this picture: "As I rode through the Schwarzwald I said to myself: That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horseshoe — is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole universe; or is it indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool, that smithy-fire was primarily kindled at the sun." [Joule and Mayer were scientifically unborn when these words were written.] He continues: "Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation; nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses." With its parts in "æterne alternation" the world presented itself to the mind of Carlyle. "The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand rests not where it falls, but tomorrow thou findest it swept away; already on the wings of the north-wind it is nearing the Tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is ought motionless; without Force and utterly dead?" † Such

\* Heroes and Hero-Worship, Library Edition, p. 25.  
† Sartor Resartus, Library Edition, pp. 68, 69.



passages — and they abound in his writings — might justify us in giving Carlyle the credit of poetically, but accurately, foreshadowing the doctrine of the conservation of energy. As a physiologist describes the relation of nerve to muscle, he hits off the function, and the fate, of demagogues in revolutionary times: "Record of their thought remains not; death and darkness have swept it out utterly. Nay, if we had their thought, all that they could have articulately spoken to us, how insignificant a fraction were that of the thing which realized itself, which decreed itself, on signal given by them!" Thus, a howling Marat, or a sea-green Robespierre was able to unlock forces infinitely in excess of his own.

It was not the absence of scientific power and precision, so much as the overwhelming importance which Carlyle ascribed to ethical considerations and influences, that determined his attitude towards natural science. The fear that moral strength might be diminished by Darwin's doctrine accounts for such hostility as he showed to the "Origin of Species." We had many calm and reasonable conversations on this and kindred subjects; and I could see that his real protest was against being hemmed in. He demanded a larger area than that offered by science for speculative action and its associated emotion. "Yes, Friends," he says in "Sartor," "not our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one is King over us."\* Worship he defined as "transcendent wonder;" and the lifting of the heart by worship was a safeguard against moral putrefaction. Science, he feared, tended to destroy this sentiment. I may remark here that, as a corrective of superstition, science, even when it acts thus, is altogether salutary. But preoccupation alone could close the eyes of the student of natural science to the fact that the long line of his researches is, in reality, a line strung with wonders. There are free-thinkers who imagine themselves able to sound with their penny twine-balls the ocean of immensity. With such Carlyle had little sympathy. He was a free-thinker of wiser and nobler mould. The miracles of orthodoxy were to him, as to his friend Emerson, "Monsters." To both of them "the blowing clover and the falling rain" were the true miracles. Napoleon gazing at the stars, and gravelling his *savants* with the question: "Gentlemen, who made all that?" commended itself to

their common sympathy. It was the science which, in its claims, overstepped its warrant — professing to explain everything, and to sweep the universe clear of mystery, that was really repugnant to Carlyle.

Here a personal recollection comes into view which, as it throws a pleasant light on the relations of Carlyle and Darwin, may be worth recording. Like many other noble ladies, Lady Derby was a warm friend of Carlyle; and once, during an entire summer, Keston Lodge was placed by Lord Derby at Carlyle's disposal. From the seat of our common friend Sir John Lubbock, where we had been staying, the much-mourned William Spottiswoode and myself once walked over to the lodge to see Carlyle. He was absent; but as we returned we met him and his niece, the present Mrs. Alexander Carlyle,\* driving home in a pony carriage. I had often expressed to him the wish that he and Darwin might meet; for it could not be doubted that the nobly candid character of the great naturalist would make its due impression. The wish was fulfilled. He met us with the exclamation: "Well, I have been to see Darwin." He paused, and I expressed my delight. "Yes," he added, "I have been to see him and a more charming man I have never met in my life."

The sad years rolled on, and I began at length to notice a lowering of his power of conversation, and a tendency to somnolence, which contrasted strongly with the brisk and fierce alacrity of former times. On one occasion when I called, this was specially noticeable. He was seated before the fire, with Mr. Browning † for his companion. We entered into conversation which, in Carlyle's case, was limited to the answering of a question addressed to him now and then. I was aware of the poet's habit of early rising, and of his hard work, and I wished to know something of the antecedents of so strenuous and so illustrious a life. Mr. Browning's father and grandfather came thus to be spoken of. Carlyle seemed at length to rouse himself. "Browning," he said, "it was your ancestor that broke the boom stretched across the Foyle, and relieved Derry, when the city was besieged by

\* To whom he was indebted not only for her affectionate care of his health, but occasionally, in later years, for wise counsel where his own faltering judgment might have led him wrong.

† Vigorous, when this page was written; now, alas! no more.

\* Book III., Symbols.

James's army." He named the ship. "Surely not," I said, "it was the Dartmouth." In saying this, I relied more upon songs committed to memory in boyhood,\* than upon historical knowledge. Carlyle was right. The relief of Derry is described by Macaulay, who has given honor to whom honor is due.

One other trivial item, almost the last, may be here set down. In his days of visible sinking, I took down to him a small supply of extremely old pale brandy from the stores of Justerini and Brooks, together with a few of the best cigars that I could find. On visiting him subsequently, I found that he had hardly touched either the one or the other. Thinking them worth a trial, I mixed some brandy and water in a tumbler, and placing a cigar between his fingers, gave him a light. The vigor of his puffs astonished me; his strength as a smoker seemed unimpaired. With the view of supporting him, I placed myself on the sofa behind him. After a time, putting aside the half-consumed cigar, he drank off the brandy and water, and with a smile gleaming in his eye, † remarked, "That's well over." Soon afterwards he fell asleep. Quietly relinquishing my position as pillow, I left him in slumber. This, to the best of my recollection, was the last time I saw Thomas Carlyle.

The disintegration of the firm masonry went rapidly on, and at length the noble tower fell. Carlyle died on the 5th of February, 1881.

Immediately afterwards I was visited by Mr. Froude, who came to inform me of the arrangements made for the funeral. In touching language he described the placid beauty of the dead man's face, contrasting it with the stern grandeur of Mrs. Carlyle's countenance in her last sleep. The brave and sympathetic Stanley wished to have him in Westminster Abbey, but this Carlyle had steadily declined. Troops of friends from all accessible places would have reverently made their way to the burial-ground of Ecclefechan, but it was

\* The strophe on which my opinion was founded runs thus:—

"The Dartmouth spreads her snow-white sail,  
Her purple pendant flying O,  
While we the dauntless heroes hail,  
Who saved us all from dying O."

† I think it was the late Mr. Donne who once remarked to me that Carlyle's beard, by hiding the grimly set mouth, greatly improved his aspect. "His eye was tender and sweet." A comparison of the frontispiece of "Heroes and Hero-Worship" with that of "Sartor Resartus" (library editions) will illustrate Mr. Donne's meaning and justify his observation.

thought desirable to make the funeral as quiet and as simple as possible. Lecky, Froude, and myself formed a small delegation from London. We journeyed together northwards, halting at Carlisle for the night. Snow was on the ground next morning as we proceeded by rail to the station of Ecclefechan. Here we found the hearse powdered over by the frozen shower of the preceding night. Through the snow-slop we walked to Mainhill, the farmhouse where Carlyle, in 1824, completed the translation of "Wilhelm Meister." It may have been the state of the weather, but Mainhill seemed to me narrow, cold, humid, uncomfortable. We returned to Ecclefechan, I taking shelter for a time in the signal-room of the station. Here I conversed with the signal-man, an intelligent fellow, who seemed wishful that I should know that Mr. James Carlyle, who was still amongst them, was fit to take rank in point of intellect with his illustrious brother. At the appointed hour we joined the carriage procession to the churchyard. There, without funeral rite or prayer, we saw the coffin which contained the body of Carlyle lowered to its last resting-place. So passed away one of the glories of the world.

From Murray's Magazine.

MARCIA.

CHAPTER I.

#### THE DEBUT OF MISS THOMPSON.

It was between five and six o'clock in the morning; the sun was up, and so were most of the four million inhabitants of London, the lives of most of the four millions being spent in hard labor. A numerically insignificant minority had just gone to bed, and were taking repose after the toils of the night, for they also labor hard after their fashion at certain seasons of the year. Two of them, however, were still sitting up talking, and were not a bit sleepy, nor even tired. For these two young women had, for the first time in their lives, been taking part in a very grand ball. Moreover, as the ball in question had been given by the parents of one of them and as the other was strikingly handsome, it is scarcely necessary to add that they had taken a very active part in it indeed. Probably no girl, unless she have been so unhappy as to lack partners, feels tired after her first ball. One of these—the strikingly handsome one, who was tall

and dark, and had that appearance of health and good spirits which is in itself beauty — said, —

“I should like to begin this moment and do it all over again. Shouldn't you?”

“Well — not quite,” answered her companion, a plump little brown-haired, brown-eyed maiden, who might just be called pretty, because she was so young and had such a pleasant, good-humored face, but whose prettiness was not of the kind which outlasts many seasons. “You see, I had to dance with a good many people whom I didn't want to dance with, and who most likely didn't want to dance with me; that rather spoilt the first part of it. The last two hours were nice enough.”

“It was all perfectly glorious from start to finish,” Miss Marcia Thompson declared. “What nonsense the people talk who say that London ball-rooms are too crowded to dance in! Perhaps other ball-rooms aren't as large as yours, though?” she added, with an apprehensive glance at her friend.

“I believe there are plenty larger,” answered Laura Beaumont. “The difficulty, it seems, isn't so much want of space as want of men who can dance and will dance.”

“Well, there were enough of them to-night,” remarked Miss Marcia, with a retrospective smile of satisfaction.

“*You* found enough of them, no doubt, and I dare say you always will. By the way, you ought to be congratulated upon one conquest you have made in the person of Mr. Brett.”

“Who? Oh, that old thing? I didn't know I had made a conquest of him, and I don't see what there is to congratulate me about in it if I have. He isn't much of a dancer.”

“Isn't he? Well, at all events, he isn't an old thing. He is a rising young barrister — in fact, he is already a risen one; only he is to rise still higher, everybody says. He is going to be solicitor-general, or attorney-general, or something of that sort, when he has had a little more experience.”

“I suppose that won't make him waltz any better, will it?”

“No, but it will add to his distinction, which is considered to be very great even now. He hardly ever goes to balls, and when he does he usually retires after standing for about ten minutes in the doorway. At least, so I am told; and now you can understand why his friends thought he was paying you a marked compliment by dancing with you three times.”

“Didn't it occur to his friends that I might be paying him rather a marked compliment by allowing him to spoil three dances for me? However, I admit that it was an involuntary compliment, and it shall not be repeated. The truth is that I hadn't the presence of mind to refuse when he asked me. This is what comes of being both shy and benevolent.”

Miss Beaumont laughed; perhaps she did not think that either attribute was specially characteristic of her friend.

“Well,” she said, “if Mr. Brett had asked me to dance only once, I should have felt much honored. He may not be very young, or very beautiful, or even very amusing —”

“He isn't the least bit amusing,” interjected Marcia.

“But he sets a high value upon himself, and that, of course, makes his attentions flattering. Some day, when he is lord chancellor, you will perhaps look back upon this evening with pride.”

“Oh, bother him and his attentions!” returned Marcia. “By the time that he is lord chancellor I shall be dead, I trust. I don't see what there can be to live for after one is forty — or even after one is thirty,” she added, with a sigh.

Marcia Thompson agreed with certain profound philosophers that the whole aim, object, and meaning of life is the attainment of happiness, and, although she was aware that happiness may be attained by diverse methods, she did not make the mistake of imagining that she herself could ever be happy unless she was loved. Moreover, she was persuaded — whether rightly or wrongly — that nobody would care very much about her after her physical charms should have faded. It is, at any rate, certain that her physical charms had caused her to be beloved by many persons of both sexes who possibly might not otherwise have been attracted to her.

“Miss Thompson,” her old schoolmistress had said to her in the course of a valedictory interview, “you cannot but be conscious that you have a beautiful face. Beauty, my dear, is a gift of God, like rank and wealth and intellect, and we, who possess none of these things, are not sincere if we pretend to underrate them. See, however, that you make a good use of what has been given to you, and remember that it must inevitably expose you to dangers and temptations. I am glad to think that you have the safeguard of a kind heart.”

This was handsome on the part of the old lady, and was tolerably true into the

bargain. That her well-meant platitudes should produce much effect upon a young girl who was about to be launched into society was hardly to be expected; but Marcia really did not intend to make any bad use of her advantages. She proposed, indeed, to use them, as she always had used them, for the subjugation of the hearts of others; but that did not prove her own to be an unkind one. Hitherto her conquests had been of a very innocent description, and it may be taken as redounding to her credit that she was adored by her school companions; yet one may doubt whether she would have achieved so large a measure of popularity without her beautiful face and her pretty little ways.

Chief among her school friends had always been Laura Beaumont, with whose hospitable parents she had spent more than one happy vacation. For Marcia was an orphan, with no near relations, and her guardians, who were business men residing in Liverpool, were only too glad to place her temporarily under the wing of so unexceptionable a chaperon as Mrs. Beaumont. Still more glad were they when, on the completion of Marcia's education, the same good-natured lady offered to bring her out with her own daughter, to present her at court, to take her into society, and—as the guardians fondly hoped—to find a suitable husband for her. Well, it ought not to be difficult, they thought, to find a suitable husband for a girl who was extremely good-looking and had a nice little fortune of her own. So Marcia was now installed in Grosvenor Place for the season, and the ordeal of her first drawing-room was a thing of the past, and it only remained to her to amuse herself to the best of her ability, which in that direction was considerable. She did not think that it would amuse her at all to flirt with Mr. Brett; and when, some days after this, Laura informed her that the future lord chancellor was coming to dinner, she only made a face, saying that she hoped he would not take her in. However, he did take her in, and, in spite of herself, she was somewhat impressed and overawed by him.

A good many people of greater importance and experience than Miss Thompson were overawed by Eustace Brett at that period of his life. Judges, it was said, were a little frightened of him, for he was not only a clever and effective advocate, but a good lawyer, and he had an awkward way of being always in the right, whereas their lordships, like other mortals,

were occasionally in the wrong. In private, as in public life, he had contrived to make himself respected, admired, and to some extent feared; though how or why he had done so would be difficult to explain. He was a tall, spare, middle-aged man with a smooth-shaven face, clear-cut features, and thin lips, which rarely smiled; his conversation was not brilliant, he had no high connections, nor was there any reason, save his eminence in his profession (which could hardly be called a sufficient one), for his being admitted into the best houses in London. Yet he was so admitted, and he refused more invitations than he accepted, and he did not always trouble himself to be civil to his entertainers, which naturally made them take a good deal of pains to be civil to him. His manner with Marcia was not quite the same as it was with the rest of the world. She knew that, although she had had so few opportunities of observing his manner with the rest of the world, and the distinction flattered her vanity if it did not precisely touch her heart. His voice changed when he addressed her; he was evidently anxious to interest her; and he succeeded, though perhaps not quite after the fashion in which he had intended to succeed. For the rest, he did not hesitate to put direct questions to her about her tastes and ambitions, nor was he at all lenient in his criticisms on her replies.

"Oh, but you can't live simply for amusement," he said, in answer to one of her remarks, "nobody can do that. Some men—that is, if they have large properties or keep racing stables or something of that kind—may make their amusements a sort of substitute for work; but I don't see how women can. You would never be able to persuade yourself that it was your sole mission in life to attend balls and dinners and evening parties."

"What should you think was my mission in life, Mr. Brett?" inquired Marcia, turning her large dark eyes upon her neighbor.

"The same as that of other women, I imagine. If you marry—as you certainly will—it will be your mission to be a good wife and mother. Which implies a good many hours of daily work."

"I suppose so," returned Marcia, with a grimace. "The moral of that seems to be that I had better amuse myself while I can."

The man was doubtless a prig, possibly also a little impertinent; yet he impressed her. His style of making love (for that he meant to make love was obvious) was

at all events original and very unlike that adopted by her other admirers. Of other admirers Miss Marcia very soon had quite as many as she could manage. Some of them were apparently serious, others were doubtful; but all were welcome; and she was the more kind and encouraging with them when she discovered that Mr. Brett strongly disapproved of the levity of her conduct. After the evening of the dinner party in Grosvenor Place she was continually meeting Mr. Brett, who went into society that season more than he had ever done before, and she knew that he did this for the sake of meeting her; and he had a way of glancing at her severely and drawing in his lips, when she passed him on the arm of some gay youth or other, which afforded her much gratification.

"You make that poor man waste a great deal of valuable time," Laura (who was not herself overburdened with admirers, and consequently had leisure to observe the proceedings of others) told her. To which she replied that she was innocent of any wish to draw Mr. Brett away from his professional labors. Nevertheless, it pleased her to think that he was wasting his time for her sake, and she was glad to know that he was jealous of her, nor did she object to the little lectures which he saw fit to administer to her from time to time.

"Does the conversation of these young swells interest you, Miss Thompson?" he asked her one evening, "or do you only look as if it interested you by way of increasing your popularity?"

"All sorts of people interest me," she answered. "I don't think I care particularly what they say, so long as they do their best to be pleasant. You never try to be pleasant, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I try to be pleasant to the people whom I don't care about; with the others I try to be honest."

"That is very flattering to me; because, from the general style of your observations, I suppose there can be no doubt that you class me amongst 'the others.' Honestly speaking, you consider me a very frivolous sort of young woman, don't you?"

"Not yet," he answered, in his quiet, deliberate way. "But I should say that there was some danger of your becoming so. It seems to me that you care a little too much for admiration and not quite enough whose admiration it may be. That is the nature of most women; but I hope it is not your nature — and I don't think it is."

"What is my nature, Mr. Brett?" Marcia inquired; and, as she spoke, she turned her face towards his with an expression of candid curiosity.

"Well," he said, "you have strong affections."

Marcia nodded. "Quite right, so far. Go on, please."

"You are not exactly vain; but you are extremely anxious to be liked or thought well of by everybody, and that often leads you into saying things which you don't really mean. I shouldn't wonder if it sometimes led you into doing things of which you don't really approve. You are rather deficient in moral courage, and you have not much self-confidence. Your instincts are certainly good; still it is doubtful whether you will follow them, because you will always be under the influence of those with whom you may happen to associate."

"You are like those tiresome people who grab one's hand after dinner and pretend to decipher one's character from studying the lines on one's palm," remarked Marcia.

"Have I deciphered it successfully?"

"Oh, yes, I dare say you have. Let me see; I am vain, insincere, rather cowardly, and miserably weak. Yes; I should think that was all right. Any more compliments?"

"I didn't know that you wished for compliments," said Mr. Brett, with a grave smile.

"Yet you appear to have discovered that there is nothing in the world that I value more."

"I can pay you compliments without turning aside from the path of strict honesty. I can tell you — only I am sure you are aware of it — that you have a fascination for which there is no name that I know of, but which will suffice to bring any man or number of men to your feet just as often as you choose to exercise it. I can tell you that you are already very powerful, and that you may travel a long way before you reach the limits of your powers. Then, of course, I can tell you, if you care to hear it, that you have eclipsed all the ladies who are called beauties to-night."

Marcia colored with pleasure. Of such speeches as that she felt that she could never have too many. But perhaps Mr. Brett thought that he had now been complimentary enough; for he added, —

"The risk is that you may be spoiled by all this adulation. You may think flirtation so delightful and so amusing that it

isn't worth your while to aim at anything else than reducing that art to perfection. If you do that, you will drive away the only people whose — er — friendship is worth having."

"Meaning your own—er—friendship?" inquired Marcia, with a very fair mimicry of his intonation.

"I won't say that," Mr. Brett replied; "I don't give or withdraw my friendship lightly. But I confess that I shall be grievously disappointed if you turn out a hard-hearted flirt, like most of the girls whom one meets. I hope better things of you."

Marcia laughed and cut short the colloquy by signalling to one of her partners, who had been hovering in the offing for the last minute or so. There are certain accusations which have never given offence to any woman since the world began. It is wrong to be a hard-hearted flirt; but it is not disagreeable to be stigmatized in that way by persons who are incapable of forming a just judgment and whose incapacity is due to circumstances for which allowance may easily be made. At least, Mr. Brett could not say that she had flirted with him.

Nevertheless, other people said so; for this is a censorious world, and nobody will ever know how good we really all are and how little we intend to work mischief until we learn to judge of our neighbors by ourselves — which is a very hard lesson to learn. Laura Beaumont, for instance, told her friend in so many words that she was behaving abominably.

"It isn't fair, Marcia," said she. "I don't complain of your amusing yourself with these young men, who very likely are only amusing themselves with you; but you know quite well that Mr. Brett is in earnest, and, unless you are in earnest too, you have no business to go on like this."

"Like what?" inquired Marcia, with an air of innocent amazement.

"You ought not to make him think that you are purposely teasing him, and that you care for him in reality a great deal more than you care for anybody else."

"I do hope that he is not so disgustingly conceited as to think any such thing!" Marcia declared.

"I don't know about the conceit; I know that is what I should think if I were in his place. It stands to reason that you wouldn't sit out two or three dances in succession with him, if you didn't either care for him or wish to make him believe that you did."

Marcia put her head on one side and considered this point for a short space of time before she answered, —

"Well, I like him, you know. He is different from other men; he scolds me instead of flattering me, and when he is in a good humor he is really rather nice. I don't see why I am bound to refuse his friendship."

"But perhaps he hasn't offered you that?" suggested Laura.

"He has, though. At least, he kindly gave me to understand that I possessed it, and that I might possibly lose it if I didn't amend my ways."

"Oh, he has got as far as that, has he? Well, one knows the true name of such friendship. Perhaps, after all, you won't lose it."

"I am sure I shall not deserve to lose it," Marcia replied demurely.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the above conversation had little influence, one way or the other, upon a young woman whose actions were guided rather by her heart than by her head, and who was disposed to regard the affection of her fellow-creatures as her prerogative. Marcia was a good deal more impressed by some remarks which fell from her hostess a few days later. Good-natured Mrs. Beaumont, who had already married several daughters successfully, and expected to marry the youngest of them without much difficulty in the course of that season or the next, was, for the time being, greatly interested in the orphan who had been committed to her charge. What with her face and her fortune, Marcia ought, she thought, to make a good match, and, although Mr. Brett might fairly be counted eligible, he had certain blemishes to which it seemed only right to call the attention of the inexperienced. She therefore felt it to be her duty to say to Marcia, —

"My dear, I have noticed that you see a great deal of that Mr. Brett, and he is always calling here now, instead of leaving a card at the door, like other people. I have nothing in the world to say against him; only — he isn't very young, and I should think he might be a little bit exacting. I see that you don't like my speaking so plainly; but the fact is that a word in season often prevents subsequent unpleasantness, and perhaps you will forgive me when you remember that just at present I am standing in the place of your mother."

"What do you wish me to say, Mrs. Beaumont?" asked Marcia, after a moment of hesitation.

Mrs. Beaumont laughed. "Not very much," she answered. "I only wished to consult you as to whether I had not better tell them to say 'not at home,' the next time that Mr. Brett calls."

"Of course you can do just what you choose in your own house, Mrs. Beaumont," said Marcia.

"Quite so, my dear; but this time it is a question of what *you* may choose. I don't think that, if I were you, I should choose Mr. Brett. I believe he is pretty well off, and he is certainly clever and his character is all that it ought to be; still he is too old for you and rather too solemn, according to my notions. Fortunately, he is man of the world enough to take a hint, and probably a very delicate one will suffice to prevent him from troubling you any more."

Mrs. Beaumont would not have said that if she had understood her *protégé* better. Marcia was quite certain that she was not in love with Mr. Brett; but she was equally certain that it would be painful to her to dismiss him, and she never, if she could possibly help it, gave herself pain. So she said, —

"I wouldn't for the world drive any one away from such a pleasant house as this, Mrs. Beaumont. There really is nothing between me and Mr. Brett — nothing at all! I hope you won't snub him on my account."

Mrs. Beaumont laughed again and replied, "Very well, my dear." No girl could be expected to proclaim her sentiments more distinctly, and if Miss Thompson liked middle-aged lawyers that, after all, was Miss Thompson's affair. No objection was likely to be raised against this particular lawyer by Miss Thompson's guardians.

Thus it came to pass that, without any special exertion on his own part, Mr. Brett attained to the position of a recognized suitor.

## CHAPTER II.

### TWO ENGAGEMENTS.

SUCCESS in life is perhaps more often achieved by those who start without advantages than by those who, being favorably handicapped, have leisure to ask themselves whether the game is worth the candle. At all events, the men who know that they have only their own talents and industry to rely upon are likely, if they have any ambition, to exert these to the utmost; and it was, doubtless, because he had done so, that Eustace Brett had risen,

at a comparatively early age, to the front rank in his profession. The son of a provincial banker, he had declined to join his elder brother George in carrying on the paternal avocations, and had been thought foolish for throwing away such a chance. Possibly he had been foolish, for his brother had become a London banker and a rich man; yet he had attained to such eminence in the calling of his choice that his brother, like the rest of the world, respected him, and at the time with which we are now concerned he was making a large annual income. He was, in truth, rather industrious than talented, although experience had enabled him to acquire a knowledge of human nature which stood him in good stead. He believed himself to be an excellent judge of character, as indeed he was, within certain limits. No man can be a judge of what he has not seen, and there are many phases of human nature of which this distinguished lawyer was necessarily ignorant. However, he did not know that, and he would have had to be a much larger-minded man than he was to have even surmised it. He was in all things thoroughly honest and conscientious; he had, while still young, faced the religious difficulties which honest and conscientious men pretty generally have to face, and had obtained answers which had seemed to him satisfactory from teachers of the Evangelical school; he was now (after passing through this mild form of a common disease) quite at rest in his mind with regard to the problems of a present and future life; he went twice to church on Sundays and gave away a fair proportion of his professional gains in charity. Evidently, the proper course marked out for him was to persevere in well-doing until he obtained the legal prize which was his due — to marry some worthy and submissive woman, to die in an honored old age, and eventually to be deposited in Kensal Green beneath a sufficiently imposing weight of marble.

But fate, which laughs at the oldest and gravest of us, had decreed that Mr. Eustace Brett should make himself ridiculous by falling over head and ears in love with a schoolgirl; and, as he had never been in love before (possibly he had never had the time), his love was as serious and earnest as everything else about him. He did not think himself ridiculous for loving Marcia Thompson, although he had at the outset great doubts as to whether she would be a suitable wife for him. These doubts were overcome when he had seen more of her, because her conversation

convinced him that she had a yielding and affectionate nature ; but, even if he had not reached that happy conviction, it would have made no difference, for he loved her, and it would have been as impossible to him as to any other mortal to resign his hopes of winning her from considerations of prudence. Now his hopes of winning her were tolerably strong. It may be that, having hitherto obtained everything upon which he had set his heart, he was a trifle more self-reliant than a modest man should have been ; yet he was not wrong when he said to himself that she displayed an encouraging willingness to defer to his wishes. She was very young ; she liked dancing and flattery and admiration, but she was discriminating enough to distinguish between true gold and mere gilding ; added to which, she could, if she had chosen to do so, very easily have dismissed a suitor who wearied her. Such was Mr. Brett's analysis of Marcia's character, and, although it was not quite accurate, it did not lack plausibility.

During this period of his life, Eustace Brett managed to get on with an extraordinarily small allowance of sleep. Work had to be done ; but then also balls had to be attended, and naturally there was nothing for it but to take pleasure first and work afterwards — which is not to be recommended as a system. He consoled himself with the reflection that it was only temporary. A married man who has professional duties to discharge cannot be expected to go to balls, and a married woman should have other ambitions than that of shining in society. He did his love-making in a quiet, steady, methodical way. He was aware that his age was a little against him and that he had not a face which could be counted upon to captivate a young girl's fancy ; but he aspired to reach Marcia's heart through her reason, which was, no doubt, somewhat absurd, and yet was perhaps his best chance.

In obedience to the instructions which she had received, or imagined that she had received, Mrs. Beaumont gave orders that he was to be admitted whenever he called ; and very soon it came to be an understood thing that he might be expected every Sunday afternoon. Possibly that was why Mrs. and Miss Beaumont, being both of them kind-hearted people, happened to go out one Sunday afternoon, and were thoughtful enough to tell the butler that, if Mr. Brett should call, he was to be shown into the drawing-room, where Miss Thompson might entertain him until their return. However that may

be, Mr. Brett did call at his accustomed hour, and was at once ushered into the presence of Marcia, who held out her hand to him, without rising from the armchair in which she was reclining, and said, —

"I was wondering whether you would put in an appearance to-day. I am so glad you have, because they have left me all alone, and I don't know what to do with myself."

Mr. Brett was somewhat given to the use of long and ceremonious phrases. He replied, "I am doubly fortunate in finding you alone, and of being the humble means of providing you with some relief from the monotony of your own company. At the same time," he added gallantly, "it is difficult for me to understand how your company could possibly be monotonous."

"You wouldn't," observed Marcia, "have the slightest difficulty in understanding it if you lived with me."

"I should be glad," answered Mr. Brett, "to be allowed an opportunity of deciding that point by the test of experience ; meanwhile, I venture respectfully to dispute it."

Marcia thought that in any case it would not take her very long to grow weary of so long-winded a companion, and it will be admitted that she had some reason for her belief. He was always wearisome and heavy when the conversation took that turn, and perhaps he was not without a glimmering of the truth, for he hastened to change it.

"You look tired, Miss Thompson," he remarked. "Are you beginning to find out that a London season is not only a very fatiguing, but a very monotonous thing?"

"I don't think I am," answered Marcia musingly ; "but it isn't quite such fun as I thought it would be. If other people enjoyed it, it would be pleasant enough ; the unfortunate thing is that most of them seem to be too stupid to enjoy it."

"On behalf of the stupid majority," said Mr. Brett, "I beg to assure you that we are less stupid than you think us. We enjoy society under certain conditions ; that is, when it enables us to meet certain individuals."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of *you* !" returned Marcia not over-civilly.

"No ; but I was thinking of you. I am hardly what can be called a society man, but I have liked going into society this year for a reason which you can easily guess." And, as Marcia laughed without replying, he resumed presently : "I don't



say that I should like it for two years in succession, because my spare time is so limited. I am glad to think that you also have found one season of perpetual racket enough to satisfy you."

"But indeed I haven't," Marcia declared. "I should like to have any number of seasons of perpetual racket. I am not like you, you see — my spare time is unlimited."

"Well, at present perhaps it is; but it will not always be so. Miss Thompson, I know you will not be surprised when I tell you that I love you, and that my dearest wish is to call you my wife. You must have seen that for a long time past; and what gives me some hope is that you have never discouraged me. I am not a very young man; but perhaps it is better to be loved by a man who has passed the age of change; and this, I think, I may say for myself, that if you will intrust your future happiness to me you will not regret it."

Marcia was considerably taken aback. She had not expected Mr. Brett to make his offer so soon, nor, indeed, had he contemplated doing so when he entered the house. He now sat, with dispassionate calm, awaiting her reply, which, when it came, was a somewhat ambiguous one.

"But, Mr. Brett," she said, "have you considered what you are doing? I — I don't think I am at all a domestic sort of person."

He answered, smiling, "My dear Miss Thompson, you can't very well know yet what your tastes are. I may be permitted to doubt whether the kind of life that you have been leading lately would not very soon pall upon you. But pray don't think that I should ever wish to exclude you from the society of your friends. I should be very well content to leave the question of excessive gaiety to be decided by circumstances and by your own good sense."

"And if I were to decide in favor of the excessive gaiety?"

"I don't think you would; but I am willing to take the risk. I am willing, in fact, to take any and every risk. Now can you accept me?"

She really did not think that she could. She did not love him, yet she was curiously reluctant to dismiss him, and she knew instinctively that he was not the kind of man to give her a chance of reconsidering her refusal. What she would have preferred would have been to keep him hanging on for a little longer; so at length she said, "I can't feel sure that we care enough for one another, Mr. Brett."

"You may feel sure, so far as I am concerned," he answered quickly. "I know I have not been an impassioned lover; it is not my way to be impassioned. But the simple truth is, that I have never loved any one but you, and never shall love any one else. As for your feelings, I don't ask or expect that they should be very warm towards me just now; I only hope that they may become so; and I believe that they will, if absolute devotion on my part can make them so."

Marcia gazed out through the open window across the blaze of flowers in the balcony, and hesitated. What was there about this grave, pedantic man that attracted her? Why had she in the course of the last week refused two offers of marriage from men who were younger, probably richer, and certainly more attractive in the general acceptance of the term? She could not answer these questions, although the answer was not such a very difficult one to discover. She was drawn towards Eustace Brett, in the first place, because she did not quite understand him; in the second, because she was a little afraid of him; and in the third, because she was not a little proud of having captured him.

"You know what I am," she began, after a long pause.

"I believe I do pretty well," he answered smilingly.

"Well, if you will take me for what I am — but Mrs. Beaumont says you are very exacting."

"I do not think that you will find me that."

"Then, if you are sure you will never expect me to be what I am not —"

The next moment Eustace Brett's thin lips were pressed upon Marcia's forehead, and the moment after that she regretted her precipitancy. She had done a foolish thing, and she was frightened and would have liked to draw back, only she had not the requisite courage. Yet it is not improbable that she would have made her condition of mind apparent to him, and that he would have granted her her release — for, in spite of his solemnity and priggishness, he was neither an ungenerous man nor a fool — if at this moment Mrs. and Miss Beaumont had not appeared upon the scene. Their entrance, of course, put an end to the interview, and after a few minutes Mr. Brett got up and took his leave.

Scarcely had he quitted the room when Mrs. Beaumont, who was looking happy and excited, announced that she was the

bearer of a piece of news, which she was sure that dear Marcia would be glad to hear. This was nothing less than that Lord Wetherby had proposed to Laura that afternoon and had been accepted.

"A complete surprise to me," Mrs. Beaumont declared, "though I dare say it may not be so to you."

But it was a very great surprise to Marcia, and somehow or other it was not quite as pleasant a one as it should have been. This Lord Wetherby, who was one of the frequenters of the house in Grosvenor Place, but who had never, so far as Marcia's observations had gone, been specially attentive to Laura, was in all respects an excellent match. He was young, he was rich, he was by no means bad looking, and his temper was as good as his manners. Now, Laura was doubtless thoroughly worthy of any matrimonial prize; still it was a little bit astonishing to hear that she had secured one, and Marcia could not repress a sharp pang of jealousy, together with a sense of personal humiliation. As for making known her own engagement, she felt that, for the moment, it would be impossible to do that. What was her distinguished, but mature and plebeian lawyer in comparison with this unexceptionable young nobleman? To proclaim her destiny, after hearing what Laura's was to be, would be a descent to positive bathos.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, but were not legible upon her face, because she had promptly cast herself into the arms of her friend; and by the time that the embracings were over she had recovered her outward serenity sufficiently to resume her seat smilingly, and beg to be told all about it. But, although her request was complied with, it may be doubted whether she heard very much of the triumphant pæan which good Mrs. Beaumont proceeded to sing. Not until late that night could she make up her mind to confide to Laura that she also was about to become a bride, and the warmth with which she was congratulated seemed to her to be a trifle excessive.

"I am so very glad!" Laura exclaimed. "I was sure you cared for him, though you wouldn't admit it."

"Were you?" returned Marcia. "Then you knew more than I did. More than I know even now perhaps," she added, with a smile and a sigh.

"But then, my dear Marcia, why in the world —"

"Ah, exactly; that's just what I can't tell you. Well, he seems inclined to let me have my own way, which is some com-

fort. He said he was prepared to take any risk."

"I hope you won't accept that too literally," said Laura gravely.

"Oh, I warned him that I was not a domestic person. I dare say I shall go to more balls than he will care about; but then of course it will always be open to him to stay at home."

Laura shook her head, for this did not sound to her like a very hopeful beginning; but her mother, to whom she subsequently reported Marcia's remarks, laughed and did not seem to think much of them.

"Marcia is a good girl and will settle down into a good wife," the experienced matron said. "I am rather sorry that she is going to marry a man so much older than herself; but, after all, it is her own choice, and he will certainly be kind to her. I should think he was just — and even generous, in his way."

In the way of money, at all events, Mr. Brett proved himself to be generous; for he insisted that Marcia's fortune should be settled upon herself; and this gave her guardians a good opinion of him. The guardians, indeed, thought that the girl had done quite as well for herself as could be expected. They were not sorry to be relieved of their responsibilities; they considered that she had shown a discretion beyond her years in selecting a husband of established reputation and unblemished character, and they gladly fell in with Mrs. Beaumont's suggestion that the wedding ceremony should be solemnized at the same time and place as that of her daughter and Lord Wetherby. Marcia herself, after the first moment of repentance which has been mentioned, was disposed to acquiesce in her lot. She really liked her betrothed, who was not always as tedious as he has appeared in the last few pages; he gave her some beautiful presents, he deferred to all her wishes and seemed sincerely anxious to make her happy. Evidently his love was of a practical rather than of a demonstrative kind; but perhaps, under all the circumstances, that was hardly a matter for regret.

So Marcia's first London season, which was also to be her last as a spinster, passed away, and on the eve of the day appointed for the double wedding the two girls renewed the vow of eternal friendship which they had exchanged at school, promising that in the future, as in the past, they would tell one another everything.

"Not that you will have much to tell," Marcia remarked. "You adore Lord Wetherby, who adores you, and you will just go on like that until one of you dies. You will be perfectly happy, and do you think you will ever be a little dull? No; I suppose not."

"I hope not," answered Laura, "and I hope you will be as happy as we shall."

"Oh, there's no telling. I may have a dull life or I may have a merry one; the doubt is what consoles me. Nowadays when people start for India or Australia they simply take their passage as if they were getting into a railway carriage. It is safe and comfortable; but it isn't interesting. In old times, before they undertook such a voyage, they made their wills and took leave of their friends, and there was no certainty at all that they would ever reach their destination. All sorts of exciting adventures might happen to them. They might be wrecked or captured by pirates or fifty things. Now, that is the sort of voyage that I am about to set out upon."

"I think I prefer the safety and comfort to the excitement," said Laura.

"Well, I don't think I do. That is the difference between you and me, my dear."

From Temple Bar.

#### THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

CASANOVA.

ON the morning of the 25th of July, 1755, a prisoner, attended by a gaoler and two archers of the guard, passed across the Bridge of Sighs at Venice to the cells of the Piombi. The captive was a man of thirty, tall and strong in figure, with a face of Mephistopheles, an African complexion, and a pair of glittering eyes. His dress was that of a Venetian noble — a flowered coat laced with silver, a yellow vest, breeches of red satin, and a hat with a white plume. The charge against him was a strange one. He had been condemned by the inquisitors of state as a wizard who had sold his soul to Satan!

This man was Casanova, the tale of whose captivity and strange escape we are about to tell. But first we must glance back at the events to which his present plight was owing. What was the story of this man of magic?

Briefly, it was this: —

His father, Gaetan Casanova, a man of ancient Spanish race, having tossed away his property at twenty-eight, joined a troop

of strolling players, in which he occupied a place so humble that a cobbler, with whose pretty daughter of sixteen he fell in love at Venice, disdained him as a son-in-law. Gaetan, in this predicament, ran off with his Zanetta, and married her in secret; and on the 2nd of April, 1725, their first child, Jacques, was born. The troop of actors was soon afterwards engaged to start for London, and the child was left at Venice with his grandmother — the cobbler's wife. He was brought up well and kindly; but his constitution was not strong; and at eight years old habitual fits of bleeding at the nose reduced him to a spectre. One of the earliest of his recollections was that of being taken, dripping blood, to the den of an old crone who had the reputation of a witch, of finding the hag squatting on a mat, amidst a circle of black cats, of being shut up in a great chest, chanted over by the sorceress, and half stifled with the smoke of burning drugs. The incantation or the fuming spices seemed for a time to have restored him; but soon the bleeding fits returned more stubbornly than ever. As a last resource it was resolved to try a change of air; and on the day when he was nine years old he was sent to school at Padua. There his life was far from happy. His food was bad and scanty; and at night he slept with three or four companions, in an attic where the rats, which ran in swarms across his pallet, froze his blood with horror. But the air of Padua worked wonders; the fits of bleeding ceased; his health returned; his appetite became so ravenous that often he was forced to creep at dead of night into the kitchen to prey upon the herrings and the sausages which hung drying in the smoke of the great chimney. In school his ready wits soon made him the best scholar in his class; nor was it long before he knew as much of logic and of Latin as his master, as well as of an art which afterwards proved much more useful to him, how to play the violin. At fourteen, his mother, who had prospered on the stage, placed him in the University of Padua. That great seat of learning then drew students from all parts of Europe; but Casanova fell in with a set of riotous companions, and added chiefly to his stock of knowledge how to make a bank at faro, how to run up debts with jewellers and tailors, and how to knock down sentries in the streets at night. Nevertheless, at sixteen he read the Latin theme for his degree of doctor, and, at his mother's wish, at once took orders in the Church of Rome.

But Casanova was not destined to adorn the Church. Pleasure-loving, giddy, vain, with no more conscience than an imp, the duties of a priest turned out by no means to his taste. The necessity of clipping off his lovelocks hurt him to the soul; and having, on the feast day of St. Joseph, been selected to pronounce a sermon, he signalized the choice by dining with some gay companions, by drinking too much wine, and by falling headlong in the pulpit, to the scandal of his flock.

It was then proposed that he should spend a period of retirement in a college of theology at St. Cyprian. He entered; but, as he took no pains to keep the rules of the establishment, he found himself, in no long time, locked up for punishment in the prison of St. Andrew — a fort which stood, surrounded by the water, just at the spot where, on the day of their ascension, the doves cast the ring into the sea. It was thought that here at least he would be out of mischief; but the notion was an error; Casanova merely turned his durance to account to revenge himself with safety on a bailiff, named Razzetta, who had pestered him about a debt. He first pretended to have sprained his ankle, and the surgeon was called in to bind it up; he then bribed a gaoler to be ready with a gondola, slipped at nightfall from his window, rowed to Venice, caught Razzetta entering his house, thrashed him soundly, tossed him into the canal, rowed back in the darkness to his window, entered and replaced his bandages, and instantly awoke the garrison with piercing cries. He was found, to all appearance, dying of internal spasms; the surgeon was roused up, a drug was administered, and gradually the spasms passed away. Next day Razzetta brought an action for assault and battery; but in vain, the *alibi* was unassailable. Every official in the fort was ready to take oath that at the time when the assault was said to have been committed, the accused was lying helpless in his cell with a sprained ankle and a fit of colic.

Then the Bishop of Martorano, who was acquainted with his mother, promised to look after him, and to push his fortunes; and Casanova, with money in his purse, and with a well-filled trunk, set out by way of Rome and Naples to the bishop's see. He had, however, only reached Chiozza when he fell in with some boon companions, made a little bank at faro, and lost every coin in his possession. Every gambler is aware that luck must turn. Casanova pawned his trunk for thirty sequins to a Jew, made another little bank

at faro, and was again drained dry. By chance he made acquaintance with a monk named Stephano, who was about to beg his way to Rome. The pair agreed to go together; but as the pace of brother Stephano was about a league a day, they travelled like the tortoise and the snail. The monk, moreover, proved to be a reckless thief, who crammed the pouches of his frock with unconsidered trifles, from sausages to truffles, wherever he could find them; and Casanova, who preferred a safer mode of roguery, and who had no longing to be sentenced to the galleys, at last informed him plainly that he was a rascal. Stephano retorted that Casanova was a beggar, whereupon the latter knocked him down and left him lying in a ditch. Five days later Stephano came up with Casanova at a tavern, where he lay recovering from a sprain which he had gained in jumping through a hedge, and about to sell his coat to pacify the landlord. From this extremity the easy-tempered monk relieved him, and the pair went on together as before.

But at Rome they parted; and thence to Martorano Casanova, having no longer Stephano to pilfer for him, was forced to forage for himself. And now a certain natural gift of knavery began to manifest its presence in him. At Naples he came across a wealthy Greek, who had a stock of quicksilver to sell. Casanova took a jar of quicksilver, added secretly some lead and bismuth, and showed the Greek his quicksilver increased in bulk. The Greek, eager to acquire the art of conjuring three jars of quicksilver into four, purchased the secret for a hundred sequins. It was left him to discover, what Casanova had omitted to inform him, that, although he had increased his stock in trade, his quicksilver was spoilt.

In the mean time Casanova travelled at his ease to Martorano. Already he beheld in his mind's eye the bishop's palace gay with company, with books and pictures, dainty dishes and rare wines. He found the prelate in a crazy dwelling, of which the furniture was such that a mattress for himself had to be dragged off the bishop's bed. The whole income of the see was eighty pounds a year. Cowkeepers and market-women were the sole society. Casanova cast a glance upon the congregation gathered in the chapel, besought the bishop's blessing and dismissal, and, sixteen hours after his arrival, started back to Rome.

He carried with him from the bishop a letter of introduction to Cardinal Acquai-

viva. That great potentate received him graciously, lodged him in his palace, and promised to provide for him. And now, for the first time, his life began to realize his dreams. He had the joy of talking every day with cardinals and cavaliers, of breathing honeyed speeches in the ears of fair contessas. He was received in private by the pope himself, and kept the Holy Father laughing for an hour. He seemed, in brief, to have become at once the darling child of fortune; nor was it this time altogether his own fault that fortune changed her face.

The cardinal had bade him study French. His language master had a pretty daughter, with whom one of Casanova's fellow-pupils fell in love. As her father frowned upon his suit Barbara put on an abbé's dress, and ran away with him. The old man chased them with a band of guards, and took the lover prisoner; but the false abbé passed unrecognized, and escaped into the night. Barbara came flying up to Casanova's rooms, besought him as her only friend to hide her till the storm was over, and fell fainting at his feet. He consented; but the act of friendship cost him dear. Next day he sent her to the cardinal to tell her story; and Acquaviva, moved to pity, placed her for protection in a convent, until her lover should be free. But Barbara had been noticed as she stole into the palace; and tongues of scandal soon began to wag of Casanova and of pretty girls dressed up as abbés. No scandal was allowed to touch the house of Acquaviva. The cardinal sent for Casanova, and told him plainly, though with sorrow, that he must take his leave of Rome. "Choose any other city you prefer," said Acquaviva, "and I will start you there." Casanova chose the first that came into his head, which happened to be Constantinople. The cardinal gave him, together with seven hundred sequins, a letter to a pasha in that city. And Casanova was adrift once more.

He was weary of the Church. Nature, in his opinion, had designed him for a soldier, and he determined to let Nature have her way. He left Rome as an abbé; but, to the amazement of his friends at Venice, he reappeared there, blazing in a gorgeous uniform, with purple vest, gold epaulets, and red cockade. To account for those insignia, to which his only right was that of having paid a tailor for them, he proclaimed that he had just been serving in the troops of Spain. Nobody believed this story; and he speedily discov-

ered, to his great vexation, that, like the jackdaw in the peacock's feathers, he ran some risk of being laughed at. To stop the mouths of scoffers, he bought an ensignship in one of the State troops, then posted at Corfu; but as he still desired to visit Constantinople, he was granted leave of absence for six months to make a trip there.

Accordingly, he sailed from Venice. The voyage at first was easy; but off the island of Curzola a storm sprang up which put the ship in peril. The chaplain, an ignorant and superstitious priest, took his stand on deck, and, with his missal in his hand, prayed loudly to the demons of the storm. Casanova laughed, whereon the priest denounced him as an atheist, a Jonah who had called the tempest on their heads. The sailors, white with terror, were not long in acting on this hint. One of them crept stealthily to Casanova, watched his moment, and pushed him over the ship's side. Nothing but a miracle of fortune saved him. As he fell, the fluke of the ship's anchor caught his coat and held him swinging in mid-air. There the sailors left him; but a soldier who was on the vessel flung him down a rope and hauled him to the deck. The crew were clamoring to fling him back again, when the priest discovered that the culprit had about him a Greek parchment, which professed to be a love-charm. Here, plainly, was the reason of the tempest! A brazier was fetched, the charm was thrown upon the coals, and, as the burning parchment writhed and cracked, the priest cried out that it was a fiend in torment. Fortunately, at the same time the wind began to fall; the sailors lost their terror; and Casanova was allowed to live.

At Constantinople Casanova, bearing the letter from the cardinal, called on Osman Pasha, whose help, however, he no longer needed. The pasha was a curious character. His true name was Count Bonneval, he had been an officer at Venice, but had transformed himself into a Turk to gain the favor of the sultan. He was now an old man, jovial, fat, and lazy. The sincerity of his conversion to the precepts of the Prophet, especially to that which tells against the use of wine, Casanova had soon an opportunity of observing. The pasha invited him to step into his library. To his surprise, the shelves were screened with curtains, in front of which were iron gratings. Osman took a key, unlocked a grating, and drew aside the curtain. The pasha's books were bottles of choice wine!

This friendly welcome was succeeded by a dinner. At the pasha's table Casanova made acquaintance with a fine old Turk, named Josouf Ali, a man of wealth and a philosopher. Ali conceived for Casanova an amazing liking, repeatedly invited him to his own house, and there, across the hookahs and the hydromel, discussed with him for hours the doctrines of the Prophet. At last this curious friendship reached a climax. Ali possessed a daughter of fifteen, named Zelnie, whose lustrous eyes and skin of alabaster, the ease with which she talked in Greek and in Italian, the skill with which she painted, worked in wools, and warbled to her harp, made her a treasure worthy of a sultan. He proposed that Casanova should become a Turk, should marry the enchanting Zelnie, and should, at the same time, become possessor of her dowry, a palace, a troop of slaves, and an abundant income.

Casanova was dumbfounded. The offer dazzled him; but still he wavered. To be a turbaned Turk, to drink no wine, to learn to jabber a barbaric lingo, to hide for life his brilliance in obscurity, above all to run the risk of finding Zelnie, when the marriage-veil was lifted, not quite the paragon her father thought her — these things made him pause. It was not, however, till the eve of his departure that he decided to decline. Ali, so far from being piqued at this magnanimous refusal, piled the vessel's deck with rich mementos of his friendship — mementos which Casanova, when the ship touched Corfu, immediately converted into cash.

At Corfu, where he joined his regiment, everything seemed in his favor. He was rich, gay, popular among his comrades, welcomed in the best society. He passed there just a year. At the end of that time he had been ruined at the faro table, had pawned his jewellery, was hopelessly in debt, and had lost his chances of promotion. Having made the town too hot to hold him, he arrived at the conclusion that the army was no place for a philosopher. He sold his commission for a hundred sequins, and returned forthwith to Venice.

His new project was to live by gaming — a strange device for one who, in the effort to be Captain Rook, had so often found the fate of Mr. Pigeon. He tried his luck, however; but in a week he was without a ducat. In order to keep himself from perishing of hunger, he was glad to earn a pittance as a fiddler in the theatre of St. Samuel.

His companions in this new position were the Hectors and the Tityre-Tús of Venice. Their diversion, when the play was over, was to sally, flushed with wine, into the streets, to bully quiet passengers, to skirmish with the guards, to cut the ropes of gondolas, to set the church bells pealing an alarm, to send physicians and confessors to the beds of men in perfect health.

Casanova was, for nearly half a year, a ruling spirit of this gang of worthies. But a freak of fortune was again before him.

One night, on issuing from a palace where he had been fiddling at a wedding dance, he saw a signor in a scarlet cloak, who was descending to his gondola, drop a letter on the steps. Casanova restored the letter to its owner, who, in return, on finding that they were going in the same direction, invited him to step into his boat. Casanova did so, and they started; but as they glided up the long canal, the signor suddenly fell forward in a fit. Casanova sprang ashore, brought a surgeon running in his nightcap, and having seen the patient bled, conveyed him to his palace and took his post at the bedside. The surgeon applied a plaster made of mercury to the sick man's chest, and left him for the night; but by the action of the drug the patient in a little while was gasping in convulsions, and to all appearance dying. Casanova plucked the plaster off again, and by that simple action made his fortune. Next day the patient was much better. He vowed that the doctor was a quack, that he owed his life to Casanova, and that no other should attend him; and thus it came to pass, that when the doctor made his visit in the morning he found the upstart fiddler in his place, and rushed out of the house in rage and horror.

Thus strangely turned into a sage, Casanova set himself to play the part. Signor Bragadin, though one of the most illustrious lords of Venice, was superstitious to the point of mania. Casanova delivered his opinions with an air so solemn, he quoted from the works of learned writers (which he had never read) with such felicity and ease, that Bragadin believed his wisdom supernatural. He hinted this belief to Casanova — and Casanova was ready with a story. He confessed that an ancient hermit, whose cave was in the mountains of Carpegna, had revealed to him the mystery of Solomon's clavicula, which is the art of prophesying by the use of numbers — a secret which he himself

was forbidden to reveal, under pain of dying suddenly within three days. Bragadin, to whom the art of sorcery was the most sublime of sciences, panted to consult the oracle. Under the promptings of the prophet it responded, as oracles in all ages have responded, sometimes clearly, sometimes darkly, but never so as to be caught in error. The signor was in ecstasies. As he could not work the augury himself, he resolved to keep possession of the augur; and forthwith Casanova, to his own amazement, found himself installed in rich apartments in the palace, his pockets full of money and a troop of lacqueys at his service, proclaimed to all the world of Venice as Signor Bragadin's adopted son!

He had already been by turns an abbé a beggar, an ensign, and a fiddler; he was now a combination of quack, prophet, and grandee. Except when called upon to work his oracle, he had no task but to amuse himself. It is perhaps not strange that he was soon in new disaster.

One of his acquaintances, a merchant named Demetrio, whose jealousy he had excited, contrived a trick to make him look ridiculous. Demetrio sawed the plank which ran across a certain boggy trench, with the result that Casanova, who was the first among a troop of gay companions to pass over, fell plump into the bog up to the ears. A crowd of rustics hauled him out with ropes, an indistinguishable lump of mud, at which his giddy comrades screamed with laughing. Burning to requite this witticism, Casanova crept by night into a burial-ground, cut off the arm of a dead body, hid himself beneath Demetrio's bed, and at the dead of night began to tug the blankets. Demetrio, waking, cried to the tomfool beneath him, that it was vain to try to scare him with a ghost; at the same time he made a snatch into the darkness, caught the dead hand, which Casanova suddenly released, and instantly fell backwards in a swoon of terror. He had been, in strict truth, scared out of his senses.

This outrageous act aroused a perfect tempest. Demetrio's friends burst into vows of vengeance; the inquisitors prepared to seize the culprit on a charge of sacrilege. Casanova was compelled to fly from Venice. Being well supplied with money, he wandered from city to city at his ease. At Paris, where his younger brother, afterwards the famous painter, was then studying, he resided for some time; and as he was a scholar, a talker, and a boon companion, ever ready to play,

to flirt, to spout Ariosto, or to write a ballad to a lady's eyebrow, the society of wits and beauties opened to him readily. He also worked his oracle; and here again he found no lack of people panting to be dupes. Sober merchants consulted him about the safety of their argosies; and a cynic might find food for mirth in the reflection that the Duchess of Chartres herself sent for him to the Palais Royal, and demanded of his oracle how to cure her pimples.

At length the danger having, as he thought, subsided, he returned to Venice. But in this he was in error. The charge of sacrilege was not revived against him; but reports of his clavicula had been noised abroad; he was accused of practising unholy arts; and the spies of the Inquisition were upon his track. One of these was ready with a proof that Casanova was in league with Satan; for it had been remarked that, often as he lost his stakes at faro, he never called upon the devil as the cause of his ill-luck. Another spy, who gained admittance to his chamber on pretence of showing him some jewels, observed some books on sorcery lying on the table — "Solomon's Charms," "The Conjurations of the Demons," "Zecor-ben," and "Planetary Hours." Casanova's purse was just then empty; and the spy, under the pretext of selling these rare works at a high price to a *virtuoso*, bore them straight to the inquisitors. The next day he returned them, but in the mean time Casanova's fate was sealed.

A few mornings later, before daybreak, as he was sleeping in his bed, a hand was laid upon his shoulder; he started up, and saw a guard of the tribunal, with a group of archers, who had come to take him. At that sight a shiver thrilled him to the heart — and he well might shiver, for he was at the mercy of an awful power.

Casanova left his bed, dressed himself with care, and followed the arrester; and thus in a few minutes he was on his way, as when we saw him first, across the Bridge of Sighs towards the cells of the Piombi.

Those cells are the garrets of the doge's palace, the name springing from the plaques of lead which form the palace-roof. Casanova was conducted by the gaoler, a rough fellow named Lorenzo, who also, on occasion, served as hangman, along a corridor, from which opened half-a-dozen little iron-studded doors. Through one of these, so dwarfish that his head on entering was almost on a level with his

knees, he was thrust into a cell in which it was impossible to stand erect, and in which the only light that entered glimmered through a narrow grating in the door. The cell was absolutely bare; but he was told that he might buy himself a chair, a table, and a bed. When these were brought, he was informed that food would be supplied him once a day, at day-break. And he was left alone.

The time was in the dog-days, and the hot leads turned the cell into an oven, in which, although he stripped himself of every rag, the prisoner was half melted. At nightfall, when he stretched himself upon his pallet, his rest was broken by gigantic rats which scoured along the corridor, and by the great bell of St. Mark's tower pealing forth the hours. Nor were his meditations more consoling; how long this state of misery might last, he could not tell. He had undergone no trial—he had received no sentence; he might be left there for a week or for a year, or he might wither out his lifetime in captivity.

Day by day went by; August and September passed, and with them passed all hope of swift release. Sometimes the solitude of his cell was broken by the entrance of a fellow-prisoner; first, a count's valet, who had been caught eloping with his master's daughter and a box of jewels; then a wizen, little red-eyed money-lender, like a screech-owl, who had tried to swindle his own partner. These delectable companions came and went; but the months passed, and Casanova was a captive still. Gradually, his whole thought fixed itself upon another road to freedom. Was there no chance of scheming an escape?

At stated periods, while his cell was being swept, he was allowed to walk into the corridor, which was secured by a strong door. In a corner of the corridor was a heap of rubbish. Casanova pried into the heap and came across an iron bolt, an inch in thickness and some two feet long. This instrument, together with a fragment of black marble, he smuggled to his cell beneath his coat. There he set himself to grind the bolt into a point upon the piece of marble; and after a week's constant labor, during which his hands were worn to blisters, a long, sharp point was made.

Casanova was well acquainted with the palace buildings. He reckoned that his cell was situated just above the hall of the inquisitors, and he laid a plan accordingly. He resolved to pierce the cell floor with his bolt, to descend into the hall by ropes

made out of strips of bedding, to lie in wait until the door was opened, and then to make a rush for freedom. The project was a mad one; but the ache for liberty had brought him to that desperate temper which is ready for strange deeds—the temper which drove Treuck to burrow like a mole beneath his prison walls, and Monte Christo in the Château d'If to stitch himself into the dead man's sack, in order to be cast into the sea.

He could not work, however, without light, and the wretched gleam which struggled through the grating lasted only about five hours a day, the rest was pitchy darkness. Casanova schemed again; he possessed a wooden bowl from which he ate his broth, and a flask of salad-oil was part of his provisions, strips torn off his shirt provided him with wicks, and a scrap of stuffing from his coat with tinder; while, by pretending that he had the tooth-ache, for which a gun-flint steeped in vinegar was a sovereign cure, he obtained a couple from the gaoler. As soon as he was left in solitude, he struck his flints, and saw, with indescribable delight, his rude lamp flare out bravely on the darkness of his cell.

Armed with his bolt, and lighted by his lamp, he set to work to dig into the planks beneath his bed, gathering, as he worked, the fragments in a handkerchief, to be emptied into the heap of rubbish in the corridor. Except at the hour at which the gaoler visited the cells, he labored night and day; the work was hard and slow, but in three weeks the planks were pierced, and through a tiny hole, which could be speedily enlarged, he was able to peer down into the hall.

His rope was made, and all was ready; and he was waiting, with a bounding heart, for night to bring the hour of his adventure, when all at once he heard, outside his cell, the bolts which locked the corridor shoot back. His first thought was that he was free—that his order of release had come at last. Trembling with hope, he saw his door fly open. It was the gaoler come to take him to another cell!

Casanova fell into his chair, half fainting. That instant was a bitter penance for his sins. All his work was lost, and it could never be repeated, for the hole would be discovered, and henceforth his actions would be strictly watched. In a stupor of despair, supported by the gaoler, he tottered down the corridor, and along another gallery, at the end of which appeared the door of his new cell. His chair was carried with him by an archer. Under its



seat he had contrived a place in which to hide his bolt; and, by good fortune, it was fixed there still.

The gaoler went to fetch the prisoner's bed. Casanova sat there motionless, awaiting the discovery. The result might be to him a case of life and death. What if the inquisitors condemned him to the wells? Those dreaded dungeons were pits sunk beneath the basement of the palace—dark, deep, and slimy dens, which the rising tides, flowing through the gratings, kept continually half full of water, over which the wretched captive passed his life supported on a tressel, from which he could not stir without the risk of being drowned. Few prisoners issued from the wells alive. One wretched man, a soldier of the name of Beguelin, who had betrayed his orders, had passed there twenty-seven years of life in death. Casanova called to mind this story—what if such a fate were now before him!

As he sat quaking at the thought, he heard the gaoler rushing headlong back. With eyes of flame he burst into the cell, "Where is your chisel?" he cried furiously, "where did you get it?—who brought it in to you?" An inspiration rushed on Casanova. "You yourself," he answered boldly, "who else has had the chance?"

The gaoler was struck dumb; for if the inquisitors believed this story, which in fact seemed unassailable, he could not set his life at a pin's fee. Tearing his hair, he darted from the cell, stopped up the hole with desperate eagerness, and suffered not a word of the attempt to reach the ears of the tribunal.

Casanova's wits had saved him from the wells; but his chances of escape seemed gone forever. The keeper, it is true, had failed to find his bolt; but how was he to use it? The cell was new, a scratch would have been visible; and, moreover, every morning, when his food was brought, the keeper tapped the walls and floor, to ascertain that they were sound. In truth, his plight seemed hopeless. But fortune, who had tossed him up and down so often, was to give him one chance still.

The cell next his contained two prisoners—an old count, Andro Asquin, and a monk whose name was Balbi. Balbi had a shelf of volumes in his cell, and these, in the spirit of a friendly neighbor, he lent to Casanova one by one—the gaoler, who could not read, and who conceived no danger, being gained by a small bribe to take them to and fro. Casanova let his finger-nail grow long, used it as a pen, and

wrote with fruit-juice on a fly-leaf a letter to the monk. Balbi found the writing, and replied in the same manner; and thus a secret correspondence was established.

And now Casanova saw his way again. If Balbi had the bolt, he might make use of it without suspicion; he might pierce the ceiling of his cell, might climb into the space beneath the palace roof, and might make a hole in Casanova's ceiling. Then the pair of them together might break through the roof, and so emerge upon the leads.

The monk agreed; but how was he to get the bolt? Casanova solved this puzzle also. He concealed the bar between the binding and the back of an immense old folio Bible; and the hoodwinked gaoler bore it safely into Balbi's cell.

But how were the operations of the monk to be concealed? Casanova told him. He was to purchase, through the keeper, a number of wooden figures of the saints, tall enough to reach the ceiling of his cell, which was barely six feet high. Balbi gave the order, and the saints arrived. Thenceforward, when the gaoler paid his visits in the twilight of the morning, he found invariably the pious monk telling his beads before St. Philip or St. Francis. Who could have dreamt that the apostles' heads concealed a gaping hole?

The hole grew larger daily. In ten days the monk had pierced his ceiling, and had worked so far through Casanova's that a few hours' toil would end his task. No trace, of course, was visible in Casanova's cell.

It was Monday, the 16th of October; the monk was working overhead, when Casanova heard again, with freezing blood, the bolts which locked the corridor fly back. He had barely time to give three knocks, their preconcerted sign of danger, when his door flew open, and a prisoner was thrust in.

The new arrival was a little, skinny, ragged rascal, grasping a string of beads, and chattering with terror. Casanova, eager to discover whether the new comrade could be trusted, soon drew forth his story. His name was Sordoraci; he had been a spy, devoted to the saints, and to the Holy Office; but having, in a praiseworthy attempt to ruin his own godfather, become suspected of false dealing with the Council, he had had the misfortune to find himself locked up instead of his relation. Here was a colleague for the plotters! This reptile, dying for a chance of crawling back to favor, would give his ears

to get an inkling of their scheme. A wink or a word to the gaoler, and their hopes were gone forever.

Their work was at a standstill. For some days Casanova nourished the vain hope that Sordoraci would be speedily released. His fingers itched to throttle the intruder; but after studying his man, who was a ninny eaten up with superstition, he resolved that he would fool him. Accordingly, he wrote to Balbi, directing him to set to work next day at three o'clock precisely. That night, he started from his bed, crying aloud that he had had a vision. The Virgin of the Rosary had appeared to him, and had assured him that an angel would descend to break their prison, and to set them free. At three o'clock that afternoon they might expect to hear him working at the roof above them.

Sordoraci was dumbfounded. In vain he made a feint of disbelief; as three o'clock drew near he gasped and trembled; but when, precisely as St. Mark's gave forth the hour, the angel was heard working overhead, he fell upon his face in mortal terror. There was no more danger of his playing false. The angel worked; the gaoler paid his visits; but Sordoraci never dreamt of treason. Two days passed; it was the last day of October, and Balbi set to work for the last time. At ten o'clock at night a hole appeared in the low ceiling, the monk came tumbling into Casanova's arms, — and Sordoraci reeled against the wall in inexpressible amazement at perceiving that the angel had a thick, black beard!

Casanova seized the bolt, ascended through the hole, and made a trial upon the palace roof. To his delight, the planks were crumbling with the rot. In half an hour he touched the plaques of lead, wrenched up the fastenings with his bar, and thrust his head out of the hole. To his concern, the moon was shining brightly; but it was near its setting, and by midnight would have disappeared.

Meanwhile the captives met in Balbi's cell. Count Asquin, Balbi's fellow-prisoner, old, fat, and suffering from a broken leg ill set, refused to risk his neck on such a venture. Sordoraci also, whose faith in his strange angel was much shaken, and who trembled at the thought that he might tumble into the canal, elected to remain; he would, he said, invoke St. Francis for their safety. The other two made ready. Casanova bound into a bundle the rich dress which he had brought into the prison; and each carried on his shoulder

a coiled rope made out of strips of bedding.

Midnight pealed from St. Mark's tower; the moon was touching the lagoons. The adventurers bade farewell to their companions; and Casanova, bidding the monk follow him, lifted the plaque of lead, and issued through the hole.

The roof was steep and slippery. Casanova, on his hands and knees, digging his spike into the leads to keep himself from sliding, and trailing the monk behind him by his waist-band, crawled snail-like up the perilous slant, and at length perched panting on the summit. No sooner was the monk astride, than, in endeavoring to wipe his brow, he let his hat roll down the slope, and plunge into the sea. His maladroitness might have been their ruin; for had the hat rolled down the other side, it would have dropped into the Piazza, and startled the sentries like a bolt from heaven.

The next thing was to fix their rope. But here an unexpected difficulty stopped them, they could find no means by which to fasten it. For a whole hour Casanova crept about the roof, seeking for a point to which to loop his cable, but in vain. He discovered nothing but a mason's ladder, far too short to reach the ground, lying beside a heap of plaster and a pile of plaques of lead. At length he was compelled to change his tactics; several dormer windows opened on the roof, through one of which they might descend into the palace. To do so was to run their heads into the lions' den; but there was no alternative, and it was possible that, by some rare good luck, the lions might be caught asleep or hoodwinked. Casanova, with his bolt, wrenched off the light iron grill which barred a window, broke the narrow-leaded panes; and the monk, while Casanova held the rope, slid down into the room below.

In order to descend in turn, Casanova dragged the ladder to the window; but in the attempt to introduce it, he very nearly put an end to his adventures. His foot slipped, he went rolling down the roof, and in an instant found himself suspended by his elbows over the abyss. Thus, hanging between life and death, his only chance was in one desperate effort — if that failed him, he was lost. Collecting all his strength, he writhed his body upwards, and sank gasping on the gutter. Safe, but sick with horror, he lay there long without the power of motion.

At length, his strength returning, he lowered the ladder to the monk, who held it in his arms while he descended. The

room in which they found themselves was pitchy dark; they groped and found a door, through which they passed into a room, in which were several chairs and a great table, but from which they sought in vain to find an exit. At length they found themselves compelled to wait for day-break; Casanova, utterly exhausted, threw himself upon the floor, and, with the coil of rope for pillow, fell into a death-like sleep. It was the first which he had snatched for several nights. When he woke, the first gleam of day was stealing in, and the monk, in a frenzy of impatience, was shaking him with violence. In the grey morning light they found the door, and issued through a gallery, the walls of which were lined with niches, where the archives of the State were stored in parchment rolls, down a narrow flight of stone steps closed by a glass door, into the doge's council chamber. The door of this was fastened, but the panels were not thick, and in half an hour the never-failing bolt had pierced a gaping hole at a height of five feet from the floor. The monk, whom Casanova held suspended by the legs, went through head first with ease; but Casanova, who had to follow without help, tore his legs and sides upon the jagged splinters, till they dripped with blood. Descending two more flights, they reached the great doorway of the royal stairway. To their consternation it was locked; to break through it was quite hopeless. They might as well have tried to pierce the marble walls.

Nothing was left but to try stratagem.

Casanova, all in blood and rags, sat down, untied his bundle, and put on his gorgeous coat, his white silk stockings, and his gold-laced hat with the white plume. His rich embroidered mantle he bestowed upon the monk, to whom it gave the aspect of a thief who had just filched it. Then he thrust his head from a side grating, and attracted the attention of some persons in the court. These men called the doorkeeper, who, thinking that he must have locked in some one over night in error, came hurrying up in trepidation with his keys.

Casanova, through a cranny, watched him coming. The instant the door opened, he walked out quickly, followed by the monk; and before the warder had recovered from his stupor, the two had vanished down the Giant's Stairs, pushed across to the canal, sprang into a gondola, and were skimming over the water towards Mest्रो.

It was a lovely morning, the air was

clear and pure, the sun was rising brightly. The contrast with the scene from which he had escaped struck Casanova to the soul; and, to the amazement of the stolid monk, he burst into a flood of tears.

They were free, but could they keep their freedom? The danger, as they knew, was far from over; the hue and cry was still to come.

At Mest्रो they hired a carriage for Treviro, where, having spent their stock of money, they plunged on foot into the woods. There, the better to escape detection, they parted company, and each took his way alone.

By two o'clock that afternoon Casanova had walked four-and-twenty miles. His plight was wretched to the last degree; though dropping with fatigue, and faint with hunger, he durst not venture near a public inn. Finding himself at length in sight of a large private house, he demanded of a shepherd, whose flock was feeding on a hillside, to whom the place belonged, and was informed that the owner's name was Captain Campagne, the chief of the Venetian Guards. At that name of terror, Casanova trembled; then, by an impulse over which he had no control, and which he was never able to explain, he walked straight down the hill towards the dwelling of the man whom, of all others, he had the most to dread.

In a yard a little boy was playing whiptop. On Casanova asking where his father was, he called his mother, a young and pretty woman, who informed the stranger that the captain had just been summoned for three days to Venice, in order to hunt down two prisoners who had escaped from the Piombi!

Casanova breathed again. The situation was one after his own heart.

"I regret to find my godfather from home," he said; "but I am charmed to make the acquaintance of his lovely wife."

"Your godfather!" cried the lady, "why, then you are his Excellence Monsieur Veturi, who has promised to be sponsor to our child—I am delighted to receive you. My husband will be distressed that he was not at home." And with a thousand such civilities Casanova was welcomed into the house, a feast was set before him—after which, as he explained the sorry state of his apparel, his wounds, and his fatigue, by stating that he had had a fall whilst hunting in the forest, he was conducted to the most luxurious sleeping chamber in the house. From three o'clock that afternoon till six next morning he slept like a stone figure. Then he awoke,

dressed himself, walked unperceived out of the house, and went his way — half trembling at his rashness, half laughing at the picture of the captain's face when he should hear the story, and wholly grateful to the captain's pretty wife.

And now the worst was over. Without much misadventure he begged his way to Bolzan, which was beyond the State of Venice, where he could laugh at his pursuers. Thence he despatched a messenger to Signor Bragadin for a supply of money. The signor sent him all he wanted; and Casanova was once more rich and free.

He was free. His great escape from the Piombi was a thing accomplished; and it was this of which he had to tell. At this point, therefore, we might leave him; but the color of romance which wraps the sequel of his story tempts us to let it pass before us rapidly.

From Bolzan he made his way to Paris, where he received an ardent welcome. The fame of his escape was there before him. All society desired to hear from his own lips the details of his unprecedented exploit; and soon, from the youngest page to Madame Pompadour herself, all tongues were talking of its incidents, of the bolt, the lamp, the monk's cell full of wooden saints, and Sordoraci gaping at the angel. For his own part, Casanova was resolved to run no further risk of such adventures; his life in future should be sage and steady. But as his purse grew light, his resolutions vanished. He looked about him for a victim; and in the Marquise d'Urfé, a dowager whose family was of the old nobility of France, he found one after his own heart. The marquise was, in truth, a female counterpart of Signor Bragadin. Her whole soul was devoted to the magic arts; her library was crammed with books on sorcery; her laboratory contained a never-dying furnace, over which a mystic powder had for fifteen years been glowing in a crucible, in the confidence that it would turn at last into the philosopher's stone. A belief in genies, with a burning wish to have the power to summon them, was Madame d'Urfé's weakness. Casanova showed her his clavicula, which he assured her that he worked by the assistance of a genie of the name of Paralis. From that moment Madame d'Urfé was his slave. Another and still stranger whimsey took possession of her brain; she believed that, by the aid of Paralis, she might be changed into a man. Casanova did not disenchant her; for the preparations for the process

were a work of time, and meantime he lived in the old lady's palace, drove about the city in her carriage, sponged upon her purse, and was even reported to be about to marry her in secret.

But long continuance in one mode of living was against his nature. Sometimes in company with Madame d'Urfé, at other times alone, he rambled over Europe, and city after city was the scene of his adventures. At Stuttgart he struck up an acquaintance with three officers, who invited him to supper, put a drug into his wine, set up a bank at faro, and in a short time fleeced him of his purse, his watch, a diamond snuff-box, and notes of hand for fifty thousand francs. Casanova, drunk to stupor, was carried home at midnight in a litter. But when the winners called next day to cash their notes, he told them bluntly that they were a gang of sharpers, and might whistle for their bills. The officers in fury flew to court and gained the prince's ear; and Casanova, to his consternation, found himself condemned to pay the whole amount, under pain of having his possessions seized and sold, or of being made a common soldier in the prince's petty army.

Meantime he was kept prisoner in his rooms. By day, a sentinel was posted in the ante-chamber; at night, his door was locked and the key taken by the guard.

But, poisoned, tricked, imprisoned as he was, Casanova's wits were still his own. One night, before his door was locked, he sent his valet to the sentry with a flask of wine. As the man was drinking, the valet, under the pretext of snuffing the single candle by which the ante-chamber was illumined, snuffed it out. Casanova was upon the watch; shoes in hand, with all his valuables about him, he stole out in the darkness past the sentry, crept downstairs, and darted forth into the night. The candle was relighted; the sentry drank his wine, locked the prisoner's door as usual, and departed. When he returned the next morning, he found the three creditors waiting for admittance; and the four men went into the room together. They saw a figure resting on the bed. They addressed it — but in vain; they shook it — and a wig-block covered with a wig rolled out upon the ground. Casanova, fearing lest the guard might peep into the room before he locked the door, had left a dummy to befool him.

While his bamboozled enemies, with faces a yard long, were gaping at his proxy, Casanova was *en route* for Zurich. A new desire possessed him; he was weary of

adventures; he sighed for a hermit's cell and a life of contemplation.

On the morning after his arrival he left his bed at daybreak and wandered forth into the mountains. Rapt in meditations, he had rambled many miles, when he perceived the grey walls of an ancient monastery, surrounded by the solitary hills. From the chapel came the voices of the monks at matins. Casanova entered. When the service ended he was civilly accosted by the abbot, who conducted him to see the convent; after which, in a luxurious chamber, a dinner for an epicure was set before them. Here was the life for Casanova! He determined to become a holy brother in the service of our Lady of Einsiedel.

The abbot proposed a fortnight for reflection; it was agreed that on its expiration he should call on Casanova at his inn. Casanova returned to Zurich in the abbot's carriage, and passed some days in pious meditations; but the night before the abbot's visit, as he was sitting in his window, he beheld four ladies, one of whom was of enchanting beauty, stepping from a chariot at the door. The party entered the hotel, were conducted to the apartment next his own, and ordered supper to be served. Casanova bribed a waiter, tied a green-baize apron over his scarlet waistcoat and gold lace, put a plate under his arm, and walked into the room. There, while he ministered to his enchantress, he drank his fill of beauty. The sight reminded him so vividly that monks have no concern with starry eyes and lips of roses, that when the abbot called next day he found his devotee a turncoat. Brother Giacomo had relapsed into a jack-a-dandy.

The renegade resumed his wanderings. Again he is to be descried at city after city; at Lausanne, visiting Voltaire, and charming the great writer and his guests with the fire with which he quoted Ariosto — at Vaucluse, weeping at the fountain — at Rome, receiving from the pope, for what merit is not clear, the cross of the Order of the Golden Spur — at Naples, blazing amidst courtiers, and kissing the hand of the child-king — again at the Eternal City glittering in the carnival — at Paris, wheedling Madame d'Urfé out of gold and gems. Then he took a whim to visit London; but his experience of our country was not happy. The weather was all fog. King George III., to whom he was presented by the French ambassador, impressed him merely as a short, fat man with a red face and a red coat, a

plumed, three-cornered hat, and a strong resemblance to a cock. The people were pure savages — an opinion which he formed not wholly without reason, on seeing a play damned at Drury Lane and the house shaken with yells and cat-calls; Garrick, who endeavored to appease the tumult, was greeted with a storm of cabbage-stalks and rotten apples; and when at length the curtain fell, a fierce mob rushed upon the stage and tore the scenery to tatters. Nor did his ill impressions end with these. An old hag and her siren daughter, who had fleeced him of some money, brought a charge against him, of having, in a fit of passion, thrown a pin-puff at the damsel. As Casanova was returning from a ball at daybreak, two watchmen stopped his chair and carried him before a magistrate at Newgate. Casanova eyed his judge with feelings of the liveliest curiosity — a curiosity which the other, had he known the history of the culprit, would have returned with interest; for the judge was Henry Fielding, the creator of "Tom Jones."

Fielding bound the prisoner over in two sureties to keep the peace. His tailor and his wine merchant appeared for him, and he was set at liberty. But his ignominious and absurd position was to be rendered still more galling. The insulted siren bought a parrot, taught it a phrase of words, and hung it in a public place; and Casanova, as he happened to pass by, heard its harsh voice screaming to a crowd of laughing loungers, "Casanova is a rascal." It need scarcely here be added that the parrot spoke the truth.

He had by this time tossed away his stock of money, and was about to sell his jewels, when he happened to win a hundred guineas from a chance acquaintance, Baron Stenau, who paid him with a bill which bore the name of a respected firm at Cadiz. Casanova cashed the bill, which proved to be a forgery. Stenau had vanished; and Casanova found himself in signal danger of ending his career by being hanged at Tyburn.

He fled to Dover, crossed to Calais, and wandered from city to city to Berlin. He had some thought of taking service under the great Frederic — that is, he was prepared, for a sufficient recompense, to glitter like a popinjay about the court, decked with a gold chain and his Order of the Spur. The king offered him a post as overlooker in a college of cadets. Casanova went to visit this establishment, and found a barrack thrust away behind some stables, full of great, gaunt rooms with

beds of sacking, in one of which, at the moment of his visit, the king himself was flourishing his cane and roaring curses at an overlooker who had left a nightshirt on a bed. This did not altogether jump with Casanova's notions. He turned his back upon the city in disgust, and wandered to St. Petersburg. There he was presented by Count Panin to the empress Catherine, and had the pleasure of listening to her Majesty's opinions on the reformation of the calendar, and of laughing at the statues in the royal gardens—an assemblage of Apollos, humped-like Punches, cupids dressed as soldiers, and bearded patriarchs inscribed as Sapphos. But neither here did he obtain the offer of a post to suit him; and accordingly he left for Warsaw, where he was more successful. King Stanislaus Augustus, to whom he was presented, was struck by some of his remarks upon the classic poets, desired to study Ariosto with him, and would probably have made him his own secretary, but for the event which we have now to tell.

The king's chamberlain, Count Xavier Branicki, a young and dashing officer, passed for the favored lover of an actress named Binetti, whose charms were just then taking all the town by storm. Branicki, though in error, regarded Casanova as his rival. The two, by ill luck, chanced to come together in the lady's dressing-room; they quarrelled; the count insulted Casanova, and next morning Casanova sent a challenge to the count, which was instantly accepted.

In Branicki's coach-and-six, attended by some officers of the court, they drove to a sequestered region of a park. A trifling incident aided to decide the fortune of the day. One of the officers produced two huge horse-pistols, loaded them, and laid them crosswise on the ground. Casanova chose one pistol; Branicki took the other, remarking as he did so, "That is an excellent weapon you have there." "I am going to test it on your head," said Casanova coolly; and probably this piece of braggardism saved his life. Branicki was a first-rate marksman; but Casanova's answer shook his nerve. In order to protect his head, he took up a position of constraint, which made his aim unsteady. The two were stationed at a distance of ten paces; the word was given, and the two shots were fired at the same instant. Branicki's bullet shattered the left hand of Casanova; Casanova's shot Branicki through the body.

Casanova hurried to his fallen foe, and raised his head with his unwounded arm.

As he did so, the count's attendants drew their swords in fury, and would have cut him down. But Branicki was an opponent worthy of the days of chivalry. He ordered the assailants to stand back and to respect the laws of honor. For himself, he believed that he was dying. "You have killed me," he said to Casanova. "The king will never pardon you; look to your own safety. Take my purse, and my ribbon of the Aigle Blanc as a safeguard, and fly from Poland for your life." Casanova refused the noble offer; but from that instant the antagonists were friends. Branicki was carried to a neighboring inn, where, after a long hovering between life and death, he recovered slowly. Casanova stole back into the city, and took refuge in a convent till his wounds were healed, which was not until he had been forced to quarrel with his doctors to prevent their cutting off his hand.

The king, at Branicki's entreaty, forbore to seize and hang him. But his career was over. He left the city, as he had left so many others, and once more rambled up and down the earth. At length he roved to Spain and to Madrid; and in that land and city of romance he met with an adventure which the genius of the place might have inspired.

One night—a night of the full southern moon—he saw the window of a mansion opposite his own thrown open, and a young señora of surpassing loveliness look out, with eyes bent eagerly upon the street. Of Casanova and his open admiration she appeared to take no notice. Presently she gave a start of joy, and Casanova saw a young and handsome cavalier, wrapped in a brown mantle, approach the mansion, open with a key a little door, and disappear within. The lady at the same time vanished from the window; but a quarter of an hour had not elapsed before she reappeared there, holding in her hand a letter and a key; and now she looked across at Casanova, and signed to him to come beneath her window. He hastened to obey, and the key and letter dropped into his hat. He tore the billet open, and read these words: "Are you brave and secret? are you to be trusted? If so, as I believe, come at midnight. I will be there."

Casanova spent the next two hours in decking himself for the mysterious assignation. At the stroke of midnight he descended, opened with his key the little door, and found himself in a dark passage. Instantly a low voice whispered, "Are you there?" a hand was thrust into his own,

and he was led in silence through a windowed corridor into a magnificently furnished chamber, in which, by the faint gleam of candles, he descried a curtained bed. By the same dim light he saw the lady at his side; she was trembling like a leaf from head to foot, her eyes were wild, her face was white as ashes. In her hand she held a crucifix.

"Swear to me upon this cross," she said, "to render me the service I am going to ask of you."

Casanova, bewitched with beauty, seized the crucifix, and took the vow of folly. His companion laid her hand upon the curtains, and with a convulsive action dashed them back. A dead man lay on the bed. It was the young and handsome cavalier with the brown mantle.

Then in broken words she gasped out all the story. The dead man was her lover, he had deceived her basely, and she had plunged a dagger into his heart. And the frightful service which she required was this — to bear the bleeding body from the mansion and to cast it into the river near at hand.

Casanova stood in stupor, staring from the lady kneeling at his feet to the dead man lying on the bed. The danger was extreme; but his vow and the despair of his companion drove him on. He raised the body on his shoulder, bore it down the gallery and out into the night, and let it plunge into the rolling stream. Then, drenched with blood, aghast lest any eye should have espied him, he crept back like a robber to his rooms.

And he had cause for trepidation. As he was lying in his bed, a guard walked into his apartment, seized him, and marched him to the dungeon of *Buen-Retiro*. He had been seen staggering down the river bank with the corpse upon his shoulders. That, on such evidence, he would hang, seemed certain; but his escape was to be fit and striking. The señora, hearing of his peril and heedless of her own, burst into the audience chamber of the president of the council, and poured the truth into his ears.

Her act saved Casanova. Her family was rich and powerful; the dead man was of evil fame; the story was hushed up, and the beautiful Delilah, with her family, was suffered to quit the soil of Spain in secret and forever.

With this romantic episode the curtain falls for a long interval upon that drama of a thousand scenes, the life of Casanova. It is to rise once more for the *finale*; but more than twenty years have first to pass

— years of the events of which we have no record. The freaks, the follies, and the adventures of that long term are wrapped from us in darkness, till suddenly, upon a certain day in the year 1789, the curtain of the night again flies back, and Casanova is discovered to us among the guests of the ambassador of Venice at Paris. Another of the guests on that occasion was Count Walstein, with whom he fell into a conversation touching the arts of magic and the old clavicula of Solomon. Walstein, delighted with his new acquaintance, offered on the spot to make him the librarian of his castle in Bohemia. Casanova, old, poor, and weary of adventures, grasped at the proposal. The very next day, in the count's company, he left for Castle Dun, near Toeplitz — the abode in which he was to spend, in peace and quietness, the fourteen years of life which yet remained to him.

A librarian is not every day made out of an adventurer. But Casanova's character was strangely mingled. He was, as the parrot summed him up, a rascal; he was a mixture of Gil Blas, Cagliostro, and the wandering Jew; but he was also a scholar, a poet, and a wit. To the count he was in every way an acquisition. He had looked with his own eyes on every side of life; he was the prince of talkers and companions; and the count, and the gay guests who thronged the castle, were never wanting for diversion, when Casanova told, across the wine or round the ingle, the many-colored tales of his career.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MYSTIC.

A CURIOUS document in the history of eighteenth-century religious life lies before me — a manuscript written by a careful hand on rough paper in ink now somewhat faded by the passage of the years. It is an English version of the manuscript autobiography of a Protestant pietist, born in France, but a resident in Germany — Charles Hector, Marquis St. George de Marsay. A transcript of the original by a friend of the author is preserved, I believe, in the Provenzial-Kirchenarchiv at Coblenz. A portion of a text, in all essentials identical with that of Coblenz, was printed in De Valenti's "System der höhern Heilkunde," 1826; but I am not aware that any account has been given to English readers of De Marsay's strange

history, except a brief sketch which forms part of a note in the second volume of Vaughan's "Hours with the Mystics." The young writer of that interesting, but slender study of a great subject tells us that he had been lent by Mr. Tindal Harris a manuscript copy of the English "Life of De Marsay." Whether the copy used by him was the identical volume now in my possession I am unable to say. More than one copy may have been made of a book supposed to tend to edification. Certain works, even in comparatively recent times, have enjoyed a life of considerable, though circumscribed, activity in the ambush of manuscript circulation. So it was in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, with the "Vie de Spinoza" attributed to the physician Lucas. De Marsay was no heresiarch like Spinoza, but his confessions are of so intimate a nature that disciples may have felt that they were hardly suited for the crowd of ordinary readers. As they come to us now they have more than a private and personal interest; they furnish materials for the study of the psychology of a people and a period.

German pietism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a great affair in the life of the nation. It was an escape from the tyranny of dogma that had stiffened into mere intellectual tradition. It was a restoration of moral life after the wreck and ruin wrought by the Thirty Years' War. It was, at a later date, a recoil of the emotions from the rationalism of the deists. Pietism satisfied after a fashion a real need of the time, a need felt not in Germany alone, but throughout every country of Europe. Molinos in Spain, Fénelon, Madame Guyon, and Antoinette Bourignon in France, Spener and Francke and Zinzendorf in Germany, William Law and John Byrom in England, differing, as they did, in many respects, were agreed in demanding for the soul a warmer emotional life than that approved by the religious orthodoxy of their day. We perceive from the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" that the influence of the pietistic movement was not exhausted in the second half of the eighteenth century. But its sources had been to a great extent diverted to feed the literary movement of the time. Freytag has justly observed that the sentimentality of the Werther period was the stepdaughter of the emotional excitement of the elder pietism. In each there is a like habit of self-observation and endless self-confession, in each

a like tender sensibility of spirit. And indeed the extravagances, irregularities, and licentiousness of the sentimental period can be paralleled, and more than paralleled, by the sensual orgies of perverted pietism, when, in its ambition to transcend the limitations of the flesh, it overleaped itself and fell on the other side.

Charles Hector de Marsay was born in Paris in the year 1688. His parents at the time of the persecution of the Reformed Church had left their estate near La Rochelle, and hidden themselves in the capital. The infant was baptized "in a Roman Church." It would seem that the family had fled soon after this from France to Germany. We know little of De Marsay's boyhood except that he was carefully educated in the reformed faith of his mother, and that he was attracted by the Scriptures and the books of devotion — writings of Jurieu and La Placette — which she had placed in his hands, exhorting him to read them three times a day. At an early age he became an ensign in the British-Hanoverian Regiment, which fought under Marlborough during the war of the Spanish Succession. Amid the distractions of the camp he strove hard to give himself up to contemplation and prayer, but being "entirely ignorant in the Inner Ways" he found that it put a severe and constant strain upon him to bring into some degree of harmony his duties as a soldier and his secret life of devotion.

When the feast of Easter approached I doubled my exercises of contemplation, prayer, and self-examination in order to prepare myself worthily for the communion. I withdrew from all society of the officers, and spent the days, as far as my calling would permit, in a quiet retirement. God gave me at that time much grace, and such a zeal and taste of his love that I prayed three or four days without intermission, if not with the mouth yet always within myself; and although during this time our regiment was on a march and in a post where we were obliged to be under arms day and night, yet this troublesome circumstance did not hinder me to continue in prayer. It seemed to me I was already in Paradise, and was so simple as to believe this state would continue during life.

Such ecstatic happiness could not long endure, and with the trouble of mental distraction there came also bodily illness. Believing that death was near, De Marsay lay sick for three months at Lille, and, though calm in mind, it now seemed to him that his past joys of the soul were nothing but baseless fancies. He might



have learnt, as he tells us, from the "De Imitatione," which was by his side, that the substance of true devotion does not reside in "felt sensibilities" and "sweetnesses," but in "love of the cross, self-denial, and the resigned will to receive all from the hand of God with equanimity, the sweetness as the bitternesses, the attention as the dissipation, the courtings of the divine bridegroom as his absence, the banishment of the heart as the love;" but he understood not what he read, and grasped with a spiritual greediness only at what might gratify his zeal. Failing in his desires after perpetual luxury of the soul, he had almost resolved to "let God enjoy his happiness in heaven, and to make himself merry on earth" in the common ways of the world, when a letter reached him from his comrade, Lieutenant Cordier, dated from the camp at Bethune, in which the writer assured him that the devotion they had hitherto practised was nothing, exhorted him to make acquaintance with the writings of Antoinette Bourignon, and informed him that he, Cordier, had resolved for his own part to quit the military service, to forsake the world, to withdraw to some desert, and there to lead a poor, retired life. The letter added that the chaplain of the Hanoverian Regiment, M. Baratier, had taken the same resolution, and it closed with an invitation to De Marsay to join them in their retreat.

Bayle, in his dictionary, having described Antoinette Bourignon's extreme uncomeliness of person, goes on in his mocking way to assert that she possessed not merely *immanent* but *transitive* chastity, the rare gift of "penetrative virginity," or in frigidation, which not only preserves its possessor's heart from temptation, but freezes up the passions of all persons who may approach her. The most virtuous of *religieuses*, he adds, have in general been content with the more common gift of immanent chastity. Eagerly De Marsay bought up the writings of this illuminated lady in whose birthplace — Lille — he happened to be, and as he recovered strength read them diligently, though not without some fear lest he might fall into heresy. When restored to health he rejoined his regiment, now engaged at the siege of St. Venant, but it became clear to him that he must follow the example of his companions, abandon the career of a soldier, and lead henceforth a poor evangelical life in retirement. A regard for honor kept him from seeking his discharge until the campaign was ended; he faced the dangers of the

trenches and received no hurt, but it was a joy when at length in garrison at Brussels he could invite his soul and yield himself up to such writings as "The Obscure Night" of St. John of the Cross and the "Life" of St. Teresa. After considerable difficulty and delay the discharge from military service was obtained, and late in the autumn of 1711, at the age of twenty-three, De Marsay joined his two companions at Schwartzenu, where they had been permitted to settle on the property of the Countess of Wittgenstein, a devout lady who had already drawn into her neighborhood many pious souls.

De Marsay shall himself record for us the doings and the trials of this period of his life. Let those persons who smile at the religious distress caused by his hearty craving for food remember that he is not singular in such sensibility of conscience. It was a light of the Oxford movement, Richard Hurrell Froude, who made the pathetic entries in his diary: "Looked with greediness to see if there was goose on the table for dinner;" "Meant to have kept a fast, and did abstain from dinner, but at tea eat buttered toast." There was something to warrant repentance, at least from an epicure's point of view, in De Marsay's choice of a cold potato as his criminal *bonne-bouche*.

We three then began our community as Eremites, and lived very retired and solitary. Our outward order which we observed was thus regulated: we rose at four in the morning, and labored each in his work with great stillness, after we had heard some chapters of the Holy Scripture read by one of us. M. Baratier took care of the economy of the kitchen. Mr. Cordier and I went from four in the morning till seven o'clock, this spring 1711 [-12], out in the field to work and till the ground, to sow some fruit that we might have our bread. At seven we returned home and eat our breakfast of dry bread, which we had baked ourselves. From that time till noon every one had his work. Mr. Cordier's work was to spin wool, and mine to card wool and knit. It was also his part to go on errands, when it was needful to fetch something for us, and it was my part to gather leaves of trees, instead of straw, to lie upon, and to cleanse the stable. At noon we dined. Baratier boiled for us all the seven days of the week the same food. During one week we had a dish of peas and nothing else, neither before nor after, except a piece of bread to eat with the peas; the following week we had barley; the next buckwheat groats; the next oatmeal pap, and so on by changes. After dinner somebody of us read some part out of A. Bourignon's writings, then every one went to his work until four o'clock. Then Cordier and I went again into the field to work till seven o'clock which

was the hour of supper. This consisted in a dish of pulse or salad, groats, turnips, yellow turnips, or something else as the season of the year did furnish. After supper we remained in our chamber at work till nine o'clock, when we retired to rest.

So we spent the day, and kept silence in our employments. Our exercise was to be in a constant recollection, to be turned inward and remain in the presence of God. We spoke or asked nothing but what was necessary. Our drink was clear water, and when it pleased M. Baratier to give us a special treat, he boiled groats in milk for us. I can say that this was so delicate food that I could not master my appetite in it as I would. I tried it and sometimes took wormwood to overcome my taste, but all in vain, and I had constantly to fight against my desire of eating what was a grievance to me. For I had so warm a desire for the hour of meals and longed so much for it, that it put me in a continual conflict and caused me much suffering. For I had a great appetite to eat, and yet dared not satisfy the same without fear and doubt. I would during the meal keep my thoughts to the presence of God, but was much interrupted in it by my desire of eating, which many a year has exercised me. Among other things I remember that once I eat a potato between meals, for which I was severely reproved in my conscience. I would excuse the matter within myself and not confess my fault to God, but I fell into inward darkness, which was so terrible that it seemed to me as if I was plunged into the deepest abyss. I went out into the wood, and sat comfortless down on the stump of a tree. It appeared to me as if God had rejected me, and would have nothing to do with me, having given me up to myself, which gave me a deep and inexpressible pain. But this did not last long, and when I confessed my fault it pleased his goodness soon to dissipate this dark cloud and to restore me to my former calmness of mind.

It will be noticed that in this record of a day's doings no regular hours are mentioned as being set apart for prayer. The members of the little community, says De Marsay, endeavored, in accordance with Antoinette Bourignon's directions, to make all they did a prayer, by doing it in God's presence and to please and serve him. He himself ceased from his laborious efforts at contemplation, and his prayer became a childlike babbling of the heart to the invisible friend: "this was the reason that I read but little, and what Brother Lawrence of the Resurrection mentions of this exercise of the presence of God which he practised in his kitchen work and when he made dumplings, that was also my business that I performed all my poor work in his love and presence."

Suffering much, however, for a time from spiritual aridity, he thought it well to

consult and beg for the prayers of a pious shoemaker at Schwartzenau, one Maximilian Daut, who had written a prophetic book of some repute. On his way home from this visit, De Marsay heard the words of Scripture pronounced in his inward senses: "Is there no God in Israel that thou goest to Baal-zebub?" whereupon with a loud voice he took up the words, and repeated them again and again, while light and joy arose in his heart. Still he looked to Daut for help of a humbler kind. For having a frequent combat with his laziness, he would have learnt the shoe-making business from the prophetic cobbler, but his whole body had grown lean and his fingers cracked and sore, which hindered him from his desire. It may indeed have been well for him that it was so, for he had always to strive against his inclinations, which would violently enter into whatever he undertook, and would dwell in them with pleasure, and the fascination of the awl and last might have won his affections from higher things. Even his knitting had a strange charm as he sat with his tackle before him: "and as I in this constantly received an inward reproach, I was often under a necessity to leave off from working, and to follow the attraction of God, who drew me softly and yet strongly into his holy presence." On one of these occasions, when he was drawn away from his work, it was suddenly disclosed to him that the activity of his intellect and the multiplicity of his desires in prayer were a hindrance to true communion. The voice spoke to him: *Thou art only a babler! Be silent!* "This word stunned me, and made me immediately to do it, in that it gave me to perceive the intimatest union, and a much more substantial presence of God than I had ever had in all my babbling, which I forsook from that time." The meaning of the prayer of silence had been disclosed to him. But now the body, that despised companion of the soul, began to take its revenge. Physically lowered as he was by M. Baratier's culinary economy, it is no wonder that De Marsay's desire of eating and laziness troubled him sorely; no wonder that the three members of the little community, not recognizing the cause, and attributing their state to Satan, became hysterical and light-headed. "Instead of silence and being turned inward, which hitherto we had observed, we began from morning till night to prate. My two companions were in the same situation with me. Finally we were no longer masters of ourselves. It seemed

we were three merry brethren, which did nothing together the whole day but laughing, sporting, and playing the fool. This gave me great pain and sorrow. I thought, 'My God, what state is this and how will it end?' When I would reflect upon my lamentable state and endeavored to restrain myself, a laughing so violently seized me that I thought I should burst, just as if I was possessed by a spirit who mocked my reflection and care." He was under the feet of the evil spirits, who seemed to be given power to deal with him as they pleased.

Deliverance from this lamentable condition came not through active resistance, but through entire resignation to the will of God, through yielding, without terms, at discretion, to the father who had sent this trial as a rebuke to his self-righteousness and self-will. Were it God's will, writes De Marsay, that his fall and utter ruin should be brought about, he was prepared to consent even to this; at which the transcriber, taking alarm, appends a note: "Some reader might think that the author had here pushed the resignation too far. But such souls as are destined for so high a union with God are led through these abysses." The hysterical extravagances into which the three cenobites had found themselves falling must have led them to question the wisdom of their austerities, and it was easy for them to regard these as mere works of the law — "our severe and exactly limited manner of living received a mighty shock; it was no longer possible to stick to the rules to which we had bound ourselves." The writings of Antoinette Bourignon lost their power over De Marsay; he had learnt to renounce his own will, and the thoughts which invited him back to his past way of severity seemed a temptation of Satan. He had before him as a warning the example of his companion, Cordier, who, unwilling to enter upon the gentler way of grace, withdrew for a time into complete solitude. "But Satan seduced him through pride, and when he had found a woman that on the outside had a great appearance of spirituality, in regard to her poor and severe life, in which she as a hermit lived all alone in a little hut in a distant place, he suffered himself to be seduced by this creature, that was a bad spirit, to marry her," and so, declining from bad to worse, became in no long time an Epicurean addicted to the world and the lusts of the flesh and under the power of Satan.

Happier was De Marsay's lot when, being brought gradually into the path of

humility, discretion, sobriety, and modesty, he was called to enter into the state of holy matrimony, in order that he and his wife might live together in entire bodily abstinence, yet in entire spiritual union. "One day," he writes, "when in great calmness of mind I was sitting under a tree with my knitting tackle, it was shown to me, if it was true that I was willing to be the property of God without exception, it was his will that I should give him the first proof thereof in marrying the Lady Clara de Callenberg that then lived with the Dowager Castell." The Lady Clara was thirteen years older than her husband. She had grown up under the care of elder sisters, for at her birth her mother had become deranged and did not ever recover sanity. A deep impression had been made on the minds of the Ladies Callenberg, when Clara was about twenty-five years of age, by the conversation of certain Swiss and German pietists. As long as these spiritual teachers were persons of rank the ladies' brother endured their presence, but when two men of low descent took their place it was otherwise; the pious culprits were brought before the master of the house, who bade his servants cudgel them soundly, and then ordered them to prison. Fearing that the curse of God would descend upon their father's house, the five ladies resolved to remain in it no longer, and one Sunday, while their brother was at church, they packed up their things, dressed themselves meanly as daughters of common people, and accompanied by two maids, set forth — the seven virgins — on foot for Cassel. It was their purpose to push on to Erfurt, where living was cheap, and there support themselves by fine needlework. "While they were upon their way they saw that their brother came on horseback just meeting them, but, as he was shortsighted, they hid themselves behind a thicket of bushes on the side of the highway; so he rode past them very near without observing them." Before they could leave Cassel they were cited to appear before a commission appointed by the landgrave to inquire into matters of religion in connection with the movement of pietism. It seemed to them that the examination was meant only to delay and harass them, and so, asking no leave, they departed on foot for Allendorf.

At this point the story of the Ladies Callenberg brings them into connection with the celebrated Eva von Buttlar, whose Philadelphian Society, founded somewhat on the model of the English associations

of Portage and Jane Leade, became infamous as a centre of the wildest extravagances of opinion, the maddest aberrations of the religious imagination, and the most reckless moral disorder. Eva had not yet risen to her highest eminence as the Door of Paradise, the New Jerusalem, the Second Eve, the Mother of us all, the Wisdom from Heaven. The little Mother (*Mama'chen*), with her companion Winter, the little Father (*Papa'chen*), and her young follower, Appenfeller, had not yet been elevated by their disciples into the Earthly Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. But when Clara de Callenberg and her sisters (among them the unhappy Sidonie, whose spiritual wedlock bore fruit in an illegitimate child), were admitted to the community of Mother Eva, there was already enough loose familiarity visible among its members to give De Marsay's future wife a great disinclination to their companionship. She could not join them in their salutations and embracings, and thought that if this was the way which led to God, she could never hope to enter into his presence. Inheriting possibly some tendency to insanity from her mother, she fell into a profound melancholy, and "often designed to throw herself into some deep pit where no one could draw her out; but the good hand of God constantly preserved her in a hidden manner." Even after she had quitted the Philadelphian Society, her mental distress continued: "When she looked out of the window and any one passed by, she drew herself back, because she believed that all that cast their eyes upon her were bewitched by that looking on her, as she firmly had persuaded herself that she was a witch, and had founded that opinion upon the thoughts that were suggested to her, viz., that when God would not help her, Satan must." Her brother kindly received her back, and she, hopeless of salvation, pleased him by returning for a time to worldly ways, though with a deep sadness in her secret heart. At length deliverance came. One day walking in the garden as she listened to the joyous songs of the birds, a sudden desire possessed her to sing a spiritual song; she entered into her chamber, sought for her Halle hymn-book, and opening it came upon the hymn, "Immanuel, whose goodness is past numbering;" she lifted up her voice and sang amid a flood of happy tears. A passage from Jacob Boehme's writings gave her courage to seek and choose the higher way; she left her brother's house, ceased from lifeless churchgoings and sacraments, and lived in

holy freedom with certain godly friends at Cassel. Not indeed without trials, for she had to sustain the shock of an attack from evil spirits and the magic of certain persons (Eva's people) with whom she was before combined; at night she heard mournful voices and the hissing of serpents; but the consolations of angels would follow while she sang divine songs in a voice so much above her usual voice that it seemed to be that of some holy spirit who had joined her. The trial was ended by the vision of a lamb with a pearl on its neck, and a book shut and beautifully bound with three silver laces — the book of her Inner State which the Lamb opened; as the evil spirit withdrew she could not refrain from calling after him, "*Be ashamed, Satan! be ashamed!*"

To draw her again into connection with Mother Eva's community, the Lady Clara's sisters sent to her, with letters of commendation proposing marriage, one Jacob Sander, the son of an apothecary of Wannefried, who, under a reputation for piety, concealed a life that was grossly vicious. Clara would have avoided him, but the arts of magic had been practised; she found it impossible to rise up, and before Sander departed, her troth had been plighted. Happily, through the influence of her brother, the license of marriage with a person so much beneath her in rank was refused, and Sander, perceiving that he would in no case receive a dowry from the Lord de Callenberg, was content to let the matter drop.

The fact that the proposal of marriage had been made and accepted was sufficiently humiliating and did not serve Clara's reputation. For her comfort and guidance she saw one day when praying a cross let down from a clear sky, and supported on each side by a hand. At the foot of the cross was a finger-ring, and the words sounded in her ears, "Espouse thyself to the Cross." With only one dollar in her pocket she withdrew to Schwartzenau, took up her abode with a pious gunsmith, and as he, his wife, and new-born infant had but a single room, she would climb at night to a loft where she roosted till morning, "like a hen." At a later time she was received by the Lady de Dahlwig, but still lived in poverty and self-denial. "She was a diligent spinner, went herself to the next park to fetch wood for her fuel, and was very subservient to a country-woman with whom she kept her economy; which woman was also a good instrument used by God to exercise her in denial and subjection." Clara was thirty-eight years

of age when she was joined in wedlock by the late army chaplain Baratier to De Marsay.

The joint fortune of the newly wedded pair amounted to fifteen pence; but they possessed the "capital of faith," and were under no care at all for earthly things. Clara had not married below her condition, and was accordingly entitled to a dower of two hundred florins from a public foundation in Hesse. This her husband had the prudence to secure. Cordier, the former companion of De Marsay, was about to undertake with his wife a journey to Jerusalem, and offered the bride and bridegroom the use of his little cottage perched on the declivity of a mountain amid a forest on the side of the Gersbach Valley. This clay hut, with earthen floor and one small window, enclosed a space about eight feet by eight. The nearest human habitation was a quarter of a league away; Schwartzenau was twice that distance from them. But when their furniture had been removed to the cottage in a wheelbarrow, they needed nothing for their happiness: "We thought we were in Paradise, such a delight and inward peace it pleased God to give us."

The news of his marriage did not please De Marsay's mother, nor had she entire confidence in the wisdom of setting up house on the capital of faith. To quiet her apprehensions, and if possible to effect her conversion, De Marsay left his wife in the year 1713, and set off on foot for Geneva. The French were besieging Landau, which obliged him to make a detour; he was warned of dangers from robbers, but encountered none of the marauding gangs which infested the disturbed country. He walked swiftly by roads that were unknown to him, yet only once strayed from the way. When in doubt as to his path, it was his custom to shut his eyes, turn in faith to God, and proceed without reflection. But though he reached Geneva in safety, the object of his journey was not at once attained. His mother was loyal to the Reformed religion; her Separatist son set all its defects before her; "we spent our time," he writes, "chiefly in disputing." After ten days he turned his face towards Schwartzenau, and was once again in his hut upon the hillside after an absence of seven weeks.

Perhaps it was the heat aroused within him by the contention with his mother which now transformed itself into a desire to go forth and preach to all nations; in doing so, he would fain follow the example

and assume the contemptible attire of the apostles. His wife had been always sickly, but she announced her intention despite every weakness to follow him throughout the world. By the wise counsel of Baratier he was led to distrust his own missionary fervor, and after a time came to look upon the design which had so strongly attracted him as a device of Satan to bring him to destruction through spiritual pride and ambition.

The household economy in the cottage was of the simplest kind: "We were quite filled with sensual sweetness [in devotion], and strongly attracted to the prayer of rest, so that we grudged the time to be spent in boiling our soup, and would therefore try to eat nothing but bread and butter and drink clear water." This diet did not suit Clara's weak health, and it was an advantage in some respects when they joined the poor widow Gruber in a somewhat larger house, quarter of a league distant from the hut. From her they learned housekeeping; her garden was large, and two goats supplied them with milk. But the active duties enforced by the widow, though wholesome for the body, were a hard chastisement. The sweetnesses of prayer had to give way before the necessity of carrying dung up the hillside, of cutting wood or fetching grass and leaves for the goats. "It was shown to us that this honest widow was given to us to break our own will and to afford us exercise. This indeed she did in a masterly manner, and gave us daily opportunity of self-denial." After their open-air labors, an occasional treat was permitted them of little rye-meal cakes mixed with pounded yellow turnips. Flesh meat was a luxury unknown to the cottagers. They gathered wood-herbs for their food in spring, and in summer the mountain slopes provided abundance of wild strawberries.

At this time Cordier, with his wife, returned from Damascus, where they had stopped short, being unable to pay the sums demanded by the Turks for admission to the Holy Land. They settled in the unoccupied clay hut, and wore an appearance of pious self-denial; but their true principles soon appeared in an attempt to effect a separation between De Marsay and his wife, whom Madame Cordier regarded with hostility. Enraged by her failure to effect this object she induced her husband to accuse De Marsay, his wife, and the widow Gruber of abominable living. They were summoned to appear before the authorities, but when

the accusers were required to bring their charges home, Anna Maria Cordier could say no more than that her heavenly father had manifested it to her. This evidence was not held to prove the defendants' guilt; Madame Cordier was told that she had her information from the devil, and so the matter ended.

The widow Gruber, though innocent of the accusations brought against her, was a tyrannous presence to her contemplative companions, with her overwhelming energy and masterful ways. "She did as much as possible according to her own will and disregarded our will; this tempted me to an averseness to her and occasioned a good deal of suffering." An amicable separation was effected, and De Marsay and his wife were once more in solitary possession of the cottage.

About this time, one day in mid-winter, a woman of the Palatinate came to visit their nearest neighbor, Mr. Gross, formerly a minister, at present a devout Separatist, the husband of Mrs. Gruber's daughter. The visitor, Sophia, had formerly known Mr. Gross, and now sought his spiritual consolation; she was in extreme distress of mind and "had enfeebled her body to a great degree by fasting, watching, laying herself in the snow and water, suffering frost, to do penance as she said." Her visit was almost at an end, for she had announced her intention to return home next day to the husband with whom she had led an unhappy life. At midnight she opened the door and slipped out into the darkness. Apprehensive lest she might hurt herself, Mr. Gross and his wife followed her, roused De Marsay and his wife, and accompanied by them searched through the wood, calling loudly on Sophia as they advanced. After some hours' search they heard a lamenting voice and found the poor woman lying quite naked upon the ice. They wrapped her in her clothes which lay scattered about, and bore her back to Mr. Gross's chamber, where, after some hours, she expired. A coffin was procured, and it was intended to bury her in Mr. Gross's garden. On the night before the burial the coffin was placed outside Mr. Gross's cottage door; but, in doing this, he and his wife were seized with an inward anguish, which was also experienced by De Marsay's wife. They felt themselves constrained by their dead sister to bring back the coffin into the little chamber; then the anguish ceased, and the four companions sat up that night and waked the corpse, being very joyful in the Lord

and calm in mind, while they lifted up their voices in spiritual songs. They had an assurance that poor Sophia had been received into the grace of God, but because she had been self-willed in her severities against herself and deficient in meek resignation, it was needful that she should submit after death to a brief period of painful yet blessed purification, which she might have sustained in this life by patient suffering, but would not. As she yet entirely lived in the inner senses, and had not attained to the higher life in the spirit, "she had after death," writes De Marsay, "a power to communicate herself to our inner senses, because we were not come farther than to the state of the senses within. For the souls that live in the same ground and principle have a mutual communication."

What follows may be commended to the consideration of the Psychical Society:—

We buried her the next day in our garden. The following night, when we were gone to rest, we heard that the door of our little house was opened. I thought I had not rightly locked it, got up to shut it, and reflected no further. The night after that door, though locked with a good lock, was again opened. I went again to fasten it and neither I nor my wife thought then that there was anything extraordinary in it. The same opening of the door happened the third night. Then we had the next day a strong impression that Sophia did thus, in visiting us, to draw comfort in her suffering condition.

This impression seized us entirely; at night we lay down in a persuasion she would come again, and when we had extinguished our lamp our room door, which we knew was very well shut, was opened. "This is Sophia," whispered we to each other. I began courageously and without any terror to say to her, "She was welcome; if she would go with us to Jesus, there we would meet one another, there alone would we be found." I exhorted her to take her refuge to Him; if this was her resolution, as it was ours, her visit would be there pleasing to me. My wife was in fear because she had often suffered from such spirits, and pushed me to be silent. When I had done speaking, the door, which I had shut after the entry of Sophia, was opened again, and I told my wife, "Now the soul of Sophia departs." My wife was full of joy and called these words after her: "Ah! my dearest Jesus, make to thyself a pure dwelling in my heart, that I may never forget Thee! May it be so with thee, poor soul; go hence into the rest of the Lord!"

I arose again and locked our room door. After that time she never came again to visit us, but we had a strong impression that her soul was again entered into the order of the Lord, and consequently into rest also, which is

always in his will and order. We have seen nothing with our corporal eyes, but the impression of her soul on ours was very calm and soft. When she opened our door it was done gently and quietly, without boisterous noise, as a token of the state in which she found herself, not in rebellion or opposition to God, but in a restful, humble suffering.

From this time onwards De Marsay's life, though it underwent no violent alteration, turned outwards; ecstasies and visions are rarer, and he moves onward in closer communion with his fellow-men, and, on the whole, with a wiser and a calmer mind. Perhaps the sufferings of poor Sophia had opened his heart in sympathy with sorrow. The change first showed itself by his employing himself in useful works on behalf of his neighbors, watching by the sick, or working with his hands for those who needed a laborer in the woods and fields. A timely gift of thirty dollars from his mother re-awakened his affection for her and his desire to see her converted. Accompanied by his wife he set off (1715) once more on foot for Switzerland. They walked from six to nine leagues a day: "My wife was often as half dead with weariness. She then threw herself on the ground in the presence of God, and when thus she had rested a little while, God gave her new strength to continue her way." Clara remained at Neufchatel while her husband pushed forward to Geneva. But the meeting with his mother brought little happiness; she strongly desired that her son should find some worldly employment, and the situation of book-keeper to a great merchant in Paris was offered for his acceptance, but he could not entangle himself in the care of business. Devout ladies welcomed De Marsay and his wife to Berne. There they spent the winter of 1715-16, preserved from overmuch society by the great snow of that year. It was not till the autumn of 1716 that, having voyaged down the Rhine, they once more found themselves in their retreat at Schwartzenau.

They looked back with a sense of shame at the faults into which intercourse even with godly persons had betrayed them, and determined to live henceforth in greater self-denial. They divided among the poor their store of victuals and such linen and other goods as they possessed; they sold their house for thirty-five dollars, distributed twenty to those who had greater need of the money than themselves, and with the remaining fifteen dollars bought a little room on the impov-

erished ground of Christianseck, a solitary place on a height, where stood a few scattered houses inhabited by pious people, about a league from Schwartzenau. But light and joy did not attend this self-denial: "I went and spent half-days in the wood in the hope of recovering spiritual sweetnesses in that solitude, but all in vain. How much soever I endeavored to enjoy the presence of God, in a manner that conveys delight to the inner senses, it was all without effect, and I perceived my gradual falling into dryness and aridity."

During these days De Marsay willingly accepted the alms volunteered to him by godly persons. But he now questioned whether this could be rightly done, since he might claim from his brother a portion of the family property, and his wife was entitled to a share of her brother's wealth. Husband and wife, though not possessed of twopence, determined to start on their several journeys, the one to Paris on his way to the home of the De Marsays near La Rochelle, the other to the lands of the house of Callenberg near Cassel. A friend furnished them with a few dollars, and they bade each other farewell. "On my way, as I travelled alone," De Marsay writes, "I had a strong impression that God had assigned me an angel for a companion, whereof I was so sure, as if I had seen him with my corporal eyes; this made me to travel with a joyful mind through an unknown land." On reaching the French frontier he feared that he might be arrested if he were known to be a Frenchman entering from foreign territory. "The means I used to prevent this was to clean my shoes, and to fit myself up as if I was no traveller. Thus the sentry permitted me freely to pass at the gate of Verdun, which was the first city I passed. I had no pack nor baggage, and but a shirt in my pocket. After the guard had let me pass, I was called back again and asked, 'Sir, from whence do you come?' to which a sergeant that was there replied, 'Let him pass, he is a man of Sirk' (Sirk is a little city two hours from Verdun, and belongs to the elector of Trier). I said, 'I come from Sirk;' thus they took me for a German, and suffered me to pass without further examination." On October 18, 1717, he entered Paris.

It was the time of Law's financial schemes, when De Marsay, occupied with his private financial affairs, reached the capital. To his surprise he learnt that his brother had been appointed British envoy at Geneva, and was no longer in France.

A kind letter assured the penniless wanderer of his brother's warm good-will, and enabled him to procure an ample supply of money. His wife had been less fortunate, but now they were placed above want, and it was arranged that she should proceed to Berne where her husband would rejoin her after he had visited his kinsfolk at Geneva. The change was great from their previous state of poverty, and De Marsay feared lest it might fare ill with his soul amid this worldly prosperity. But Providence, as he felt, was leading him, even by such gentle means, to humility and a surrender of his own will. "God pulled all my pillars away which I had secretly built up in my manner of living formerly practised, and he removed me besides out of that lightsome faith full of assurance and certainty, in which hitherto we had stood, and made me enter into that mere or bare and dark faith which is divested of all those certainties, and in which you must be led as a child without light by the hand of the parent." His brother was surprised and pleased to find him so little of the austere ascetic; in a few days they became very good friends, and went together to sermons and holy communion, a concession which had not been expected from the recluse. A yearly allowance was assigned to De Marsay, and when a little later he departed for Berne he took with him his brother's best wishes.

For a considerable time he remained in Switzerland, finding both at Berne and Vevey persons of his own way of thinking. Although his outward self-denials were fewer than before, he felt more strongly than ever "the attraction to the Centre," which draws the will into harmony with the divine will. "This attraction and impulse is so spiritual, and so far above all what is in the sphere of the senses or reason, that they cannot reach to it;" of such inconceivable subtlety that when you desire clearly to know and consider it, the attraction disappears and is gone. A new and strange anxiety, however, troubled him; he feared that his annual income might not suffice for his expenditure, and, moved by this and other causes, he decided to return to his little room at Christianseck. On the journey, about half a league from Bâle, his wife became seriously ill; it was evening, no house was near, and the passers-by were hastening to enter the city before the gates should close. "I confess that among all the trials that had befallen us this was one of the most sensible — to be near the gates of a large city without

the least assistance. I fancied no one in the world was so unhappy as we, that could stay in no place, but were fugitives like Cain." Night drew on, his wife's death seemed imminent, and he could not bear to leave her alone while he sought for help. "At last, after some hours' suffering, my wife found a little ease. I went softly along with her, and we arrived in the city, going through a great part of it till we came to the Baroness de Planta, who received us kindly and procured us a lodging."

Once more in a house of his own at Christianseck, De Marsay felt the need of some regular occupation, without which he could not keep his "ground," knew not where he was, and even feared that he might fall into libertinism. His mother would have been pleased to see him return to the military profession, and he was ready to submit even to this, but his brother wisely opposed a project so little suited to his temper of mind. A better way was opened for him when Divine Providence brought a good soul to lodge with him, one Godfrey Koch, "a watchmaker and an Israelite in whom was no guile." Together the two men studied the mysteries of wheels and pinions and escapements; together they pored over the deeper mysteries of the soul as explained in the spiritual writings of Madame Guyon. In the course of a year De Marsay had acquired much skill and knowledge in his craft as watchmaker. A great circuit had been traversed from the ambitious days when he dreamed of playing the part of an apostle through all lands: "Now I saw myself as one cast to the ground, and reduced to that abject state as to work from morning till night upon a watch and to be busy about earthly things. This was a great abasement in the eyes of my self-loving spirit, but my ground rejoiced and whispered to me, 'See! thy pride is stung at eating grass like an ox with Nebuchadnezzar, but really such material things are at this time better and less dangerous for the sensual and rational part of the soul, or for her inferior part, than the spiritual matters, when the soul will take them into her own comprehension and capacity, and this is that death which is absolutely necessary; by it God will bring thee to the life of the spirit, that the Centre may be discovered and disentangled.'" Seven years were thus spent in quietness and patient work, without any remarkable external events.

In 1724 his wife's declining health, which suffered from the cold air of Chris-



tianseck, induced De Marsay to move to Heidelberg. Here he continued his work as watchmaker under a more skilful master than Koch, but all the deftness of his fingers seemed to be lost. He was as awkward as if he had never handled a file. "I observed," he tells us, "that God would restrain me from being entangled and captivated by this mechanical spirit, and not permit that I should become so ingenious and accomplished a watchmaker. This made me tired of the subtle working." The more delicate craft expected by his Heidelberg master, no doubt, was unattainable by the elderly pupil of a journeyman like Koch.

The illness of his mother brought De Marsay again to Switzerland. He was saddened to find that many of his former friends had turned back to the world. Among these was the Abbé de Watteville, a correspondent of Madame Guyon; he was now married, and declared that all that had passed within him in the days of his fervid faith was like a dream; "in short everywhere was misery and dissipation to be seen among our old friends, with a mortal deadness, and we ourselves knew not where we were." An invitation from the Countess of Wittgenstein-Berleburg determined De Marsay and his wife to fix their abode in her neighborhood. They were warmly received at Berleburg by high and low; so much time indeed now began to be spent in useless conversations that De Marsay decided to entertain his visitors by reading aloud a sermon for them; but somehow this edifying species of good-fellowship did not entirely succeed. He longed for solitude, and yet in solitude he suffered much misery. It was a comfort to him when he learnt, first from books and then in his own experience, that involuntary dissipations of the imagination do not necessarily hinder the prayer of rest. Three times a day he placed himself without trouble or commotion of mind in the mental attitude of prayer, and accepted whatever degree of the spirit of devotion might be granted to him. And now, through the persuasions of "the famous Dr. Carl," he was induced to take a part in certain assemblies where every one had liberty to propose a divine matter, to speak concerning the same, or to pray. For some weeks all went well, and every one pressed to these meetings of the devout; but the concord and communion of saints were of short duration. "Spiritual pride, love of mastership, spiritual voluptuousness, and all other abominations of this sort, a desire of new things,

curiosity, envy, hatred, sensual adherence followed one another successively, and all these poisonous animals entered our meeting. It is true they came not barefaced but masked." Many high-flying spirits would consent to no way but their own. De Marsay began to perceive that congregations or societies of this kind cannot subsist without human laws ordained to restrain the spirits within the limits of reason, decency, and regularity. The overflowing pleasure which he had felt at first in his own extempore prayers seemed to him before long to be rather a carnal than a spiritual delight.

Soon after his arrival at Berleburg letters had come from America, describing Pennsylvania as an earthly Paradise. With two or three hundred dollars one might purchase a considerable parcel of land; the soil was fruitful; there was full liberty of conscience to live as a good Christian in solitude; there was employment for all, and especially good employment for one skilled in watchmaking. A large number of persons, nearly one hundred, resolved to emigrate, and De Marsay, with his wife, had a mind to join the party. His mother and brother, however, strongly opposed the project, and for a time it was dropped. When it was revived in 1726, De Marsay contrasted in his fancy the charm of solitude in the earthly Paradise in Pennsylvania, with the bickering and backbiting of the religious meetings at Berleburg. He was ready to depart, and had taken leave of his friends, when letters arrived, giving a lamentable description of the misery endured by the emigrants; many had died from the hardships of the voyage, among them the good old widow Gruber and her daughter. At first it seemed to De Marsay as if these tidings were a call to him to endure hardness, and that the prospect of suffering and death made it more than ever desirable that he should commit himself to God and embark. He saw, as in a vision, his wife dying in great misery and her body thrown into the sea. His heart was touched to the quick, yet he could not desist from his resolution. But a way of escape was opened: "One evening when I was preparing for rest, and in my prayers placed myself and my wife before God as two animals of sacrifice, that with full consent and surrender would expect nothing else but to be offered up, there rose at once from my inner ground a soft and placid conviction in my understanding, which showed me, 'It was enough; the sacrifice was made, we had now offered

our Isaac, God did not require any more from us; and this offering of Abraham was in a quite peculiar manner represented to me, with an addition of signifying that we should no longer think of the voyage, but keep ourselves quiet." This sufficed for the occasion; but it was afterwards shown to De Marsay that the desire he had for outward solitude in the Transatlantic wilds was an impure passion, having selfishness for its chief ingredient.

In September, 1730, the Count von Zinzendorf arrived at Schwartzenu, whither De Marsay still resorted in the summer. Zinzendorf was by many years the younger man, but he was already famous for his talents as well as his piety, and had already established his common order of worship for the brethren at Herrnhut. De Marsay and his wife dined with him at the house of the Countess Dowager de Wittgenstein: "but notwithstanding all the good opinion the public had of him, it appeared to my wife as if he had such a physiognomy, more internally than outwardly, which was quite contrary to her, and made her to have an aversion against him." From Schwartzenu the count proceeded to Berleburg, and there every day held spiritual assemblies, where by his fine appearance and humble yet eloquent words he drew many souls captive. Among these, notwithstanding their dislike on first acquaintance, were the De Marsays, and it may perhaps have been that the magic of evil spirits, against which De Marsay afterwards wrote, contributed to the fascination. An attempt was made to establish at Berleburg another community like that of Herrnhut. On three successive Sundays De Marsay supplied the place of a brother who had fallen sick, and preached with such unction and power that he himself wondered at it, for he had never before delivered a public discourse. It almost seemed as if it were in his choice to become another Zinzendorf. He stood, as it were, at the parting of the ways. Should the watchmaker rise into the apostle? His answer was given without hesitation: "When I was in my prayer the choice was given me inwardly, whether I would be enriched with the like gifts to edify my neighbor, and by being endued with extraordinary talents, that bear a great appearance, be esteemed as a saint among the godly . . . whether I would be in a state of a clear light and tasting faith, which enables us to apply these talents with a great perception in the senses, and with a zeal that conquers them; or whether I would

choose to be stripped of all these things and to die off from them in the way of a dark faith and terrible desert that had no end but to die off from all. The inclination of my ground did then without any hesitation immediately choose the latter state and rejected the first." And from that moment all his gifts of unction and eloquence departed from him. He withdrew from the public assemblies of the saints, and would enter into no dispute with this one or that. "It is best to be silent and keep your mystery to yourself." His wife, with some uncertainty as to whether she was right, followed his example. When any person would persuade her that her conduct was erroneous she defended it with energy, but as soon as the person was gone her former doubts returned.

The sometime Separatist, De Marsay, now desired to frequent again the Reformed Church, after he had "got rid of all the little divided sects that had occasioned us so much suffering and with which we would have no further connection." Not that he would allow church-going to be a slavery; he still claimed the liberty to attend public worship or to stay away as he was moved by his inward "ground." He had through much pain and shuddering awe been given "a propensity to that pure intuition, which is the continual office and privilege of the seraphim," but he no longer undervalued the outward ordinances of religion. He had seen at Schwartzenu the miserable results of the Separatist movement on young people, who had been brought up without attendance at the services of the Church, who had not inherited the internal godliness of their parents, and who had given themselves up in many instances to the spirit of libertinism. Still for his own part he was happiest alone with his Bible or his "De Imitatione" — *in angello cum libello*. And a way of usefulness to others was discovered to him when in 1734 he found that he could employ his pen with good effect in the cause of religion. It seemed to him that he was like a man "that for many years on a long voyage had been carried through many unknown countries with tied-up eyes; when the band that blindfolded him is removed all is a wonder to him when he reviews all the ways through which he has been led." In September of that year he felt as though the pure fire of the divine love possessed him wholly: "one night especially, which I shall never forget, God alone knows what then passed; it is beyond description; I

must not speak of it, but be silent and adore. Only this I will mention, that from that period of time all my troubles, anxieties, and griefs are vanished, there is now no care nor sorrow for anything whatever remaining." We shall not pry with conjecture into that mystery of joy.

On February 21, 1742, after twenty-nine years of spiritual union, for in this sense only was it marriage, De Marsay lost his wife. Two letters which he wrote on that occasion are preserved. The closing weeks of her life were darkened by a terrible despair of her salvation. "She experienced," writes her husband, "the descension to hell with Christ," nor was there any lightening of her anguish before the end. It was happy that before this sorrow, De Marsay had gained a dear friend in M. de Fleischbein, who had first sought his services as a watchmaker, and afterwards had come to love him with a brotherly affection. Other friends were found in some young kinsfolk of his own, children of his second sister, the Lady de Carlot. His elder years were calm and happy. The substance of his faith in its final form is thus expressed in his own words:—

"I have lost all thoughts of a mystical state, and rest humbly and simply on the grace in Jesus Christ. . . . Not that I reject or disbelieve the truth and substance of all the mystical states whereof I have wrote. No! but the thoughts, the form and the image of them is taken away from me by the afore-mentioned state of humiliation." To the last, however, his devout habit of discovering special providences in the incidents of his life remains. He had found that the use of a prayer-book was necessary to him for purposes of private devotion and had chosen Gottfried Arnold's "Prayers of the Spirit." He had presented his own copy to a certain nobleman, and tried to procure another copy, but all in vain: "This made me believe it was not the will of God I should any longer offer my prayers to him in that fashion. And really from that time it pleased him in his infinite goodness to restore to me gradually the attraction to the simple internal prayer, whether in silence in his presence, or in words expressed by love, or in simple thoughts and love-affections, quite unrestrained and free as it pleased him to give."

At Amleben on February 3, 1753, De Marsay died aged sixty-five. M. de Bötticher, his sister's son-in-law, and the pastor Gerhard were with him during his illness. He looked forward to his death

with cheerfulness. "I swim and bathe in joy," he said a few days before his death, "that I shall now soon obtain what, through the grace of our Saviour, I have so long ardently wished and hoped for." Only one harsh gesture was observed before he drew his last breath.

I have ended my task as recorder of this fragment in the history of eighteenth-century pietism. If there be morals to be drawn and practical applications, I must leave these to the reader.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From *The New Review*.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

THOSE who have frequently seen our revered and beloved friend during the past year will hardly join in the general chorus of surprise which has greeted the death of one so strong in appearance and so hale and green. Rather with these there will be a faint sort of congratulation that such a life, so manifestly waning in essential vigor, should have been spared the indignities of decline, the "cold gradations of decay." For a year past no close observer could have doubted that the robustness which seemed still invincible in the summer of 1888 was rudely shaken. Cold upon cold left the poet weaker; the recuperative power was rapidly and continuously on the decrease. But a little while ago, and to think of Mr. Browning and of illness together seemed impossible. It is a singular fact that he who felt so keenly for human suffering had scarcely known, by experience, what physical pain was. The vigor, the exemption from feebleness, which marks his literary genius, accompanied the man as well. I recollect his giving a picturesque account of a headache he suffered from, once, in St. Petersburg, about the year 1833! Who amongst us is fortunate enough to remember his individual headaches? I seem to see him now, about six years ago, standing in the east wind on the doorstep of his house in Warwick Crescent, declaring with emphasis that he felt ill, really ill, more ill than he had felt for half a century, and looking all the while, in spite of that indisposition, a monument of sturdy health. Even his decline has been the reluctant fall of a wholesome and well-balanced being. Painlessly, without intellectual obscurity, demanding none of that pity that he dep-

recated, he falls asleep in Italy, faint indeed, yet to the very last, pursuing. Since those we love must pass away; since the light must sooner or later sink in the lantern, there is, perhaps, no better way than this. We may repeat of him what Sir Thomas Browne said of his friend: "We have missed not our desires in his soft departure, which was scarce an expiration."

It is natural in these first moments to think more of the man than of his works. The latter remain with us, and coming generations will comprehend them better than we do. But our memories of the former, though far less salient, have this importance—that they will pass away with us. Every hour henceforward makes the man more shadowy. We must condense our recollections, if they are not to prove wholly volatile and fugitive. In these few pages, then, I shall mainly strive to contribute my pencil-sketch to the gallery of portraits which will be preserved. He was so many-sided that there may be room for any picture of him that is quite sincere and personal, however slight it may prove; and in the case of Mr. Browning, far more than of most men of genius, the portrait may be truly and boldly drawn without offence. There is no prominent feature of character which has to be slurred over, no trick or foible to be concealed. No man ever showed a more handsome face to private friendship, no one disappointed or repelled less, no one, upon intimate acquaintance, required less to be apologized for or explained away.

There have been many attempts to describe Mr. Browning as a talker in society. One of the best, from the pen of an accomplished observer, appeared last autumn in the *New Review*. But his private conversation was a very different thing from his talk over the dinner-table or in a picture-gallery. It was a very much finer phenomenon, and one which tallied far better with the noble breadth of his genius. To a single listener, with whom he was on familiar terms, the Browning of his own study was to the Browning of a dinner-party as a tiger is to a domestic cat. In such conversation his natural strength came out. His talk assumed the volume and the tumult of a cascade. His voice rose to a shout, sank to a whisper, ran up and down the gamut of conversational melody. Those whom he was expecting will never forget his welcome, the loud trumpet-note from the other end of the passage, the talk already in full flood at a distance of twenty feet. Then, in his

own study or drawing-room, what he loved was to capture the visitor in a low arm-chair's "sofa-lap of leather," and from a most unfair vantage of height to tyrannize, to walk around the victim, in front, behind, on this side, on that, weaving magic circles, now with gesticulating arms thrown high, now grovelling on the floor to find some reference in a folio, talking all the while, a redundant turmoil of thoughts, fancies, and reminiscences flowing from those generous lips. To think of it is to conjure up an image of intellectual vigor, armed at every point, but overflowing, none the less, with the geniality of strength.

The last time that the present writer enjoyed one of these never-to-be-forgotten talks was on the earliest Sunday in June last summer. For the first time since many years Mr. Browning was in Cambridge, and he was much fêted. He proposed a temporary retreat from too full society, and we retired alone to the most central and sequestered part of the beautiful Fellows' Garden of Trinity. A little tired and silent at first, he was no sooner well ensconced under the shadow of a tree, in a garden-chair, than his tongue became unloosed. The blue sky was cloudless above, summer foliage hemmed us round in a green mist, a pink mountain of a double-may in blossom rose in front. We were close to a hot shrub of sweet-briar that exhaled its balm in the sunshine. Commonly given to much gesticulation, the poet sat quite still on this occasion; and, the perfect quiet being only broken by his voice, the birds lost fear and came closer and closer, curiously peeping. So we sat for more than two hours, and I could but note what I had had opportunity to note before, that although, on occasion, he could be so accurate an observer of nature, it was not instinctive with him to observe. In the blaze of summer, with all the life of birds and insects moving around us, he did not borrow an image or direct an allusion to any natural fact about us.

He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he marvelled, as he looked back, at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet and nothing but a poet. He remarked that all his life long he had never known what it was to have to do a certain thing to-day and not to-morrow; he thought this had led to superabundance of production, since, on looking back, he could see that he had often, in his unfettered leisure, been afraid to do nothing. Then, with complete frank-

ness, he described the long-drawn desolateness of his early and middle life as a literary man; how, after certain spirits had seemed to rejoice in his first sprightly runnings, and especially in "Paracelsus," a blight had fallen upon his very admirers. He touched, with a slight irony, on "the entirely unintelligible 'Sordello,'" and the forlorn hope of "Bells and Pomegranates." Then he fell, more in the habitual manner of old men, to stories of early loves and hatreds, Italian memories of the forties, stories with names in them that meant nothing to his ignorant listener. And, in the midst of these reminiscences, a chord of extreme interest to the critic was touched. For in recounting a story of some Tuscan nobleman who had shown him two exquisite miniature-paintings, the work of a young artist who should have received for them the prize in some local contest, and who, being unjustly defrauded, broke his ivories, burning his brushes, and indignantly foreswore the thankless art forever, Mr. Browning suddenly reflected that there was, as he said, "stuff for a poem" in that story, and immediately with extreme vivacity began to sketch the form it should take, the suppression of what features and the substitution of what others were needful; and finally suggested the non-obvious or inverted moral of the whole, in which the act of spirited defiance was shown to be, really, an act of tame renunciation, the poverty of the artist's spirit being proved in his eagerness to snatch, even though it was by honest merit, a benefit simply material. The poet said, distinctly, that he had never before reflected on this incident as one proper to be versified; the speed, therefore, with which the creative architect laid the foundations, built the main fabric, and even put on the domes and pinnacles of his poem was, no doubt, of uncommon interest. He left it, in five minutes, needing nothing but the mere outward crust of the versification. It will be a matter of some curiosity to see whether the poem so started and sketched was actually brought to completion.

It cannot have escaped the notice of any one who knew Robert Browning well, and who compares him in thought with other men of genius whom he may have known, that it was not his strength only, his vehement and ever-eruptive force, that distinguished him, but to an almost equal extent his humanity. Of all great poets, except (one fancies) Chaucer, he must have been the most accessible. It is almost a necessity with imaginative genius of a very

high order to require support from without; sympathy, admiration, amusement must be constantly poured in to balance the creative evaporation. But Mr. Browning demanded no such tribute. He rather hastened forward with both hands full of entertainment for the new-comer, anxious to please rather than hoping to be pleased. The most part of men of genius look upon an unknown comer as certainly a bore and probably an enemy, but to Robert Browning the whole world was full of vague possibilities of friendship. No one resented more keenly an unpleasant specimen of humanity, no one could snub more royally at need, no one was—certain premises being established—more ruthless in administering the *coup de grâce*; but then his surprise gave weight to his indignation. He had assumed a new acquaintance to be a good fellow, and behold! against all ordinary experience, he had turned out to be a bore or a sneak. Sudden, irreparable chastisement must fall on one who had proved the poet's optimism to be at fault. And, to those who shared a nearer intimacy than genial acquaintanceship could offer, is there one left to-day who was disappointed in his Browning or had any deep fault to find with him as a friend? Surely, no! He was human to the core, red with warm blood to the centre of his being; and if he erred, as he occasionally did—as lately, to the sorrow of all who knew him, he did err—it was the judgment not the instinct that was amiss. He was a poet, after all, and not a philosopher.

It was part of Mr. Browning's large optimism, of his splendid and self-sufficing physical temperament, that he took his acquaintances easily—it might almost be said superficially. His poetic creations crowded out the real world to a serious extent. With regard to living men and women he was content to speculate, but with the children of his brain the case was different. These were not the subjects of more or less indolent conjecture, but of absolute knowledge. It must be ten years ago, but the impression of the incident is as fresh upon me as though it happened yesterday, that Mr. Browning passed from languid and rather ineffectual discussion of some persons well known to us both into vivid and passionate apology for an act of his own Colombe of Ravenstein. It was the flash from conventionality to truth, from talk about people whom he hardly seemed to see to a record of a soul that he had formed and could follow through all the mazes of caprice. It was

seldom, even in intimacy, I think, that he would talk thus liberally about his sons and daughters of the pen, but that was mainly from a sensible reticence and hatred of common vanity. But when he could be induced to discuss his creations it was easy to see how vividly the whole throng of them was moving in the hollow of his mind. It is doubtful whether he ever totally forgot any one of the vast assemblage of his characters.

In this close of our troubled century, when to so many of the finest spirits of Europe, in the words of Sully Prudhomme, "Toute la vie ardente et triste Semble anéantie alentour," the robust health of Robert Browning's mind and body has presented a singular and a most encouraging phenomenon. He missed the morbid over-refinement of the age; the processes of his mind were sometimes even a little coarse, and always delightfully direct. For real delicacy he had full appreciation, but he was brutally scornful of all exquisite morbidity. The vibration of his loud voice, his hard fist upon the table, would make very short work with cobwebs. But this external roughness, like the rind of a fruit, merely served to keep the inner sensibilities young and fresh. None of his instincts grew old. Long as he lived, he did not live long enough for one of his ideals to vanish, for one of his enthusiasms to lose its heat; to the last, as he so truly said, he "never doubted clouds would break. Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph." The subtlest of writers, he was the simplest of men, and he learned in serenity and happiness what he taught in song.

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From The English Illustrated Magazine.  
DUTCH GIRLHOOD.

BY MRS. LECKY.

THE reader of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" will have seen that the women of Holland, when the occasion required it, distinguished themselves no less than the men for courage and patriotism. From the earliest times of which we have a record, the Batavians, the ancestors of the present Dutch, made their women share in the struggles and responsibilities of men. As among all Teutonic races, the marriage tie was sacred with them, and the presents they offered their brides on the marriage day were "not the bracelets and golden necklaces with which the Gaul adorned his fair-haired concubine, but

oxen and a bridled horse, a sword, a shield, and a spear — symbols that thenceforward she was to share his labors and to become a portion of himself."\* Throughout Holland's long and desperate struggle for liberty and religion, the women showed themselves not unworthy of this trust. In the siege of Haarlem by the Spaniards in 1572 and 1573, Kenau Hasselaar, a widow lady of good family, at the head of three hundred women, armed with spears, muskets, and swords, shared in many of the fiercest engagements within and without the walls. When in the following year Leyden was besieged, and thousands perished from famine and pestilence, women and men vied with each other in fortitude and endurance.

In a charming country place in Guelderland, shaded by chestnut-trees six centuries old, there is the portrait of a lady, an ancestress of the owner, who as a baby was fed on starch during the siege of Leyden. Notwithstanding the hardships of her babyhood, she reached a respectable old age, and her fine, expressive countenance seems to typify the Dutch women of those stirring times.

At a later period when religious dissensions divided the country, when Grotius was imprisoned in the castle of Loevestein, it was through the assistance of his wife, Maria van Reigersbergen, that he succeeded in making his perilous escape in a book box, while Elsje van Houweningen, the faithful young maidservant who accompanied the precious charge, warded off by her native wit the suspicions of the soldiers. The wife of Oldenbarnevelt never flinched when, during that same period, her husband was beheaded; but when her son had been condemned for attempting to avenge his father's death on Prince Maurice the stadtholder, she threw herself at the latter's feet for pardon. The prince asked why she now implored mercy for her son, when she had not done so for her husband. "Because," was the noble answer, "my husband was innocent — my son is guilty."

But it is not only for fortitude and patriotism that the women of Holland have been distinguished. They hold an honorable place in the intellectual life of their country. Anna Maria Van Schurman, who lived in the seventeenth century, the golden age of Dutch art and literature, was the most learned woman of a period which produced many remarkable women. She wrote and spoke Latin and Greek

\* Motley, i., p. 9.

with fluency and elegance. She read the Talmud in Hebrew and the Koran in Arabic. She had a knowledge of Persian and compiled the elements of an Ethiopian grammar. She was no less versed in modern European languages. She studied various sciences — rhetoric, dialectic, geometry, astronomy, anatomy, and medicine, and especially philosophy and metaphysics. She was a poetess, a painter, and a musician. She modelled, etched, carved in wood and ivory, engraved on glass with the diamond, and excelled in calligraphy and art needlework. She was called "the Pallas of Utrecht," "the tenth Muse," "the marvel of her age." Descartes, Gassendi, Bayle, Ménage, Huet, James Harrington, and many other learned men paid their homage to her, and she counted among her friends, Cats, Heinsius, Saumaise, and the Princess Elisabeth of Bohemia, daughter of the Winter King.

Her contemporaries, Anna and Maria Tesselschade, the charming daughters of Roemer Visscher, were equally remarkable for their intellectual gifts. Less scholarly and theological, they were the ornaments of the brilliant circle which the historian Hooft gathered round him at the castle of Muiden, while Anna Maria Schurman from religious motives preferred a retired life.

Elisabeth Bekker, Agatha Deken, Petronella Moens, are names well known in Dutch literature, and in more recent times Madame Bosboom-Toussaint has delighted her generation with historical novels that are worthy to rank with those of Walter Scott and Van Lennep.

With such a heritage the Dutch girl starts in life, and she treasures it as a precious possession. She may be described as simple, genuine, and unaffected, with native truthfulness and common sense, and strong domestic tastes and affections. From her Teuton origin she derives no doubt the tendency to be somewhat speculative and introspective, a tendency which is strengthened by her Calvinistic creed; while English sympathies are cultivated by an education which very often follows English lines. Her *tournure d'esprit* is frequently French from her early acquaintance with French authors. The education of girls in the upper classes is very cosmopolitan; from the fact of Holland being a small country and Dutch not being spoken out of Holland, foreign languages hold a much more important place in education and in life than in England, and they are sometimes

even studied at the expense of Dutch itself. Girls from their earliest childhood often have French, Swiss, or English nursery governesses, and they unconsciously learn to speak and write French and English as easily as they do Dutch. At a later period they frequently have finishing governesses, either French, English or German, with the addition of masters, or sometimes they are sent for a year or two to a boarding school abroad. French is often spoken in the family circle, and it is very common to find sisters or friends writing to each other in English. As German, from a certain similarity with Dutch, is in some respects more easily acquired, less stress is laid in education on its conversational use, but the study of it is not neglected, and Goethe and Schiller are friends from early youth; in fact, a well educated Dutch young lady is equally at home in a French, English, or German *salon*, and in some cases it might scarcely be detected that she was a foreigner.

There are good boarding schools in Holland itself where girls of the upper classes are sometimes sent, but the best organized instruction is given at the *Hoogere Burgerscholen voor Meisjes*, day schools, which are equivalent to the girls' high schools in England. The intermediate education of girls in Holland has not been regulated by law like that of the boys, because at the time the bill on intermediate education was passed, in 1863, the want of such schools for girls had not yet been sufficiently recognized. By degrees, however, it became more and more apparent that neither the primary schools, though their programme had been considerably extended, nor the private day and boarding schools, could supply that thorough education which it was desirable that girls should receive; and in 1867 the town of Haarlem set the example in founding the first girls' high school. This was speedily followed by other towns, so that at present there are twelve of these schools — at Arnhem, the Hague, Rotterdam, Leyden, Dordrecht, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Utrecht, Leeuwarden, Deventer, and Groningen. There are two at Amsterdam, one of which is a voluntary school. The other schools were erected by the communes, and at first some of them were subsidized by the State, but the orthodox party, who have always been strongly opposed to unsectarian education, voted in the second Chamber for the withdrawal of the grants, and gained their point. This party is now in power, and, having revised the law on primary educa-

tion, no doubt intermediate education will have its turn in the course of time. Meanwhile these schools are very successful,\* and the instruction given there is of the best kind. As no one is allowed to teach any subject in a Dutch school without having passed an examination in it, and as the requirements for intermediate education are very high, there is every guarantee that the teaching is thorough. The curriculum of study extends over five years, except at the schools at Amsterdam and Deventer, where there is a three years' course, corresponding with that of the three highest classes in the other schools. The instruction given at the primary schools leads up to that of the high schools — where girls are not admitted till they are twelve years old — enabling them to pass the entrance examination, but of course many girls go to the high schools, especially the better class of girls, who have never been to a primary school. The programme of study is, with small variations, the same in all the schools. The object is not so much to develop a girl's intelligence in the abstract as to give her that knowledge which will be useful to her in after life. The subjects taught are the Dutch, French, German, and English languages and their literatures; history, geography, mathematics, botany and zoology, physics and chemistry, drawing and æsthetics, including the history of the fine arts, needlework and gymnastics. Singing and book-keeping are taught at some of the schools, and so are the principles of hygiene and political economy. Instrumental music is not taught. The girls who have a taste for it learn to play at home. For the others it is considered mere waste of time, since bad music gives pleasure to no one. At the end of each school year the girls are examined before passing into a higher form, and at the end of the five years' course a diploma is given. This diploma confers no right to teach, but with a little additional study the pupil who might wish to become a teacher could easily qualify herself to pass the examination for primary instruction.

Latin is not taught to girls, and this is all the more striking because in the seventeenth century the knowledge of it was not only essential to a good education, but it was the language frequently spoken in the families of clergymen and professors. In some Dutch towns even the maidservants sang Latin songs. The

reason for excluding Latin from the girls' education is that Dutch girls have already four languages to learn, and that the time required to master Latin cannot be spared from other subjects which are considered more necessary and useful to a woman, while a smattering of Latin is believed to be of no use to her. There is a great fear of girls over-working themselves, because they seem to be always more eager to learn than boys, and the above-mentioned programme is already a very comprehensive one. If the parents of a girl wish her to have a classical education there is no reason why she should not go to the boys' gymnasium. This happens in a few cases, and offers no difficulty, though of course it is not thought desirable as a rule that girls should go to boys' schools.\*

The teachers at the high schools are mostly women, and the number of capable mistresses is on the increase, but there are a few male teachers, sometimes the same who teach at the boys' schools in the same town. Without making an invidious distinction I will select the school at the Hague as the representative of them all. The building is a large and handsome one, with an inner court, and with spacious, lofty, and well-ventilated class-rooms, admirably adapted to their various uses. It is a pretty sight to see the many bright, good-looking, and well-dressed girls, listening attentively to the teacher's demonstrations. The room specially devoted to zoology and botany is fitted up on one side with presses, containing a small natural history collection; on the other side the wall is hung with drawings of plants. Zoology is taught in winter, botany in summer. The mistress, who teaches both, has made an arrangement with the director of the Botanical Garden at Leyden to send her regularly specimens of plants, and sometimes the girls bring the plants themselves. There is a beautiful laboratory for chemistry and physics, which are not begun till the third year. Drawing and the history of the fine arts are taught by the same mistress in a room where plaster casts and drawings serve both as models and illustrations. At the end of the year there is an exhibition of drawings and needlework. Needlework is thoroughly taught in all its branches for two hours a week, commencing with plain sewing and knitting in the first form, and ending in the fifth with cutting out and art needlework. Dutch girls of all classes

\* Their drawback is that they are very expensive. The fees are low, the salaries high, and the number of pupils is limited.

\* As exemptions are allowed at the high schools, it seems a pity that the study of Latin should at least not be optional.



are proficient in needlework, and in the remotest fishermen's villages the neatness of the quaint and often elaborate costume, of the linen on the bed and in the press is faultless. To the Dutch mind cleanliness, order, and neatness are the first conditions of prosperity and civilization, and Dutch cottages show that this does not exclude the picturesque. Special sewing schools are scattered all over the country, and have, in many instances, been founded by rich and charitable ladies. In the well-to-do class girls frequently meet one evening or afternoon in the week to make clothes for the poor, while one of them reads aloud to the others.

To return to the high school. One room in the school is fitted up for gymnastics, a specially important branch in Dutch education, since outdoor exercise, in the form of riding and various games, is not nearly as common as in England. There does not exist in Holland the sharp contrast between riches and poverty. There is less poverty than in England, but fortunes are also more limited, and it is only in few cases that parents can afford to give riding horses to their children. Lawn tennis has, however, of late years become very popular, and is played with great zest both in the country and in the towns.

The prejudice which once existed among the upper classes against day schools has, in a great measure, vanished, and in the commercial and provincial towns girls, without distinction, have begun to attend the high schools. At the Hague the school is chiefly recruited from the professional and middle classes, and it is a matter of regret that in fashionable society the old prejudice still lingers. It is evident that home instruction cannot give a girl the same advantages, for it is impossible at home to have a certificated master or mistress for every branch of education, or to have the appliances required for the teaching of the various sciences. Hence the girls of the aristocracy are often less well educated — as far as the instruction goes — than those of the upper middle class. But of course the instruction received out of the house is only part of a girl's education. The training of the moral faculties, without which all book learning is idle, must in every country be chiefly given at home. The Dutch mothers bestow a great deal of care upon their children's education both in the nursery and the schoolroom, and often give up all general society in order to spend their evenings at home with them. They enter into all their girls' interests — they carefully

watch over what their girls may read, remembering how deep and ineradicable early impressions are.

Le cœur de l'homme est un vase profond  
Lorsque la première eau qu'on y verse est  
impure.

La mer y passerait sans laver la souillure,  
Car l'abîme est immense et la tache est au  
fond!

In this way girls frequently become their mothers' intimate friends, and from such intercourse the moral side of their nature is more developed than it could be by any amount of class teaching. The warm friendships, too, formed in early youth, and transmitted almost like a heritage from parents to children, in Holland, are an education in themselves. How wholesome is the mutual chaff! How profitable the lessons shared, the books read and discussed, the lectures attended together!

One of the objections made to the high schools is that religious instruction is not given, but ample provision is made for this out of school. Besides the religious teaching received at home, it is the custom for children of all classes in Holland to go from an early age for an hour a week to a clergyman to be instructed in Bible history and the catechism. Confirmation usually takes place at eighteen, and during the last year a good deal of time is devoted to preparing for the examination which precedes it, and which is called the confession of faith. The clergyman examines in Bible history, doctrine, and Church history at his own house or in the vestry in the presence of an elder of the Church, and on the following Sunday the new members are publicly confirmed in the church and take the communion. The Bible classes are often continued after confirmation, there being special classes for members of the Church. The zeal with which religious instruction is gratuitously given for years by men of small means, among whom the standard of learning is very high, and who forsake all social pleasures to devote themselves to their calling, is above all praise. The result is that religious knowledge is widely spread through the community, that the churches are well filled with people of all classes, and that the level of preaching is very high. To the illiterate who have no time to read in the week, the artisan in the town, or the peasant in the country, the Sunday sermon is the one spiritual and intellectual treat of the week, and they

would look upon it as a grievance if it were to last much less than an hour!\*

Confirmation is a solemn event in a girl's life, marking, as it does in Holland, the transition from girlhood into womanhood, the close of schoolroom life, and the entrance into a new world in which she henceforth becomes a responsible person. She must now make her own life. For most girls the path is traced. They go into society, they assist their mothers in the management of the household. Some continue their studies, take up a fresh language, such as Italian, or if they have a special talent for music or painting, now devote more time to it. Those who from principle or taste do not care for balls and parties undertake charitable work, Sunday school teaching, visiting the poor, or, when they are old enough, hospital nursing. A young lady is now at the head of the deaconesses' house at the Hague. Another lady is superintendent of a hospital at Groningen. A third has the direction of the children's hospital at Amsterdam.

But this already requires a certain amount of experience, and the younger girls of course remain under their parent's wings. The position of girls in Holland and in England is very much the same. They have the same liberties, and the same restraints. They do not walk alone in the towns, or travel or go into society alone, but as in Dutch society people all know each other, and many have known each other always, the intercourse is very free and unconventional. The girls are not in a hurry to marry. They seldom marry except from love, and marriages as a rule are happy. As fortunes and titles are equally shared by all the children of the family, there is no rush after an elder son. Holland has changed less within the last centuries than most countries, and what a French writer says of the Dutch women of the seventeenth century is still true. Speaking of the simplicity and frugality of Dutch habits in those days, he says:—

A cette école, la fidélité conjugale s'était entretenue et épargnait le spectacle des désordres domestiques si fréquents ailleurs. . . . L'indépendance n'était laissée aux jeunes filles que pour rechercher le mariage, et une fois mariées, satisfaites de l'autorité qui leur était laissée dans leurs maisons, elles ne con-

naissaient plus d'autres inclinations que les affections domestiques. . . . Les habitudes de vie sédentaire entretenaient, comme un culte domestique, les sentiments de famille. Dans l'un des tableaux du temps, deux femmes sont assises; la vieille mère écoute, la plus jeune lit la Bible; entre elles l'enfant dort dans le berceau. Le père est absent, mais voici sa place qui est réservée au foyer, et c'est avec confiance que son retour est attendu. Il semble qu'on dise, en pénétrant du regard entre ces murs ornés sans faste, éclairés par l'âtre qui flamboie: "Le bonheur est là."\*

Many questions that agitate women in England have no place in Dutch life. If you ask a Dutch woman whether she has any grievances, she will look at you in bewilderment at first, and the next moment burst out laughing. There is no demand for the suffrage, there is no canvassing at elections, and Dutch women are in no way actively mixed in political life. The university career is open to them. No law prevents their obtaining degrees, but not above half a dozen—if as many—avail themselves of the opportunity. Though the men do not put any obstacles in the way of the higher education of girls, they do not encourage it, but rather deprecate learning in a woman. There is one female doctor of medicine—at Amsterdam. A woman is *Conservator* of the Natural History Collection at Utrecht, and another has been appointed in the same capacity at Haarlem. A woman on the platform is a *rara avis*. The Dutch dislike their women taking part in public affairs, and the women themselves have an innate shrinking from publicity and sensation. They are not as ambitious, and do not take as high a flight as the women in England, partly because the struggle for existence is less severe, and partly because there is not the same stimulus as in a big country. Dutch ladies, married or single, sit on councils of orphanages as they did in the days of Frans Hals, of industrial schools, and of various other useful and charitable institutions, such as the Red Cross, which has lately started a nursing institute at the Hague. A very cultivated lady, who is an excellent Spanish scholar, is the soul of the Dutch association for Evangelizing Spain. But the hearth is still the Dutch woman's sanctuary, and she is loth to leave the sacred fire to take care of itself. To the Dutch the word home is more than a name. They seldom live abroad if they can help it. Those who have a country-house spend their summers in the country, and their winters in the town, for the sea-

\* The late queen of Holland said to a clergyman for whom she had a great regard, that if he would but shorten his sermons she would like oftener to come and hear him. He replied that he was very sorry, but that his congregation would not allow him.

\* Lefèvre Pontalis, Jean de Witt, i., p. 20, 22.

son is in the winter and it is over at Easter. Others go, perhaps, for a month or two in the summer to be braced in the Swiss mountains, but they are sedentary for the greater part of the year. Like the mother who is specially fond of the child who has given her a great deal of trouble, they love their country all the more because they have had to reclaim it from the sea, and have had to fight so hard for its independence. In the absence of mountains they love their ever-shifting cloud scenery, the wide horizons with radiant sunsets, the undulating tracts of purple heather, the meadows with grazing cattle where the stork ranges undisturbed. They love their snow-white buckwheat fields, their woods of tall beeches, the large expanses of water where everything is reflected, and that subdued, mellow atmosphere which gives so much expression to the simplest landscape, and which has inspired one of the greatest schools of painting in the world.

Among those of an older generation there is always a tendency to praise the good old times at the expense of the present, and to believe that things were better in their day. Those who now look back on their own girlhood, think that they were both less spoilt and less independent than the present generation. They had more respect for authority and still believed their elders knew better than themselves. They had greater enthusiasm, more illusions and perhaps higher aspirations and ideals. The critical spirit of the age had not damped their hero-worship. They had a craving for knowledge, but in spite of all their parents could do, female education in those days was not organized as it is now, and the girls of the present day have privileges which they had not. Are the girls of to-day more developed, not only intellectually, but in those qualities of the mind and heart which give life its color, its charm, and its usefulness?

Dutch girlhood in its most attractive form is at present typified in the Princess Wilhelmina, the heiress to the Dutch throne. On the 31st August she completed her ninth year, and every year endears her more to the Dutch people. Her birthday, Princess's Day, as it is called, is a day of rejoicing all over the country. Flags are displayed, orange ribbons or flowers are worn, and there are popular games and illuminations, but it is the happiest day of all for the children, who are specially thought of and treated, for is not their princess one of them? It has been a great sorrow to the Dutch

nation to see the male heirs of their beloved house of Orange one by one find an untimely grave. But the women of that great house have shown no less remarkable qualities than the men ever since the days of Juliana Van Stolberg, the pious mother of William the Silent, and of a whole race of heroes. With their hopes fixed on their young princess, the Dutch people look with confidence to the future.

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From Chambers' Journal.

THE SECRETS OF A CATALOGUE.

IN the middle of the British Museum Library the great catalogue is ranged on circular shelves for the surrounding readers to consult. There are thousands of volumes of it, each bound in blue or red leather, shod with brass, and containing in their creamy pages the names of authors in alphabetical order and the titles of their works. This formidable series of plain ledgers does not look very entertaining, and most of the readers who prowl through the jungle of its contents are seriously hunting down their prey. But to the lover of books it is at least as interesting as the catalogue of a museum to the genuine antiquary; and even the unlearned in rambling through its pages may find some curious secrets hidden in its recesses. For the sphere of thought has its relics and nicknacks as well as the material world, its vestiges of old myths and creeds, its fossil theories and dry bones of philosophy, its mummied worthies and stuffed characters, its ancient utensils of wisdom and ornaments of diction, its tomahawks of satire and war-clubs of debate, its freaks and marvels of the mind.

In some cases the same subject or name will extend through several volumes: "Bible," for instance, through twenty one with a special index volume of its own. "England," again, has sixteen volumes devoted to it; while "Scotland" has five, and "Ireland" three. Certain surnames also run through several volumes and have their own sub-index. The members of the great Smith family, for example, monopolize no fewer than nine volumes, and have attained the dignity of a special index. The Smiths, in fact, by number and importance, are apparently the most illustrious of all the British clans. The Smiths have been everywhere and done everything. There are Smiths who have distinguished themselves in the senate and on the battlefield, in the study and the labora-

tory, in the pulpit and at the bar. The Smiths have been poets and orators, philosophers and statesmen, novelists and men of science, travellers and warriors. The Browns, the Joneses, and the Robinsons are far behind the Smiths. While the Joneses have two volumes, and the Robinsons have one, the Browns have only the major part of a volume; and we are driven to the conclusion that either the Browns are less numerous than their colleagues, or that their undoubted talents do not flow in literary channels. No name, however, is absolutely undistinguished; and the possessor of even the unpretending patronymic Blank will happily find in this veracious chronicle a roll of famous Blanks enough to swell his heart with gratitude and pride. Sometimes a single great writer, like a tribe or nation, appropriates a section of the catalogue to himself, and forms as, it were, a cult, under the head of which a whole library of books are entered. Such are the great poets, Homer and Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, and Goethe.

There is, practically speaking, only one Shakespeare, for though there have been a few other authors of the name, notably a writer on India, these are of no great consequence. William, the giant of his race, extends through over five volumes of the catalogue, far more than any other author, not excepting Homer. These include the numerous editions of his works, from the precious first folios of the early part of the seventeenth century down to the penny Shakespeares of to-day; the innumerable selections and "beauties" extracted from them, and published under fancy titles: "Garlands" and "Gems," and "Calendars" and "Birthday Books." Along with these are the various translations in almost every European language, hundreds of essays and criticisms, lives, parodies, operas, and travesties. While the British editions (chiefly London) are sprinkled over the intervening period since his death, most of the foreign translations date from the present century, though some appeared in the last, notably a French edition of the plays, published at Paris in 1746; a Bohemian edition of several plays and poems at Prague in 1778; an Italian one of "Othello" at Venice in 1797; and probably some German editions. For of all translations the German appear to be the most numerous, and they come from most of the large towns of the empire. Next in point of number, and running the German pretty close, are those of France, chiefly from

Paris. After these follow the Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Russian, Scandinavian, and various other translations.

If we may judge by the evidence of the catalogue, and perhaps we may in a general sense, "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are the two most popular plays of Shakespeare, or "Szekspira" as the Poles call him. Hamlet is the most polyglot of princes, and soliloquizes in his native tongue, not only in Copenhagen and Elsinore, but at Rejkjavik, in Iceland, where Jochumsson's translation was published in 1878. He discourses in most excellent German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Dutch, Swedish, Polish, Hungarian, Greek (Constantinople, 1874), Romaic (Athens, 1858), and even Bulgarian (Bucharest, 1882). There are a number of editions in the leading tongues, and two in Portuguese, one by his Majesty King Louis of Portugal, and privately printed at Lisbon in 1877; that in the Library being a presentation copy. Of English editions, the most important is the original quarto of 1603, containing the "Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, by William Shakespeare, as it hath been divers times acted by His Highnesse Servants in the Cittie of London, and also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. For N. G. and John Trundell." This copy lacks the title-page, and has no pagination. The only other known to exist belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and wants the last leaf. There are, of course, fac-similes of this volume, as of other rare editions of the plays, in the Library. Then there are operas, travesties, and burlesques of "Hamlet," though it might seem at first sight a kind of sacrilege to parody this splendid tragedy. There is a German travesty published in 1800, a comic opera by Cumberland dating 1829, and a "darky drama" by Griffin, entitled "Hamlet the Dainty, an Ethiopian Burlesque," produced in 1860, all in advance of the present so-called frivolous days. In addition to these are many pamphlets and treatises on the play, some dealing with its historical source in Saxo Grammaticus, and contemporary allusions in Montaigne; others with the meaning, the "mission," the "character," the "madness," and the "mystery" of Hamlet. With its supernatural element and real or affected madness, "Hamlet," like "Macbeth," is an admirable study for the critics, and like the parasites of parasites, they occasionally attack each other. Then there are works on the obsolete words in "Hamlet,"

and such curios as "The Bubble Ghost and his Son," a "Throw for a Throne," maintaining that Shakespeare's words show Claudius to have been innocent of murder.

"Macbeth," too, has its numerous foreign translations, its operas and travesties, its studies of the original source in Holinshead's chronicles, and its ingenious commentators. There was a Russian edition as early as 1837, one published at "Derwent" in 1845, another at Posen in 1857, and one at "Jassi" in 1864. Madrid had an edition in 1818, and Stockholm in 1838. "Romeo and Juliet," is popular, but not nearly so much so as might have been expected. "Othello," "King Lear," the "Merchant of Venice," the "Merry Wives of Windsor," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Tempest," are all fairly well represented in translation; so is "Julius Cæsar," but none so well as "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," or even as "Romeo and Juliet." There was a translation of the "Merry Wives" at Wilno in 1842, a Bulgarian one of "Cæsar" in 1879, and a Greek one of "Lear" in 1870. The English historical plays, as might be supposed, are not well represented by translations, if we except "King Richard III." A translation of "King Henry VI." appeared at "Bánfalván" in 1862. There are very few of "Measure for Measure," and still fewer of "Love's Labor Lost." Of "Pericles" there is, of course, a German translation (1833), for the Germans appear to excel all other nations in translating, especially in the case of Shakespeare. Under the head of "Pericles," too, there is an Anglo-Saxon version of the story of Apollonius of Tyre, on which the play is founded.

The doubtful plays of Shakespeare also claim a considerable space in the catalogue, and have been translated, at least by the Germans, and republished by the Americans. Such are "The Two Noble Kinsmen," "The London Prodigal," "Thomas Lord Cromwell," "Sir John Oldcastle," "The Puritan," "Lochrine," "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "The Fifth of November," and so on. Of the sonnets, there are a variety of translations and a large number of "Selections."

The miscellaneous literature of Shakespeare is very voluminous. With regard to the sources of his plays there are, in addition to some mentioned above, treatises on the lives of Plutarch and the passages of Aristotle and others which illustrate his writings, together with Rich's tract "News from Virginia" (1610), de-

scribing adventures supposed to be referred to in the "Tempest;" an early jest-book possibly used by Shakespeare; a collection of the plays and romances from which he may have drawn, entitled "Shakespeare's Library;" and a rare book known as "Beware the Cat," published in 1570. Then there is quite a list of books and articles on his art and work, his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors. We have his "mental photographs," his "garden of girls," his "England," his "Altenengland," his "morality," his "religion," his self-knowledge, his genius, his humor, his folk-lore, and so on. We have "Shakespeare's Heroines," the very "Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines;" we have the "Learning of Shakespeare," the "Law in Shakespeare," "Shakespeare and the Bible," "Shakespeare and Shorthand," essays on the varieties of mania exhibited in some of his characters, the "Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time," the "ornithology" of Shakespeare, the "Natural History of the Insects mentioned in his Plays" (a gruesome subject), "Under the Stars," or his work in the light of astronomy, the "Flowers of Shakespeare." Many have puzzled over the question of his calling as demonstrated by his writings, and hence we have such books as "Was Shakespeare ever a Soldier?" "Was Shakespeare a Lawyer?" "Shakespeare as a Physician," "Shakespeare as an Angler," as though a man following one craft, especially literature or acting, could not learn something of another. Then we have such works as "Shakespeare and his Times," the "Rural Life of Shakespeare," "Shakespeare in Germany, in America," "in Griechenland," and "West Indian Illustrations." Of course, there are "Tales" and "Stories" from Shakespeare, and equally of course, the irrepressible apologist with his "Shakespeare not an Impostor."

Comparisons are another ordeal which the great writer has to bear, and hence we have Shakespeare and Dante, Marlowe, Bacon, Molière, Goethe, Voltaire, Scott, Chateaubriand, and so on. We have his errors pointed out, his obscure passages expounded, his obsolete words, the pronunciation of English in his day, and one gentleman has investigated the position of the English adjective in his language. Some person discovers that he wrote ballads on the Spanish Armada; another exposes the forgeries at Bridgewater House; a third pens an imaginary conversation between him and the Earl of Southampton; a fourth treats of his "curse;"

a fifth supposes his ghost to address the British army in the '45 to the tune of "Britons, Strike Home;" and a sixth ingeniously fabricates a series of double acrostics from his plays.

The doubters are also in their place, some asking "Who wrote Shakespeare?" or "Was Shakespeare Snapleigh?" and others, more bold, discoursing on the "Shakespearean Myth," or the "Great Cryptogram."

His birth, life, and death is another fruitful source of literature. We have books on his pedigree, his coat-of-arms, his birthplace, school, and home, the "rogues and vagabonds" of his youth. "Shaxpere or Shakespeare? Was A ap Roberts that butcher's son of Stratford-upon-Avon who is recorded by Aubrey as having been an acquaintance of Shakespeare in the early days of the great poet? And was Shakespeare an apprentice to G ap Roberts?" We have fac-similes of his indentures, his coat-of-arms, his will, the traditional history of his crab-tree, the "actors of his time," and descriptions of his house; his last days, his grave, his death-mask, busts and portraits, his monuments and centennial celebrations, with odes and lines commemorative of his genius. Lastly, we have an account of how his skull was stolen and found, and of an interview between his ghost and David Garrick.

We may liken Shakespeare to one of those prodigious trees, the giants of the tropical forest, rearing its lofty crown high over its fellows, and spreading wide its enormous branches, encumbered with an airy wilderness of creepers, parasites, and winged tenants, some of which tend to support and beautify their foster-parent, and others only harboring in its shade to blight and strangle, or to ravage and destroy.

Homer has two volumes of the catalogue to himself, and has apparently been translated into a greater diversity of languages than Shakespeare. There is, for instance, an edition of the Iliad in Gaelic, of 1813, and Books 1 to 8 in the Irish Ogamic character, dating from 1844. A Romaic edition dates as early as 1640; and there is one published at Liptzk in 1504. Of the Odyssey there is a French edition dated "Lutetiæ, 1566," and another "Parisus, 1582." An Erse translation was brought out in 1866; but the Iliad appears to be the more widely appreciated of the two. The comments upon Homer run in much the same grooves as those upon Shakespeare and,

indeed, the other great poets. Thus we have the "Influence of his Poems on the Greek Nation," "Tales from Homer," the origin and growth of the poems, the "True Nature and Design of the Iliad," "Ulysses as delineated by Homer," "Homeric Flora and Mineralogy," "The Sense of Color in Homer," the topography of Troy, the age of Homer, the original genius of Homer, his post-epic or imitative words, an "Apology for Homer," Homer and Virgil, Homer and Dante, Homer and Goethe, "Homeric Doubts," the "Pretended Tomb of Homer," and so forth.

Dante has a fraction of one volume to his share, but the entries being all in close type, it does not compare well with the written and printed lists of Shakespeare and Homer. There are many translations of the "Divina Commedia," including one in the Catalan tongue, printed at Barcelona, one in modern Greek, and another in Hebrew; but apparently not so many as in the case of "Hamlet" and the Iliad.

Molière has about half a volume, written and printed. His plays have been translated into most of the European languages; but there are comparatively few comments upon them in the catalogue. Some of the English adaptations have rather curious titles; for example, "The Irish Doctor, or the Dumb Lady Cured," from "Le Médecin malgré lui." Charles Reade, we know, translated the "Malade Imaginaire" into "The Robust Invalid."

Corneille has a good many pages and a variety of translations. Goethe has about half a volume, printed, including translations and a miscellaneous literature which reminds us of Shakespeare. "Faust" is the leading work, and has been translated into most European tongues, including Servian, Greek, Ruthenian, Hungarian, and Hebrew, with selections in Romaic. Tales, operas, legends, and parodies, in English, French, and Italian have sprung from "Faust," and a flourishing literature of comment.

Schiller, a voluminous writer, has two volumes, but not yet printed, as in the case of Goethe. There are not so many translations of any of his plays as there are of "Faust;" but the "Song of the Bell" appears to be popular; and "Don Carlos" has appeared in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Hungarian.

Milton, like Schiller, has two volumes of the catalogue, chiefly written. The "Paradise Lost" has appeared in the principal European languages; and there is a Welsh translation of 1865, and a Manx

one, dated Douglas, 1796. Milton does not seem to invite many commentators; but the comparison between him and the Dutch Vondel is worthy of note. Chaucer has twelve printed columns of the catalogue, and Spenser some forty written pages. Byron has twenty-seven closely printed columns and more; their well-thumbed condition attesting the poet's popularity. Indeed, the dirtiness of the pages is the best indication of an author's fame; and in looking at the edges of the catalogue one can generally tell whether a volume contains a popular writer. Selections from Byron have appeared in most of the European tongues, including Polish, Bohemian, Dutch, Icelandic, and Roumanian.

Burns, in spite of his rustic dialect, has thirteen closely printed columns, well thumbed, like Byron's; with several German and French translations, and a Swedish, published at Helsingfors.

Shelley has some forty written pages well thumbed, but few or no translators. Tom Moore, on the contrary, is well translated, especially "Lalla Rookh," one published at Jönköping. Wordsworth, though occupying five well-thumbed pages, is apparently innocent of foreign translation, if we may judge from the catalogue. Tennyson has fifty written pages, and some of his poems, notably the "Idylls," have appeared in the leading European languages, including Hungarian, Spanish, Dutch, and Danish. Longfellow has nearly as much

space, and a greater variety of translations. "Evangeline" is a favorite work, which, besides its many European editions, has been published in Portuguese at Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, in German at Milwaukee, and French at Quebec; while "Hiawatha" has found its way into Russian and Dutch, amongst other tongues. Victor Hugo, however, is more polyglot still, and occupies fifty pages of the catalogue. Scott, as poet and novelist, has two volumes to himself, and has appeared in most of the European languages.

Dickens has twenty printed columns, well thumbed, and a great variety of translators, including Hungarian, Dutch, Ruthenian, and others. Thackeray has thirty-two written pages, and some scattered German, French, Italian, and Danish translations; but "Vanity Fair" in Spanish has appeared in Mexico (Las FERIA de las Vanidades), and there is a Schiedam edition of the "Virginians." Bulwer-Lytton has fourteen printed columns and many European translations of novels or plays, including certain in Greek and Hungarian; in France he appears to be particularly popular, perhaps because of his official connection with the country. George Eliot has three printed columns, and a translation or two in German, French, and Italian. "Silas Marner," too, appears as "A Raveloei Takacs" at Buda-Pesth. Charles Kingsley has only some twenty-four written pages, and but one translation, namely the "Heroes," in Greek.

THE first discovery of remains of cave-dwellers in Scandinavia has been made in a cave in the Great Carl's Island, in the Baltic, a couple of miles west of the Island of Gothland. Last year a farmer, while digging for mould for a plantation, discovered in a cave or grotto layers of ashes and charcoal mixed with bones. The latter, having been forwarded to the Royal Museum at Stockholm, were found to be the bones of horses, bullocks, pigs, birds, and fishes. In consequence of this discovery, Professor G. Lindström commissioned Dr. L. Kolmodin to carry out excavations in this cave in a scientific manner; and the result is that indubitable remains of cave-dwellers have been found. The cave is situated about 20 metres above the sea-level, and consists of two parts, an outer one, about 12 metres long and 7 metres wide at the mouth, and an inner one, about 9 metres long and 1½ metres wide; the latter leading into a transverse gallery running south-west and north-east. Dr. Kolmodin began by excavating the layers at the mouth of the cave, and here he encountered, almost in the exact

spot where the fireplace had been, a grave 5 metres in length, 2½ metres in width, and 3·2 metres in depth. There are alternate layers of ashes and charcoal, interspersed with remains of the animals named above. The bones of "domestic" animals decrease in quantity downwards, whilst those of seals increase. The explorer found, at a depth of 24 decimetres, fragments of coarse pottery of a primitive kind and some chips of flint; at a depth of 28 decimetres an implement of flint; and in the lowest layer, at 32 decimetres depth, two small drills of bone. Several of the fragments of pottery found below a depth of 24 decimetres bore traces of simple ornamentation. Everywhere in the layers were found bits of granite and chalk, clearly showing that they had been split by fire. Most of the bones had been split or crushed, and the marrow extracted. Among the remains was part of a human cranium. It may be added that the island on which the discovery was made is only a couple of hundred acres in extent, and uninhabited.

Nature.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LIX. }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. TWO NEW UTOPIAS, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . . .	387
II. MARCIA. Part II., . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	398
III. THE POSITION OF WOMEN AMONG THE EARLY CHRISTIANS, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . . .	406
IV. MR. STEVENSON'S METHODS IN FICTION, .	<i>National Review,</i>	. . . . .	417
V. THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE, . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	424
VI. THE MOUND BY YELLOW CREEK, . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	428
VII. A POET'S FRIEND. JOSEPH SEVERN, . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	. . . . .	437
VIII. AN INTERNATIONAL CENSUS OF HALLUCI- NATIONS, . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	441
IX. A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BROWNING, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	. . . . .	447

## POETRY.

LIFE IN DEATH, . . . . .	386	A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS ON THE	
IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? . . . . .	386	DEATH OF ROBERT BROWNING,	447

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## LIFE IN DEATH.

ALL life must fade. The scented damask rose;  
The hawthorn buds that burgeon on the spray;  
The dews that dry before the sun away —  
All these, to man, a tale of death disclose.  
Yet Life stands smiling o'er these transient  
woes:

'Tis true, he says, the crimson rose must fade;  
Sweet hawthorn buds lie scattered on the plain;  
The dews no longer pearl the grassy lawn;  
Yet flowers of May spring forth to deck the  
shade,

Dewdrops dissolving fall in summer rain,  
Roses in odorous sweetness live again,  
And silver starlight melts in golden dawn.  
Then shrink not, man, nor faint and fear to die;  
Life crowns *thy* death with immortality.

Chambers' Journal.

M. C. R.

## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

## I.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long  
As Spring revives the year,  
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,  
To show that she is here;  
So long as May of April takes  
In smiles and tears farewell,  
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,  
And primroses the dell;  
And children in the woodlands yet  
Adorn their little laps  
With ladysmock and violet,  
And daisy-chain their caps;  
While over orchard daffodils  
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,  
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,  
And young lambs buck and bleat;  
So long as that which bursts the bud,  
And swells and tunes the rill,  
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,  
Life is worth living still.

## II.

Life not worth living! Come with me,  
Now that, through vanishing veil,  
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,  
And milk foams in the pail;  
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes  
With sweat the striplings lithe,  
As fall the long straight scented swathes  
Over the rhythmic scythe;  
Now that the throstle never stops  
His self-sufficing strain,  
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,  
And eglantine the lane;  
Now rustic labor seems as sweet  
As leisure, and blithe herds  
Wend homeward with unwearied feet,  
Carolling like the birds;  
Now all, except the lover's vow,  
And nightingale, is still;  
Here, in the starlit hour, allow,  
Life is worth living still.

## III.

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,  
On Autumn loves to lean,  
And fields of slowly yellowing corn  
Are girt by woods still green;  
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,  
And apples rosy-red,  
And the owl hoots from hollow stump,  
And the dormouse makes its bed;  
When crammed are all the granary floors,  
And the hunter's moon is bright,  
And life again is sweet indoors,  
And logs again alight;  
Ay, even when the houseless wind  
Waileth through cleft and chink,  
And in the twilight maids grow kind,  
And jugs are filled and clink;  
When children clasp their hands and pray,  
"Be done Thy heavenly will!"  
Who doth not lift his voice, and say,  
"Life is worth living still?"

## IV.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long  
As there is wrong to right,  
Wail of the weak against the strong,  
Or tyranny to fight;  
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,  
Or streaming tear to dry,  
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face  
That smiles as we draw nigh;  
Long as at tale of anguish swells  
The heart, and lids grow wet,  
And at the sound of Christmas bells  
We pardon and forget;  
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,  
And loyal Hope survives,  
And gracious Charity remains  
To leaven lowly lives;  
While there is one untrodden tract  
For Intellect or Will,  
And men are free to think and act,  
Life is worth living still.

## V.

Not care to live while English homes  
Nestle in English trees,  
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams  
Her territorial seas!  
Not live while English songs are sung  
Wherever blows the wind,  
And England's laws and England's tongue  
Enfranchise half mankind!  
So long as in Pacific main,  
Or on Atlantic strand,  
Our kin transmit the parent strain,  
And love the Mother-land;  
So long as in this ocean realm,  
Victoria and her line  
Retain the heritage of the helm,  
By royalty divine;  
So long as flashes English steel,  
And English trumpets shrill,  
He is dead already who doth not feel  
Life is worth living still.

English Illustrated Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.  
TWO NEW UTOPIAS.\*

AT all periods of social transformation, generous-hearted and high-minded men, advocates of justice, are to be met with who are grieved and indignant at the wrongs and sufferings of the lower classes. They believe that the cause of these lies in existing institutions, and they indulge in dreams of a better order of things, in which peace, harmony, and happiness are to be universal. They evoke a Utopia from their own imagination. It was thus that Plato composed the "Republic." What the greatest philosopher of Greece most rigorously proscribed — and we find the same in all the Utopias imagined later on — was selfishness. It is selfishness which keeps men apart, and is the great cause of rivalry, jealousy, and hatred of class for class. The law of *meum* and *tuum*, applied to property and family life, gives rise to covetousness, and makes harmony an impossibility. Family and property must therefore be done away with, and everything be owned in common — both wives and goods — in due conformity, of course, with the prescription of reason. Animals fight and tear each other to pieces when disputing their prey. This is the struggle for life so much spoken of nowadays. But men who submit themselves to laws based on the decisions of wisdom should be ready to act in concert for the realization of the general welfare. The final object with Plato was not, as at the present day, the more complete development of the human being, but the perfecting of society in general. Men were, so to speak, merely the materials, the putting together of which, as ordered by the political architect, should form the ideal city.

The Utopia of the Millennium, which sprang from Judaism and Christianity, exercised a far greater influence over our Western world than that of Plato. The prophets thunder forth with wonderful eloquence against this world, where the wicked triumph and the just are oppressed; they foretell the coming of a

\* "Looking Backward." By Edward Bellamy. "Etudes Sociales—Mon Utopie." Par Charles Secrétan.

Messiah who will redress all wrong and establish a reign of universal justice. The Gospel, the *Good Tidings*, is the announcement of the kingdom of God, where "the last shall be first," where "the peacemakers shall inherit the earth," where those "who mourn shall be comforted," where "blessed shall be those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs shall be the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." (Matt. v. 1-10.) Such was the sublime ideal, the divine Utopia which Christ held up to mankind. Deceived by certain passages of Scripture, and, more particularly, of the Apocalypse, the early Christians hoped, for a long time, that the kingdom of God would be in this world. Nearly all were Millenarians, and this belief remained general till the year 1000.

The belief in Palingenesis — *i.e.*, the coming of a new and better world, is to be met with throughout antiquity, and was combined, as Pierre Leroux demonstrates (*De l'Humanité*, bk. ii., c. 6), with certain theories as to the cosmic periods in the existence of our globe. This world, delivered over to evil, must perish in the flames, and "a new heaven and a new earth" spring forth to replace it. In Mazdeism the successive cycles of the development of humanity terminate in a general conflagration, followed by a universal renewal and revival.

In the *Woluspa* of the *Eddas* the Palingenesis is conceived almost exactly as in our Gospels. The signs of the doom are these:—

The sun shall grow black,  
The earth shall sink into the sea,  
The bright stars shall vanish from the heavens.

Smoke and fire gush forth;  
The terrible flame shall play against the very sky.

The Scandinavian sibyl thus announces the world to come:—

I can see earth rise a second time, fresh and green out of the sea.  
The waters are falling, the erne hovering over them;  
The bird that hunts the fish in the mountain streams;

The fields unsown shall yield their fruit;  
All ills shall be healed at the coming of Balder:  
The asses shall meet on the Field of Ith,  
And do judgment under the mighty Tree of  
the World.\*

In Virgil's splendid lines, in the fourth Eclogue, is to be found the echo of this aspiration after a new world, so frequently met with in ancient literature, especially in the Sibylline songs:—

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo . . .  
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto . . .  
. . . Ac toto surget gens aurea mundo . . .  
. . . Omnis feret omnia tellus.

Virgil depicts the regeneration of nature; the Gospel and the Edda dwell rather on social regeneration and the triumph of justice. The anchorites and great saints of the Middle Ages, St. Benedict and St. Francis of Assisi, seeing that the kingdom of God so long expected did not come, fled from the haunts of men and lived in desert places, in this way carrying out their notions of the Christian ideal. They, like Plato, did away with private property and family life, but they acted under the influence of asceticism, which imposed vows of perpetual chastity and poverty. If all, men and women alike, had hearkened to and obeyed their teaching, evil of all kinds would have been effectually banished, for humanity would have ceased to exist.

Later on, when the Renaissance and the Reformation had brought about a general excitement and agitation of men's minds, and opened fresh social problems, new Utopias came to light. Sir Thomas More wrote his "Utopia," Campanella his "Civitas Solis," and Harrington his "Oceana." † In the first part of his book, published in 1517, Sir Thomas More sums up in this way the causes of the misery then prevalent in England: The great number of nobles who rack-rent their tenants and keep a multiplicity of servants as good-for-nothing as themselves; the

\* Cor us Poeticum Boreale. By Vigfusson and Powell. Vol. ii., p. 625.

† The best book on the ancient Socialists is one by M. Quack, professor at the University of Amsterdam. It is entitled, "De Socialisten," and is written in Dutch. See also "Hist. du Socialisme et la Protestation Communiste," in the *Revue Socialiste*, Dec., 1889, by Benoit Malon.

communal lands taken from the villagers; and, more particularly, the sheep which devour men's possessions and oust them from their own:—

Oves, quæ tam mites erant, nunc tam edaces esse cœperant ut homines devorent, ipsos agros, domos, oppida vastent ac depopulentur.

The spoliation and expulsion of cultivators is described in most violent language:—

Ergo ut unus continuatis agris aliquot millia jugerum uno circumdet septo ejiciuntur coloni, aut circumscripti fraude, aut vi oppressi exuuntur aut fatigati injuriis adiguntur ad venditionem. Itaque quoquo pacto emigrant miseri, viri, mulieres, mariti, uxores, orbi, viduæ parentes cum parvis liberis.

As a contrast to this state of society, thus oppressed and decimated by the injustice of the great ones of the earth, More depicts to us the harmony and happiness reigning in the Island of Utopia. All possessions are there held in common, and every one works alternately in the fields, or the workshops and factories. Six hours' labor a day suffices to produce in abundance all that is necessary. The mode of life is simple; there are no drones to consume without producing; workmen, who elsewhere are occupied in creating mere frivolities, here only make useful articles. The production is limited to known requirements, and everything being regulated, there is never any excess. Nothing is bought or sold for money. All commodities are stowed in large store-houses, where the fathers of families go and fetch what they require. All the inhabitants of the island consider themselves equals. They dine nearly every day together at common tables. By regular physical exercise they acquire strength, agility, and beauty. In a word, it is a sketch of an existence combining Plato's ideal of a republic and the ideal of monastic life. In tracing it the author describes the political, economic, and judicial reforms which he would fain see carried out, and ends with an eloquent dissertation against the inequality to be met with in modern society:—

Is it just that the nobleman, the usurer, the jeweller [the banker of that period], who live

in idleness and produce nothing useful, should indulge in every enjoyment, while the tiller of the soil, the workman and artisan, suffer misery, and can barely earn sufficient to subsist upon by excessive hours of labor? The lot of beasts of burden is preferable to theirs.

Southey, in 1830, in his book on "Sir Thomas More," refers to these Utopian ideals, and seeks to find therein a remedy for the evils of the then existing industrial system, which was worse than it had been, owing to a very severe economic crisis. He mentions among other things the "cannibal sheep."

Bacon, in the "Nova Atlantis," wished also to draw up a programme of social reform: *De legibus sive de optimo civitatis statu*; but he only wrote the first part of his book, in which he explains that man should make a servant of nature by studying its forces and its laws. In his "Oceana," dedicated to Cromwell (1556), Harrington specially considers political institutions.

• The "Civitas Solis" by the Calabrian monk Campanella (1623), is very like More's "Utopia," but this ideal city still more nearly resembles a monastery, for the government of it is entirely theocratic. Society is governed by a sort of pope, the metaphysicus, and under him by three ministers, — Pou, Strength; Siu, Wisdom; and Mor, Love. A remarkable point is that the "Civitas Solis" is only a portion of a large work, in which Campanella tries to build up a whole system of sociology, the outline of which much resembles Herbert Spencer's scheme: the first part takes into consideration the laws of nature; the second, the manners and customs of men; the third part is political, and the fourth economic.

The inhabitants of the City of the Sun live in magnificent palaces, enriched with all the splendors of art, and in all ways so arranged as to make life as pleasant as possible. Everything is in common — wives and goods — as in Plato's "Republic" — so that there are no more selfish struggles, nor conflicting interests, nor misery, nor theft, nor crime of any sort. Men and women are all engaged in work of some kind, but each individual in accordance with his or her aptitude and

capacity. Equal consideration is shown to all branches of occupation, which are regulated and distributed by specially appointed magistrates. Women and children, as a rule, are every day practising music. There are no poor nor rich, and four hours' labor per day is amply sufficient to provide the necessaries of life for all, because idleness is unknown. Out of seventy thousand Neapolitans, says Campanella, barely ten or fifteen thousand work; these wear themselves out by too hard labor, and the others by luxury and vice, and sickness resulting therefrom: —

In Civitate Solis, dum cunctis distribuuntur ministeria, et artes et labores et opera, vix quatuor in die horas singulis laborare contingit reliquum licet tempus consumatur in addiscendo, jucundè disputando, legendo, narrando, scribendo, deambulando, exercendo ingenium et corpus et cum gaudio.

Each branch of production is under the direction of a manager, who regulates the labor to be accomplished, and assigns to each his post.

M. Quack mentions another Utopia very little known, although Southey refers to it in his "Sir Thomas More" (vol. ii., p. 373), and Sir George Cornewall Lewis in his "Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics" (vol. ii., p. 271). The title of this book, which is written in French, and was published in 1672, is "Histoire des Sevarambes." It is dedicated to the Baron Riquet, who made the famous Languedoc canal. The anonymous author was, in all probability, Vairresse d'Allais. The people of Sevarambes, whom a traveller has visited on an island in the Austral Ocean, live happily under the guidance of their king. As riches and the possession of property give birth to envy, avarice, extortion, and an infinite number of other evils, the king has wisely willed it that all land and all riches shall belong to the State. Each citizen works eight hours a day, and all are wealthy, for their wants are amply provided for. A magistrate distributes to each family what it requires. There is no idleness, no encouragement of useless arts, which may serve to foster vanity and luxury, no inequality, no intemperance, no crime. The laws of morality are imposed

on all. The Sevarambes live in enormous buildings called osmasies, in which a thousand persons can find accommodation. These abodes are pleasanter dwellings than our present palaces, and there is a storehouse attached to each, which contains all that could possibly be required. These osmasies are indeed nothing more or less than Fourier's phalanstères.

The particular and little observed merit of this later reformer is that he carried the optimism of the eighteenth century to its logical and, if you will, absurd conclusion. The philosophers of the period maintained that man is naturally good, in opposition to the Christian idea of the fall, which considers man as inclined to evil. But if man be good, his passions and instincts must also be good. Is it not God, who is goodness itself, who has endowed us with them? The sufferings of humanity arise solely from the attempts that have been made, in contradiction to the natural order of things, to eradicate or restrain the passions. They should, on the contrary, be respected and stimulated, and be made the motive powers of the new society. Make labor attractive, and men will work with ardor from the mere fact that they love pleasure. Let the favors of the most beautiful women be the reward of the cleverest and most diligent workers, as in the times of the tournament, when the most beautiful became the prize of the most valiant, and sexual attraction, which is condemned as sin, would become the one great incentive of the economic world.

After having analyzed and depicted human passions from his point of view, Fourier tries to demonstrate how each one of them might be turned to account in the work of production of wealth. One example will suffice to explain his system. However perfect the organization of the phalanstère may be, thanks to the advances made in machinery and chemistry, still there will always be certain duties to be performed less pleasant than others, and even some more or less repugnant; these, he suggests, should be done by children, who appear to enjoy playing in the dirt and mud, to judge from what one often sees in the streets after heavy rain.

Cabet's "Icarie," which was written a little before 1848, reproduces the chief characteristics of previous communistic Utopias. It is again an ideal of monastic or barrack life, each working for all under the guidance of a superior; production and consumption of goods being in common; and perfect harmony reigning every-

where, because property, the source of all dispute, is abolished.

The celebrated novelist, Lord Lytton, also amused himself by writing a novel on social reform — "The Coming Race." In this book the ideal people are to be met with, not on some far-off island, but in the bosom of the earth. An explorer goes down into a very deep mine, when the chain breaks, and he finds himself suddenly transported into a marvellous world, entirely lighted by a uniform, perpetual, and extraordinarily soft light. He there meets with human beings similar to ourselves, but in every way a finer race, stronger and wiser. They have discovered a force, far more powerful than electricity, the *vril*, by means of which they can reduce animals or men to ashes in a single instant. Perfect harmony exists in all economic relations in this underground world, for all competition is done away with: —

The primary condition of mortal happiness consists in the extinction of that strife and competition between individuals, which, no matter what form of government they adopt, render the many subordinate to the few, destroy real liberty to the individual, whatever may be the nominal liberty of the state, and annul that calm of existence without which, felicity, mental, or bodily, cannot be attained.

The production of all goods and possessions is easy and abundant, for, in addition to the almost limitless power of the *vril*, the "future race" use the most perfected mechanical means for all work: —

Machinery is employed to an inconceivable extent in all the operations of labor within and without doors, and it is the unceasing object of the department charged with its administration to extend its efficiency. There is no class of laborers or servants, but all who are required to assist or control the machinery are found in the children, from the time they leave the care of their mothers to the marriageable age. These children are formed into bands and sections under their own chiefs, each following the pursuits in which he is most pleased, or for which he feels himself most fitted.

There is very nearly equality of means; at all events, none are in want of any necessary of life, and wages are the same for all: —

According to their theory, every child, male or female, on attaining the marriageable age, and there terminating the period of labor, should have acquired enough for an independent competence during life. As all children must equally serve, so are all equally paid, according to their several ages or the nature of their work.

In this happy realm there is marrying and giving in marriage, and as all the inhabitants enjoy excellent health, the problem of the overgrowth of population soon presents itself. It is clear that Lord Lytton had read Malthus : —

Each community sets its own limit according to circumstances, taking care always that there shall never arise any class of poor by the pressure of population upon the productive powers of the community, and that no State shall be too large for a government resembling that of a single well-ordered family.

In order to maintain the balance between the number of inhabitants and the means of subsistence, a certain number of families go off from time to time to colonize hitherto unoccupied land. As with the Germans of Tacitus, the women have great authority. Their power is greater because their knowledge is wider. The dwellings exceed in elegance and comfort anything that is known at the present day.

A particular point to be noticed is that

Every room has its mechanical contrivances for melodious sounds, usually tuned down to soft-murmured notes, which seem like sweet whispers from invisible spirits.

Bulwer's novel on social reform is a mere sketch, very inferior to More's "Utopia;" the latter is far more real and life-like in its picture of the evils of the social order.

Finally, a book of a similar sort has been recently published, called "Looking Backward," by Mr. Edward Bellamy, which is deserving of attention for several reasons. It is well constructed and well written, and captivates the reader's imagination. Mr. Bellamy, who is well-versed in economic principles, sets himself to refute the objections which might be raised from that standpoint, and thus appears to give his book a scientific value, which was lacking to the dreams of a model state of society that had hitherto been laid before the public. The fiction which presents a scene for this programme of social reform is very simple and ingenious. Instead of carrying us off to some far-away island, or below the surface of the earth, Mr. Bellamy merely describes what society will be in the year 2000. The supposed author of the story, an inhabitant of Boston, U.S., by name Mr. Julian West, was subject to insomnia. In order to obtain sleep he had a bedroom built under the foundation of his house. This room was a sort of vault, well closed and ventilated, where no sound from the city could penetrate; and here his doctor

sleep by hypnotism. On a certain evening, the 30th of May, 1887, West is sent off to sleep after this manner by the doctor, who then leaves the town. The manservant loses his life in a fire which destroys the rest of the house, and the sleeper is left in his subterranean chamber, of which no one else knows the existence, till he is found there alive, one hundred and thirteen years later, by a Dr. Leete, who wakes him up and restores him to vigor by means of a cordial. He is at once received into the doctor's family, and later on proceeds to visit the town and its institutions, which he describes, comparing them with those of our day. To all the objections he raises he receives satisfactory replies from Dr. Leete, and he thus gives us a complete picture of the new social organization.

As in preceding Utopias, Mr. Bellamy commences by showing the evils of the existing system, but he does not dwell long on this theme. He makes use, however, of a striking comparison, which I will quote, so as to give an idea of the author's style of writing : —

To give some general impression of the way people lived together in those days (1887) and especially of the relations of the rich and poor to one another, I cannot do better than compare society, as it then was, to a prodigious coach, which the masses of humanity were harnessed to and dragged toilsomely along a very hilly and sandy road. The driver was Hunger, and permitted no lagging, though the pace was necessarily very slow. Despite the difficulty of drawing the coach at all along so hard a road, the top was covered with passengers, who never got down, even at the steepest ascents. The seats on the top were very breezy and comfortable. Well up out of the dust, their occupants could enjoy the scenery at their leisure, or critically discuss the merit of the straining team. Naturally such places were in great demand, and the competition for them was keen, every one seeking as the first end in life to secure a seat on the coach for himself and to leave it to his child after him. . . . I am well aware that this will appear to the men of the twentieth century an incredible inhumanity; but there are two facts, both very curious, which partly explain it. In the first place, it was firmly believed that there was no other way in which Society could get along, except the many pulled at the rope and the few rode; and not only this, but that no very radical improvement even was possible, either in the harness, the coach, the roadway, or the distribution of toil. It had always been as it was, and it would always be so. It was a pity, but it could not be helped, and philosophy forbade wasting compassion on what was beyond remedy. The other fact is yet more curious, con-

sisting in a singular hallucination, which those on the top of the coach generally shared, that they were not exactly like their brothers and sisters who pulled at the rope, but of finer clay, in some way belonging to a higher order of beings who might justly expect to be drawn (p. 11).

Let us now see how the men of the twentieth century organize society so as to do away with that extraordinary distribution of the goods of this world existing at the present time, in virtue of which some enjoy without work, while others work with little or no reward. I will try to explain the new organization advocated by Mr. Bellamy, keeping as nearly as possible to the author's own text.

Treatises on political economy are generally divided into three sections, the first treating of the production, the second of the division and circulation, and the third of the consumption of riches. This is indeed the economic cycle. Mankind have various wants to be satisfied, it is therefore necessary that the commodities which these requirements necessitate should be produced. Men do not work each one alone and for himself, but in groups and co-operatively; the produce obtained must therefore be distributed; and finally, each one having received his share consumes it, while working so as to reproduce for future maintenance. I therefore think that I gave a clear definition of political economy when I explained it as "the science which determines what laws men ought to adopt in order that they may, with the least possible exertion, procure the greatest abundance of things useful for the satisfaction of their wants, may distribute them justly and consume them rationally." (Elements of Political Economy, p. 31.)

Let us first of all examine how the production of riches is carried on in the year 2000. Land and all the instruments of production, farms, mines, railroads, mills, have been *nationalized*, and are the property of the State. The industry and commerce of the country have ceased to be conducted by a set of irresponsible corporations of private persons at their caprice and for their profit. They are entrusted to a single syndicate representing the people in their common interest. The change from the old organization to the new was accomplished without violence, and with the general consent of public opinion. People had seen for many years larger and larger syndicates handling revenues greater than those of States, and directing the labors of hundreds of thousands of

men with an efficiency and economy unattainable in smaller operations. It had come to be recognized as an axiom that the larger the business the simpler the principles that can be applied to it. So it came to pass that the nation, organized as one great corporation, became the sole and final monopolist by whom all previous monopolies were swallowed up.

The nation being now the only employer, all the citizens are the employees, and are distributed according to the needs of industry. In short, it is the principle of universal military service applied to *labor*. The period of industrial service is twenty-four years, beginning with the close of the course of education at twenty-one, and terminating at forty-five. Women are co-laborers with men, but their strength being less, the kinds of occupation reserved for them, and the conditions under which they pursue them, are settled accordingly. The entire field of productive and constructive industry is divided into ten great departments, each representing a group of allied industries, each particular industry being in turn represented by a subordinate bureau, which has a complete record of the plant and force under its control, and of the present product and the means of producing it. These bureaux set out the work to their men according to the demand of the distributive department which sells the commodities to the customers. The chiefs of these ten grand divisions of the industrial army may be compared to the commanders of army-corps, and above them is the general-in-chief, who is the president of the State. The general-in-chief must have passed through all the grades below him from the position of a common laborer upwards. He rises to the highest rank by the excellence of his records, first as a worker, and then as a lieutenant.

The chief of each guild is elected, but to prevent candidates intriguing for the support of the workers under them, they are chosen by the honorary members of the guild—that is, by those who have served their time and attained the age of forty-five. But what authority has the power and the discrimination necessary to determine which out of the two or three hundred trades and avocations each individual shall pursue? It is done very easily in Mr. Bellamy's Utopia.

All new recruits belong for three years to the class of common or unskilled laborers. During this period the young men are assignable to any work at the discretion of their superiors. Afterwards,

voluntary election, subject only to necessary regulation, is depended on to determine the particular sort of service every man is to render. His natural endowments, mental or physical, determine what he can work at most profitably for the nation and for himself. It is the business of the administration to seek constantly to equalize the attractions of the trades, so that all trades shall be equally attractive to persons having a natural taste for them, and that, consequently, there shall not be excess of workmen in one trade and deficiency in others. This is done by making the hours of labor in different trades to differ according to their arduousness. If any particular occupation is in itself so oppressive that in order to induce volunteers to engage in it the day's work must be reduced to ten minutes, this, too, is done. The administration, in taking burdens off one class of workers, and adding them to other classes, simply follows the fluctuations of opinion among the workers themselves, as indicated by the rate of volunteering.

But who does the housework? No difficulty here. There is none to do. Washing is done at public laundries at excessively cheap rates, and cooking at public kitchens; the making and repairing of wearing apparel is all done outside in public shops. Electricity, of course, takes the place of all firing and lighting. In the splendid public building, where every family has its private dining-room, the waiters are young men in the unclassified grade of the industrial army who are assignable to all sorts of miscellaneous occupations not requiring special skill. No objection is made, because no difference is recognized between the dignity of the different sorts of work. The individual never regards himself as the servant of those he serves; it is always the nation he is serving.

Now comes the question of distribution and wages. No wages are paid, as there is no money. Every person, skilled or unskilled — workmen, women, invalids included — receives an equal share of the general product of the nation, and a credit-card is given him, with which he procures at the public storehouses whatever he desires. The value of what he procures is checked off by the clerk. It is required of each that he shall make the same effort and give the best service in his power. Now that industry is no longer self-service, but service of the nation, patriotism, passion for humanity, impel the worker. The army of industry is an army,

not alone by virtue of its perfect organization, but by reason also of the ardor of self-devotion which animates its members. Honors, instead of the love of money, prompt the supreme kinds of effort. Then diligence in the national service is the sole and certain way to public repute, social distinction, and official power.

The general production is largely increased by many causes. There are no idlers, rich or poor; no drones. The commodities, as soon as they are produced, go directly to the stores, where they are taken up by the customers, so there are no merchants, no agents, no middle men of any sort. The eighteenth, instead of the eighth, part of the workers suffices for the entire process of distribution. There is no waste of labor and capital by misdirected industry, or by the struggle of competition; there are no crises of over-production, as only the commodities that are wanted are produced according to the general view of the industrial field. What a difference of productive efficiency between innumerable barbarian hordes, always at war, the one against the other, and a disciplined army whose soldiers are marching all together in the same direction under one great general!

But how is an equilibrium established between demand and supply? Precisely as it is now. When any article is in great demand, the price is raised. Generally the work necessary to produce a commodity is recognized as the legitimate basis of its price. It is no longer the difference of wages that makes the difference in the cost of labor, it is the relative number of hours constituting a day's work in different trades, the maintenance of the worker being equal in all cases. The cost of a man's work in a trade so difficult, that in order to attract volunteers the hours have to be fixed at four per day, is twice as great as that in a trade where the men work eight hours.

It may be objected that in the new system, the parents not having to provide for the future of their family, there is nothing to encourage saving habits on the part of the citizens. That is true, but individual savings are no longer necessary, nor, except in special cases, permitted; the nation guarantees the nurture, the education, and comfortable maintenance of every citizen; and, as the total production is greater than the consumption of wealth, the net surplus is employed by the State in enlarging the productive capital — *i.e.*, in establishing new railways, bridges, mills, and improved machinery, and also in pub-



lic works and amusements, in which all share, such as public halls and buildings, clubs, art galleries, great theatrical and musical exhibitions, and every kind of recreation for the people. For example, the principle of labor saving by co-operation has been applied to the musical service as to everything else. There are a number of music-rooms in every city, perfectly adapted acoustically to every sort of music. These halls are connected by telephone with all the houses whose inhabitants care to pay a small fee. The corps of musicians attached to each hall is so large that, although the individual performer or group of performers has no more than a brief part, each day's programme lasts through the twenty-four hours. Every bedchamber has a telephone attached at the head of the bed, by which any person who may be sleepless can command music at pleasure, and can make a selection suited to his mood.

As will have been noticed, Mr. Bellamy reproduces several features of previous Utopias: universal harmony, distribution of occupation according to individual aptitudes, equality of reward, universal ease and comfort, reduction of hours of labor; suppression of idleness, of competition, of the struggle for life, and also for money; the splendor and commodiousness of the palatial habitations, even to the detail of the music, which all are able to enjoy. There is a little pamphlet, very ably and eloquently written, though little read at the present day, which clearly explains the basis of the new state of society to which Mr. Bellamy introduces us under cover of a tale. This little work, by M. Louis Blanc, is entitled "L'Organisation du Travail."

Let us now examine what are the objections which our author's views call forth. There are two principal ones: the first referring to the allotment of functions, and the second to the distribution of produce.

We shall begin by taking the first of these two points. In the Church, as in the army, the chief authority has the granting of appointments. In China this is settled by examination. But the difficulty would be far greater in the new society, for every branch of production would have to be included, and would be open to every one, all having received the same education. It is quite clear that all the pleasanter trades and professions would be taken up, and there would be no one to fill the less agreeable ones. Mr. Bellamy has discovered a means of obviating this diffi-

culty, not yet thought of by his predecessors, which is to reduce the hours of labor in proportion as the work to be done is less attractive, even if the day's work had to be brought down to only a "few minutes;" but very often it would be impossible to apply this system. Consider the miner, for instance; the hours of labor would have to be exceeding short for men to be willing to work in a colliery; this would entail an endless procession of relays of workmen going up and down the shafts, and it would be impossible to work the mine. The same argument applies to the workers in steamships; it would be necessary to embark for each voyage a whole regiment of stokers. And the puddlers and the workmen in rolling-mills, etc.? Nevertheless, the principle of reducing the hours of labor in proportion as labor is less pleasant is certainly just, and might be applied in a certain measure in any rational industrial organization.

The chief objection (and this is absolute) is to the system of remuneration, which is nothing more or less than the communistic formula: *From each according to his strength, to each according to his requirements*; applied practically, this becomes equality of wages. Personal interest is the great mainspring of the economic world. A workman only does all he possibly can when the reward is in adequate proportion to the work accomplished. This is perhaps very sad, but it is undoubtedly true. Here are two facts in proof of it.

After the revolution of 1848, Louis Blanc started a workshop where these principles of equality were practised. The wages were the same for all, but the names of all idlers were written up on the walls. All work was very well paid for, as he had an order from the State to supply uniforms for the National Guard.

At the outset all went very well. The workmen were sincere and ardent Socialists, who made it a point of honor that the experiment of the new system should be a success; but very soon this good understanding came to an end. Those who were more industrious or quicker than their companions accused the latter of idleness; they felt themselves victims of injustice, for the remuneration was not in proportion to the zeal and activity displayed. They were being "cheated and duped," and this was intolerable; hence quarrels, arguments, and fights. The temple of brotherhood was transformed into a sort of boxing booth — *boîte aux giffes*, which is, as is known, the name

given to the building where the citizens of Geneva meet together for the exercise of their sovereign rights.

Another example. Marshal Bugeaud founded at Beni-Mered, in Algeria, a military colony on a communistic footing. The settlers were all picked men, and he supplied them with all they needed for the cultivation of the soil. Land, cattle, agricultural implements, the produce of the harvests, everything, in fact, was to be owned, and all work carried on in common for the space of three years. The plan was excellent. It, nevertheless, turned out a failure. Although the colonists were soldiers, accustomed to discipline, passive obedience, and equal pay, and without private home or family, still they could not go through the communistic novitiate to the end. As they were engaged in pursuits other than their military exercises, the spirit of innovation and the taste for amelioration soon made themselves manifest. Each one wished to cultivate according to his own notion, and they reproached each other with not doing the work well. The marshal vainly explained that it was to their own advantage to work in common, in order to overcome the first difficulties of starting the settlement, and to realize the economies ensured by a wise division of labor; it was of no avail; the association had to be dissolved, although it had so far brought in profits.

It is true that Mr. Bellamy does not wholly ignore two most powerful incentives of human actions — punishment and reward. Referring to punishment he writes, "A man able to do duty and persistently refusing is cut off from all human society?" Does this mean that idlers are put to death, or merely sent to prison, or allowed to starve? At all events, it is compulsion of some sort. Who is to apply it, or to judge when it is necessary? Certainly, men would in all probability rarely refuse to do any work at all; but those who do as little as possible, or do it badly, are they to be punished, or to receive the same salary, or rather be credited with the same amount as the others? The State could not send away a bad workman, as it can do now; for, there being no private enterprises, this dismissal would be equivalent to capital punishment. When remuneration is in proportion to the work accomplished, diligence and activity are encouraged, whereas an equal rate of wages is a premium on idleness.

But, argues Mr. Belamy, honor is a sufficient reward in itself; for men will sacrifice everything, even their lives, for

it. It is perfectly true that honor has inspired the most sublime acts and heroic deeds which have called forth universal admiration; but honor can never become the motive power of work or the main-spring of industry. It will not conquer selfish instincts, or overcome instinctive repugnance for certain categories of labor, or the dislike to the wearing monotony of the daily task. It may make a hero, but not a workman.

I am not unaware that a system very similar to that of Mr. Bellamy has been known to work very well, for instance in Peru, and in "The Missions" in Paraguay, where the Jesuits had most admirably disciplined the Indians. The latter worked in common, under the guidance of the Jesuit Fathers, who then distributed the produce amongst all the families. It was an absolute dictatorship, which left no scope for either liberty or individual initiative.\* The Indians were certainly materially far better off than are our workmen. And yet Bougainville, who visited them, reports that they looked unhappy, "like animals caught in a trap." Besides, can it be supposed for a moment that the men of the twentieth century would accept such a system of theocracy?

As Sir Henry Maine states, Peru is the best example known of the collective system having been successful.† When the Spaniards conquered the country they found it admirably cultivated — not only the rainless plains along the coasts, but also all the high table-lands and the narrow valleys running between some of the gigantic peaks of the Andes — and the people enjoying a somewhat peculiar, but certainly advanced, state of civilization. Many monuments and extensive public works had been erected; and this was the more extraordinary seeing the inhabitants knew of no metals besides gold and silver. A complete system of irrigation brought

\* See Charlerioix, "Histoire du Paraguay," 1768; Muratori, "Relation des Missions du Paraguay," 1754; A. Kobler, "Der Christliche Communismus in der Reductionen von Paraguay," 1879.

† "There are two sets of motives, and two only, by which the great bulk of the materials of human subsistence and comfort have hitherto been produced and reproduced. One has led to the cultivation of the Northern States of the American Union from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the other had a considerable share in bringing about the agricultural and industrial progress of the Southern States, and in old days it produced the wonderful prosperity of Peru under the Incas. One system is economical competition, the other consists in the daily task, perhaps fairly and kindly allotted, but enforced by the prison or the scourge. So far as we have any experience to teach us, we are driven to the conclusion that every society of men must adopt one system or the other, or it will pass through penury to starvation." (Popular Government.)

water from the highlands down to the arid plains of the coast, where agriculture was, consequently, very successfully carried on. One of these canals was really prodigious, going underground, crossing rivers, and running through mountains for a distance of about five hundred English miles. The ruins of the palaces and temples still to be met with always astonish travellers.

The following were the principal characteristics of the economic system in vogue there. The soil, which was almost the sole source of wealth, belonged to the State. It was divided into three parts: the first was applied for the maintenance of the temples and priests of the sun, the second for the sovereign and the nobility, and the third for the people, as a temporary privilege, they being obliged in return to cultivate all the land without exception, as was the case with us in the Middle Ages. The land was divided afresh every year among all the families, according to their requirements, as was the case with the Germans in the time of Julius Cæsar: "Magistratus ac principes in annos singulos gentibus cognationibusque hominum quantum, et quo loco visum est, agri attribunt, atque anno post alio transire cogunt." (De Bell. Gall. vi. 22.)

Very exact registers were kept of the different plots of ground, and the number of members of each family, so that the division might be made on a perfectly equitable basis. Each family was also allowed a certain amount of guano from the Chinchas Islands for manuring the land. All agricultural labor was carried on under the direction of the authorities, and the first to receive attention was the ground which was to serve for the support of the aged, the widows and orphans, the sick, or those employed in the service of the State. Maize was cultivated on even the most abrupt slopes of the mountains, which were covered with terraces, supported by enormous blocks of rock and stone, and then filled with fertile earth from the valleys. The State supplied each dwelling with wearing apparel and with the necessary implements of labor. There were neither rich nor poor; every one had sufficient to live comfortably, but without a surplus permitting accumulation.

Idleness was a punishable offence. There was no coinage; gold and silver were used for ornaments, or were deposited in the temples. Exchanges were made at regular monthly fairs, by bartering. The government gave out raw materials to artisans and to women, who made

these into manufactured articles, under the supervision of overseers appointed by government.

The population was divided into communities of families, similar to the *Zadrugas* of the Yougo-Slavs. These numbered about one thousand members each, who lived together in immense dwellings, the ruins of which may still be found in parts of Central America, reminding one of ants' nests. On fête days large banquets brought together the inhabitants of the same canton, like the *Syssities* in Greece.

The administration we have just briefly sketched was not strictly communistic, for each family cultivated the plot of ground annually assigned to it on its own account; but, setting aside this very small concession to individual life, the whole of the economic activity of the country was under State direction. And yet, in the Peru of the Incas, agriculture was more advanced, the population and riches were greater, there was more general well-being and a more materially advanced civilization, than either under the Spanish dominion or even at the present day. Here, as in that marvellous Egypt of the Pharaohs, where are to be admired monuments far surpassing in grandeur and magnificence all those of other nations, we can see what can be accomplished by the collective labor of an entire nation, under the sole and concentrated direction of the government or of one superior order. Only the administration here referred to was of that "stationary" kind which Mill says we must not attack, but which is in direct opposition to the ardent love of change and progress so characteristic of the modern man. Amongst all the transformations and revolutions which are leading him to an ideal condition, scarcely yet foreseen, he will suffer, it is true; but he is not likely to go so far as to wish for the industrial autocratic system of Peru or of Egypt.

The eminent professor of philosophy at the University of Lausanne, M. Charles Secrétan, whose writings on social questions are so highly appreciated, has also yielded to the temptation of writing "his Utopia," which is not so far removed from reality as Mr. Bellamy's. Being tired, he falls asleep on the enchanting banks of Lake Lemman. When he awakes he is accosted by a stranger, whose appearance is somewhat singular; he has the high forehead and penetrating eye of a philosopher, and the hard, rough hands of a working-man. The sleeper is surprised, and proceeds to question him. The philosopher explains that the social state into which

he is now transported is very different from that of the nineteenth century. Men divide their days into two parts: one is devoted to manual labor, and the other to intellectual pursuits and the culture of the mind. Although the young men's education is very complete, they are all taught a trade, which they exercise later on in life; and this only raises them in the estimation of their fellow-citizens.

Nowadays, when every one works, said the blacksmith philosopher, six hours' labor suffices for each man to maintain his family in comfort. Machinery is always kept going in the workshops, batches of workmen taking each their turn. You see, he continued, we have no more drones, nor landed proprietors with their toadies, nor capitalists, nor parasites of any description, nor beggars, nor workmen without work. The accumulation of capital is not forbidden, but the rate of interest has fallen so low that, for a man to be able to live on his revenue, he must possess an exceptionally large fortune. Besides, wages are very high, the average being about £120 a year. All land, and even the houses to let, belong to the State, which nationalized them, indemnifying the former owners. This operation was commenced in Ireland, where it answered so well that it was adopted everywhere else. As for manufactured industries, these are carried on by co-operative associations. All the workmen of a mine, or a factory, are more or less part owners in it; the manager, the officials, and workmen, are all shareholders to the amount of their savings; and these savings commence on the day they first begin work in the establishment, by a certain amount being held back from their pay. Only those taken in occasionally as extra hands receive their full wages. The transition from the old industrial system to the new was effected almost imperceptibly. The struggle between capitalists and workmen had become so violent, and strikes so frequent, that the chiefs of industries saw no other course open to them than to interest all their men in the undertaking, by giving them a share in the profits. This share given to the workmen made them shareholders in the business, and the former owners became directors. In this manner the firms in which participation in profits was introduced were changed into co-operative societies during the lifetime, and under the auspices of, their former owners. Thus the producer became possessed of the means of production, and ownership, without which there can be no real liberty, was

universal in the association, each receiving, in this way, the full value of the work he contributed. Custom-house dues being abolished, each country strove to develop those branches of industry for which its climate and the aptitudes of its inhabitants best suited it. The balance between supply and demand is very well established, because, as statistics make known the amount of consumption, the production is regulated accordingly. All the branches of one industry in a country form a sort of association; and this arrangement has put a stop to that merciless competition which permitted a few millionaires to enrich themselves at the cost of thousands of their fellow-creatures, who were obliged to labor for the exclusive profit of their masters. The great number of hours of labor employed in making articles of luxury, which vanity and self-indulgence required, are now occupied in producing things of real utility. Thus the general well-being is considerably increased, and the portion assigned to each is in proportion to the work done.

M. Charles Secrétan's Utopia seems to answer very generally to the ideal foreseen for the future by those who have faith in the ulterior progress of the human race. The nationalization, or rather the "communalization," of land does not appear to present very great difficulties. In a recent letter to the *Times* (November 12, 1889), Sir Louis Mallet, who most earnestly opposes this measure, explains very clearly that, in order to appreciate an institution, it must be seen whether it makes responsibility effective, and whether it tends to maintain the balance between supply and demand. But from this point of view it makes very little difference whether the tenant pay his rent to a landlord, to a college, to a city corporation, to a commune, or to a county council. In Russia and Prussia the State owns a great number of farms, which it lets in the same way as any ordinary landlord. The stimulus to work and the responsibility are the same in both cases. Raise the tax on property so as to swallow up nearly the whole rent, and you will change nothing in the working of the economic machinery, only the commune, the county, or the State, will be richer to the amount by which the landlords are poorer. The only question affecting the general welfare is this: Would the revenue from land be more advantageously laid out by the public authorities than by the present owners? \*

\* The advantage and disadvantage of Land Nation-

Difficulties only become great when the domain of industry is approached. Co-operative societies, which would take upon themselves the management of manufacturing enterprises, have hitherto succeeded only in exceptional cases. They are wanting in two essential conditions: capacity and authority in the administration, and a spirit of discipline and obedience in the workmen. We may hope, with M. Secrétan, that, thanks to education and to experience gradually acquired, the working-classes will, by degrees, attain the necessary qualifications for the management of industries, without being obliged to have recourse to capitalists; and, from the moment this is the case, the social transformation will be brought about peacefully and inevitably, like all previous economic revolutions.

The rapid and extraordinary success in all the Anglo-Saxon world of Mr. Bellamy's book — two hundred and forty thousand copies sold in the States, and forty thousand in England at this date — which recalls that of Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," is a symptom well worthy of attention. It proves that the optimism of old-fashioned economists has entirely lost the authority it formerly possessed. It is no longer believed that, in virtue of the *laissez faire* principle, everything will arrange itself for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

People feel that there is, in very truth, a "social" question; that is to say, that the division of the good things of this world is not in accordance with the laws of justice, and that something ought to be done to increase the share of the principal agents of production, the workmen. An author little known, but who deserves to be better known in England, Dupont White, the translator of several of Stuart Mill's political writings\* has, in one of his books, published so long ago as 1846, perfectly characterized this fresh sentiment, which was even then gaining a place in men's convictions. He says: —

It was hoped that the increase in the production of riches would secure satisfaction to all, but nothing of the sort has taken place; discontent is greater and more deeply rooted

alization are completely discussed in the new edition of M. Pierson's treatise on political economy, "Leerboek der Staathuishoudkunde." M. Pierson is governor of the Netherlands' Bank.

\* The translation was really made by Madame Sadi Carnot, the gifted wife of the president of the French republic. She translated Mill's "Liberty" and "Representative Government," under the direction of her father, Dupont White. See my account of this great writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December 1, 1879.

than ever. From this deceived hope has been born a new science; it may be called a social science, or it may even be said that it is not a science at all; but it is quite certain that *charity in law* is a notion which in our days should be a fundamental doctrine; for, beyond the pale of all sects of socialists, it has sown in all hearts a feeling of uneasiness, of anxiety and care, an unknown emotion respecting the suffering classes, which has become matter of public conscience.

As for Mr. Bellamy's dream, it will, I fear, remain always a Utopia, unless man's heart be entirely transformed. His ideal is pure communism, and, as such, raises invincible objections, as I shall try to show in a future article.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

From Murray's Magazine.  
MARCIA.

### CHAPTER III.

#### TEN YEARS LATER.

IT is always the unexpected, we are told, which comes to pass; but perhaps, if this be the case, it is less by reason of the numerous accidents of life than because so few of us have insight or foresight enough to discern probabilities. It was not, for instance, really probable that Marcia's career as the wife of Eustace Brett would be marked by any startling or exciting incidents, although she herself half hoped, half feared, that it would be, and although an unconcerned bystander might very well have thought the conditions favorable for the development of a domestic drama. Here was a husband no longer young, sedate beyond his years and immersed in work during the greater part of the day and night; here was a wife utterly without experience, eager for admiration and possessed of a face and form which were pretty certain to provoke it; better materials for the construction of the time-honored tragi-comedy could not be desired. But, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort was enacted. What happened was what more often than not does happen when such a man marries such a woman. They were not happy together, nor were they particularly unhappy; he yielded a little and she yielded a little; they did not quarrel, but they soon became hopelessly estranged, because they had not a single interest in common, and because the deep affection which he had for her was not evidenced in the only way that she could have understood. Of the two he was

doubtless the more unhappy ; for he loved his wife, and by the end of a year he had reached the conviction that she did not love him and never would. At the same time, it is only fair to her to say that he had grievously disappointed her, and that he was in a great measure to blame for that. She had imagined him a masterful man, and if he had shown himself masterful and had also been a little less sparing of small endearments, he might possibly have made a conquest of her. But he did not do so. He allowed her to have her own way, while often expressing disapproval of it ; he neither issued commands nor asked favors ; and so they gradually drifted apart until a gulf opened between them which was all the more impassable because neither of them quite realized its width.

Marcia sought consolation in society ; and it must be admitted that she sought it pretty successfully. She became very popular ; she entertained a good deal, at first on a small scale, afterwards, as her acquaintance increased, more extensively ; her beauty developed as she grew older, and she soon acquired the tone and habits of a fashionable woman. Her admirers were many in number ; but they were such admirers as husbands do not commonly object to, and if Mr. Brett objected to any of them, he refrained from saying so. To some of her lady friends he did object, but that was in early days. When she had gained a little experience, she found that there were certain houses in which it was as well that she should not be thought to be upon a footing of intimacy, and she wisely avoided those houses. The beautiful Mrs. Brett was commended for her discretion, and indeed it was very necessary that she should be discreet, for her husband rarely accompanied her into the gay world, the press of his avocations rendering it impossible for him to do so.

He, like Marcia, had to seek for consolation somewhere, and he found it in unremitting labor. Thus he filled up his time and had no leisure for despondency, and made large sums of money, which were spent as soon as made ; for he had a big house in Portland Place, and his wife's parties were expensive. In one sense he may have been wise ; in another he was fatally foolish ; for a system of all work and no play often has results more disastrous than that of mere dulness. The result in poor Mr. Brett's case was a total nervous break-down, accompanied by an illness which for some weeks threatened to end his life. He pulled through ; but

he rose from his bed a changed and aged man. The doctors enjoined a long period of absolute rest ; so that for six months the house in Portland Place was closed, while its owners wandered through southern France and Italy. It was a sad journey for them both. They were thrown together more than they had ever been since their marriage, and their lack of mutual sympathy necessarily became accentuated. Eustace Brett, who had never learnt how to amuse himself, and was too old to learn by that time, was bored to death. He gradually recovered his health to some extent, but he was often suffering, sometimes peevish, and always longing for the unwholesome atmosphere of the law courts. As for Marcia, she would have been miserable enough, but for the companionship of her only child, a bright-faced boy, whom she adored. She could not be unhappy while she had Willie with her ; and who knows from what perils and temptations and evil thoughts and foolish actions that little black-eyed mortal may not have saved her ? Never, surely, since the world began was there such a dear, good boy ! That, at all events, was his mother's opinion, and indeed she might be pardoned for holding it. He was a sturdy little man, and sometimes he got into mischief like other children ; but he was as brave as a lion, and he told no lies, and he loved his beautiful mother with all his heart. On the other hand, he had no great affection for his father, who alarmed him and did not know what to say to him.

Eustace Brett returned joyfully to London and work ; but his joy was of brief duration. A very short time sufficed to make it manifest to him that the ambitious dreams which had been nearer to his heart than he had supposed must be laid aside at once and forever. A competent authority told him as much in plain words.

"Of course, Mr. Brett," said his doctor, "you can kill yourself if you choose ; you will easily accomplish that in about a year, I should think. But you cannot go on as you are doing now and live. I am far from saying that you are not to use your brain in moderation ; only you have overtaxed it, and it will not serve you in the future as it has served you in the past."

The unfortunate man bowed to a decision which his own sensations confirmed, and went away with a heavy heart. What was to become of him ? He had secret hopes of a judgeship ; but for various reasons these hopes were not realized, and one morning he announced to his wife, in his usual deliberate, unimpas-

sioned voice, that he had been offered the appointment of a London police-magistrate, and had accepted the offer. From every point of view, it was a melancholy descent. Marcia had long ceased to take a lively interest in her husband's fame and fortunes, although she had always imagined that he would eventually become one of the law-officers of the crown; but what appealed to her feelings far more than the abandonment of this prospect was the necessity which was now explained to her that they should greatly reduce their style of living. Between them, she and her husband would henceforth be able to make up something over £3,000 a year, which certainly cannot be called poverty; still everything is relative, and they had been accustomed to expend every penny of a much larger income. When Marcia removed herself and her knickknacks from Portland Place to Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, her sensations were akin to those which a patriotic emigrant may be supposed to experience on bidding his native land good-night. She could not believe that anybody "in society" could dwell in the Regent's Park, and that small section of the society of London into which she had found her way seemed to her to be the only society worth living in. Of course she was mistaken, because there are plenty of charming people quite outside the fashionable world; yet her mistake was not unnatural, for when all has been said against it that can be said (and that is a good deal), the smart society of London remains, upon the whole, the pleasantest, the best-bred, and the easiest society in the modern civilized world. Marcia, who, like many of its members, did not belong to it by right of birth, had assimilated its habits, and the thought of severing herself from it caused her to shed some bitter tears.

Yet the new manner of life did not prove to be so unlike the old one as she had feared that it would be. She was too popular to be allowed to drop out of sight, and her change of address caused no sensible diminution in the number of daily invitations which she received. It was her husband who was forgotten, and whose existence was not always recognized upon the invitation cards. For that matter, he seemed very willing to be forgotten, and even when he was asked to dinner, he generally requested his wife to send an excuse on his behalf.

One evening, some ten years after her marriage, Marcia was going out to dine without Mr. Brett, who had, as usual, de-

clined to accompany her. She was bound for the house of her old friend Lady Wetherby, and she looked forward to a pleasant evening, because Lady Wetherby gave nice little dinners, and always took some pains in assorting her guests. In Lady Wetherby's case the unexpected had not occurred. She was a happy, prosperous woman; she and her husband were the best of friends; she had two children, a boy and a girl; she discharged her social duties with ease and success, and she was interested in many charitable undertakings. Whether she and Marcia had adhered strictly to their engagement that they would tell one another everything may be doubted, — after a certain age, one perceives the difficulty of carrying out such pledges, — but their friendship had stood the test of time, and when Mrs. Brett was attacked (for indeed Mrs. Brett was far too handsome to escape attack), it was not in the presence of Lady Wetherby that any one ventured to make insinuations against her. It was a somewhat stout and matronly personage who embraced Marcia on her arrival in St. George's Place, and made some perfunctory inquiries about the health of the absent police-magistrate; Lady Wetherby, like other people, had learnt to regard Mr. Brett as more or less of a cipher. About a dozen guests were assembled in her pretty, dimly lighted drawing-room, and with most of these Marcia was already acquainted. She did not, however, remember to have met before a young man whom her hostess presently led up to her and introduced as Mr. Archdale.

"Mr. Archdale tells me that he hasn't the pleasure of knowing you," Lady Wetherby said; "but you must know him very well by name."

"The Mr. Archdale?" inquired Marcia, with a smile, after bowing to the stranger.

"Oh, I suppose so," he replied, shrugging his shoulders and laughing. "At least, I am the man who paints the careful little pictures — which is probably what you mean."

"I am not an art critic," said Marcia; "but I like your pictures better than anybody else's, and if they are carefully painted, isn't that an additional merit?"

"Oh, they are carefully painted," answered the young man. "I take a lot of time and trouble about them; but people who are said to be judges tell me that they aren't first-rate, and I can well believe it. However, they have brought me fame and money; so that I ought to be contented. In point of fact I *am* contented."

He certainly looked so. His perfectly chiselled features, his sleepy blue eyes, with their long, dark lashes, the pose of his small head, the smile that perpetually hovered about his lips, and the slight drawl with which he spoke—all expressed a lazy satisfaction with the world into which he had been born, and which in truth had so far brought him a great deal more happiness than discomfort. He wore a short, peaked beard and a moustache which was twisted upwards; his crisp, curly brown hair was cut close, and his clothes fitted him very nicely. Evidently he was a bit of a dandy as well as a celebrated artist. Marcia at once took a fancy to him—she was not peculiar in that respect—and was glad when he told her that he had received instructions to conduct her to the dining-room.

"And now," said she, by way of opening the conversation, after they had taken their places at the table, "I want you to improve my mind a little with regard to art. It isn't every day that I get the chance of sitting beside a genius."

"If you will promise not to betray me, Mrs. Brett," he replied, "I will confess to you that you haven't that privilege to-night. I can draw pretty well, and I know something about color; more can't be said for me. It is true that the public and the newspapers say a good deal more, but that is only because they know no better."

"Is that the modesty of true greatness or only an unworthy attempt to extract compliments?" asked Marcia.

"It's neither, it's the unvarnished truth. I'm afraid I can't say anything that is likely to improve your mind, because my own is of the earth, earthy. I love everything beautiful"—here he suddenly raised his eyes for a moment to his neighbor's face—"and I suppose that is why I am a painter, but when my brother artists begin to talk transcendentalism, I'm out of it. I simply don't know what they mean—I don't feel that I have any high mission; I don't want to elevate the human race; the human race in its present imperfect condition is good enough for the likes of me. As far as I know myself I want nothing except to have a good time while I can. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Marcia assumed that he did not quite mean what he said; yet his sentiments did not fail to find an echo in her own heart, and indeed he was so handsome that he might have said far worse things without shocking her. She, too, loved beauty; she, too, had a very great desire

to enjoy herself; and although she went to church regularly and accepted the doctrines of Christianity in a theoretical sort of way, she was far from thinking the world as bad a place as some Christians would have us believe it. She and her companion had a long talk about art, in the course of which they contrived to say many things altogether irrelevant to their subject, and to become very well acquainted with one another. When the ladies left the room, and Lady Wetherby asked her how she had got on with her partner, she answered,—

"I think he is quite charming. He isn't a bit conceited or shabby, and he seems to like all the things that I like."

"I wouldn't answer for his not being conceited," returned Lady Wetherby, laughing; "but he doesn't appear to be shabby, and I can quite understand that your tastes agree. He is coming to stay with us in the country later on. Wetherby has given him an order to paint some panels for us, and I dare say he will take a long time about it; for he is a very idle youth, notwithstanding his cleverness."

"Is he well off?" Marcia asked.

"Well, yes, I believe he has a little money; and, of course, now that he is the fashion, he gets long prices for his pictures. For his own sake it is unfortunate that he isn't obliged to work harder."

"But for the sake of other people it is fortunate that he sometimes has time to dine with his friends," observed Marcia. And she thought she would like to ask this interesting young artist, who so little resembled other artists, to dine in Cornwall Terrace.

However, she could not do that without leave; for her husband, who was becoming more and more of a recluse, detested strange faces. Besides, Mr. Archdale disappointed her a little by making no effort to join her when he appeared with the other men. She noticed that while ostensibly conversing with the two ladies behind whose chairs he had seated himself, he was surreptitiously sketching something or somebody upon his shirt-sleeve, and when at length the groups broke up and he slowly approached her, she said,—

"If it isn't an impertinent request, might I look at your cuff, Mr. Archdale?"

"Oh, certainly," he answered, laughing; "but I have made a mess of it. I dare say you won't guess whose profile this is meant to represent."

She had not, however, any difficulty in recognizing the subject of the outline sub-



mitted to her, and in truth the portrait was not an unflattering one. "I should be very ungrateful if I complained of that," she remarked smilingly. "Is it a habit of yours to amuse yourself in this way when you dine out?"

He shook his head.

"Too dangerous," he answered. "Still once in a while I venture to run the risk, because there are chances which one would never forgive oneself for losing. You see, Mrs. Brett, for anything that I know, this first meeting of ours may be our last."

"Oh, I hope not," said Marcia, in her friendly way—and it was this friendly way of hers which had won her such a number of friends. "In London one can generally meet people whom one wants to meet, I think. Besides, if you care to call upon me, I shall be very glad to see you any Wednesday afternoon, when I am always at home."

She gave him her address, which he wrote down upon his shirt-cuff, beneath her portrait, and soon after that she went away. Archdale, who was upon a footing of intimacy with his host and hostess, lingered until the other guests had departed, when he said,—

"Your friend is simply divine! Who in the world is she?"

"Oh, she is human enough," answered Lord Wetherby, with a laugh. "She is the wife of the beak, and she is about the most confirmed flirt that I know; and if I were you, my young friend, I wouldn't attempt to captivate her, because that is a little game at which she can give you points and a beating."

"Don't believe him, Mr. Archdale," struck in Lady Wetherby, "he knows nothing at all about it. Marcia Brett, who is one of my oldest friends, is no more a flirt than I am. It isn't her fault that her cantankerous old husband chooses to shut himself up, and it isn't her fault that she is beautiful, or that men who ought to know better fall in love with her. I hope you are not going to be so silly, Mr. Archdale. If you are, and if you imagine that she will ever care a straw about you, you will be disappointed, I am afraid."

"My dear Lady Wetherby," replied the young artist, "the mischief is already done; I am desperately in love with her. Oh, you needn't look so shocked; there's nothing wrong about it; my love is purely platonic, and I haven't the slightest hope of its being returned. All the same, I hope the beak isn't inclined to be a jealous husband."

Lady Wetherby did not smile. She knew that this young man, whose familiarity her good-natured husband had encouraged to an extent of which she did not entirely approve, had the reputation of being a lady-killer, and she also knew that Marcia, if not a flirt, was not always so circumspect as her friends could have wished her to be.

"I don't think Mr. Brett is jealous," she said coldly. "At any rate, I am sure that he has no reason to be so."

Lord Wetherby stuck his hands in his pockets and walked up and down the room, whistling softly.

"Come and smoke a cigar before you go, Archdale," said he. "Laura is such a good woman herself that she thinks other women must be like her. They ain't, though."

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### MARCIA'S SON.

LORD WETHERBY was perhaps a little unfair in describing Marcia Brett as a flirt; yet he was not alone in holding that opinion of her. Of course all depends upon the meaning which may be attached to the word "flirtation;" but a pretty woman who prefers the society of the other sex to that of her own can hardly expect to escape censure, and Marcia had not escaped it, in spite of her discretion. It may be that she had been discreet for the simple reason that no man had as yet succeeded in touching her heart; but several had made the attempt, and with a great many she had had periods of close intimacy. She frankly confessed that she liked men, and that she did not, as a general rule, like women. Of the latter, some had scandalized her, some had deceived her, while almost all had made her acquainted with the little spites and meannesses which are too apt to disfigure feminine nature. "With men," she was wont to say, "you know at least where you are. They can't deceive you and they very seldom try. But I have never yet met a woman, except Laura Wetherby, of whom I should dare to make a friend."

With ladies, therefore, experience had taught her to be upon her guard; but in other respects she was little changed at the age of twenty-eight from what she had been at eighteen. She had the same warm affections, the same intense longing to be loved, or at all events liked, the same youthful capacity for enjoying herself. And what change there was in her appearance was (as she perceived with joy from

a daily and careful study of her features in the looking-glass), rather in the nature of an improvement. She had had some troubles and anxieties; but these had passed away without leaving any of the indelible traces by which the countenances of nervous persons are so often scored; she certainly did not look her age, and there seemed to be ground for hope that she had still many years of juvenility before her.

As she was being driven homewards in her brougham she experienced that pleasant feeling of anticipation and excitement which the acquisition of a new acquaintance always gave her. She knew very well that she had produced an impression upon Mr. Archdale, and he, on his side, had produced a certain impression upon her. He was, at any rate, something of a novelty. The young men whom she had hitherto taken up and invited to dinner, and associated with until she and they had grown mutually tired of one another, had been very nice in their way, but had somewhat lacked variety. They had all belonged to the class which shoots in autumn, hunts in winter, attends the principal races in summer, and is more or less in London at every season of the year. She had at one time tried to make something of the gentlemen learned in the law whom Mr. Brett occasionally brought home with him, but had found them quite impossible. She had, therefore, been forced to fall back upon the well-dressed youths whom her husband, without much discrimination, stigmatized as "mashers," and whom he regarded with ill-concealed aversion. Marcia regretted this; because, although Mr. Brett was not a jealous man, it made her uncomfortable to see him looking so cruelly bored; added to which, he would not permit any addition to be made to her visiting-list without his previous sanction.

Well, anyhow, he would like Mr. Archdale, she hoped. He could not call that eminent artist a masher, or speak of him as an utterly useless member of the community. If there was one thing that Eustace respected it was intellect; and she herself was beginning to think that a little display of intellect would be welcome, by way of a change. She really wished to please her husband when she could; and so, after reaching Cornwall Terrace, she entered his study with a smile upon her lips; for this time, at all events, she would be able to tell him that she had made a new friend from whose conversation some improvement might be derived.

He was sitting at his big writing-table, with a shaded lamp by his side and a pile of books and notes before him. At the sound of the opening door he turned his head, and, on catching sight of his wife, sighed rather wearily. He had become quite an old man; the little hair that he had left was grey, and his thin cheeks were deeply wrinkled. "Well," he said, "have you had a pleasant evening?"

This was what he invariably said when she came in, and the eternal question generally irritated her, not only because it was rather silly in itself, but because she knew that he never paid any attention to her reply. On the present occasion she made no reply at all, but said: "How tired you look! Why do you sit up working like this?"

"I am not more tired than usual," he answered peevishly; "nor am I working. I was only looking up the authorities upon a point which was raised to-day in the Court of Queen's Bench, and which — but you wouldn't understand."

He pushed away his books and papers, with another sigh, turned his chair so as to face that in which she had seated herself, and passed his hand over his forehead. "Let me see," he said; "where have you been to-night? Oh, to Lady Wetherby's, wasn't it? I suppose you met the usual nonentities."

"Yes," answered Marcia, yawning and drawing off her long gloves; "most of them were what you call nonentities. May I have something to drink, if I am not interrupting you?"

She was interrupting him, and he looked as if he thought so; but he replied politely, "Not at all," and rang the bell for Apollinaris.

"There was one rather brilliant exception, though," Marcia resumed; "Mr. Archdale, the artist, you know."

"Archdale? Oh, yes, the man who apes Meissonnier in a humble way. Yes; I have been told to admire the pictures that he exhibits. So he was brilliant, was he?"

"Not offensively so. He seemed to be pleasant and clever, and I thought of asking him to dinner some night, if you don't mind."

"More dinner-parties!" sighed Mr. Brett. "We have had four in the last fortnight."

"Yes; but three of them were in one week, and it is impossible to go on accepting everything and doing nothing in return."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Brett, "if you

start upon the presumption that everything must be accepted —”

Marcia gave her shoulders a little impatient jerk. All this had been said so often before, and she had explained so many times that one cannot pick and choose, that one must either accept hospitality or refuse it. Her husband, for his part, was fully aware of the futility of the protests which he could not refrain from making. He was not convinced that it was necessary to entertain as much as they did, and the expense of their entertainments had become a source of anxiety to him; yet, since his wife's income was now equivalent to his own, he did not feel justified in prohibiting her from spending it as she pleased. After a pause, he said, —

“If Lady Wetherby receives Mr. Archdale, that may be taken as a guarantee of respectability, I suppose. By all means ask him. He cannot be more inane than the others, and he may possibly be less so.”

“He is not in the least like the others,” Marcia declared, “and if only you could divest your mind of the prejudice that you always have against any friend of mine, I believe you would find him an agreeable companion. That is why I wanted to cultivate his acquaintance, because, after all, I would rather invite people to the house whom you could get on with, if I did but know where to find them.”

“The difficulty, no doubt,” observed Mr. Brett, with a faint smile, “is to find people who can get on with me. But perhaps if Mr. Archdale decides to honor us with his company, it will not be for my sake; so that my unsociability is of no great consequence.”

“I don't see why you should determine in advance to be unsociable,” said Marcia.

“You mean, perhaps, that you don't see why I should recognize an indisputable fact. But the recognition of facts has always been my strong point, whereas it is scarcely yours.”

After this there was another long pause, during which Mr. Brett looked wistfully at his books, while Marcia sipped her Apollinaris meditatively. She knew that he wanted to get rid of her; but for some reason or other she felt more anxious to conciliate him that night than usual; so she lingered on, and at length — for she could think of nothing better to say — she asked, “What have you been doing all day, Eustace?”

“What do I do every day?” he returned. “I sat in court until the usual

hour; then I went to the club for a little; then I came home and dined by myself —”

“That was your own choice,” interrupted Marcia.

“Of course it was my own choice. And since dinner I have been reading and writing.”

“It does seem to me to be a great pity that you should choose to lead such a life,” Marcia said. “You don't like it, it doesn't agree with you, and I don't believe it would agree with anybody. If you had gone to the Wetherbys' with me to-night they would have been very pleased to see you.”

“You think so? I have my doubts as to that; but I have no doubt at all that it wouldn't have pleased me to see them.”

“Yet you profess to have such an admiration and esteem for Laura Wetherby.”

“I think Lady Wetherby is an excellent woman, who performs her duties unexceptionably. In her position it is one of her duties to give dinner-parties. But it is not one of mine to attend them.”

“Are you so certain of that? Some people would say that it is a husband's duty to be seen at least occasionally with his wife.”

Mr. Brett's pale cheeks turned paler, which was always a sign of anger with him. “I thought,” he replied coldly, “that we had long ago come to an understanding upon that point. I have no inclination for society, and if I had, my health would not allow me to turn night into day. Under the circumstances, I might perhaps have told you that I did not wish you to go out without me, and requested you to make some sacrifice of your tastes to mine; but, for various reasons, I thought it right that you should be free to decide for yourself in the matter. I have not quarrelled with your decision; but the case will be somewhat altered if I am to understand that you expect me to station myself at the top of a staircase all night while you are dancing.”

“You know very well that I never said anything of the sort, Eustace,” returned Marcia, with tears of indignation in her eyes. “I never thought of asking you to go to balls; but I do think that if you would sometimes consent to dine out, you would be a little less — less morose and disagreeable than you are now.”

“For Heaven's sake!” exclaimed Mr. Brett irritably, “let us avoid the use of uncivil adjectives. If your suggestion was prompted by a desire for my mental or physical advantage, I am really very much

obliged to you, though I doubt the efficacy of the means prescribed; but what you said was that it was my duty to be seen with you."

"I said some people might think so; but it doesn't matter. I suppose you will go your way and I shall go mine until the end of the chapter. Probably that is the best plan."

"I confess," said Mr. Brett, leaning back in his chair and folding his hands, "that it appears to me to be the only practicable plan."

Marcia left the room, vexed and disheartened, for she hated to be repulsed; yet, underlying the mortification of which she was conscious, there was a certain unacknowledged feeling of relief. She had done her best — she was always doing her best; she had made advances and, as usual, they had been disdained. If, some day or other, consequences should ensue which Eustace might not like, he would only have his own obstinate hostility to thank. She did not say this to herself, but the thought was in her heart all the same.

On the landing at the top of the stairs she met a short, middle-aged lady in a flannel dressing-gown, who said apologetically, "I am afraid we are very late to-night. The truth is that Willie set his heart upon seeing you when you came in, and nothing would induce him to go to sleep. So I have been reading to him."

This was Miss Wells, the governess to whom Willie's education had been entrusted. She was a worthy, kind-hearted woman, devoted to her charge, who was devoted to her, but who tyrannized over her. Mr. Brett thought her a fool — as possibly she may have been — and Mrs. Brett loved her because she loved the boy, but was sometimes a little jealous of her. Perhaps she was a little jealous of her now, for she said, —

"Oh, Miss Wells, you ought not to keep him awake so long. Of course, I can never tell whether I shall get home early or late."

"He is fast asleep now," Miss Wells answered. "I tried him with Hans Andersen's fairy-tales; but that was no use at all, so I fell back upon Russell's 'History of Modern Europe,' which I have seldom known to fail. He didn't see you before you went out to-night," she added, by way of excusing herself and him.

The excuse seemed to be considered sufficient; for Marcia smiled and wished Miss Wells good-night without further remonstrance. She opened the door of her

son's room softly, and stole in, shading her bedroom candle with her hand. The boy had tossed the bedclothes off him; he was lying with one arm under his head and the other outstretched by his side, the palm of the hand upwards; his closed eyes displayed to advantage the long, dark lashes of which his mother was so proud; his rounded cheeks had the faint flush which slumber brings in childhood; his parted lips were curved into the smile which seldom deserted them, whether he was awake or asleep. Willie Brett was now nine years old, and it was certain that he would have to be sent to school before long, though his mother could not bear to think of that. He was hardly to be called a pretty boy, nor was there much prospect of his growing up into a handsome man; nevertheless he had a charming face, and one person in the world, at least, was prepared to maintain against all comers that no conceivable change in him could partake of the nature of an improvement.

Marcia stood gazing at him in rapt admiration for some minutes, and as she looked, she forgot all about the stern, unsympathetic student of law down-stairs, all about the fascinating Mr. Archdale, and all about her numerous engagements for the morrow, which, as a general rule, claimed her last waking thoughts. She was quite sure that she did not really care for anything or anybody a tenth part as much as she did for her boy; and it may be that she was not mistaken, for when one thinks of the person whom one loves best, it is customary and allowable to withdraw oneself from the competition. Well, she could not go to bed without giving Willie one kiss; so she bent over him and just touched his warm cheeks with her lips. That should not have been enough to disturb anybody's slumbers; but perhaps his were not very deep, for he stirred, stretched himself, yawned, and finally opened his eyes. He winked and blinked for a second or two; then the smile upon his lips grew broader, he broke into a low laugh, and said, as if imparting a piece of information which might possibly astonish his hearer, "I've been asleep."

"Yes, and you must go to sleep again, dear," his mother answered. "It's the middle of the night, and I didn't mean to wake you. I'm going away now."

"Oh, no, don't go," pleaded the boy, who had struggled into a sitting posture; "if you do, I shall lie awake for ever so long. Stay just five minutes and talk." He added, after a brief scrutiny of her: "How pretty you look!"

"Do you think so?" said Marcia, smiling back at him and letting her cloak fall from her shoulders, so as to show her diamonds.

"You are always pretty, mummy," answered the boy; "don't you know you are? Come and sit down close beside me and tell me about the dinner. It was a dinner to-night, wasn't it?"

Marcia nodded and did as she was requested, taking the boy's warm hands in her own, which had grown a little chilly in the course of that interview with her husband.

"Nice people?" Willie inquired.

"Oh, pretty well — not particularly," his mother replied. "Yes, there was one whom I rather liked."

"What was his name?" asked the juvenile inquisitor; and it was a little significant that he was in no doubt as to the sex of the individual who had been so fortunate as to please his mother.

"He was a Mr. Archdale, an artist," Marcia answered. "Upon second thoughts, I'm not sure that I did like him so very much. I don't often meet artists, so that he was a novelty; but he hadn't a great deal to say about art."

"Artists are rather muffs, aren't they?" suggested Willie. "What *did* he say? Did he tell you how pretty you looked?"

"No," answered Marcia, laughing, "he didn't say anything so nice as that; it is only you who always say nice things, Willie. Oh dear! I wish we could go away to some desert island — just you and I — and never be heard of again."

"I shouldn't mind," observed Willie meditatively; "but I expect you would get tired of it after a bit. Oh, yes, you would want new dresses, and — and new people to talk to, and all that."

"I suppose I should," agreed Marcia, sighing. "Well, we musn't talk any more nonsense now. Good-night, my darling!"

She threw her arms round the boy and kissed him again and again. Then she held him at a little distance from her, looking into his eyes. There were tears in her own; though she could not have explained the cause of them.

"Willie," she said, "do you love me best in the world — quite best?"

"*Quite* best," Willie replied unhesitatingly.

"Better than Miss Wells?"

He laughed at the absurdity of the question. "Oh, Miss Wells! She is an old dear; but she isn't *you*, mummy."

Marcia smiled; but her smile soon faded away. "How dreadful it is," she

exclaimed, "to think that a day will come — *must* come — when you won't love me best any longer! I shan't be 'mummy' then, and I shan't be pretty; I shall be 'mother' and an ugly old woman, from whom you will conceal all sorts of things. It hasn't come yet, though. Perhaps, after all, I may die before it comes."

She left the room without waiting to hear Willie's protestations. It is useless to protest against the immutable laws of human nature, and although we sometimes try to persuade ourselves that they may be suspended in our particular case, we always know in our hearts that they cannot be.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### THE POSITION OF WOMEN AMONG THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

At the outset of this article I wish to forewarn my readers that probably many of them will be greatly disappointed by the results of my investigations. It is a prevalent opinion that woman owes her present high position to Christianity, and the influences of the Teutonic mind. I used to believe this opinion, but in the first three centuries I have not been able to see that Christianity had any favorable effect on the position of women, but, on the contrary, that it tended to lower their character and contract the range of their activity. Unquestionably in the Gospels women occupy a prominent position. Many of them followed Christ and ministered to him. With a woman who had had five husbands and was living with a man not her husband, he holds the most profound conversation, and to her he proclaims the grandest truths of his revelation. And the women of his day and country seem to have had great liberty of movement and action. One of them, described by St. Luke as "a sinner in the city," finds her way into the house of a Pharisee with whom he was dining, pours a box of ointment on his feet, and washes his feet with the hair of her head. Christ mingles freely in the marriage festivities where his mother and doubtless other female relatives were present. His intercourse with the family of Bethany is of the most unrestrained character, and he talks to both sisters on the highest subjects. And, according to St. John, his first appearance after his resurrection is made to a woman, Mary of Magdala, from whom he had expelled seven demons.

But in the Gospels there is no special doctrine propounded in regard to women, and if there is any approach to this, it exhibits great mildness, if we take the story of the woman caught in adultery as genuine. It is when we come to the writings of St. Paul that opinions are pronounced in regard to marriage and the conduct of women, and there can be no doubt that these opinions are of a stern and restrictive nature. The Ebionites explained the apostle's conversion by stating that he was, as he himself allowed, a native of Tarsus, that he was not a Jew, but a Greek with a Greek father and a Greek mother, that he went up to Jerusalem and stayed there for some time, that he fell in love with the high priest's daughter, became in consequence a proselyte and asked her in marriage, but on being refused he was enraged, and wrote against circumcision, the Sabbath, and the law. Some have thought that there is a bitterness against women in the writings of St. Paul which can be explained only by some such rejection as that related by the Ebionites. His words had a great influence on the formation of opinion in regard to women in the ancient Church. They fell in with the tendencies of the times, and were made the groundwork and support of the depreciation of marriage, which became prevalent in the third and fourth centuries of our era.

Christianity also soon brought with it a new state of feeling in regard to questions relating to sex. Acts that had been indifferent now became morally wrong, and the Christian writers inquire minutely into points which had not previously been discussed. The Christian writers are particularly frank in their treatment of these questions. Their sense of decency is quite different from that of the moderns, and the consequence is that it is not possible for a modern writer to give a full exposition of their ideas and reasonings.

There are two Christian books belonging, the one to the beginning of the third century, the other to the beginning of the fourth, that make large reference to the duties and position of women. The first is the "Pædagogus," or Instructor, of Clement of Alexandria. In this work the Alexandrian Father guides the Christian in all the affairs of common life. He exhibits how the Christian ought to behave at meals, what food and drink he ought to take, how long he should sleep, what kind of clothes he ought to wear, how he ought to conduct himself in church, and similar matters. Now in dealing with the duties of women he refuses to employ any eu-

phemism. A spade with him must be a spade or it is a lie. God created man and woman, every part of them, and "no one," he says, "ought to be ashamed of naming what God was not ashamed to create," and to go about the bush is to act in disrespect of him. Besides, he thought it very important that every detail of the Christian life should be directed according to the instructions of divine reason, and therefore he would have regarded it a dereliction of duty if he had not discussed all that concerns the functions of women. But the feeling of the present age is for euphemism and concealment, and accordingly when we had to translate Clement's works into English, in the Ante-Nicene Library, there were portions so completely opposed to modern ideas of decency that we considered it better to present them in a Latin and not an English dress. The same peculiarity characterizes the other work which I mentioned: "The Banquet of the Ten Virgins," by Methodius. In this book ten virgins praise virginity; but the virgins show a remarkably intimate acquaintance with the physiology and aberrations of women. Now in the case of Clement no one can doubt the purity and simplicity of his mind, and his expositions, though they have been denounced by some divines, are absolutely devoid of all pruriency. Perhaps there is a little of the meretricious in the style of the banquet, for the writer is imitating somewhat unsuccessfully the "Banquet" of Plato; but the language is entirely consistent with perfect purity, and the difference from our own times is to be attributed to the sentiments of the age, not to a debasement of character.

There is another remark that has to be made before we proceed with our subject. We may have to employ the term Christianity frequently; but a great mistake would be committed if it were assumed that the term has always the same meaning. There is the Christianity of Christ, the Christianity of the first century, the Christianity of Hildebrand, of Luther, and of Calvin. Christianity is different as it appears in different ages and persons. In the early centuries the Christianity of Rome differed from that of Greece and of Africa, and it is not to be assumed that, because one Christian writer mentions a practice, that practice was therefore universal in the Church. So when we quote a writer, that writer is of good authority for his own opinion or practice, of tolerably good authority for the doctrine and practice of the Christian-

ity of his own country and age, but more faintly for the Christianity of other countries and ages.

At the time when Christianity dawned on the world, women had attained, as we have seen in our articles on Roman women, great freedom, power and influence in the Roman Empire. Tradition was in favor of restriction, but by a concurrence of circumstances women had been liberated from the enslaving fetters of the old legal forms, and they enjoyed freedom of intercourse in society; they walked and drove in the public thoroughfares with veils that did not conceal their faces, they dined in the company of men, they studied literature and philosophy, they took part in political movements, they were allowed to defend their own law cases if they liked, and they helped their husbands in the government of provinces and the writing of books. One would have imagined that Christianity would have favored the extension of woman's freedom. For Christianity itself was one of the most daring revolutions which the world has ever seen. It defied all past customs, it aimed at the overthrow of the religions of the world, it overleapt the barriers of nationality, and it desired to fuse all mankind into one family and one faith. Necessarily, such a movement was accompanied by much excitement and agitation, but when enthusiasm sways any association of men, and they live in a state of ferment, they break in pieces the bonds of custom — those very bonds which most firmly chain women down to a slavish position of routine. Accordingly, at the very first stage women take a prominent part. But in a short time this state of matters ceases in the Church, and women are seen only in two capacities — as martyrs and as deaconesses.

As martyrs they presented a magnificent spectacle of what poor weak woman can dare and do when under the impulse of an inspiring faith. There are especially two genuine Ante-Nicene writings which relate the courage of women under the agonies of trial. The first is the letter of the Churches of Lyons and Vienne, written in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and the second narrates the martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas in the beginning of the third century. In the letter of the Church of Lyons the most conspicuous woman is a delicate young slave of the name of Blandina, to whom every possible kind of torture was applied, until her body was a mass of deformity, but no word could be wrung out of her in denial of her Lord.

"I am a Christian," she said, "and there is no evil done amongst us." The torturers, finding her resolution immovable, allowed her a short respite. After an interval of a day or two she was taken to the amphitheatre to be exposed to the wild beasts. She was suspended upon a cross in the midst of these animals, but they did not touch her, and she was conveyed back to the noisome and dark dungeons of her prison. Neither wild beast nor prison altered her determination. The magistrates were very anxious that she should recant, and day by day they led her to the scenes of torture, in the hope that she would be frightened by the terrible sufferings which she saw her companions endure, and on each occasion they urged her to swear by the gods. Blandina remained steadfast, and on the last day of the gladiatorial shows she was taken to the amphitheatre. There she was scourged and roasted on a red-hot iron chair, then enclosed in a net and tossed by a bull, and finally stabbed, triumphant in the faith of a glorious resurrection and a blessed union with her Lord. The martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas was carried out in similar circumstances. Felicitas was a slave. Vivia Perpetua belonged to the higher ranks. She had received a good education, and was married at the time of her apprehension, and had a child at the breast. She was only twenty-two years of age. Her father was still a heathen, and urged her by every possible form of argument and appeal to renounce her faith, but she was firm. She was then cast into a dungeon and suffered agonies on account of the darkness and separation from her child. But her friends were influential enough to procure an alleviation of her hardships, and she was permitted to have her infant and to receive visits from her Christian brethren. After some days the prisoners were taken to the town hall and tried. Perpetua's father again assailed her with entreaties to swear by the gods, and so did the Roman procurator. "Spare," said the latter, "the grey hairs of your father, spare the infancy of your boy, offer sacrifice for the well-being of the emperors." But Perpetua was unmoved, and to the fatal question, "Are you a Christian?" she replied, "I am a Christian," and was condemned to the wild beasts. She returned to her dungeon, there to await the day of the games. On that day the various prisoners were conveyed to the amphitheatre, and when the turn of the young women came, Felicitas and Perpetua were placed in nets and exposed to the attacks

of a mad cow. Perpetua was first tossed up in the air and fell on her loins, but was not injured so much as to be unable to help Felicitas when she was crushed to the ground, for she gave her hand to her companion and lifted her up. The savage fury of the populace was appeased for a time, and a demand was made for other combatants. As the evening drew on, all the Christians alive were summoned to receive the final sword-thrust; they kissed each other and then submitted to their fate. Then the writer of the narrative exclaims, "O most brave and blessed martyrs, O truly called and chosen unto the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ." Every honor was heaped after death on the women who thus suffered for Christ's sake, and their ashes and other relics were supposed to exercise a sanctifying and miraculous influence; but during their lives it was their duty to stay at home and manage the affairs of their household and not meddle in teaching or any spiritual function.

Let us look now at the organization of the Church. Various ideas are entertained in regard to this subject. The view that I take of it is that the organization was the outcome of the necessities of the case directed by the institutions of the age and the place. The idea that regulated the forms of organization was that each member should contribute to the Church, in an orderly way, any gift that God had given him. And, in the first enthusiasm of the Christian movement, women were allowed to do whatever they were fitted to do. Accordingly, we meet in the early Church with prophetesses. Special mention is made of the four daughters of Philip. The women combine with the men in spreading the Gospel. St. Paul calls several of them his fellow-laborers, and one he designates a minister or deaconess (as some have translated it) of the Church in Ceuchreæ. But not many generations elapse when all this comes to an end, and we hear only of two classes of women in connection with the administration of Church affairs. The first is that of widows. The Church supported its own poor, and took upon itself especially the maintenance of widows and orphans. For the widows work was found. Some persons were required to visit sick women, to convey assistance to poor women, and to rear orphan children. Widows were selected for this service, but not all widows. Certain qualifications were deemed essential. The widow must at least be sixty years of age; she must have made

up her mind not to marry again, and she must have experience in the nursing of children, so as to give suitable advice to mothers in their distress and difficulties. And, of course, she must have a good character for sobriety, discretion, and piety. In process of time the duties which had been assigned to them were transferred to another class of women, though the widows still continued to exist as a separate body. This new class received the name of deaconesses. Some have thought that deaconesses existed in the apostolic times, and others have supposed that the office was of early origin but confined to special localities. It seems to me that the passages on which these opinions have been based do not substantiate a fixed and definite office, but mere casual and sporadic services. It is towards the middle of the third century that in all probability the new order became common in all the Churches, for then the circumstances were such as to demand its existence. First of all, widowhood had fallen in the spiritual market and virginity had risen. It was not wrong for the widow to have married, but the act implied a certain weakness, and she thereby contracted a stain which rendered her less fit for the service of the Church. Accordingly, even in the time of Tertullian, virgins were elected for the duties and called widows. "I know plainly,"\* he says, "that in a certain place a virgin of less than twenty years of age has been placed in the order of widows." He himself objects in the strongest manner to this innovation, and speaks of this virgin as a monster—a virgin-widow, and unfit for the work, because she had not had experience in the married life and in the training of children. But the respect for virginity was at that time growing, and other circumstances combined to evoke the new order. To the end of the second century there were no public buildings for Christian worship. The Christians met in private houses, and the tenants of the houses made all the arrangements necessary for the meetings. But when churches began to be built, officials had to look after them, and this duty was assigned to the deacons. In the advance of ascetic ideas, the women sat or stood apart from the men and entered by a separate door. And at this door stood the deaconess to direct the worshippers to their places and to see that all behaved quietly and reverently.

\* All the translations are taken from Clark's Ante-Nicene Library.



This was the great work of women in the Church, and in the end became nearly their only work. But they had also to help the deacons in any service which was deemed more suitable for women. Thus, in baptism, the women were immersed, but it was not seemly that all the preparations for the ceremonial should be made by the men, and the dressing and undressing were committed to the care of the deaconess. At the same rite the deacon anointed only the forehead of the Christian woman with oil; the deaconess then anointed her whole body. The deaconess also undertook the work which the widows had done in carrying messages and ministering to the temporal wants of poor women. "Thou shalt send a woman a deaconess, on account of the imaginations of the bad," is the order given in the Apostolical Constitutions.

The widows had no spiritual function. They were not to teach. How jealous the Church was in this matter is seen from the instructions given to them: "Let the widow," is the commandment in the Constitutions, "mind nothing but to pray for those that give and for the whole Church, and when she is asked anything by any one let her not easily answer, excepting questions concerning the faith and righteousness and hope in God. . . . But of the remaining doctrines let her not answer anything rashly, lest by saying anything unlearnedly she should make the word to be blasphemed." And the occupation of the widow is summed up in these words, "She is to sit at home, sing, pray, read, watch and fast, speak to God continually in songs and hymns." And if she wishes to go to any one to eat or drink with him, or to receive anything from any one, she must first ask the deacon's consent, and if she acts without first consulting him she is to be punished with fasting or separated on account of her rashness.

The deaconesses also were prohibited from teaching. They were superior to the widows in the liberty of movement which they had, and the widows were enjoined to be obedient to them; but they had no spiritual function, and while there is no doubt that they were ordained for their service as the widows also were, they had no sacred character, and could perform no priestly office. To take one instance from Tertullian. In discussing the administration of baptism, he states that the bishop has the right of conferring it first of all, then presbyters and deacons, and then, if none of these are at hand, a layman might administer, but a woman

never. And he appeals to the apostle Paul. "For how credible would it seem that he who has not permitted a woman even *to learn* with over-boldness, should give a female the power of teaching and baptizing. 'Let them be silent,' he says, 'and at home consult their own husbands.'"

The entire exclusion of women from every sacred function stands in striking contrast with both heathen and heretical practice. In Rome the wife of the Pontifex Maximus took the lead in the worship of Bona Dea, and in the religious rites which specially concerned women. The most honored priest attached to a particular god in Rome, the Flamen Dialis, must be married, and must resign his office when his wife died, for his wife was also a priestess, and his family were consecrated to the service of the god. And the vestal virgins received every mark of respect that could be bestowed on them, and the amplest liberty. The highest officials made way for them as they passed along the streets, they banqueted with the College of Pontifices, they viewed the games in the company of the empress, and statues were erected in their honor. The same respect is accorded to women by many of the heretical Christians. Nearly every founder of a sect has a woman to aid him. Simon Magnus has his Helene, Montanus his Maximilla, Apelles his Philumene, and so in the case of other sects. One sect deserves special notice for the energy with which it supported the claims of women. It bore various names, such as the Quintiliani, the Pepuziani, the Priscilliani, and the Bread-and-Cheesites, because they celebrated their mysteries with bread and cheese. They gave special thanks to Eve because she first ate of the tree of knowledge. They celebrated the sister of Moses and the four daughters of Philip, because they asserted the right of women to prophesy, that is, to speak in public the message of God. Frequently in their church seven virgins, clothed in white and bearing torches, stood up and addressed the people, and spoke so eloquently that tears of repentance ran down the cheeks of the audience. In this sect women held the place of bishops and elders and deacons as well as men, and they appealed to St. Paul for their practice; for he says, "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." It is against this sect that Tertullian, or one assuming his name, launches his thunderbolts. "The very women," he says, "of these heretics how wanton they

are! For they are bold enough to teach, to dispute, to enact exorcisms, to undertake cures, it may be even to baptize."

Such, then, was the position which woman occupied in the Church in the course of the first three centuries of Christianity. The highest post to which she rose was to be a door-keeper and a message-woman, and even these functions were taken away from her during the Middle Ages. Was there a reason for this? Perhaps we may find some clue to this phenomenon in the conceptions which the fathers of the Church formed of the nature of woman.

It is one of the curious features of early Christianity that it did not discuss some of those social problems which would naturally have suggested themselves. Thus no objection is taken to slavery, though the Therapeutæ had already denounced it as unlawful and inhuman. Christianity proclaimed a gospel of love, which had no limit but that of the human race. And it applied this gospel to all classes. The Christian slave thus became the brother of all members of the community, received kindness from all, and was admitted to equal rights and privileges. But Christianity also enjoined on him submission to the will of his proprietor, urging the belief that man is bound to be content with the position in which he is, to bear patiently all the ills of this life in the certain hope of a glorious future. The marriage laws and customs prevalent throughout the Roman world in the first ages of Christianity ought to have created difficulty, but nothing is said of this difficulty. Thus a Christian slave woman was the property of her master, her children were a source of gain to him, and he took entire control over this matter, as over the breeding of cattle. Yet we do not hear of any discussion in regard to this arrangement, nor of any attempt to rescue the slave woman from the treatment to which she must have been subjected. Again, the Roman law recognized marriages only between citizen and citizen; but a very large number of the early Christians had not the rights of citizenship until the beginning of the third century, and if they made associations of the nature of marriage, their children were deemed illegitimate by the civil law. Probably the Church defied the civil law. It became a maxim that Christians were not to go to law with each other, and the Church established laws, and a jurisdiction of its own. In the case of marriage this was peculiarly necessary, as the marriage of a believer

with an unbeliever caused to the former great inconvenience in carrying out his faith, and indeed supplied strong temptations to apostasy. Such marriages were therefore from the first forbidden on pain of expulsion. It is likely, then, that any Christian man and woman were regarded as duly married, notwithstanding the civil law, if they had got the consent of the bishop; and secret connections—that is, connections not first professed in the presence of the Church—were considered akin to vice.

The questions that occupied the Christian mind related rather to the moral character of marriage. These questions were raised first of all by the heretical sects, which applied philosophy to the tenets and practice of the Church. And it is one of the most interesting facts in early Christian history that the Church in combating these sects succeeded in defeating them, but always carried off a large portion of their heretical opinions for its own permanent use. The sects may be divided into two classes. Some affirmed that marriage was unnecessary, that full liberty had been conceded to them of indulging the passions, and that indeed the way to rise to perfection was by a practical acquaintance with all forms of action possible to man. Others held that marriage was immoral, that the flesh was corrupt, that those who sowed to the flesh must reap corruption, and that in the kingdom of God on earth as in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. It is difficult to trust all that is said about these heretical sects—for our accounts are derived from the orthodox alone—and in regard to this matter of marriage the orthodox invariably accuse the heterodox of licentiousness. But there was no class of people who ought to have been more careful in their assertions than the orthodox, as they themselves were accused of the vilest crimes. It is one of the most striking facts in all history that in the second century the Christians were universally believed by pagans to be secret conspirators combined for immoral purposes, and at their trials it was sufficient for a man to confess that he was a Christian to be condemned as a licentious villain. The assertions made in regard to them were that they met in secret, that slaughtering an infant they poured his blood into a cup, and that passing this cup round they all drank of it; that then the lights were extinguished and the men and women proceeded to indiscriminate licentiousness. How could such ideas have arisen? An explanation of this

reveals to us marked peculiarities of the early Church in the treatment of women, and may help us to see how the later opinions arose. Christianity came at first in the fervor of an overpowering love, love to God and love to man, irrespective of his race, position, or belief. But this fervor of love directed itself with special force to those who accepted the same faith. They called each other fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, brothers and sisters. They were in the habit of assembling before dawn, or at night, men and women together, in private houses to conduct their worship. The assembly consisted of a strange assortment of characters and grades. The apostle Paul in writing to the Corinthian Church says to them: "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor sodomites, nor thieves, nor cheats, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor plunderers, shall inherit the kingdom of God; and these things were some of you." And there were in the assembly the bond and the free, the rich and the poor, the high and low, but with a large preponderance of the low. It was natural for a heathen to suppose that an assembly, composed, as he would consider it, of the dregs of society, and meeting in hours of darkness, had no good object in view. And the account which they themselves gave of their worship sounded to a pagan equally contemptible. The Christians affirmed that they worshipped a poor carpenter, a son of despised Galilee, the child of a husbandless mother. Then they spoke of eating a body and drinking blood. But perhaps color was given to the accusation, most of all by two institutions which have now passed away, except in the case of one or two small sects.

In the days of the first fervor the Christian brethren set up a plan of voluntary socialism, and wished to have all things in common; but the plan did not work, and they had recourse to a systematic relief of the poor. One feature of this relief was what were called love-feasts. It was not unusual in ancient times for large bodies of men to dine together, and large dinner parties were often made up by each man bringing his contribution to the feast. With some such idea as this the Christians met, men and women together, the rich bringing the supplies, and they all dined together. Probably they did this every day at the earliest period, and some think that these meals constituted the celebration of what is called the Lord's Supper. The love-feasts were unquestionably asso-

ciated with this institution, but in the course of time they became less frequent, and generally took place after the administration of the Eucharist. They continued till the fifth century, at least, and were often held in the churches, after churches were erected. These dinners were not always scenes of perfect propriety, as St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians shows, and on some occasions intoxication and riotousness prevailed. These feasts went by the name of loves, or love-feasts, as we now translate the word. We need not wonder that pagans should suspect that the loves were not of the purest.

Then there was another practice, still more foreign to our Christian ideas. There is no command in the New Testament to keep the Sunday, or to stand, or sit at singing, or to repeat the creed, or to keep Good Friday or Christmas, or to do a hundred other things about which Christians have wrangled with all earnestness; but there is a commandment five times repeated in the apostolic epistles, and indicative of the strong bond of brotherhood which bound Christian brothers and sisters to each other, to this effect: "Salute the brethren with a holy kiss," St. Peter varying the command, "Salute the brethren with a kiss of love." It is likely that at first this kiss was imparted at every meeting, but gradually it became limited to the great sacramental occasions, such as baptism and the Eucharist. At first, too, and for a considerable time, the Christian brothers and sisters kissed each other. It is easy to see that such a practice would give rise to scandalous reports, and there is evidence in the ecclesiastical writers that the early Christians did not always make it a holy kiss, as it should have been. Athenagoras quotes a saying which he attributes to our Lord, and which evidently deals with an abuse of this practice. It is to this effect: "Whoever kisses a second time, because he has found pleasure in it, commits a sin." And Clement of Alexandria thus speaks of the matter: "Love is not tested by a kiss, but by kindly feeling. But there are those that do nothing but make the churches resound with a kiss. For this very thing, the shameless use of the kiss, which ought to be mystic, occasions foul suspicions and evil reports."

These customs prove that considerable freedom prevailed among the earliest Christians, and doubtless sometimes this freedom was abused. In the very first epoch some of the Corinthian Christians sided with a man who committed ince-

and persisted in it after rebuke, and the apostle had to exert himself to the utmost to repress the sympathy and the sin. But the accusations, speaking generally, were hideously false and unfounded. They are of some consequence for our purpose, for they must have acted powerfully on the minds of Christians in inducing them to avoid everything that might furnish even the semblance of justification for them.

From a very early date two currents can be traced in the Church—one in the direction of upholding marriage, another in that of despising and rejecting it. No one with the New Testament as his guide could venture to assert that marriage was wrong, and the tradition remained firm in the Church during the Ante-Nicene period that it was unlawful and heretical to forbid marriage. The apostolic fathers offer exhortations to wives to love their own husbands truly, and to love all others with no partiality for any one and in all chastity, and to train up their children in the knowledge and fear of God. As time moves on, such exhortations become less frequent, but still marriage is held up as a modified blessing. And Tertullian, whose words in an opposite direction are very strong and numerous, has this passage, "Whence are we to find language adequate to describe the happiness of that marriage which the Church cements and the oblation confirms, and the benediction signs and seals, which angels report and the Father holds as ratified?" And then he describes the joys of the couple: "Together they pray, together prostrate themselves, together perform their fasts, mutually teaching, mutually exhorting, mutually sustaining." But Tertullian, it has to be noticed, is not here insisting on the blessings of marriage, but on the blessedness of a marriage between two believers celebrated in the face of the Church, in contrast with a marriage between a believer and an unbeliever not sanctioned by the Church. The duties of the wife were simple: She had to obey her husband, for he was her head, her lord and superior; she was to fear him, reverence him, and please him alone; she had to cultivate silence; she had to spin and take care of the house, and she ought to stay at home and attend to her children. The only occasions for her going out were when she went to church, or with her husband to visit a sick brother.

The other current of thought which I mentioned ran against marriage, and it was of an ascetic nature. The seeds of it occur in the "Republic" of Plato, and it

attached itself to the Pauline conception of flesh. I can explain it best by a reference to food. We take food in order to sustain the body. But various kinds of dainties please the palate, and we may take the food not merely for health, but for the pleasure that it gives. In the first instance we are acting rightly and under an irresistible necessity. In the second instance we are sinning, for we are yielding to a base appetite, the outcome of the flesh. The flesh, its appetites and passions, are the sources of human corruption, and gratification of the flesh is a sin. In like manner the sole object of marriage is that children may be born, and if any other object is sought, it is a gratification of lust, and therefore while marriage is allowable, man may be nearly as licentious in marriage as out of it. These inferences are drawn with the utmost precision by Christian writers of the second and third centuries, and the opinions I have mentioned will be found expressed in numerous passages. But it is easy to see that the mind could not halt in this position. Marriage, even for the sake of children, was a carnal indulgence, and such thinkers could not help feeling that the arrangement of the Creator was not altogether satisfactory. They did not venture on saying this. They did not dare to condemn marriage. But they held that it was much better not to marry at all, that the man or woman who had never married, but remained pure, was a nobler and more exalted being than the man or woman who had married. Of course these ideas did not spring into vogue at once, but gradually forced their way. They were aided by the increasing rigor in the distinction between clerical and lay. The clerical man must possess a peculiar sanctity. A man who aspired to a clerical office in the Church must, above all, show control over the lusts and passions of earth, and so refrain from marriage. The lay brother might be unable to free himself from the trammels of earth; the cleric could rise to the throne of heaven only on the wings of virginity. There thus arose a gradation of merit which had its counterpart in the evolution of the world's history. "For the world," says Methodius, "while still unfilled with men, was like a child, and it was necessary that it should first be filled with these, and so grow to manhood. But when hereafter it was colonized from end to end, the race of men spreading to a boundless extent, God no longer allowed man to remain in the same ways, considering how they might now proceed from

one point to another and advance nearer to heaven until, having attained to the very greatest and most exalted lesson of virginity, they should reach to perfection, that first they should abandon the intermarriage of brothers and sisters and marry wives from other families, and then that they no longer should have many wives, like brute beasts, as though born for the mere propagation of the species, and then that they should not be adulterers, and then that they should go on to continence, and from continence to virginity, when having trained themselves to despise the flesh, they sail fearlessly into the peaceful haven of immortality." Marriage, according to this writer, was not abolished by Christ, but it was a state of inferiority. "For I think," he makes a virgin say, "I have gathered clearly from the Scriptures that after the Word had brought in virginity, He did not altogether abolish the generation of children; for though the moon may be greater than the stars, the light of the other stars is not destroyed by the moonlight." There thus arose the gradation of virgins, widows, and wives. Tertullian speaks of wives as women of the second degree of modesty who have fallen into wedlock.

The current of thought which I have exhibited displays itself, first of all, in the condemnation of second marriages. The apostle Paul permitted these, and the Church could not forbid them. In the "Pastor of Hermas" they are not condemned, but Athenagoras raises his voice against them. "He who deprives himself," he says, "of his first wife, even though she be dead, is a cloaked adulterer." The argument used against them was that God made husband and wife one flesh, and one flesh they remained, even after the death of one of them. If they were one flesh, how could a second woman be added to them? She could not become *one* flesh. Tertullian, diverging from the Catholic to the Montanistic faith, maintained that a second marriage was equal to a marriage with two wives at one time, and therefore forbidden. But whatever their arguments were, at the root of the opinion lay the ascetic tendency of thought. This is seen in Tertullian, who wrote a treatise addressed to his wife, admonishing her not to marry again if he died first. In speaking of the resurrection he says to her: "There will at that day be no resumption of voluptuous disgrace between us;" and in another treatise he remarks: "Let us ponder over our consciousness itself to see how different a man feels himself

when he chances to be deprived of his wife. He savors spiritually."

Tertullian, for his age, is exceptional in the strength of his denunciations, and the Church so far adhered to the apostolic permission as to allow laymen to marry twice.

This antagonism to marriage had a great influence on family life. It is strange how seldom children are mentioned in the Christian writings of the second and third centuries. Almost nothing is said of their training; no efforts are mentioned as being made for their instruction. The Christians had come to the belief that the world had enough of children, and was fully stocked, and that every birth was a cause of sorrow and not of joy. One writer interprets the wail of the infant as he enters the world thus: "Why, O mother, didst thou bring me forth to this life, in which prolongation of life is progress to death? Why hast thou brought me into this troubled world, in which, on being born, swaddling bands are my first experience? Why hast thou delivered me to such a life as this, in which a pitiable youth wastes away before old age, and old age is shunned as under the doom of death? Dreadful, O mother, is the course of life which has death as the goal of the runner. Bitter is the road of life we travel, with the grave as the wayfarer's inn." Tertullian says: "Further reasons for marriage which men allege for themselves arise from anxiety for posterity, and the bitter, bitter pleasure of children. To us this is idle. For why should we be eager to bear children, whom, when we have them, we desire to send before us to glory (in respect, I mean, of the distresses that are now imminent); desirous as we are ourselves to be taken out of this most wicked world and received into the Lord's presence." He describes children as "burdens which are to us most of all unsuitable, as being perilous to faith." And again: "Let the well-known burdensomeness of children, especially in our case, suffice to counsel widowhood — children whom men are compelled by laws to have, because no wise man would ever willingly have desired sons." And he exclaims, "A Christian forsooth will seek heirs, disinherited as he is from the entire world."

Such ideas had necessarily a very powerful effect on the place and position of woman and on the conception of her nature. What was that effect? I will attempt to describe it in a few words. I may define man to be a male human being,

and woman to be a female human being. They are both human beings, both gifted with reason and conscience, both responsible for their actions, both entitled to the freedom essential to this responsibility, and both capable of the noblest thoughts and deeds. As human beings they are on an equality as to their powers, the differences in individuals resulting from the surroundings and circumstances of spiritual growth. But man is a male and woman is a female, and this distinction exists in nature for the continuance of the race. Now what the early Christians did was to strike the male out of the definition of man and human being out of the definition of woman. Man was a human being made for the highest and noblest purposes; woman was a female made to serve only one. She was on the earth to inflame the heart of man with every evil passion. She was a fire-ship continually striving to get alongside the male man-of-war to blow him up into pieces. This is the way in which Tertullian addresses women: "Do you not know that each one of you is an Eve? The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age; the guilt must of necessity live too. You are the devil's gateway; you are the unsealer of that forbidden tree; you are the first deserter of the divine law; you are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed so easily God's image, man. On account of your desert, that is, death, even the Son of God had to die." And the gentle Clement of Alexandria hits her hard when he says: "Nothing disgraceful is proper for man, who is endowed with reason; much less for woman, to whom it brings shame even to reflect of what nature she is." Gregory Thaumaturgus asserts: "Moreover, among all women I sought for chastity proper to them, and I found it in none. And verily, a person may find one man chaste among a thousand, but a woman never." The "Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs" makes a similar statement, and adds: "By means of their adornment they deceive first the minds of men, and they instil poison by the glance of their eye, and then they take them captive by their doings," and therefore "men should guard their senses against every woman." "The angel of God showed me," it says in another passage, "that forever do women bear rule over king and beggar alike; and from the king they take away his glory, and from the valiant man his strength, and from the beggar even that little which is the stay of his poverty."

How, then, were men to treat this frivolous, dress-loving, lust-inspiring creature? Surely the best plan was to shut her up. Her clear duty was to stay at home, and not let herself be seen anywhere. And this duty the Christian writers impress upon her again and again. She is not to go to banquets, where her looks are sure to create evil thoughts in the minds of men who are drinking largely of wine. She is not to go to marriage feasts, where the talk and the songs may border on licentiousness. Of course she is not to wander about the streets in search of sights, nor to frequent the theatre, nor the public baths, nor the spectacles. Does she want exercise? Clement of Alexandria prescribes for her: "She is to exercise herself in spinning and weaving, and superintending the cooking, if necessary." He adds: "Women are with their own hand to fetch from the store what we require; and it is no disgrace for them to apply themselves to the mill. Nor is it a reproach to a wife—housekeeper and helpmeet—to occupy herself in cooking, so that it may be palatable to her husband. And if she shake up the couch, reach drink to her husband when thirsty, set food on the table as neatly as possible, and so give herself exercise tending to sound health, the Instructor will approve of a woman like this." During the only occasions on which she may quit her own house, namely, when visiting the sick or going to church, she must be veiled—not a portion of her face must be seen, and when she is in church she must remain covered. These are the injunctions which occur repeatedly in the Christian writers. Voices were raised against this ascetic treatment, among them that of one Bishop of Rome, but they were drowned in the current of invectives that were directed against woman's love of dress and finery and show. These invectives and discussions on the dress of women and veiling of virgins are numerous. Tertullian, Cyprian, Clement of Alexandria, Commodian, and the Apostolic Constitutions deal minutely with the subject—all on the idea that woman is a most inflammatory being. Is a woman beautiful? "Natural grace," says Tertullian, "must be obliterated by concealment and negligence, as being dangerous to the glances of the beholder's eyes." Then she must clothe herself from head to foot. In speaking of her going to church, Clement of Alexandria says: "Let her be entirely covered, unless she happen to be at home. For that style of dress is grave and protects from being

gazed at. And she will never fall who puts before her face modesty and her shawl; nor will she invite another to fall into sin by uncovering her face. For this is the wish of the Word, since it is becoming for her to pray veiled."

Then she must not adorn herself in any way. "It is not right in God," says Commodian, "that a faithful Christian woman should be adorned." The purpose of clothing is to defend the body against excess of cold and intensity of heat, and the simplest materials are sufficient for this purpose. The Christian woman must therefore bid farewell to embroidery of gold and Indian silks; she is strictly forbidden to wear gold ornaments of any kind, and she is to avoid all dyed clothes, as the dye is unnecessary for health, afflicts greedy eyes, and moreover it is false; for God would have made the sheep purple, if he had wished the woollen clothes to be purple. Strong condemnation is uttered against any attempt to trick out the person. "Headdresses," says Clement of Alexandria, "and varieties of headdresses, and elaborate braidings, and infinite modes of dressing the hair, and costly mirrors in which they arrange their costume, are characteristic of women who have lost all shame." And if the adornment of the natural body is thus condemned, the endless variety of artificial contrivances employed by the Roman and Greek ladies is necessarily considered abominable. In regard to the hair, Cyprian addresses virgins thus: "Are sincerity and truth preserved when what is sincere is polluted by adulterous colors, and what is true is changed into a lie by the deceitful dyes of medicaments? Your Lord says, "Thou canst not make one hair black or white," and you in order to overcome the word of your Lord, will be more mighty than he, and stain your hair with a daring endeavor, and with profane contempt; with evil presage of the future, make a beginning to yourself already of flame-colored hair." And he uses equally strong expressions in regard to tinting the eyes. "You cannot see God, since your eyes are not those which God made, but those which the devil has spoiled. You have followed him, you have imitated the red and painted eyes of the serpent. As you are adorned in the fashion of your enemy, with him also you shall burn by-and-by." And he thus sums up the exhortations which he addresses to the virgins: "Let your countenance remain in you incorrupt, your neck unadorned, your figure simple; let not wounds be made in your

ears, nor let the precious chain of bracelets and necklaces circle your arms or your neck; let your feet be free from golden bands, your hair stained with no dye, your eyes worthy of beholding God." Notwithstanding all the exhortations which were showered upon the wives and virgins, the Christian writings prove that human nature often had its own way. Both Clement and Cyprian tell dreadful stories of some of the virgins, and in the treatise of Cyprian, from which I have quoted, there are lamentations like this: "For this reason, therefore, the Church frequently mourns over her virgins; hence she groans at their scandalous and detestable stories; hence the flower of her virgins is extinguished, the honor and modesty of continency are injured, and all its glory and dignity are profaned." At the same time we ought to do justice to the self-control and perseverance with which many pursued their high ideal—for the ideal was a high one, as the purity aimed at was not corporeal merely, but extended over the whole range of life. "For it would be ridiculous," says one of the virgins in Methodius, "to preserve the lustful members pure, but not the tongue, or to preserve the tongue, but neither the eyesight, the ears, nor the hands, or lastly to preserve these pure but not the mind, defiling it with pride and anger."

Such then was the position of women among the early Christians. We have said nothing of Christian legislation, for we have been treating of a period when the legislation was carried on entirely by pagans. But we ought to mention two facts, or two phases of one fact, which had a great effect on the destinies of mankind, but especially of woman, and which have found their way into modern legislation. The Roman father had absolute power of life and of death over his children in the primitive times of Rome. Gradually this power slackened, but he retained to the end of heathendom the right to expose his children, and pagan sentiment supported him in such conduct. The infants on their birth might be drowned, or exposed to the cold air, or starved, or abandoned to wild beasts. In this way deformed and weakly children were left to perish. A very large number of the children who were thus disposed of were girls. Christianity condemned this practice from the first as murder. It went further. It was a question with the ancients at what time the human foetus became a living being, and many maintained that the soul came to it only when it was born. Tertullian has

discussed this subject fully in his treatise on the soul. He says: "This view [that the fœtus has no soul] is entertained by the Stoics, along with Aenesidemus, and occasionally by Plato himself, when he tells us that the soul, being quite a separate formation, originating elsewhere and externally to the womb, is inhaled when the new-born infant first draws breath." This was the opinion prevalent among all classes of the pagan world, and the practice was universal and avowed of killing the fœtus by drugs. But Christianity took the other view, that the soul came at the earliest stage, and maintained that it was equally sinful "to take away a life that is born, or destroy one that is coming to birth." Accordingly the heathen practice was forbidden by the Church. The prohibition made its appearance at an early period in Christianity, for it occurs in the Epistle of Barnabas, written about the beginning of the second century, and we are told that Peter says in the Apocalypse (an apocryphal writing probably of early date) "that abortive infants shall share the better fate: that these are committed to a guardian angel, so that, on receiving knowledge, they may obtain the better abode, having had the same experiences which they would have had, had they been in the body."

This view of the Christians in regard to infanticide would tend largely to increase the number of women in the world, as infant girls were the most frequent victims of the practice. The ascetic tendency, on the other hand, repressed the growth of population. It had also a deteriorating effect on posterity. The less spiritual classes of the people, the laymen, being taught that marriage might be licentious and that it implied an inferior state of sanctity, were rather inclined to neglect matrimony for more loose connections, and it was these persons alone that then peopled the world. It was the survival of the unfittest. The noble men and women, on the other hand, who were dominated by the loftiest aspirations and exhibited the greatest temperance, self-control, and virtue, left no children. During this period there is a striking absence of home life in the history of Christians. No son succeeds his father, no wife comforts the wearied student, no daughter soothes the sorrow of the aged bishop. Perhaps this absence of domestic affection, this deficiency in healthy and vigorous offspring, this homelessness, may account in some degree for the striking features of the next century, and especially the prevalent hard-

ness of heart. Then men disputed with the utmost bitterness and ferocity about minute points of doctrine which are now incomprehensible almost to every one, and matters of absolute indifference to this generation, and they pronounced sentence of eternal damnation without the slightest compunction on all who differed from them. Then treatises were written to show why every heretic should be put to death in this life and tortured eternally in the life to come. And there is scarcely a champion of the faith, orthodox or heterodox, who was not accused of fearful crimes. If a lesson is to be drawn it surely is that, as with individuals there is no place like home, so with a State, there is no institution like home; that a community can be great only where there are happy, harmonious, and virtuous homes, and that homes cannot be happy and harmonious and virtuous unless woman is accorded a worthy place in these homes, with freedom of action, with a consciousness of responsibility, and with the right, unfettered by circumstance or prejudice, to develop all that is best and noblest in her to the utmost perfection.

J. DONALDSON.

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MR. STEVENSON'S METHODS IN FICTION.

SOMEWHERE, I think that it is in the preface to "Prince Otto," Mr. Stevenson remarks in his playful, half-earnest way, "I still purpose, by hook or crook, this book or the next, to launch a masterpiece." There are many who, on reading his last book, "The Master of Ballantrae," may be inclined to think that he has carried out his promise. If a strong story, strongly told, full of human interest, and absolutely original in its situations, makes a masterpiece, then this may lay claim to the title. But, unfortunately, the word is a nebulous one. There is no Greenwich standard yard by which genius can be measured and tested. Contemporary critics can but give their judgment from their own more or less fallible points of view. The final court of appeal must always, in the long run, be public opinion, and that slow-going and ponderous tribunal must be given at least a generation before being asked for its final decision. When it does say its last word, however, it is seldom or never wrong.

There is profound truth, in literary as in other matters, in the aphorism laid down by the late Walter Bagehot. "Experi-



ence shows," says he, "that no man is on all points so wise as the mass of men are after a good discussion, and that if the ideas of the very wisest were, by miracle, to be fixed on the race, the certain result would be to stereotype monstrous error." Critics, from the days of Jeffrey to those of our own, have been a very positive race, but they have also been a very fallible one. A quiet process of readjustment is continually going on which revises their decisions and corrects their errors, whether in regard to the merits of single books, or, more often, to the comparative position of contemporary authors. We can see the process going on now in the case of those recent or living writers whose work stands far enough away from us to allow us a little perspective. The collective voice of the reading public tends to confirm or to reconsider the value of their labors. It may, at present, be merely a tendency, but it makes for a definite and permanent result. Scott and Thackeray more than hold their own. George Eliot and Lytton are on the wane. Charles Reade and Meredith come to the front.

Bearing the extreme fallibility of contemporary criticism before our minds, then, we must weigh our words carefully before we speak of masterpieces. Yet, if the intense inward conviction of a sympathetic reader may count for anything, Mr. Stevenson had at the very time when he penned those words already given to the world one piece of work so complete in itself, and so symmetrically good, that it is hardly conceivable that it should ever be allowed to drop out of the very first line of English literature. "The Pavilion on the Links" marks the high-water mark of his genius, and is enough in itself, without another line, to give a man a permanent place among the great story-tellers of the race. Mr. Stevenson's style is always most pure, and his imagination is usually vivid, but in this one tale the very happiest use of words is wedded to the most thrilling, most concentrated interest. It would be difficult to name any tale of equal length in which four characters, those of Northmour, Cassilis, the absconding banker, and his daughter, stand out so strongly and so clearly — the more Titanic for the lurid background against which they move. There have been changes, and all for the worse, between the story as it originally appeared in *Cornhill* and as it reappeared in "The New Arabian Nights," but even as it stands it is a piece of work of extraordinary merit.

Yet if "The Pavilion on the Links" has

claims to be considered a masterpiece, and may confidently hope to stand the merciless test of time, the same must also be conceded to "Dr. Jekyll." In fact, of the two, "Dr. Jekyll," though slightly inferior as a work of art, has the greater certainty of longevity. The allegory within it would lengthen its days, even should new methods and changes of taste take the charm from the story. As long as man remains a dual being, as long as he is in danger of being conquered by his worse self, and, with every defeat, finds it the more difficult to make a stand, so long "Dr. Jekyll" will have a personal and most vital meaning to every poor, struggling human being. *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.* So craftily is the parable worked out that it never obtrudes itself upon the reader or clogs the action of the splendid story. It is only on looking back, after he has closed the book, that he sees how close is the analogy and how direct the application. On the whole, it can hardly be doubted that, whatever may become of his longer books, Mr. Stevenson's aspiration has been doubly realized, and that he has already produced not one, but two pieces of work which, test them as you will, still make good their claim to the title of masterpiece.

One cannot speak of "Dr. Jekyll" and of "The Pavilion on the Links" without alluding to the other short stories in the three series of "The New Arabian Nights," "The Merry Men," and "The Dynamiter." It must be confessed that they are very unequal. Were they all up to the standard of the two already discussed, or even up to the less exacting level of the first episode of "The Suicide Club" or of "The Sire De Maletroit's Door," they might lay a claim to the highest place among such collections. Many of the tales, however, are slight and inconsequent to an exasperating extent. The brilliancy and vigor of the style will always carry the reader along, but the exiguous story leaves an empty and dissatisfied feeling behind it. It jars upon one to see so perfect an instrument applied to so inconclusive a purpose. Yet even when the tale, as a whole, misses its mark, there will always remain some strange, telling phrase, some new, vivid conception, so apt or so striking, that it is not to be dismissed from the memory. For example, the Mormon story in "The Dynamiter" might fade away as a connected tale, but how are we to forget the lonely fire in the valley, the white figure which dances and screams among the

snow, or the horrid ravine in which the caravan is starved. It is just these sudden flashes of extraordinary lucidity and vigor which make it so very difficult to assess the value of such tales or to weigh them against others which may preserve a higher average, although they are never capable of rising to such extreme brilliancy.

The art of writing a first-class short tale is entirely distinct from that of producing a good novel. The best proof of the essential difference between the two is, that the great masters of the one have met with no success in the other. Neither Thackeray, nor Scott, nor Reade, nor George Eliot, nor Wilkie Collins have ever written any short story which deserved to live upon its own merits. Lytton has written one and only one. On the other hand, those who have written the best short stories have been by no means equally fortunate in a longer flight. The writer of "Metempsychosis," for example, which is certainly one of the very finest short tales in the whole range of our literature, has made no mark with any novel. Nathaniel Hawthorne might at first sight appear to be a man who excelled in both arts, but his books are, when closely looked at, merely short tales upon a large scale, starting with a single leading idea, and depending upon the elaboration of a small group of characters. Poe, who stands in the forefront of story-tellers, never ventured upon a more sustained effort. Bret Harte, again, who can point certainly to two and perhaps to three short stories of unsurpassed merit, could never hope for a permanent place in literature for his "Gabriel Conroy," strong as it is in parts. James Payn has produced excellent work both on the larger and on the smaller scale, but, speaking generally, it may be said to be a very rare thing to find an author who can excel in either art; as rare, probably, as to find a sculptor who could cut a first-rate cameo, and yet was equally expert at hewing out Titanic groups of figures.

Now Mr. Stevenson has done this. He can claim to have mastered the whole gamut of fiction. His short stories are good, and his long ones are good. On the whole, however, the short ones are the more characteristic, and the more certain to retain their position in English literature. The shorter effort suits his genius. With some choice authors, as with some rare vintages, a sip gives the real flavor better than a draught. It is eminently so with Mr. Stevenson. His novels have all

conspicuous virtues, but they have usually some flaw, some drawback, which may weaken their permanent value. In the tales, or at least in the best of the tales, the virtues are as conspicuous as ever, but the flaws have disappeared. The merits of his short stories are more readily assessed too as his serious rivals in that field are few indeed. Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Stevenson; those are the three, put them in what order you will, who are the greatest exponents of the short story in our language. Another "Archibald Malmaison," however, would give a second Hawthorne almost as strong a claim as the first.

"Prince Otto" is chronologically the first of Stevenson's longer works of fiction, and there is internal evidence that it was written at the time when he was most strongly under the influence of George Meredith. No one can read the German chapters of "Harry Richmond" and then turn to "Prince Otto" without feeling that the one has, in a distant and perfectly legitimate way, inspired the other. There is the same petty and formal court situated in some vague Teutonic cloudland, the same fine, diplomatic flavor about it, the same unreal and yet charming Dresden-china characters with their cross purposes, their quick wits, and their polished talk. In Meredith's book, however, we are on good terms with the inimitable Roy Richmond, before he brings us to this no-man's-land, and we have therefore one tangible person whom we know, and who furnishes us with some sort of a standard by which we may measure the others. We miss this in Stevenson's. For a time we cling to the English traveller, Sir John, as one person who is well within our own personal knowledge, and at first he justifies our trust; but, alas, Sir John becomes corrupted by the manners of Grunewald, and plunges off into aphorism and shadowdom. Even Gordon, the Scotch soldier of fortune, cannot bear up against the prevailing tone, but becomes as introspective and didactic as his sovereign lord. Hence it comes that there is a mist — iridescent, if you will, but none the less a mist — which hangs over the whole business and separates it from the work-a-day world, as we know it. The people are not human. They are bright, witty, perverse, wise, but they are not human. We do not see any of them clearly. We cannot take much personal interest in their fortunes, in their loves, or in their hates. An ostler who steals his horse's oats is welcome to the reader as one little prosaic and homely

figure in all this clash of high sentiment and flashing repartee. To sum all in a word, the story is Meredithian, and there is probably no other man who could have reproduced so admirably the peculiar and subtle methods of the master.

Meredith was made to be imitated. His mission is not so much to tell stories himself, as to initiate a completely new method in the art of fiction, to infuse fresh spirit into a branch of literature which was in much need of regeneration. His impatient and audacious genius has refused to be fettered by conventionalities. He has turned away from the beaten and well-trod track, and has cleared a path for himself through thorny and doubtful ways. Such a pioneer would have worked in vain were there not younger men who were ready to follow closely in his steps, to hold what he has gained, and to strike off from it to right and to left. It is a safe prophecy to say that for many generations to come his influence will be strongly felt in fiction. His works might be compared to one of those vast inchoate pyramids, out of which new-comers have found materials wherewith to build many a dainty little temple or symmetrical portico. To say that Stevenson was under the influence of Meredith is no more than to say that he wrote in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and was familiar with the literature of his day. All good work, especially all early good work of a man, shows the influence of some model upon which he has fashioned his style of work. Meredith himself, in his loquacious and motherly Mrs. Berry, shows the influence of Dickens, just as Mr. George Moore's "Mummer's Wife" reflects the careful and candid work of Zola, or Hall Caine's "Deemster" is moulded upon the breadth and vigor of Victor Hugo.

✓ A very singular mental reaction took Mr. Stevenson from one pole to the other of imaginative work, from the subtle, dainty lines of "Prince Otto" to the direct, matter-of-fact, eminently practical and Defoe-like narratives of "Treasure Island" and of "Kidnapped." Both are admirable pieces of English, well conceived, well told, striking the reader at every turn with some novel situation, some new combination of words which just fits the sense as a cap fits a nipple. "Treasure Island" is perhaps the better story, while "Kidnapped" may have the longer lease of life as being an excellent and graphic sketch of the state of the Highlands after the last Jacobite insurrection. Each contains one novel and admirable

character. Alan Breck in the one, and Long John in the other. Surely John Silver, with his face the size of a ham, and his little gleaming eyes like crumbs of glass in the centre of it, is the king of all seafaring desperadoes. Observe how the strong effect is produced in his case, seldom by direct assertion on the part of the storyteller, but usually by comparison, innuendo, or indirect reference. The objectionable Billy Bones is haunted by the dread of "a seafaring man with one leg." Captain Flint, we are told, was a brave man; "He was afraid of none, not he, only Silver — *Silver was that genteel.*" Or, again, where John himself says, "There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat was Flint's. The devil himself would have been feared to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company; but when I was quartermaster, *lambs* wasn't the word for Flint's old buccaneers." So by a touch here and a hint there, there grows upon us the individuality of this smooth-tongued, ruthless, masterful, one-legged devil. He is to us not a creation of fiction, but an organic living reality with whom we have come into contact; such is the effect of the fine suggestive strokes with which he is drawn. And the buccaneers themselves, how simple and yet how effective are the little touches which indicate their ways of thinking and of acting. "I want to go into that cabin, I do; I want their pickles, and wine, and that." "Now if you had sailed along o' Bill you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice — not you. That was never Bill's way, nor the way of sich as sailed with him." Scott's *Buccaneers* in "The Pirate" are admirable, but they lack something human which we find here. It will be long before John Silver loses his place in sea fiction — "and you may lay to that."

There is still a touch of the Meredithian manner in these books, different as they are in general scope from anything which he has attempted. There is the apt use of an occasional archaic or unusual word, the short, strong descriptions, the striking metaphors, the somewhat staccato fashion of speech. Yet in spite of this flavor, they have quite individuality enough to constitute a school of their own. Their faults, or rather perhaps their limitations, lie never in the execution, but entirely in the original conception. They picture

only one side of life, and that a strange and exceptional one. There is no female interest. We feel that it is an apotheosis of the boy's story — the penny number of our youth *in excelsis*. But it is all so good, so fresh, so picturesque, that, however limited its scope, it still retains a definite and well-assured place in literature. There is no reason why "Treasure Island" should not be to the rising generation of the twenty-first century what "Robinson Crusoe" has been to that of the nineteenth. The balance of probability is all in that direction.

The modern masculine novel, dealing almost exclusively with the rougher, more stirring side of life, with the objective rather than the subjective, marks the reaction against the abuse of love in fiction. This one phase of life in its orthodox aspect, and ending in the conventional marriage, has been so hackneyed and worn to a shadow, that it is not to be wondered at that there is a tendency sometimes to swing to the other extreme and to give it less than its fair share in the affairs of men. In British fiction, nine books out of ten have held up love and marriage as the be-all and end-all of life. Yet we know, in actual practice, that this is not so. In the career of the average man his marriage is an incident, and a momentous incident; but it is only one of several. He is swayed by many strong emotions; his business, his ambitions, his friendships, his struggles with the recurrent dangers and difficulties which tax a man's wisdom and his courage. Love will often play a subordinate part in his life. How many go through the world without ever loving at all? It jars upon us then to have it continually held up as the predominating, all-important fact in life; and there is a not unnatural tendency among a certain school, of which Stevenson is certainly the leader, to avoid altogether a source of interest which has been so misused and overdone. If all love-making were like that between Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough, then indeed we could not have too much of it; but to be made attractive once more, the passion must be handled by some great master who has courage to break down conventionalities and to go straight to actual life for his inspiration.

"The Black Arrow" can hardly rank with the books already mentioned. Whether it is that the telling of the story in the third person does not suit Mr. Stevenson's method so well as the personal narrative, or whether it may be that the

mediæval atmosphere is uncongenial to him, the result is certainly very far below his usual level. In most of his writing, he appears to produce an effect without striving for it. Here, on the contrary, he strives continually, but never quite attains it. There is none of that air of precision and reality which marked its predecessors, nor is it worthy in any way to be compared to them. Here, however, as in his weaker tales, there are occasional vivid flashes which go far to leaven the whole. The picture of the unhappy man who runs down the glade amidst the laughter and the arrows of the concealed archers, is as good as it could be, and so is the sketch of the tumultuous flight, thundering down the road, and of the pursuer who hacks about with a broken sword, "cursing the while in a voice which was scarce human." In these touches we see the great writer, while what falls below may be well put down to stress of travel and fluctuation of health. The same may be said of "The Wrong Box." Fear, horror, surprise, are emotions on which he can work as few have ever done, but humor or its twin brother pathos have never yet shown themselves to be prominent among his gifts. Least of all is broad humor adapted to his genius. Besides, in this particular instance, there is a somewhat grim and repellent basis to the joke, which makes it just a little incongruous and ghastly. On the whole, although it is a very creditable work for Mr. Osborne to have been concerned in, it can hardly be welcomed by all true admirers of Mr. Stevenson, who have learned from him to be a little dainty and exacting in their taste for fiction.

"The Master of Ballantrae," however, is a bird of another feather. It aims high, and falls very little short of the point aimed at. It may, perhaps, be less graphic than "Kidnapped," and lack the continuous stir of "Treasure Island," but it is broader in its scope, and freer in its handling than either of its predecessors. It contains one carefully elaborated and delicately drawn female figure in Alison Graeme, whose whole character, in its strength and in its perversity, is admirably natural and original. The male characters, too, are a stronger group than he has ever before brought together. Besides the central Mephistophelean figure of the master, there is his no less formidable brother Harry, both drawn with extraordinary vigor and intensity. Then on a smaller scale, but almost equally good, are the sprightly Chevalier Burke and the admirable old lord. How clearly we are made

to see him when the news of his son's death is carried to him in the night. "He, too, sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's." The minor characters are all good, from the pragmatist Mackellar, and the faithful Secundra Dass, down to the objectionable, piratical gentleman who burns sulphur, and shrieks "Hell! hell!" in his cabin. We do not seem to see the Sarah and her crew quite as plainly as we did the old Walrus, nor is there a Long John upon her ship's books. The whole story centres, however, round the diabolical master, and it is upon his cold, methodical, black-hearted villainy that it must chiefly depend for its effect. A more utterly ruthless scoundrel has never been depicted. Here is one episode which gives his character in a nutshell, and is at the same time a very good example of Stevenson's terse and startling manner of producing an effect. They are escaping, three of them, *arcades omnes*, across an American swamp with some treasure. The common seaman of the party, who is somewhat *de trop*, blunders into a dangerous bog.

Presently we saw him sink a little down, draw up his feet and sink again; and so, twice. Then he turned his face to us, pretty white.

"Lend a hand," said he; "I am in a bad place."

"I don't know about that," says Ballantrae, standing still.

Dutton burst out into the most violent oaths, sinking a little lower as he did so, so that the mud was nearly up to his waist, and plucking a pistol from his belt—

"Help me," he cries, "or die and be damned to you!"

"Nay," says Ballantrae, "I did but jest. I am coming." And he set down his own packet and Dutton's, which he was then carrying. "Do not venture near until we see if you are needed," said he to me, and went forward alone to where the man was bogged. He was quiet now, though he still held the pistol, and the marks of terror on his countenance were very moving to behold.

"For the Lord's sake," said he, "look sharp!"

Ballantrae was now got close up.

"Keep still," says he, and seemed to consider: and then, "Reach out both your hands."

Dutton laid down his pistol, and so watery was the top surface that it went clear out of sight; with an oath he stooped to snatch it, and as he did so Ballantrae leaned forth and stabbed him between the shoulders. Up went

his hands over his head—I know not whether with the pain, or to ward himself—and the next moment he doubled forward in the mud.

Ballantrae was already over the ankles, but he plucked himself out and came back to me where I stood with my knees smiting one another.

"The devil take you, Francis!" says he. "I believe you are a half-hearted fellow, after all."

That is a truly Stevensonian scene, and one that haunts the reader like some grisly nightmare. Associate this horrid deed with a gentleman of polished address, striking features, elegant dress, and immense personal courage and energy, and you have one of the most effective and thorough-going villains in fiction.

Mr. Stevenson, like one of his own characters, has an excellent gift of silence. He invariably sticks to his story, and is not to be diverted off to discourse upon views of life or theories of the universe. A story-teller's business is to tell his story. If he wishes to air his views upon other matters he can embody them in small independent works, as Mr. Stevenson has done. Where a character gives vent to opinions which throw a light upon his own individuality that is a different thing, but it is surely intolerable that an author should stop the action of his story to give his own private views upon things in general. Unfortunately, our greatest authors are the worst sinners in this respect. What would be thought of a dramatist who brought his piece to a standstill, while he came in person to the footlights and discoursed upon social inequality or the nebular hypothesis? Mr. Stevenson is too true an artist to fall into this error, with the result that he never loses his hold upon his reader's attention. He has shown that a man may be terse and plain, and yet free himself from all suspicion of being shallow and superficial. No man has a more marked individuality, and yet no man effaces himself more completely when he sets himself to tell a tale.

✓ A short estimate of his various stories, however imperfect, must be supplemented by a few general observations as to his style, and the methods which he uses to produce the subtle charm which hangs over his work. To analyze these effects seems as ruthless a business as to pull a flower to pieces to show its component parts. There is much in his work which depends upon that original innate power which is above analysis. This is aided and supplemented, however, by certain wiles of literary craftsmanship which give

the peculiar flavor and daintiness to his writings.

The use of novel and piquant forms of speech is one of the most obvious of his devices. No man handles his adjectives with greater judgment and nicer discrimination. There is hardly a page of his work where we do not come across words and expressions which strike us with a pleasant sense of novelty, and yet express the meaning with admirable conciseness. "His eyes came *coasting* round to me." "The pith went out of my legs." It is dangerous to begin quoting, as the examples are interminable, and each suggests another. Now and then he misses his mark, but it is very seldom. As an example, "an eye-shot" does not commend itself as a substitute for "a glance," and "to tee-hee" for "to giggle" grates somewhat upon the ear, though the authority of Chaucer might be cited for the expression.

✓ Next in order is his extraordinary faculty for the use of pithy similes, which arrest the attention and stimulate the imagination. "His voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock." "I saw her sway, like something stricken by the wind." "His laugh rang false, like a cracked bell." "His voice shook like a taut rope." "My mind flying like a weaver's shuttle." "His blows resounded on the grave as thick as sobs." "These private guilty considerations I would continually observe to peep forth in the man's talk like rabbits from a hill." Nothing could be more effective than these direct and homely comparisons.

Another characteristic device is the repetition in a speech of "he said," or "he continued," or "he went on," giving an intensity to the whole, riveting and re-riveting the reader's attention upon the speaker. Many examples might be quoted of this. "'He's not of this world,' *whispered my lord*. 'I have struck my sword through his vitals,' *he cried*. 'I have felt the hilt dirl on his breastbone time and again,' *he repeated*, with a gesture indescribable. 'But he was never dead for that,' *said he*. 'Why should I think he was dead now? No, not till I see him rotting,' *says he*.'" Or again, "'They are not yours, are they not?'" *returned Raeburn*. 'Think,' *he continued*, 'of the disgrace for your respectable parents! Think, *he went on*, taking Harry by the wrist, 'Think of the colonies and the Day of Judgment!'"

Akin to this is the striking and powerful effect which he produces by the reitera-

tion of a word or phrase. "'O God!' I screamed, and 'O God!' again and again." "'Never a good hour have I gotten of you since you were born—no, never one good hour,' and repeated it again the third time." Many examples might be quoted of this mannerism, but never one where it is not effective.

After all, however, the main characteristic of Stevenson is his curious instinct for saying in the briefest space just those few words which stamp the impression upon the reader's mind. He will make you see a thing more clearly than you would probably have done had your eyes actually rested upon it. Here are a few of these word-pictures, taken haphazard from among hundreds of equal merit.

Not far off Macconochie was standing with his tongue out of his mouth, and his hand upon his chin, like a dull fellow thinking hard.

Stewart ran after us for more than a mile, and I could not help laughing as I looked back at last and saw him on a hill, holding his hand to his side, and nearly burst with running.

Ballantrae turned to me with a face all wrinkled up, and his teeth showing in his mouth. . . . He said no word, but his whole appearance was a kind of dreadful question.

Look at him, if you doubt; look at him, grinning and gulping, a detected thief.

He looked me all over with a warlike eye, and I could see the challenge on his lips.

What could be more vivid than the effect produced by such sentences as these?

There is much more that might be said as to Mr. Stevenson's peculiar and original methods in fiction. As a minor point, it might be remarked that he is the inventor of what may be called the mutilated villain. It is true that Mr. Wilkie Collins has described one gentleman who had not only been deprived of all his limbs, but was further afflicted by the unsupportable name of Miserrimus Dexter. Mr. Stevenson, however, has used the effect so often, and with such telling results, that he may be said to have made it his own. To say nothing of Hyde, who was the very impersonation of deformity, there is the horrid blind Pew, Black Dog with two fingers missing, Long John with his one leg, and the sinister catechist who is blind but shoots by ear, and smites about him with his staff. In "The Black Arrow," too, there is another dreadful creature who comes tapping along with a stick. Often as he has used the device, he handles it so artistically that it never fails to produce its effect.

In this short essay we must confine our-

selves to Mr. Stevenson's work in fiction, leaving his charming volumes of travels and essays untouched. His poems, too, might well form the subject of a separate paper. They are always good, and sometimes very good. "Ticonderoga," for example, might lay a fair claim to be the second best narrative ballad — Coleridge's masterpiece being always first — in the whole range of our literature. All this, however, we must pass. It is a trite saying that he who exhausts his subject is apt to exhaust his reader. Enough has been said, if anything needed to be said, to show that Mr. Stevenson has every claim, not only upon the contemporary popularity which he enjoys, but upon the lasting fame which springs from thorough work thoroughly done. However far from England he may travel, he still lives, and is a welcome guest at many a thousand English firesides. No living man has a better right to solace himself with that highest comfort which man can enjoy, that he has given pleasure, and has lessened pain.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

From Longman's Magazine.

#### THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

ON Monday, the 30th of September last — a solemn, still autumnal day, with red and yellow foliage tinting the landscape on every side, and with pale, shadowy vapors wreathing every rocky hilltop — I beheld for the first time a certain barren Yorkshire moor, familiar to the mind's eye of every lover of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," or "Villette." At last I was at Haworth — bleak, rude, grim Haworth; Haworth, within whose rough-hewn boundaries was lived out that strange, isolated family life, so monotonous and uneventful outwardly, so charged with passion and intensity within, which has made the hitherto unknown little village among the hills famous forevermore.

Much as railway penetration has done to open up the moorland regions of the north of England, it has effected here but little change. Upon leaving the platform of a small, primitive station we mounted the steep and narrow little street — it might have been the original of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Hill called Straight — and steeper and steeper it rose in front of us at every step; while down its centre there presently poured, with a clatter, clatter, clatter of wooden clogs, the village lads

and lasses just let loose from school, each lusty urchin clad in such a suit of brown corduroys as must have set at naught the rudest blasts of winter, to say nothing of rugged walls and gnarled branches. (N.B. — Shall I confess that straightway I bought in the open street a suit for my own little climber, and wearer, and tearer; and that only the vision of parquet floors and Persian rugs prevented a pair of the sturdy, brass-bound clogs being added to the purchase?)

"Could anybody show us the way to Mr. Brown's?" was our first inquiry, Mr. Brown being the nephew of that Martha Brown who, it may be remembered, was the "new girl" who succeeded Tabby, when Tabby's days at Haworth parsonage were numbered. A mite of four was told off to trot in front of the ladies to the neat little stationer's shop, within which stood Martha Brown's nephew, only too glad to lead the way up his little back staircase to the room wherein was laid out all he had to show pertaining to the revered family, in whose service his old relation had lived the best part of her life.

And now I must just remark that it is a mistake to suppose that the memory of the Brontës is dying out in the place which once knew them so well. Every old villager we spoke to — and these were not a few — had something to say, and usually some reminiscence to offer on the subject. The names of "Charlotte," "Emily," and "Branwell" dropped easily and familiarly from their lips; and yet there was nothing impertinent, nothing the least disrespectful, in the sound; it merely seemed as if these simple folks cherished a hallowed remembrance, with which any of the ordinary forms of speech would have been incompatible.

One nice little matron, with a chastened, subdued demeanor and a face that plainly told life had been to her no child's play, had perhaps more to tell than all the rest about the Brontës. She had seen "Mrs. Nicholls" pass into the church in her bridal attire on the wedding morn — "very plain, but Charlotte always was very plain in her dress;" and again had seen her re-enter the same churchyard gates but a few brief months later, when carried to her grave. "She was never very intimate, never at all *free-spoken* with the Haworth people." "Oh, they liked her; nobody had ever a word against her; but it was understood that she, and indeed all the family, liked best to be let alone. Charlotte would come and go. She was a very quick walker, and she would turn the cor-

ner of the parsonage lane and be down the street all in a moment; and then she would drop into the shop" — we were sitting in "the shop" as we listened — "order what she wanted, and be off home again at once, without a word more than was needed. My father," continued the narrator, "had always himself to take the cloth, or whatever it was that had been ordered, up to the parsonage, when his work was done; and he had to measure it there, and cut off the length required. No, none of them would ever have it measured and cut off in the shop; it had to be taken up in the piece to the house, and cut there. The Brontës had ways of their own, and that was one of them. They were strange people, but very much beloved. Mr. Brontë was a fine old gentleman" (with a sudden little glow of warmth), "a *very fine* old gentleman" (most emphatically); and the speaker had heard that there were some who had written about Charlotte, and made up books about her, "who had not spoken quite true about Mr. Brontë." All she could say was that "there was no one in Haworth now living who had not a good word for the old gentleman, and to see him and Mr. Nicholls together after they were left alone, and poor Mr. Brontë so helpless and blind, was just a beautiful sight — that it was." She would have discoursed till midnight, but time pressed.

We had to move on, and to hearken to others. In one quarter the pervading feeling was indignation that so much had been done, as well as left undone, in order to efface the memory of the family in the place. "There was a memorial promised," we were assured. "It was promised when the new church was built, and it was said right out *in a sermon* too; but we have never heard one word more on the subject from that day to this." My somewhat trite rejoinder that Charlotte Brontë's best memorial would be in their hearts and ours did not give full satisfaction; nor, to be sure, did I feel any in uttering it. Her *best* it might be, her *only* one it ought not to be.

To return, however, to Martha Brown's collection. It was pathetically poor and scanty, I am afraid I must confess; though I trust her very obliging and intelligent nephew, its present possessor, will never know I have said so. Marvellously little of this world's goods had those poor Brontës, and of course the better portion of these — such as they were — were not here. Their oak cradle I had seen in another part of Yorkshire that very morning, and Charlotte's doll's tea-set I treasure

among my own valuables.\* A few gold hair rings of enormous size, such as could only have been worn by the venerable patriarch on his forefinger, a fob-seal, and some Paisley shawls — none of which could with any certainty be traced as the property of any one nearer than *an aunt* — had also been shown me in the little nook where the cradle was installed. All of these had been sold, on the passing of Haworth living into other hands. They had not been bequeathed either to friends or relatives. Martha Brown, however, had been given the relics which were now shown us; they were laid out in a small glass case, and consisted of a green purse of netted silk, a thimble-case of enamelled copper, and a few more such odds and ends. There were also some shawls (presumably belonging to the above-mentioned aunt, for I am positive Charlotte never draped herself in anything so gorgeous), and a number of elementary pencil drawings of eyes, noses, and other interesting features, such as might be supposed to have been labored through by reluctant and unskilful schoolgirl fingers. As far as I can judge, none of the Brontës had the slightest real talent for drawing. The oil-painting of the spaniel which has the place of honor over the mantelpiece in Mr. Brown's little upper chamber is simply ludicrous from its badness.

One or two really interesting objects were, however, lying on the centre table. These were Charlotte's own time-worn copies of the *Quarterly* for December, 1848, and other periodicals of a like date, in which were inserted those miserable criticisms which were meant to crush the author of "Jane Eyre." How often, we reflected, had her brow been bent over those cruel pages? We know they made her heart bleed, and that for the moment she fancied she read in them her doom. Strangely, strangely do they read now.

But perhaps I have undervalued the relics which Mr. Brown offered recently to the museum at Keighley, and for which the custodians would not pay the price required. Keighley — pronounced Keathley — is only a short distance from Haworth, and it had been thought the good folks there would jump at the offer. They did not, as we know; and somehow I agreed with them, though my reason for so doing sprang from a cause they little guessed. Briefly, the friend who accompanied me to Haworth has in her own

\* It is of old Leeds ware, ornamented by little pictures of the principal features of the surrounding country.



possession treasures far more precious and interesting than any Martha Brown had to bequeath, and these were given her by the original of "Rochester" and "Paul Emmanuel" himself. "Paul Emmanuel" is still alive, and but recently delivered up, among other curiosities, a number of essays composed both by Charlotte and Emily Brontë while under his charge at Brussels, and corrected and emended by him as their master. These essays are upon no account to get into print, and it is easy to discern why. Although Charlotte's letters to her preceptor are, it is feared, by this time destroyed, no letter could breathe more transparently and more unconsciously the emotions by which that proud yet tender spirit was torn in twain, than does one of the short papers which I saw the other day at Ilkley. The elaborate epistle in which Monsieur Héger detailed his reasons for turning a deaf ear to all petitions on the subject was not required by me, after one brief perusal of the little essay. The refusal breathes a high and chivalrous tone, and with the motive one can find no fault; but, apart from publicity, it is sad to think that neither letters nor essays were treasured for their own sakes by the Brussels schoolmaster. It almost makes one's blood boil to think of that warm, imaginative, hungry and thirsty girlish heart, beating against its bars, underrated and misunderstood by the sprightly, amiable, but withal undiscerning and self-opinionated man who was its ideal.

Holding the faded manuscripts in my hand, a tremor thrilled through my veins. How, when, and with what feelings had they been written? The penmanship is daintily fine, small, and clear. They are in French, of course, and are finished off with feminine neatness and precision; the exquisite signature "C. Brontë" being traced with the utmost delicacy in the upper left-hand corner, instead of being appended to the final words. They are full of subtle touches, and deep, impassioned utterances. It must be added that the subjects handled were such as admitted of these; and on such subjects could the author of "Villette" be bald or cold?

But Monsieur Héger, calmly correcting and emending, understood nothing — still understands nothing of what lay beneath the surface. Even now, even after a lapse of over forty years, when the fame of Charlotte Brontë has echoed to the very ends of the earth, the two who should have been so proud of her, should have deemed them-

selves so much exalted by her, are simply at a loss to account for such an extraordinary and inexplicable state of affairs. The venerable pair — for both the late master and mistress of the celebrated school are living — have now retired to "dwell among their own people;" they live in a small world of their own, tenderly cherished by sons and daughters, who are themselves grandfathers and grandmothers, several of whom have, moreover, achieved distinction in various walks in life. No aged parents are more devotedly revered, or more dutifully waited upon, than they; and but for his little "kink" — if I may use an old Scotch word — about Charlotte Brontë, I should say that, in talent, sense, and acumen, they seldom meet their equals. But regarding "Jane Eyre" and its sister products Monsieur and Madame Héger purse their lips. They do not care to talk about them, nor their author. She was, in their eyes, only a shy, impulsive, affectionate, but somewhat over-sensitive and impressionable, young nursery governess, who learned nearly everything she knew while under their charge, and who should not have gone home and written tales about her good friends at Brussels.

Much better, infinitely better, would it have been if Charlotte had pursued her vocation as a teacher of youth — that vocation for which she came to them to be perfected — than have so misused her time and talents. As for recalling any little traits of character, any little sayings or doings, any grave or gay idiosyncrasies — why, Charlotte Brontë was only a pupil among pupils, and, moreover, a pupil too reserved, too undemonstrative, too morbidly ungenial to have been either attractive as a child or charming as a woman.

I have seen the portraits of Monsieur and Madame Héger. They represent two such faces as one seldom sees; but of the two I prefer that of the wife. It is that of a calm, judicial, restful nature, capable of infinite patience and of strong endurance; but it is easy to conceive that with just such a nature Charlotte Brontë had nothing in common. In consequence, but scant justice is done to "Madame Beck" at her hands. Doubtless each mistook the other; and while Madame wondered and sighed over the petulant outbursts of the incomprehensible English girl, Madame's own quieter, more gentle spirit, her toleration, forbearance, self-control and outward imperturbability, would in its turn be almost intolerable to one of Charlotte's temperament.

But Monsieur Héger is a figure of more

general interest, therefore one word more regarding him. He is a bright, vain, handsome octogenarian, charming and delighting to charm, eager to talk, and as eager for an audience, as exacting of homage and subservience as in the days when schoolgirls trembled at his glance. Imagine him fifty years ago, and you can hardly go wrong in imagining a very fascinating personage; then recollect that fifty years ago or thereabouts the little Yorkshire nursery-governess took her first flight to Brussels, and there beheld "Paul Emmanuel" — *et voilà tout!*

Haworth Church has been so much altered and "improved" under the auspices of its present vicar that nearly every vestige of interest or romance has been "improved" off the face of it. An ordinary marble slab in the wall records that the different members of the Brontë family repose in a vault at the other end of the building, and over the vault itself a small brass plate has the names of Charlotte and Emily Brontë engraven upon its face.

We had thought this had been all, when the deaf old sexton, who had been in vain endeavoring to elicit our admiration for a reredos presented by the vicar's wife (which, to my mind, made but poor amends for all her husband had swept away) — when the old fellow suddenly exclaimed, "Well, there's the window!"

"The window! What window?"

Without waste of words, he jogged down a side aisle, and called a halt in front of a very handsome, small, stained-glass window, bearing this inscription: "In pleasant memory of Charlotte Brontë," put up by — whom do you think? *An American citizen!* There was no name, no indication given whereby the plain American citizen might be identified; and it has actually been left to this unknown, noble-minded denizen of another country to erect the only spontaneous memorial which has so far been granted to the memory of one of England's greatest female novelists!

Haworth churchyard is full of grey, weather-beaten tablets, above which the storm-tossed alders sigh, and amongst which the leaves were dropping as we stood. Behind lies the open moor, not purple and heathery, but covered with short-cropped, starved-looking grass, occasionally intersected by the stone walls of the district. The nearest of these enclosures, lying at the back of the church and parsonage, would doubtless be the playground of the poor little motherless Brontës when first that sombre parsonage

became their home. Through it, when older grown, they would ramble forth on solitary walks and thoughts intent. (Emily, we know, was an especial lover of such expeditions, and this field path would be her only outlet.) Roads are few in the vicinity, and her only alternative would be that which traverses the main street of the village. We can hardly picture her making it her choice.

Leaving the little field, we passed the parsonage, whose rows of brand-new windows offered but little association with Tabby and her crew, and, without attempting to invade a quarter in which we had been assured we should meet with but little sympathy, we stood once more at the church gates, where also faced us, at a right angle, the open doorway of the Black Bull Inn.

The Black Bull Inn is still Brontë to the core. A kindly welcome was there for us, and true Yorkshire hospitality, more especially when the honored name became our passport. Would we have our luncheon in Branwell Brontë's little back parlor? It would be ready in a few minutes, and meantime — and meantime? We were only too glad to hearken to anything and everything the good soul who preceded us had to tell. So this was poor young Brontë's favorite resort?

"That was his chair," she said simply, and pointed to a tall, old Chippendale armchair, with a quaintly carved "fiddle" back, and square seat, set edgewise. "That was his chair, and in that corner it always stood. You see it is a nice corner, between the fireplace and the window; and there he used to sit, and sit" (alas, poor Branwell!) "and when he had been sitting longer than maybe he should have been, Charlotte would be heard out at the door there" (pointing along the dark, stone passage to the front entrance), "asking after him, an' if he were in the parlor? And he would hear her voice, and he would up wi' this window, and be out of it like a flash of lightning." (It was a broad, low casement, opening upon an inn yard, whose jutting stone walls were well fitted for concealment.) "So that when Charlotte came in to look for him," continued our narrator, "she would see nowt, d'ye see? And our folks they would know nowt, i' course. But Branwell, he were round the corner, down i' the yard yonder; and as soon as she were gone, he jumps through the window again — you can open it easily from the outside — an' back to his chair, an' she never the wiser. It would be dark too, maybe."

As the quiet words fell upon our ears the bygone scene stole upon our vision.

We could hear the roar of the wind, and the sharp snap of the hailstones on the panes, as the winter night set in, coarse and wild, without. We could see the snugness, the warmth, the comfort within.

Thus, the temptation.

Then, the loving, anxious voice upon its quest.

Then, the stratagem.

Far, far too near to the bare, unkindly walls of the poor parsonage had been that seductive doorway. It had never been out of reach, not even on the rudest night. It had never been out of the hapless boy's path.

And the low-roofed, well-built, cosy dwelling had never been dull nor desolate, never aught but tempting and alluring. Instinctively his steps had turned its way. But for it the world of mind might have been the richer.

As we gazed, a silence fell upon the little room. It had been the haunt of genius, even though — sorrowful thought! — genius had passed that way to ruin.

What had Haworth to show after this?

L. B. WALFORD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE MOUND BY YELLOW CREEK.

ODDLY enough, a live sheep has never been seen on Leg o' Mutton Prairie; wool-growing is out of the question; and against the meat of the animal the natives entertain a singular prejudice, in common with many other Americans. Most people know something of the tyranny of the imagination, as illustrated by the figures that will not fade, the faces that will not pass, from ceiling, wall, and drapery. The same tyranny compels us to see a lion and a lamb at Grasmere, and an elephant's head from the Crawford House in the White Mountains. Leg o' Mutton Prairie without its name would resemble a leg of mutton only in the eyes of men who were more familiar with the carcasses of wolves and bears than of sheep. But with the name there goes the subtle virtue of the imagination, which, for the beholder, impresses upon the beautiful plain once and forever the shape and image of its name. I shall never forget my first view of Leg o' Mutton Prairie; surrounded by a dark forest, it lay in the sunshine like a radiant lake, full of all manner of strangely beautiful lights and colors, and the softest

witcheries of shadow and sound. For five or six days I had been wending my way, on horseback and on foot, through an interminable stretch of backwoods. Shut out from the free air, and with only an occasional glimpse of the blue sky beyond the trees, one began to have curious sensations, as of living in some strange under-world of dim lights and sad sounds. Thrice I came upon a hunter's lonely cabin; one contained a solitary woman. She was young, almost handsome, and was playing a violin, because, as she said, she was very "lone," her husband having gone to the mill thirty miles off, and would not be back for several days. It seemed an act of charity to remain over night with her. In another case there was a family of eleven children in one small cabin, ranging in years from seventeen to five. These people of the under-world were all tall and pale, with curiously bright eyes. Once I had to make a *détour* of some miles to escape a swamp, which no horse could cross, and was only open to man by crossing the innumerable beaver dams; it was, moreover, a veritable bear camp. I shot two raccoons, a wolf, two deer, and a wild turkey. I wanted a bear, but it was summer, and in summer bears are lean, and travel fast, and keep their distance; in winter they are fat with hickory nuts and different kinds of mast, short of breath, and lazy, — this is the hunter's harvest time. But though they kept to their thickets by day, and refused to come out and be shot at, I frequently saw traces of them, where they had wallowed in the long grass, or where, with the strength of three or four men, they had turned over fallen decayed trees, in search of small ground life, such as worms and beetles. About sundown I used to tether, feed, and rub down my most intelligent, sagacious, and affectionate horse, who was my only companion on this and other lonely journeys, and who lacked little save the power of speech that is desirable in a fellow-traveller. Then, the evenings being chilly, I lighted a fire, made a capital supper out of corn-bread, a collop of smoky venison, and some hot coffee, flavored with condensed milk of the Eagle brand. Then followed the sweet solace of a pipe, during the smoking of which the sun fell below the horizon, and, as by magic, the fire at my feet grew suddenly glorious with ruddy life and beauty and kindest friendship, as thick darkness rose swiftly from its lair, and perfect silence reigned in the vast woodland. I spread my bear-skin, wrapped my blanket around me, lay down,

and fell asleep, thinking of old England and the dear ones afar off.

Was I nervous? I can only say that I generally slept soundly till sunrise. Nevertheless, a week of that kind of life is, to my thinking, enough at a time. And a week is just about long enough to initiate one into sundry moods and states of consciousness that elucidate some of the conditions of primitive belief. The birds, which rarely came below but kept among the upper branches of the lofty trees, began to have a singular fascination for me; their song was divine, so was their exquisite freedom up there in the light. I had too much—or too little—imagination to think that the tops of the trees were against the sky; but as regards the birds, I have often wondered how many days' journey was I from the standpoint of my Teutonic ancestor, who, from the foot of his tall trees, beheld in birds creatures of celestial origin and nature. Solitude is kindly to superstition. And I do not remember ever coming across trapper or hunter who did not possess a strong vein of superstition, together with a vigorous crop of small beliefs that were altogether personal, original, sometimes wild, and sometimes quaint and pretty. And the time came when I began to realize that the seeds of like things, thickly strewn, were evidently imbedded in my own nature, and were showing signs of availing themselves of conditions, however temporary, that were favorable to their growth. From all of which, and somewhat more, I have been often tempted to frame an inference that civilization at its best, like beauty, is about skin deep,—not forgetting, however, that the skin of the man is a most exquisite and sensitive part of his nature; and that the civilization of some peoples, who make of it a boast, really stands to them more in the relation of a suit of ill-fitting clothes than of a skin whole, elaborate, and quick. The primeval mood, I remember, was strong upon me—strong as the balsamic piquancy of the pines was in my nostrils—when of a sudden there lay before me a long, widening strip of grass land, like a wedge driven into the forest. At first it was not wider than a cart-track, but it clave the forest clean, and held its own, gathering width with length, pressing farther and farther apart the dark sides of the woodland, until, at the distance of a thousand yards, they seemed to take the initiative in retreat, and rolled back of their own free will into the long horizon. As a river of soft delicious green light,

appeared that wedge of wood-dividing meadow-land to my eyes. I followed it for a little over two miles before I reached a piece of rising ground; then I knew that at last I had reached Leg o' Mutton Prairie. Behind me was the shank, which I had traversed from trotter to just below the region of the pope's eye; in front was the rich and succulent land of the fillet. The little forest-ringed prairie was five and a half miles in length, and its greatest breadth three miles. One half of it seemed devoted to grass, the rest was arable, on which were splendid ripening crops of barley, wheat, and Indian corn. In the middle of the plain was a lake, some three hundred acres in extent, which gleamed in the sunshine like a great silver shield. On the western margin of the lake sat a small village of wooden houses painted white, with wide verandahs, green shutters, and seemingly half buried beneath the flowers and foliage of innumerable vines. But the centre-piece and chief figure in this bit of idyllic nature was a small island in the middle of the lake, on which stood a large, low-built house with numerous outbuildings. On east and north there was a heavy growth of timber, while to the south and west were lawns, gardens, and ornamental grounds, which, at a distance, appeared to be divided from each other by green hedges, flanked on both sides with great banks of flowers, that stood out in brilliant masses of superb color. After the dim light and vault-like imprisonment of the backwoods, I confess I was strangely moved by the natural picture that was outspread before me. Of course there was not really much in it—this world, perhaps, does not hold many things in which there is really much. Still there was something in it, and it struck for all it was worth upon my sensitized imagination, with the result that Leg o' Mutton Prairie is to this hour the one rare memory of them all,—as it were, a dream of Paradise.

The prospect was so pleasing, and the sun was so hot, that I dismounted, throwing the bridle-rein upon the ground, which was the same as telling my horse in English that he was free to graze, but was not to stray more than a few yards from my side. I lighted my pipe, and sat within the shadow of a large black-walnut tree, with my back against the trunk; within a couple of feet to my right, the ground sloped steeply to the grassy prairie below; to my left was a small belt of tall hickories, which grew in the midst of a dense clump of bushes. I had been smoking perhaps

ten minutes, when suddenly I heard my horse give a snort of alarm. I looked to my left and beheld him quivering with terror, close to the thick undergrowth. Wondering what had startled him so, I was on the point of springing up, when I caught sight of something, just inside the bushes right in front of me, that brought my heart, as the saying is, into my mouth. What I saw were two bright eyes and a nose prominent, mobile, black, shining. Dangerous symptoms these of bear. Keeping my glance riveted on those two gleaming eyes, and not daring to move my body, I felt with my left hand for my rifle, which was luckily lying within reach, and brought it carefully across my knees. I kept my pipe in my mouth, for the simple reason that I was afraid to lift my hand to remove it. Slowly, and with the least possible movement, I got the rifle in both hands, and then, without moving my legs, I twisted my body half round. I hesitated for one dreadful moment, and then, quick as lightning, up went my gun and — out rushed the bear. The eye is quicker than the hand. I saw his shining flank clear of the bushes before I could touch the trigger. Crack — crack — a huge black mass almost upon me. I am rolling, self-flung, down the steep slope like a barrel, yet consciously guarding my precious pipe, — a glance upward from the long grass below, and a vision of the bear lying with his head on the top of the slope — dead. That was all there was to it. He measured close upon five feet in length, weighed three hundred and ninety-six pounds, and my feet are upon his skin as I write this. I suppose every dream of Paradise contains serpent or bear, and of the two I prefer the latter. My object in visiting Leg o' Mutton Prairie was partly that of sport, partly of exploration, and partly, and perhaps chiefly, that of friendship. Two years earlier I had met and formed the acquaintance of a man named Donald Phimister, while in the Adirondacks; we had subsequently met for a second time in New York city. Phimister was a man of about sixty, an old-time Scotsman, iron-grey all over, in hair, in complexion, and in clothes. He had a shaggy look, a strangely wrinkled face, grey eyes full of humor, and a rich, full brogue of which he was proud. His life had been one long romance of adventure and vicissitude; he had been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything. He had been a sailor, a gold-miner, a sheep-farmer, a cow-boy, an orange-grower, a boot-black, a hackman, a dry-goodsman, a

lumber-dealer, a grain-speculator, a journalist, and — strangest of all, considering his brogue — for eighteen months he hung out his shingle in a far western town as a "Professor of foreign languages," said languages being, as he assured me with a twinkle in his eyes, French and English! He had made three fortunes and lost them. How he stood at the present time in his financial affairs, I did not know, though I thought I had gathered that he was in a small way prosperous. But it was a matter about which I thought little, and cared less. Donald Phimister was not a man to be measured by his dollars; his value was a thing quite apart. Somehow, his personality, like his speech, had a fine, rich brogue all its own. He was intelligent, well-mannered, shrewd, gentle, witty, quiet, generous, frank, a bit cynical, a trifle sceptical, a profoundly religious man, a wee bit odd, yet full of strong attraction. No list of qualities, mental and moral, could exhaust or express the man. It was not what he had, it was how he had it. There was a quaint, sweet, familiar originality about the man that endowed him, as it were, with a rare vital perfume that assailed one's soul, and took it captive. He had said, when last we parted, "The next time ye come west, if ye are within a thousand miles of Leg o' Mutton Prairie, I shall look to see ye at my house. Put up for six months, and kill as many bears, and open up as many Indian mounds, as ye like; only come, and that at your earliest." And now I had come, and I had come five hundred miles out of my way to see him. He knew that I was approaching, but how or when I should arrive he knew not.

I made my way to the village, — carrying with me the bear's ears in token of ownership, — and was casting about for some sign of an inn, when my eyes caught sight of this legend, painted in large white letters on a black ground, "Donald Phimister: Groceries and Dry Goods." So my friend, it seemed, was a grocer and dry-goodsman, with sugars on one side of the store and calicoes on the other, in true Western style. I think I felt a bit sorry that it was so; but I called to mind the image of the man, and told myself that it did not matter to me a red cent what his business was. Just as I reached the store, a young man came out and deposited a roll of carpet on the wooden sidewalk. "Is Mr. Phimister within?" I enquired. The young man stuck a toothpick in his mouth, and took a long, steady look at me and my horse, before he said, "Guess you

don't belong to these parts, stranger, from the look of you." I assented. "Britisher, ain't you?" Again I assented. "Come on business?" "Once more I assented. "What may yer line be—dry goods?" "No, wet." "Wet?" "Yes, wet. They are having a boom just now on the Eastern markets. Dry goods are nowhere beside them," I answered gravely. "Darned if I can catch on. Give it up, stranger: never heered of the articles before." "All right; I don't object, my friend. But, say, is Mr. Phimister within?" "No, he ain't. I guess the boss is at home." "And where is that, pray?" The young man turned, and pointing down the short street towards the lake said, "Do you see that young lady there in white, going towards the water?" "With a crimson sunshade?" "Yes, that's her. Just follow after her, and she'll take you right to Donald Phimister's. But, mister, I ain't at all clear yet about them wet goods," I heard him say, as I cantered off after the lady in white. She was lost to view almost as soon as I started, and when I reached the end of the street, I was just in time to see her give her first stroke, as she was seated in a small light canoe on the lake. I galloped after her, waving my hand; when she saw me, she turned her boat round and came back. "I was told that if I followed you, you would lead me to Mr. Donald Phimister's. But I don't quite see how I can do it on horseback," I said, as she came gliding up to the pretty little landing-stage. "No, sir, I guess it's too far to swim. Are you the 'colonel'?" she asked, with just the faintest of blushes overspreading her pure, colorless face. She was a pretty girl, cultivated and ladylike. "Yes, I am,—at least Mr. Phimister always calls me such; though, of course, I have no right to any such title." "Oh, that doesn't matter. I am so glad you have come, and won't uncle be glad! Here, Rob Mackenzie, take this gentleman's horse to the stable, and look after it well," she called out, with an air of pretty command. A sandy-haired young Scotsman came forward from a group of onlookers, and took my horse. "Have you any baggage, sir?" she enquired. "Yes, lots of it, but it is in St. Louis." "Ah, then it can't come across to-day, as it is a good thousand miles off." "You see, I have been in the woods nearly a week, and I had to reduce my traps to the smallest compass. They are all there," I said, pointing to one or two ingeniously packed bundles back and front of the saddle. "Bring everything across at once,

Rob. You had better take the gentleman's rifle, too." "I forgot to say that I left some of my baggage about a mile from here, on a hillock yonder. It is in the form of a dead bear, which I wish you would look after for me," I observed to Rob, as I handed him my rifle. "On Hickory Mound? Ye dinna say ye've gone and shot the big bar-r, sir?" exclaimed Rob, in a tone, as I thought, of some disgust. "I'm afraid I have. Was he one of the pets round here?" I asked. "You bet, sir. He was worth three hundred dollars of any man's money. He's been one too many for all of us. No end o' money has been won and lost on that varmint dooring th' last five year. I'd very weel like to hear how ye did it, sir." "Rob, get about your business, and don't keep the gentleman standing here all day," came in sweet tones of authority from the boat. "Some other time," I said to comfort him, as I turned away and entered the canoe. Of course, I volunteered to do the pulling, but my lady of the lake only smiled and shook her head. When I offered to steer, she shook her head again, and laughed right out. At another time I should have thought her laughter was melodious. "You row first-rate, but that is no reason why you should tire yourself,—I really shouldn't upset you," I answered, for her merry laugh was equal to a good many words. "I guess you would, sir, in two minutes. This is a very curious piece of water, and dangerous for strangers. It is very deep in most places, and full of treacherous rocks. Look here." I bent over to the left, and there, a few inches from the surface, was a long, sharp blade of rock. The girl gave two or three swift strokes, then she said, "Now look here." I bent over to the right, and under my eyes was a series of six or seven teeth of ugly rock. "It is so half the way across," she remarked, as she settled to work, and sent the skiff rushing through the water in grand style. After that I sat thinking, holding my breath, wondering at her skill and nerve. The old Indian pilot at the La Chine rapids was a duffer compared with her. Presently my attention was drawn to the waving of what looked like a small flag, by some one on the top of a lofty, tower-like structure on the island. "Ah, that's uncle," exclaimed the girl. "He is signalling to me from the observatory." Thereupon she ceased rowing, and, pulling from her pocket a couple of handkerchiefs, one red and the other white, she began to flag-signal in a rapid manner. In a little while she said, with a pretty laugh, "There, he

knows all about you now. I am to tell you that you are as welcome as a king. I guess he has set the telephones at work by this." The words were scarcely off her tongue, when suddenly the quiet air was rent with the loud blooming of three cannons that were discharged in quick succession. "They have been loaded for a week, awaiting your arrival," laughed the girl, enjoying my astonishment, which was not unmixed with alarm. "It is very kind of your uncle, but ——" Up went the lady's finger, and, at the same moment, there came a crash of melodious sound that almost brought the tears to my eyes. It was nothing less than the pealing of sweet-toned bells that might, for all the world, have been swinging in the old tower of some English village church. Ding, dong, dell! Ding, dong, dell! Ah me, how the dear, familiar sound did creep into the secret places of my soul, and shake it! Said the girl softly, "That was my idea. I thought that maybe it would remind you of home, sir." Ten minutes later, I stepped ashore, and the grey man, Donald Phimister, grocer and dry-goodsman, had my hand in both of his. "Ay, but ye are welcome, colonel, ye are welcome to my heart and home, and God bless ye!" And the bells, the heart-shaking bells, were still pealing! Somehow, the memory of my coming to Leg o' Mutton Island has to this day subtle elements of pathos, piety, friendship, and romance, such as lend to it the peculiar distinction of rarity and richness.

The size of the island was some sixty acres, of which twenty consisted of beautiful gardens in perfect order, while another forty acres were devoted to park land. And a prettier park in miniature could not be found in all England; there were a score of trees in it of immense size, hale and vigorous, and the youngest of them had watched the coming and the going of five hundred summers. There were about a dozen cottages for gardeners, an observatory, a church of Gothic design, and a parsonage; other buildings there were none save the "Mansion," as it was not inappropriately called. This was a large wooden house of no particular order of architecture, but beautifully proportioned and of most imposing appearance. On all four sides was a broad and lofty verandah, fifteen feet wide, supported at equal distances by Corinthian columns exquisitely carved. And the inside of the house was in keeping with the outside. I dined that evening in a room that was fit for a king's banqueting-room. There was still a mag-

nificent glow in the west when, dinner over, I followed Phimister on to the verandah, where coffee, cognac, and pipes were brought to us. We had been smoking and chatting for some little while, when I saw in the garden below us the lady of the lake, in company with a tall, handsome fellow who looked the gentleman all over. "Who is that with your niece, may I ask?" "Oh, that is Mompesson, our parson. He and Dorothy get on very well together. What do you think of him?" said my host. "I should have taken him for an Englishman, and a gentleman to boot." "Ye would, eh? Well, he is both of them to a certainty. He's very popular with the boys too; short sermons, but full of sound sense and pure eloquence. He fills his church." "You don't mean the one on the island?" "Why, of course I do. It's the only one there is within a hundred and twenty miles." "Well, but the lake — isn't it dangerous crossing?" "For strangers and fools mighty dangerous, but we all know the channels round here. Any way, we have had no accidents on Sundays in my time. I must make you acquainted with Mompesson. You will like him, and he is a fellow with a bit of a history." There was that in Phimister's tone which seemed to say: Ask me what it is, and I will tell you. Of course I asked him. "I don't know that I mind telling ye, colonel. He is an Oxford man, an ordained priest of the Church of England, a second cousin to the Earl of ——, and his real name is ——. Mompesson is only one of his Christian names." "Is that all?" I asked, my nimble curiosity sinking into dull disappointment. "No, not quite. Six years ago, one night in New York city, I picked him up ragged and tattered, famished and dead drunk in a gutter in the Bowery." "Indeed. An interesting condition for a parson to be found in. Was he given to that kind of thing?" "In a way, he was. Drink had ruined him, and when I found him he was about as low down as possible. You see what sort of a fellow he is now. A better man isn't to be found in all the States and Territories of the Union." "And do the people here know his history?" "Everything except his real name, and his cousinship to the earl. But they didn't at first; I wouldn't let him say a word about it. It came out in this way: About eighteen months after his settlement here, there came to Leg o' Mutton Prairie a young Englishman. He was hard up, and I took him on. On the first Sunday he didn't come over to church, but on the next he

did, and on the following Monday, he comes to me with a long face, and says, 'Mr. Phimister, I've got something very serious to tell you. Your clergyman is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Thirty months back I knew him in New York as a common drunkard.' Just then I happened to look out, and saw Mompesson coming to the house. I went out and received him in another room. With a white face he said abruptly, 'What I dreaded has happened. I have been recognized, and I am no longer of any use here.' 'Who has recognized you?' I enquired. 'There is nobody fresh about except young Bob Stanley.' 'But Robert Stanley knows me only too well. We slept in the same bed for two months in a low lodging-house.' 'Well, what if you did? He is not likely to chatter about it. Have you ever wronged him in any way?' I enquired. He answered, 'No. I pawned my only shirt and my only waistcoat to get him a meal with, when he was famished. One morning he got up before I was awake, and walked off with my boots. And from that time till last Sunday I never put eyes on him. In church I caught his eye, and he grinned wickedly. How I got through the service, Heaven only knows.' I made him promise to stay dinner with me and talk the matter over, and then I returned to Mr. Bob Stanley. I asked him what was to be done in the matter, and he said it was monstrous to allow a man like that to enter the pulpit. When I pointed to his obvious reformation, Mr. Bob sneered, and wound up by saying that he should feel it to be his bounden duty to let everybody he came across know the truth. My blood began to tingle, but I kept calm as I said, 'But he pawned his only shirt and his only waistcoat to get you a meal, didn't he?' At this he flushed and coughed, and finally said, 'That is no reason why a hypocrite and an impostor should be allowed to disgrace the cloth.' 'Any way, young man, he never stole your boots and marched off with them, did he?' I said quietly. For a moment he turned quite white, then his face flushed, and with an oath he cried, 'The skunk! I can do him more damage than he can me. And I will, too, by G——!' This was more than I could well stand, so I pulled the bell and sent for four of my gardeners. When they came in, I said to them, 'This is Mr. Bob Stanley. He came here hard up, as you know, and I took him on. But he is a mean cuss, and means badly. Take him across to the mainland, put him on a mule,

give him ten dollars and a week's keep, and ride him fifty miles out of Leg o' Mut-ton Prairie. If he shows his face here again, put him in the public stocks, and send for me. And if he says a word against me or the parson or Miss Dorothy, strip him and give him twenty strokes with a bit of rawhide for the first slander, and twenty for the second, and twenty for the third, and so on till he holds up or dies. Now off with him.' Did I do right, colonel, ay or nay?" "On the whole, I think you did quite right," I answered. Phimister smoked a while in silence, then he said, "The next Sunday, without giving me a hint of what he was going to do, Mompesson got up into the pulpit, and just made a clean breast of the whole thing to the boys. Lord, colonel, to my dying day I shall never forget it. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he told his sad tale, and the women all cried and sobbed, and the boys kept wiping their eyes with the backs of their hands, and snuffing up their noses like a pack of snivellers. And oddly enough, colonel, d'ye know that outburst of snivelling sympathy worked wonders among the boys. It was just like a Methodist revival; it seemed to convert a lot of them, and did everybody good. Since then, Mompesson is boss here. They almost worship him."

It was some time later in the evening when, pointing to a large building with a cupola that stood prominent in the little town on the border of the lake, I enquired what it was. Said Phimister, "Oh, that's a very important building, colonel. I built it five years ago. It is the town hall, law court, public library, post-office, and bank all in one." "You are in the building line as well as groceries and dry goods, then, are you?" "Oh yes. Besides that, I am a justice of the peace, postmaster, banker, chairman of the board of selectmen, lumber merchant, and a farmer to boot." "Then I don't wonder you have retired to this lovely island, in despair of fulfilling one-half of your duties." He eyed me keenly for a moment or two, and then he laughed softly. "It is a pretty place, dinna ye think?" "Pretty is no word for it. It is loveliness itself." "And the house, colonel—ye don't mind me asking ye, I know,—it is well built, well furnished—in good taste, colonel?" There was something almost touching in his eager yet apologetic tone. "As for the house, Mompesson's cousin, the Earl of ——, has got a couple of fine country seats that I know of, but your



place is worth both of his put together." A smile of exquisite content played upon Phimister's face, and his grey eyes twinkled brightly. "Then if Dorothy — she is all I have in this world of blood kindred — if my niece Dorothy should ever marry a man whose second cousin was an English earl, and the earl should come shooting again, as he did two years ago, within two hundred miles of here, and he should get an invitation to come and see them — and he'll not find them poor, though he may have an earl's notion of wealth — ye think honestly my place will not disgrace him, or them, or myself — eh, colonel?" "No; it is fit for a duke to live in. But does the wind blow that way, then?" "Maybe it does. I should like to live to see poor Mompesson reconciled to his friends. He is a right down noble fellow." "He is a lucky dog, anyway," "He is if he wins Dorothy," answered Phimister proudly. "But what will his lordship think of the groceries and dry goods?" "What I ken ye did, colonel — meanly. But, if need be, I can paint that out in ten minutes." "Yes, paint is cheap enough." "Colonel, ye're inclined to be cynical, which is a bad habit. If ye will bite, I must bark. Ye see this island and all that is on it; ye see yonder town, every shop and store and house and building in it; ye see this beautiful prairie five and a half miles long by three broad, its rich crops and pastures and great herds of cattle; and the mighty forest of fine timber that encircles it all? Well, every stick and stone and drop of the lot belongs to Donald Phimister!" Well, of course, I opened my eyes in astonishment. "Dinna ye think now, colonel, that I can afford the paint wherewith to paint out the groceries and dry goods?" "Well, I don't quite know. I think, however, if I were you, I would put the paint to a better use; I would simply paint a new sign, and every letter in groceries and dry goods should be a yard long." When our laughter had died away, said Phimister: "It is getting chilly. Let us go in, colonel, and have a glass of toddy and a talk about the old country. And I mind me, ye were hot on Indian mounds when I last saw ye. Come in and we will discuss it all." So we went indoors, and followed the programme strictly — to wit, toddy, the old country, and Indian mounds.

On the morning of the second day after my arrival, we started on our first mound-exploring expedition. The sun was just rising above the backwoods as we landed on the mainland, where we found a demo-

crat,\* with four horses awaiting us. The party consisted of Phimister, Miss Dorothy, Mompesson, myself, and a certain jovial young doctor who had studied in New York, Edinburgh, and Paris. This gentleman later in the day informed me quietly and gravely that his name — which was Killeen — had decided for him his avocation; and he added, with a touch of sardonic humor, that he was "getting on" first-rate. Phimister took the ribbons, and away we went at a spanking rate. We had three miles only of osage orange hedges, Indian cornfields, and rich grass land; then we entered the pungent pine woods, and I soon understood why we had been turned out with such a lordly team of four beautiful horses. Sometimes axle-deep in mud, we floundered on through bog and swamp, the horses going at a jumping gallop, their bodies gleaming with sweat and clotted all over with white patches of foam. Five miles of this brutal collar-work, and then the ground rose gently, and we found ourselves rolling softly and deliciously over a smooth carpet of grass that deadened all sound, eased every jolt, and was a balsam for aching bones and a sedative for strained nerves. Two short miles across this lovely little prairie on which there was no hillock or dimple, no stone or root, no tree or shrub, no leaf, nut, or needle, — nothing but a rich covering of velvet verdure; and then the pines closed in again, and the dim lights of the mighty woodland were upon us. In a small clearing, with only narrow slits of sky visible through the tops of the tall trees fifty feet overhead, stood the smoky log cabin of a backwoodsman. In front of the cabin stood a perfect scarecrow of a horse, and astride the horse was its owner, Long Dick. He wore no coat or vest, and as his trousers ended three or four inches from the top of his boots, we could see that he had no stockings; he rode bareback, and his legs hung down within a foot of the ground. A long, lean, wrinkled, cadaverous piece of sallow and solitary humanity. His dark eyes were bright, and his mummy-like countenance had indisputably a look of keen intelligence, though how it came there, and in what mysterious lines it was expressed, I was totally unable to discover. When it is added that his leather pants were yellow, his flannel shirt a dingy red, his black hair long and curling upon his shoulder, and his battered billycock without a rim was stuck jauntily on his head, — it

\* A Western vehicle.

will easily be believed that there was a touch of the picturesque about Long Dick. "I heard yer comin' when yer rose out o' th' swamp, an' I'm mounted, yer see," was his only answer to Phimister's salutation. "You mean to say you heard us coming over the grass three miles off? That is too thin, Dick." "Too thin, eh, boss? Wal, I ony know this: if me ears couldna do so much, I'd cut 'em off, so help me!" And with a look of great disgust, Long Dick steered his horse round and rode gravely off under the trees, giving us to understand by an indifferent wave of his arm that, if we cared to, we might follow him.

Seeing that he was our guide to a certain mound we were after, we followed him, but at a respectable distance, since our horses seemed a little shy at the strange figure made by Long Dick and his scarecrow animal. In about forty minutes we came to a lovely bit of natural clearing, along one side of which ran a large stream, between high banks of yellow clay, from which the water gathered its color. Suddenly halting near the stream, Long Dick sang out, "Here's Yaller Creek, an' theer's th' mound. An' it's not me that wishes yer good luck. Why canna yer let 'em lie in peace?"

The sentiments of our guide were at that moment, however, of small interest, and all eyes were fixed upon the mound. There it stood, in the middle of the glade, a large, grassy mound, almost circular in shape, fifteen feet in diameter at the base, eight or nine high, and sloping gracefully to the crown, whereon grew a solitary maple. Long Dick took charge of the team, and led it away some distance into a shady nook near the creek. We stood in a group, silent, each thinking his own thoughts, looking on the red man's forest grave. The air was sharp with the odor of the pines, the sun was hot, the eye was attracted by the swift, curving darts of innumerable dragon-flies, but there was no sound of bird or beast, and the great silence was broken only by the chirp of the grasshopper, or the passing drone of a wild bee. Surely, blessed at least in his burial was the red man, with a mound of sweet earth for a monument, and the sighing of the great woods for a perpetual requiem. That a dead chief lay there was apt, and easy of belief; but it was difficult to realize that that quiet, lovely glade had once been filled with earth-carrying Indians — dancing, yelling, making strange lamentations, and performing savage and grotesque rites.

The return of Long Dick, the man of sentiment, broke the spell that was upon us; and while he seated himself in the shade, with his back against a tree, and began to smoke, we seized upon spades, picks, and drills, and set to work. We drove a double trench, in the shape of a cross, right through the mound, to the depth of three or four feet. Four hours of steady, solid work, in a scorching sun, made us quite ready for luncheon. We were covered with sweat, dust, and blisters; cartloads of soil had been removed, without revealing the slightest trace of human remains. All we had come across were ten or a dozen well-formed arrow-heads, and a flint hammer, beautifully fashioned. We had finished lunch, and our pipes were nearly through, when Phimister said, "Dick, I guess it's a sell, — ain't it, lad?" "Maybe it is, an' maybe it ain't," answered Dick oracularly. "Ye said ye knew a mound where there were bones to a certainty, by Yellow Creek." "I didn't say as how I would dig 'em up for yer, though," retorted Dick, with grave disdain. "Mon alive, who the deil asked ye to dig them up? An' ye didn't know, why did ye pretend ye did?" To this enquiry the man of bear and wild honey made no reply, but sat for some minutes smoking serenely, with a dreamy, far-away look in those dark eyes of his that seemed to match so oddly with his mummy-like countenance. Presently we rose to our feet to resume work. Just then Long Dick picked up two small stones, and said, "Look here, boss. Watch these stones." With an easy jerk he threw first one and then the other; they both fell upon a section of the mound that was unopened. "Yer saw wheer they fell, boss? Wal, th' first un lies above his head, and th' next lies above his feet. That's all theer is to it, boss." And with a sigh Long Dick turned his face away, and went on smoking.

We looked at each other, but no one laughed or even smiled; we had all heard Long Dick's sigh. We left him alone, and returned to our work. We cut a new trench, and having opened it up several feet in depth, Phimister began to drill. He had sunk about a yard when suddenly he stopped, and a strange look came over his face. His eyes were unusually bright, and I noticed that his hands trembled. "What is it?" I asked. "I've struck it, colonel. Come and feel," he answered, in a low tone that sent a tingle of excitement through me. One after the other we tried the drill. Yes, it was rock unquestionably,

and probably the roofing of the grave. Then we, like Phimister, felt our hands tremble and our hearts throb. Down went the spades into the heavy soil with a will. What a joy it was to dig and dig and dig! The click! click! of the spade, and a sudden jarring of the handle, told us that we had reached the rocks. Carefully now did we remove every ounce of soil, until there lay before us quite bare the top of a rude arch of large, flat stones. We paused, and Phimister called Long Dick to come and see the opening of the tomb. He put his pipe into his coat pocket, and came and stood on a heap of the upturned soil, and looked down upon the arch, and his eyes were pathetically sad, to my thinking. Slowly and with infinite caution we removed stone after stone, until at length the place of the dead lay open and entire before us. The bottom was strewn with yellow sand evidently drawn from the neighboring creek, and the sides were plastered thickly with clay of the same color. Seated side by side, with their legs outstretched and facing east, were the skeletons of a man and a woman. At the man's feet lay the skeleton of a dog. The bones indicated a tall, strong man of about fifty. Across his knees lay the barrel of a gun, from which the stock had rotted. By his right side was the handle of a large knife, made of buffalo-horn, around which was a ferule of silver, black with age, but otherwise uninjured; all that remained of the blade was an oxyde perfect in shape and size. The doctor said that the sutures of the cranium of the woman indicated a person about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. About her neck were two strings of yellow beads; and there were evidences of her having been decked with mats and other fabrics of elaborate bead-work. I noticed that along the lines of the skeletons the bright yellow sand was covered with a dark-colored earth. Picking up a handful, I compressed it in my hand, and it adhered in a lump. The odor was so peculiar that I asked the doctor what it was like. "Guess it smells like clotted blood. Don't you know what it is?" "What!" I exclaimed, "you do not mean to say it is ——" "Yes, that was once human flesh. Odd, ain't it?" And with a light laugh he turned his attention once more to the skeletons.

He seemed to be making a most careful examination, not only of the remains, but of the surrounding earth, which he gathered in handfuls, and slowly sifted through his fingers. After some time he rose from

his kneeling position, and cried out, "Gentlemen, would you like to know who this red-skin was?" As he spoke he touched the skull of the man. "Yes, yes, who was he?" we all answered. "Well, then, this red-skin was — a *white man*!" We all laughed at this, and began to chaff him, but the doctor only smiled a superior smile, until there was a lull in the storm of banter, then he continued, "I don't object, gentlemen, not a bit. But for all that, I'm right. He was no more a red-skin than I am. That gun across his knees struck me as being mighty strange for an Indian. And I have seen too many Indian skulls not to know that this one here ain't the genuine article. Besides, look here. Would an Indian wear these?" He opened his hand, and there were two large brass buttons, that might have lately ornamented the jacket of an English game-keeper. "Dick," cried the doctor suddenly, "what's the natural color of a red-skin's hair?" "A red-skin's hair is alles long, lank, an' black," answered Dick solemnly. "That is so, gentlemen; black hair always, and lank, not wavy, because it is structurally cylindrical, and not oval, in section. The doctor paused, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for some moments, and at last fished out five hairs. Three were quite black, and measured from two feet to two feet six inches in length; the other two were four or five inches long, and of a light brown color. Oddly enough, while the black hairs were perfectly straight, the brown ones were wavy to a degree. "There, gentlemen, there is the crowning proof. I found these black hairs on the skeleton of the young woman — who was unquestionably an Indian. The wavy brown ones I found behind the man's back. I dare say there are more to be found, if you look. I affirm this is the skeleton of a white man." "But how comes he to be buried with an Indian girl?" inquired Phimister. Then he turned and said abruptly, "You, there, Long Dick, whose bones are these?" "It was an Ogalala burial, and it took place forty-two year ago this next fall. I was rising ten at the time, and I sat up in a tree and seed the whole thing from beginning to end. There were scores of Ogalala braves and squaws on hand, and their chief was called Shun-Ka Lu-Ta, meaning Red Dog," answered Long Dick. "All right. But whose bones are these?" said Phimister, almost sternly. "She was Red Dog's daughter." "And the man — who was he? Indian or white man?" "He was — a white man," answered Long

Dick slowly, and with evident emotion of some kind or other. "What was his name?" "Richard Trueman." "You knew him?" "He was — wal — boss — he was — *my father!*"

*P.S.* — Mompesson married Dorothy, came home, and is now the vicar of a small but beautiful parish between Thames and Tweed.

From Temple Bar.

A POET'S FRIEND.

JOSEPH SEVERN.

NEVER could Solomon's saying, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," be more aptly applied than to Joseph Severn! And this involves no reproach on brother or other friend of Keats. Circumstances gave Severn the opportunity denied to Keats's surviving brother and to his earlier friends. When the sudden and alarming increase of illness took place in the summer of 1820, and Keats was "under sentence of death from Dr. Lamb," a winter in Italy was advised as giving the only chance of a recovery of health. Of the poet's brothers, Tom had died the year before, and George had gone to seek his fortune in America. Cowden Clarke and others of his earlier friends were out of reach. Charles Armitage Brown, a most kind and intimate friend, who had accompanied Keats in his tour in Scotland, and had already nursed him through his first serious attack earlier in the year, was absent in Scotland when he received the news that Keats had been ordered to Italy. He immediately hurried home, but arrived a day too late, the vessels conveying the two friends actually passing a night side by side at Gravesend unknown to both.

Joseph Severn, when he offered to accompany Keats to Italy, was twenty-seven years of age, therefore two years older than the poet. He had just attained great honor at the Royal Academy, having gained the gold medal for historical painting by his picture of Spenser's "Cave of Despair." This medal had not been adjudged for twelve years for lack of merit in the pictures offered for competition. When, therefore, it was bestowed on so young and unknown a painter as Severn, great was the astonishment and discomfiture of the rival candidates, and great in proportion must have been the pride and satisfaction of the young painter who had

long worked at his picture in secret. But at the call of friendship Severn was ready to risk all his new and brilliant prospects. The medal he had gained brought with it solid advantages. On condition of the artist sending in certain pictures at certain times, the Royal Academy would pay his expenses for three years' travel on the Continent. His sanguine temperament forbade him to doubt that Keats would recover, and that he would be able to fulfil those conditions. Indeed, after the sad frustration of his hopes, he reproached himself, according to the fashion of a generous mind, with having been selfish and calculating. But it is clear that whatever delusions he had nourished before starting, they must have vanished very shortly after stepping on board the *Maria Crowther*. Keats was in reality already in the last stage of consumption, and in this wretched little vessel, bad accommodation and bad food neutralized the beneficial effect of the sea air; violent storms tried the tempers of captain, crew, and passengers; while contrary winds lengthened a period of misery which was yet added to by a ten days' quarantine. By the time they reached Naples, Keats felt despair creeping over him. "We will go at once to Rome," he writes. "I know my end approaches, and the visible tyranny of this government prevents me from having any peace of mind. I could not lie quietly here, I will not even leave my bones in the midst of this despotism." With relentless determination the terrible disease came on. At Naples Keats could still, at any rate, complain that he was unable to describe the beauties of the glorious bay; his "intellect was in splints," he said in writing home. By the time he reached Rome he was past even that stage — "his shattered nerves," says Lord Houghton, "refused to convey to his intelligence the impressions by which, a few months earlier, he would have been rapt into ecstasy." He wrote home, but it was only to bid a last farewell to the friends he had left behind and loved so dearly — adding the cry of despair, "Oh, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers!" But neither Severn's tender care nor physician's skill could avert the catastrophe! On December the 14th Severn announced to friends at home, "I fear poor Keats is at his worst." And on February 23rd he breathed his last. Between these dates how terrible the sufferings of the dying poet and his devoted friend! Keats was, from the first, a prisoner in his rooms in

the Piazza di Spagna, close to the residence of Dr. Clark, the physician to whose care he had been recommended. "But," as Lord Houghton says, "Rome was at that time far from affording the comforts to the stranger, now so abundant; and the violent Italian superstitions respecting the infection of all dangerous disease rendered the circumstances of an invalid most harassing and painful." Here, as his illness increased, Severn, his only companion and nurse, could never leave him but for a few moments while he slept. "Not a moment," Severn writes, "can I be from him. I sit by his bed and read all day, and at night I humor him in all his wanderings." He prepared his food, lighted the fire, performed all the offices of the sick-room, and with immense labor removed the sufferer from one room to another. "Poor Keats has just fallen asleep; I have watched him and read to him to his very last wink; he has been saying to me: 'Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention — you don't know what you are reading — you are enduring for me more than I would have you. Oh, that my last hour were come!'" Then came the grinding pinch of poverty! The funds, generously supplied by Mr. Taylor the publisher, who had advanced £150 to Keats on account of his poems, began to fail, and the day came when Severn was without means to procure absolute necessaries for his dying friend.

If I could leave Keats [he writes] every day for a time, I could soon raise money by painting; but he will not let me out of his sight, he will not bear the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money — that would kill him at a word . . . I have had the hardest task in keeping from him my painful situation; I have kept him alive week after week. He has refused all food, and I have prepared his meals six times a day, till he had no excuse left.

During the night of January 28th, to keep himself awake, Severn drew the deeply pathetic portrait, by far the best we have, of his poor friend as he lay asleep — his forehead bathed in the cold dews of death. "Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend; he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall upon me they close gently, open quietly and close again till he sinks to sleep. This thought alone would keep me by him till he dies." At last to Keats came the longed-for release, and on Severn the blow

fell, which fifty years afterwards he thus refers to: "Although 'tis half a century since the disaster, yet I feel it most severely." On the 23rd of February, 1821, the poet's glorious spirit went to "join the choir invisible," his "bright falcon eyes" were dimmed in death, the "promise of longevity given by his fine compactness of person" was belied, and three days later all that was mortal of John Keats was laid by his devoted friend in the beautiful cemetery at Rome.

Of that now honored grave, Severn wrote in April, 1863: —

It only remains for me to speak of my return to Rome in 1861, after an absence of twenty years, and of the favorable change and enlargement during that time of Keats's fame, not as manifested by new editions of his works, or by the contests of publishers about him, or by the way in which most new works are illustrated with quotations from him, or by the fact that some favorite lines of his have passed into proverbs, but by the touching evidence of *his silent grave*. That grave, which I can remember as once the object of ridicule, has now become the poetic shrine of the world's pilgrims, who care and strive to live in the happy and imaginative religion of poetry. The head-stone, having twice sunk, owing to its faulty foundation, has been twice renewed by loving strangers, and each time, as I am informed, these strangers were Americans. Here they do not strew flowers, as was the wont of olden times, but they pluck everything that is green and living on the grave of the poet. The *Custode* tells me that, notwithstanding all his pains in sowing and planting, he cannot "meet the great consumption." Latterly, an English lady, alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the verdure on and around the grave, actually left an annual sum to renew it. When the *Custode* complained to me of the continued thefts, and asked what he was to do, I replied, "Sow and plant twice as much; extend the poet's domain; for, as it was so scanty during his short life, surely it ought to be afforded to him twofold in his grave."

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided!" And this, not because eight-and-fifty years afterwards the aged painter was laid beside the youthful poet, but because they will ever be named together by posterity; and so long as the English tongue endures to maintain the fame and bewail the untimely loss of Keats, so long will Severn's name be known and loved and joined with his. And we are glad to feel that even in his lifetime Severn enjoyed the well-deserved reward which is not always granted to self-sacrifice and devotion. We find him thus writing — September 1st, 1863,

to Mrs. Speed (daughter of George Keats):—

This is a line to assure you that I am the "one devoted friend until death" of your illustrious relative John Keats, and that it has gratified me highly to be addressed by you in consequence of your reading my essay, "On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame." As I had the happiness to meet his sister here (Madame d'Llanos) after forty-five years, I trust it may also be my happiness to meet some news of his family in Rome, where I am likely to remain all my life, and where I first came in his dear company in November, 1820, and on his account. Although on my part so mad a thing as it seemed at the time, and was pronounced so by most of my friends, yet it was the best and perhaps the only step to insure my artistic career, which no doubt was watched and blessed by his dear spirit, for I remained twenty years without returning to England, and during that time, the patrons I most valued came to me as "the friend of Keats." These have remained faithful to me and mine, no doubt inspired by the revered name Poet. The success of my family (three sons and three daughters) has turned on this. The chief of these patrons I may mention is the present Chancellor of the Exchequer (W. E. Gladstone).

The essay alluded to by Severn in this letter as having called forth expressions of gratitude from Keats's niece, appeared in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1863, and is entitled "On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame." It is a highly interesting paper, though somewhat miscalled, and as it is unknown and inaccessible to most readers, some account of it with a few extracts may be acceptable. Writing to Americans, Severn congratulates them on having been more quick to appreciate the genius of Keats than his own countrymen.

It is a singular pleasure [he says] to the few personal friends of Keats in England (who may still have to defend him against the old and worn-out slanders) that in America he has always had a solid fame, independent of the old English prejudices. . . . Here, in Rome, as I write, I look back through forty years of worldly changes, to behold Keats's dear image again in memory. It seems as if he should be living with me now, inasmuch as I never could understand his strange and contradictory death, his falling away so suddenly from health and strength. He had that fine compactness of person which we regard as the promise of longevity, and no mind was ever more exultant in youthful feeling. I cannot summon a sufficient reason why in one short year he should have been thus cut off, "with all his imperfections on his head." Was it that he lived too soon, that the world he sought was not ready for him?

Severn then proceeds to describe the happy engagement which had promised so fair, and which Keats found harder to relinquish than life itself:—

In Italy he [Keats] always shrank from speaking in direct terms of the actual things that were killing him. Certainly the *Blackwood* attack was one of the least of his miseries, for he never even mentioned it to me. The greater trouble which was engulfing him he signified in a hundred ways. . . . He kept continually in his hand a polished oval white carnelian, the gift of his widowing love, and at times it seemed his only consolation, the only thing left him in this world clearly tangible. Many letters which he was unable to read came for him. Some he allowed me to read to him; others were too worldly, for, as he said, he had "already journeyed far beyond them." There were two letters, I remember, for which he had no words, but he made me understand that I was to place them on his heart within his winding-sheet.

Those bright falcon eyes, which I had known only in joyous intercourse, while revelling in books and nature, or while he was reciting his own poetry, now beamed an unearthly brightness and a penetrating steadfastness that could not be looked at. It was not the fear of death—on the contrary, he earnestly wished to die—but it was the fear of lingering on and on, that now distressed him; and this was wholly on my account. Amidst the world of emotions that were crowding and increasing as his end approached, I could always see that his generous concern for me in my isolated position at Rome was one of his greatest cares. . . . From day to day, after this time, he would always demand of Sir James Clark, "How long is this posthumous life of mine to last?" On finding me inflexible in my purpose of remaining with him, he became calm, and tranquilly said that he was sure why I held up so patiently was owing to my Christian faith, and that he was disgusted with himself for ever appearing before me in such savage guise; that he now felt convinced how much every human being required the support of religion, that he might die decently. "Here am I," said he, "with desperation in death that would disgrace the commonest fellow. Now, my dear Severn, I am sure, if you could get some of the works of Jeremy Taylor to read to me, I might become really a Christian, and leave this world in peace." Most fortunately I was able to procure the "Holy Living and Dying." I read some passages to him, and prayed with him, and I could tell by the grasp of his dear hand that his mind was reviving. He was a great lover of Jeremy Taylor, and it did not seem to require much effort in him to embrace the Holy Spirit in those comforting works.

Thus he gained strength of mind from day to day just in proportion as his poor body grew weaker and weaker. At last I had the consolation of finding him calm, trusting, and

more prepared for his end than I was. He tranquilly rehearsed to me what would be the process of his dying, what I was to do, and how I was to *bear it*. He was even minute in his details, evidently rejoicing that his death was at hand. In all he then uttered he breathed a simple Christian spirit; indeed, I always think that he died a Christian, that "*mercy*" was trembling on his dying lips, and that his tortured soul was received by those Blessed Hands which could alone welcome it.

Severn then tells of the great kindness and encouragement he received in Rome,

in the midst of persons who admired and encouraged my beautiful pursuit of painting, in which I was then but a very poor student, but with my eyes opening and my soul awakening to a new region of art, and beginning to feel the wings growing for artistic flights I had always been dreaming about. In all this, however, there was a solitary drawback—there were few Englishmen at Rome who knew Keats's works, and I could scarcely persuade any one to make the effort to read them, such was the prejudice against him as a poet.

Severn then proceeds to relate some anecdote too unpleasantly characteristic of the aged poet Samuel Rogers, who was staying in Rome the first Easter after Keats's death. Dining one day with Sir George Beaumont, Rogers was asked by his host if he had been acquainted with Keats in England.

Mr. Rogers replied, that he had had more acquaintance than he liked, for the poems were tedious enough, and the author had come upon him several times for money. This was an intolerable falsehood, and I (Severn) could not restrain myself until I had corrected him, which I did with my utmost forbearance, explaining that Mr. Rogers must have mistaken some other person for Keats; that I was positive my friend had never done such a thing in any shape, or even had occasion to do it; that he possessed a small independence in money, and a *large one in mind*. The old poet received the correction with much kindness, and thanked me for so effectually setting him right. Indeed this encounter was the groundwork of a long, and to me advantageous, friendship between us. I soon discovered that it was the principle of his sarcastic wit, not only to sacrifice all truth to it, but even all his friends, and that he did not care to know any who would not allow themselves to be abused for the purpose of lighting up his breakfast with sparkling wit, though not quite, indeed, at the expense of the persons then present.

The last and most remarkable instance given by Severn of the universal change in the estimate formed of Keats and his poetry, as witnessed by him during his long life, is that of Sir Walter Scott during

the painful visit which he paid to Rome just before his death in 1832.

I had been [says Severn] indirectly made known to him (Sir Walter Scott) by his favorite ward and *protégée* the late Lady Northampton (Miss Clephane), who, accustomed to write to him monthly, often made mention of me: for I was on terms of friendship with all her family, an intimacy which in great part arose from the delight she always had in Keats's poetry, being herself a poetess, and a most enlightened and liberal critic.

When Sir Walter arrived, he received me like an old and attached friend; indeed he involuntarily tried to make me fill up the terrible void then recently created by the death of Lady Northampton at the age of thirty-seven years. I went at his request to breakfast with him every morning, when he invariably commenced talking of his lost friend, of her beauty, her singularly varied accomplishments, of his growing delight in watching her from a child in the island of Mull . . . that in his great misfortunes, in all their complications, he had looked forward to Rome and his dear Lady Northampton as his last and certain hope of repose! She was to be his comfort in the winding-up of life's pilgrimage; now, on his arrival, his life and fortune almost exhausted, she was gone! *gone!* After these pathetic outpourings he would gradually recover his old cheerfulness, his expressive grey eyes would sparkle even in tears, and soon that wonderful power he had for description would show itself, when he would often stand up to enact the incident of which he spoke, so ardent was he, and so earnest in the recital.

Each morning, at his request, I took for his examination some little picture or sketch that might interest him, and among the rest a picture of Keats (now in the National Portrait Gallery of London); but this I was surprised to find was the only production of mine that seemed not to interest him—he remained silent about it, but on all the others he was ready with interesting comments and speculations. Observing this, and wondering within myself at his apathy with regard to the young lost poet, as I had reason to be proud of Keats's growing fame, I ventured to talk about him, and of the extraordinary caprices of that fame, which at last had found a resting-place in the hearts of *all real lovers of poetry*.

I soon perceived that I was touching on an embarrassing theme, and I became quite bewildered on seeing Miss Scott turn away her face, already crimsoned with emotion. Sir Walter then falteringly remarked, "Yes, yes, the world finds out these things *for itself at last*," and taking my hand closed the interview—our last, for the following night he was taken seriously ill, and I never saw him again, as his physician immediately hurried him away from Rome. The incomprehensibility of this scene induced me to mention it on the same day to Mr. Woodhouse, the active and discriminating friend of Keats, who had col

lected every written record of the poet, and to whom we owe the preservation of many of the finest of his productions. He was astonished at my recital, and at my being ignorant of the fact that Sir Walter Scott was a prominent contributor to the review which, through its false and malicious criticisms, had always been considered to have caused the death of Keats. My surprise was as great as his at my having lived all those seventeen years in Rome, and been so removed from the great world, that this, a fact so interesting to me to know, had never reached me.

Severn concludes his essay with an account of a picture he was then (1863) engaged in painting of the poet's grave:

The classic story of Endymion being the subject of Keats's principal poem, I have introduced a young Roman shepherd sleeping against the head-stone, with his flock about him, whilst the moon from behind the pyramid illuminates his figure, and serves to realize the poet's favorite theme in the presence of his grave. This interesting incident is not fanciful, but is what I actually saw on an autumn evening at Monte Tertanio the year following the poet's death.

Mr. Walter Severn, a son of Keats's friend, has made a beautiful drawing for the *Century* of the graves of Keats and Severn, side by side beneath the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and it is there mentioned that the stone erected to the memory of Severn, and which exactly resembles that to Keats with the alteration only of a palette on the marble instead of a lyre, was erected by "several American poets, from among whom two — Longfellow and Holland — have since followed into the 'silent land.'"

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From Murray's Magazine.

AN INTERNATIONAL CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

AMONG the countless projects, more or less modest and reasonable, for the amelioration and advancement of things in general, to which the modern reader's attention is somewhat distractingly invited, hardly any scheme perhaps could sound to most men's ears at once more pompous and more futile than the notion of an international census, or widely reaching collection, of cases where sane adults have experienced hallucinatory sights and sounds. To invite civilized mankind to record, not what they have really seen, but what they fancied they saw; not what they really heard, but what they fancied they heard; not the facts of nature, but the

figments of their own brains; this certainly looks like a chase of shadows which a sensible man may fairly let alone.

Yet this is the invitation issued by a group of men who at least are not idlers or dreamers; the International Congress of Experimental Psychology lately held in Paris under the headship of Professors Charcot, Ribot, Richet, etc.; and attended by some scores of those physicians and others who, in the various countries of Europe and America, interest themselves in that wide range of inquiries — from heredity to hypnotism — by which we are now learning to analyze with a new exactness the intimate constitution of man.

A few words of explanation will help to show that there is nothing paradoxical in the importance now attached to hallucinations, and that the lessons to be learnt from them, already of great value, are likely to be rapidly extended by further knowledge such as the census seeks.

Writing for a popular audience I will avoid as far as possible the use of technical terms, and must refer those who wish to see the subject more philosophically treated to Mr. Gurney's essay on hallucinations, contained in "Phantasms of the Living," vol. i., p. 456 (Trübner).

In the first place, we must distinguish between *hallucinations* and *illusions*. By an *illusion* is meant the misinterpretation of some real sensory object, as when Sir Walter Scott took a hat-stand with cloaks upon it for Lord Byron, or the late Mr. Proctor took a surplice hanging on his bedroom door for a ghost with outstretched arms. Such misinterpretations are very apt to spread by suggestion from one observer to another, as a crowd of peasants have sometimes taken an odd cloud in the sky for a fiery cross or a fiery hand. In fact we almost always observe objects in a summary manner; we look at them just enough to recognize them, that is, to fill up our observation with memories of what we have observed before. Illusions, naturally, are extremely common, and vary in degree from the very slightest mistake or misreading of the objects on which we look to a degree of mis-sight or error which involves a good deal of actual seeing of what is not there to be seen, or hallucination, properly so called.

Of hallucination the best definition is, I think, Mr. Gurney's: "A sensory hallucination is a percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognized as lacking, the objective basis which it suggests."

An example will make these distinctions



clear. Suppose that I have a friend Smith whom I expect to see. I see some other man in the twilight and take him for Smith. This is a mere *mistake*; but it probably involves something of *illusion*; that is to say, that my mental interpretation of the vague figure actually seen contains certain elements drawn from my recollection of Smith. I go into the house and see Smith, as I fancy, sitting in a chair by the fire. On going closer I find that what I saw was only a coat thrown over the back of the chair. This is a full-blown illusion, and it possibly contains something of hallucination also. Part of the form of Smith, perhaps, was actually invented, was actually externalized, by my mind, — was not merely the result of unconscious *selection* amongst the confused lines of the coat and chair. I then sit down and think of Smith. If I have good visualizing memory I can fancy Smith sitting in the chair — can draw a sketch of him as he would look in the chair, correcting my drawing from time to time by reference to the picture of him in my "mind's eye." But this is *not* a hallucination. I am not deceived by my self-summoned picture. It is called into being by the conscious part of my mind, and I know perfectly well that it is only my imagination.

And now suppose that I suddenly see Smith walk into the room — as I think. I start up to greet him, but the figure passes on and walks out through the wall. This is a *hallucination*; it is a percept, or thing seen (I am here for simplicity's sake taking *sight* as the representative sense), which lacks the objective basis which it suggests; that is to say, which does not really tell me truly that Smith is there in the room, and would be seen by other persons as well as myself. And note at the same time that it has required a distinct — though of course a momentary — act of reflection on my part to assure me that this figure was not actually Smith. This act of reflection was not needed when I had merely summoned up a mind's-eye picture of Smith. That was not a hallucination, it was a figure which my conscious self summoned up, and I knew (in a certain sense) why it came and how it got there. But the unexpected figure of Smith coming in at the door was summoned up by some unconscious part of myself; it took me by surprise, it was a hallucination.

Once more. Suppose that I go to sleep and *dream* that I see Smith. Is this a hallucination? The answer must be: Yes,

dreams are hallucinations. It is a figure evoked not by conscious effort, but from some unconscious region of my mind. And an act of reflection is needed to enable me to be sure that it is not a reality. The act of reflection in this case is of course so habitual and easy that it generally passes unnoticed; but a dream may easily slide into a waking hallucination. I may dream of Smith, and after waking I may still seem for a few moments to see him standing beside me. In such a case the dream actually manifests itself as a sensory hallucination; there is the dream-image; and for a few moments it deceives even the waking senses.

Well, then, hallucinations are images — sensations of sight, sound, taste, smell, touch — which are not due to any object in the world about us, and are not set going by our conscious mind, but by some working of the brain of which we, our recognized habitual selves, are not aware. And, having got thus far with our definition, we see at once both why hallucinations have in times past been neglected even by philosophers, or treated as mere meaningless disturbances of our rational being; and also why, with the gradual rise of a more searching psychology, they come to have a profound interest of their own.

The reason is that they are messages whose obvious superficial meaning is false or nonsensical; but from which, nevertheless, an indication may be drawn of the nature of processes within us which we cannot get at in any other way.

The value in diagnosis of the indications given by the hallucinations of the *insane* has long been recognized. With the hallucinations of insanity or delirium, however, we have here nothing to do; our present inquiry is restricted to sane persons, most of them, as we shall soon see, in perfectly normal health. Now until lately it was hardly thought possible for a sane and healthy person to undergo a hallucination. Hallucinations were vaguely confounded with *nightmares*; and if any one said that he had "seen a ghost," the recognized joke was to bid him "cure it with a pill" and avoid late suppers. Now late suppers will certainly produce nightmares, — vague, dreamy oppressions of circulation or breathing, etc.; but, oddly enough, we cannot find among several hundreds of recent first-hand cases, which we have collected and studied, a single one where over-eating seems to have been the exciting cause of any definite hallucinatory figure or voice. *Starvation*, indeed, does produce hallucinations; so that

if my reader should "see a ghost," and wish to ascribe it to his own interior condition, he may at least console himself by supposing that he has eaten too little instead of too much.

But the fact is that until a few years ago hardly anything was known as to these casual hallucinations of the sane. The same scanty anecdotes were repeated over and over again; and it hardly occurred to any one that the *content* of the hallucinatory pictures might be a valuable key to mental processes impossible to reach by other means. Two independent researches were then made which have given quite a new aspect to the study. In the first place the French hypnotists (Liébeault, Richet, Bernheim, etc.) showed again, as the older mesmerists had shown long ago, that it was possible to create in certain healthy subjects vivid and prolonged hallucinations by *suggestion* in the hypnotic state, — such suggestion taking effect either immediately, or at any subsequent date which the operator may choose to assign. That is, the hypnotizer can either say to his subject, "See, there is B. Go and shake hands with him;" or he can say, "At noon next Tuesday, B. will enter your room, and you will shake hands with him," and in each case the subject will see B. at the time and in the attitude thus previously fixed for him. In this way hallucinations can be manufactured in any quantity; and we can analyze the elements of which they are composed, noting how much of the detail is due to the hypnotizer's suggestion, and how much to the subject's own mind.

An important step had thus been made in the study of the mechanism of *experimental* hallucination. There still remained the need of some wider knowledge as to what hallucinations *spontaneously* occur. It is to the late Mr. Edmund Gurney that we owe the first systematic attempt to supply this information on a large scale. He set on foot the first census of hallucination in 1885, and succeeded, after much trouble, in getting five thousand seven hundred and five persons, selected at random, to answer questions somewhat resembling those which I shall presently describe. With the resulting information to go upon, the study of the hallucinations of the sane has left the anecdotal and entered on the scientific stage. A multitude of psychological questions are opened up; nor can any discussion on the nature of memory, the association of ideas, the scheme of images by which thought is carried on, the relation

between the conscious and the unconscious mind, etc., be henceforth conducted without reference to what the study of hallucination has taught us.

Still more recently, a further discovery, or rather *re*-discovery of an ancient phenomenon, has shown still further possibilities of instruction. In a paper on "Some recent Experiments in Crystal-gazing," in Part XIV. of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" (Trübner), we find the rational interpretation of many a discredited story from the Dark Ages or the East. Crystal-gazing, in fact, is simply an empirical method of inducing artificial hallucination. If a person gifted with the right kind of visual memory — or whatever the faculty be — looks intently into some clear object, undisturbed by reflections, he will gradually see scenes or figures shaping themselves therein. These figures are plainly analogous to figures seen in dreams; they seem generally to proceed from some unconscious stratum of the gazer's own mind; they rarely depict anything which he might not conceivably have dreamt. But at any rate there the figures are; they are the hallucinations experimentally produced; the gazer can watch their behavior — sometimes even through a magnifying-glass — and become, as it were, the conscious spectator of the automatic working of his own mind. Little is as yet known as to the conditions which tend to produce these figures; but there seems thus far to be no evidence that they are morbid phenomena, but rather to the contrary, that they come in times of healthy tranquillity, and are put a stop to by illness or fatigue.

These self-induced hallucinations, however, lie outside of our present subject. I mention them here in order to illustrate the growing change in our attitude towards hallucinations. We are ceasing to look on them exclusively as signs of injury or disturbance; we are beginning to regard them as messages transmitted upwards from the unconscious to the conscious self.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that there may be a good deal of knowledge to be gained from the study of these singular by-products of the human mind. Let us see in what way the census attempts to gather it.

Professor William James, Cambridge, Mass., will send to any one willing to aid, a Paper A., affording space for twenty-five answers, yes or no, to the following question: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a

vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

This question has been carefully framed so as to exclude, as far as possible, both *dreams* and mere *illusions*, or misinterpretations of real sights and sounds; and to include all hallucinations, except those of taste or smell, which are rare and difficult to distinguish from mere illusions. It will be observed, moreover, that reports of sounds other than voices are not asked for; the reason being that it is difficult to be sure that such sounds have not some physical, but undetected cause. The first point which we wish to make out is *what percentage* of sane adults have had any kind of hallucination. It is therefore just as important to collect negative answers as affirmative. The question should be put indifferently to any acquaintance of the collector's; he should not single out those whom he knows to have had some hallucination. Such persons should indeed be asked for their experiences, but a mark should be put to their names in the census-paper to indicate that the collector knew before he asked them that their answer would be yes. With a little care in this and other points, which I need not here explain in detail, it is possible to get a very fair sample of the experience of the community at large. There were good reasons for thinking that even Mr. Gurney's fifty-seven hundred formed a fair sample; and the number of replies which we now hope to collect should be five or ten times larger.

When, however, these answers yes or no have been collected, the greater part of the work still remains to be done. It remains to elicit the real meaning of the affirmative answers; and for this purpose, a Paper B. is submitted to each informant who has answered yes to the question on Paper A.

After asking for an account of the actual experience, Paper B. proceeds to inquire whether the percipient—the person who experienced the hallucination—was in grief or anxiety at the time. Grief and anxiety are popularly supposed to be strongly predisposing causes of hallucination; and no doubt they are so to some extent. But the result of our collections thus far,—both of Mr. Gurney's census and of many other inquiries made in different ways—has been to show that the influence of these moral causes has been

much exaggerated, and that *emotional* hallucinations (so to term them) form a small proportion of the total numbers. And here we approach the most curious point in the whole inquiry; the evidence, namely, that the percipient's hallucination is often due not to his own state, but to the state of some other person. The next question on Paper B. runs as follows: "Was the impression that of some one whom you were in the habit of seeing, and do you know what he or she was doing at the time?" Now in a proportion of cases which, as it stands at present, is far too large for chance to explain, the answer to this question would have to be, "the person whose figure I saw was *dying* at the time, although I was in no way aware of it."

It might have been expected that relatives watching by a deathbed, or anxiously awaiting the news of a death, might experience some imaginary sound or sight. But no ordinary explanation will meet the unquestionable fact that many trustworthy men and women have experienced the sole hallucination of their lives in the shape of the figure of a friend, at the moment when that friend, about whom they felt no anxiety whatever, was actually dying in some distant place. This, as some of my readers may know, is the main thesis which the testimony collected in "Phantasms of the Living" tends to prove; and during the three years which have passed since the publication of that work the evidence for that thesis, in this and other countries, has become materially stronger. The force of evidence of this kind is *cumulative*; and inasmuch as the detailed cases are tedious reading, and the whole conception of *telepathy*, or influence exercised at a distance by one mind upon another, is strange and repugnant to many minds, it will be necessary to go on patiently gathering fresh evidence for a long time before we can expect its weight to be generally admitted. But I beg of the reader to observe that in advocating and carrying out this present census we are offering to those who differ from us the only possible method of conclusively *disproving* our own view. Suppose that fifty thousand answers, or more, are collected from England, France, America, etc., and that among those answers we find few or no *veridical* or truth-telling hallucinations—sights or sounds which in some way coincide with some actual event, like a death, occurring at a distance, but a great multitude of *falsehood*-telling images; figures of friends whom the percipient supposes

to be dying, but who are really in their ordinary state, and the like — then it may become plain that we must explain away as the effect of chance even the close and detailed coincidences of which "Phantasms of the Living" affords many specimens. If the inquiry is pushed far enough, it must either refute or confirm our theory in a decisive manner. Other points of interest there will be on which the census will probably suggest as many problems as it solves. But on this point of *coincidence*, if only the inquiry goes far enough, the mere doctrine of chances must afford a conclusive reply.

Those of us who believe in these truth-telling or veridical hallucinations have at least, therefore, done all that we could to put our view to the test. We formed that view on the strength of evidence collected in a less systematic mode than the census offers, but greatly exceeding in amount all previously existing first-hand evidence as to the hallucinations of the sane. We tested this evidence as well as we could; travelling many hundred miles in order to obtain personal knowledge of our informants. We then published the evidence in full detail, endeavoring to bring out its weak as well as its strong points. Mr. Gurney then laboriously carried out his census, in order to ascertain whether there was such a multitude of merely delusive hallucinations in the world that the coincidences which we had discovered could be explicable by chance. The figures resulting from his census told strongly — I might say conclusively — against the explanation by chance. But it was still his wish — which is now being carried out — so largely to extend this basis of inquiry, that the result, on one side or the other, might come out with the clearness of a mathematical operation.

The public may, I think, be confident that the census will be fairly conducted. The name of Professor Sidgwick, whom the Congress has set over the task in England, does not need my comments. M. Marillier, who is managing the census in France, is necessarily less known to my readers; so I may say without offence that he was selected simply for his scientific competence, and that he is at present unconvinced of the existence of any veridical hallucinations at all, and inclined to press the explanations of *chance* and *defective testimony* to the utmost.

Whatever the truth may ultimately prove to be, surely the patient dispassionate collection of actual contemporary facts

is the only course worthy of fair-minded men in an age of science.

The next question on Paper B. brings us to a point of singular significance. "Were there other persons present with you at the time? and, if so, did they in any way share the experience?" Now hitherto hallucinations, strictly speaking, have been supposed as a matter of course to be confined to the one mind which creates them. Of course, *insane delusions*, of persecution and the like, are frequently propagated by suggestion from one insane person to another. But who would think of asking whether a stranger coming into the room while Nicolai was watching his phantasmal figures would have observed any greyish people passing through the apartment? The delusion depending on the state of Nicolai's brain must obviously be confined to the sufferer himself. Well, we have discovered a good many cases in which, contrary to all apparent probability, the same phantasmal figure has been observed, or voice heard — simultaneously, distinctly, and without traceable suggestion — by more than one percipient at the same moment. Look at this fact how you will, it is one of the greatest puzzles which psychology has ever encountered. We cannot wonder that persons who have had such an experience as this should altogether repudiate the idea of a *hallucination* — should assert that what they saw must have been in some sense a *reality*. And in the present state of our knowledge we cannot answer such remonstrances. We cannot bring forward cases where hallucinations which were provably the mere result of morbid states have been communicated without suggestion from one person to another. And, if the word hallucination be objected to, it may be dropped altogether. Its use has been avoided in the census-papers which I am describing, in order to avoid even the appearance of prejudging any question which the inquiry raises.

As an illustration of the kind of difficulty which meets us here, I will give a brief sketch of a case, not of an emotional or exciting kind, communicated to us independently by the two percipients, who have never talked of the matter and scarcely met since the month of the incident, and whose accounts coincide with remarkable closeness, considering that one account was written down nineteen years, and the other twenty-three years, after the incident. It is worth noting, by the way, that it is impossible to generalize as to

the degree of correctness of memory after the lapse of a given number of years. Sometimes details are utterly distorted after a few years' interval; sometimes, as here, independent accounts will reproduce the incident many years afterwards with no more discrepancy than there might have been were the story a week old. We printed this case in "Phantasms of the Living" (vol. ii., p. 348), on the strength of Mrs. Elgee's sole testimony, being then unable to trace her fellow-percipient, now Mrs. Ramsay, but whose married name Mrs. Elgee did not know. By a fortunate accident we lit on Mrs. Ramsay, who kindly consented to write out *her* account before reading Mrs. Elgee's; and we had then the satisfaction of perceiving that our confidence in Mrs. Elgee's accuracy of recollection had been fully justified. These two ladies, who were travelling to India together, but not otherwise intimate, were sleeping in the same room at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Cairo, in November, 1864. Both of them, without any communication, saw by the early morning light a figure in the room. It is absolutely impossible that the figure can have been a real person; and it was in fact recognized by Mrs. Elgee as the phantasmal likeness of [general, then] Major Elgee's intimate friend, Colonel L. (since dead), who was at that time in England, and who, as Mrs. Elgee learnt from himself subsequently, was at that moment — unless some error has crept into the dates — earnestly desiring to consult her as to an offered appointment. Well, if Mrs. Elgee alone had seen the figure, the hallucination (though unique in her life) might have been deemed a purely subjective phenomenon, and the coincidence with Colonel L.'s earnest thought of her might have been ascribed to chance. But the curious thing is that Miss Dennys (now Mrs. Ramsay) — who had never seen Colonel L., and knew nothing about him — actually saw the figure *first*. Mosquitoes had kept her broad awake; she saw the figure-form itself in the room and advance to Mrs. Elgee, and she saw Mrs. Elgee wake and show perturbation at the sight. Each lady describes the figure's movements and expression in much the same way, but the lady who did not know Colonel L., thinks that the figure had a beard, whereas Colonel L. had only whiskers and moustache. Mrs. Ramsay, like Mrs. Elgee, has never seen any other hallucinatory figure whatever. Now we do not of course expect that every one will implicitly accept the

explanations offered in "Phantasms of the Living" for this or cognate phenomena. Far from it; there must be a much wider attention directed to these problems before any consensus as to their solution can be attained. But the man who thinks that there is here *no* problem to solve — that the collection of further cases of the kind could teach us *nothing* — has surely marked out the limits of human knowledge with his own foot-rule in somewhat too confident a spirit.

The next question on our census-paper is as follows: "Please state whether you have had such an experience more than once, and, if so, give particulars of the different occasions." This question also has brought some interesting replies. In the first place, it is clear that if a percipient (like Mrs. Elgee and Mrs. Ramsay above) has had one single hallucination only in the course of his life, and if that one hallucination has coincided with the death or grave crisis of the person whose phantom is seen, the *evidential* value of the case is greatly strengthened. If the single hallucination of my life represents my friend Smith, and Smith dies at that moment, there is more ground for supporting a real connection between the two events than if I had several hallucinations every week; and it so happens that the majority of the persons who have had a *coincidental* or *veridical* hallucination have had no other hallucination whatever. But there are cases where the same percipient has had several, or many, hallucinations. Sometimes all of these seem to be merely subjective, and to occur only under special conditions of health. Sometimes, on the contrary, the same percipient will have experienced several hallucinations of varying kinds, all of which seem to have coincided with some external event which they in some way notified or represented. And sometimes — and these are not the least instructive cases — the same percipient will have had some truth-telling and some delusive hallucinations, which two classes will sometimes be distinguishable by his own sensations at the time, before the event is known.

I have indicated some of the more important points which the census-papers are intended to bring out. Thus far the collector's work, and the percipient's, will go; the task of weighing and analyzing the evidence is a more complicated one, and cannot be described here. Suffice it to say that our principle has always been to give our material fully to the world; to

afford our readers (as far as we can) the same opportunity with ourselves for independent judgment; and carefully to point out any mistakes into which we may discover ourselves to have fallen.

We will do our best, I say, to present the evidence in such form that others may be able to judge of its value as well as ourselves. But we cannot make bricks without straw. The success of the inquiry depends in reality on the number of persons whom we can persuade to expend a certain amount of time, trouble, and tact, in collecting first-hand evidence from their own acquaintances. Our group of active and capable volunteer collectors is a growing one; and we observe that, as soon as any one has looked deeply enough into the matter to feel its *reality*, his interest is pretty certain to continue and to increase. Considering how many people there are who are anxious for more light on the deepest problems, we may fairly hope that more and more of them will come to see that it is by collecting facts, and not by cherishing aspirations or spinning fancies, that light is ultimately won.

Light, I repeat, on the deepest problems which can occupy mankind. For although I have thought it right to explain that in the view of the majority of the *savants* who have set their sanction on this inquiry the fresh knowledge to be looked for is such as will fall within the domain of accepted science, ordinary psychology, yet I have no wish to conceal my own confident hope that more light will thus be shed, even as (I hold) much light has already been shed, on man's inmost nature, and his prospect of survival after death.

Up till the present time there has been scarcely any serious attempt to collect and weigh the actual *evidence* for our survival, in the same way as we collect and weigh the evidence — often still more sporadic and inferential — for all kinds of phenomena in the past or present history of the earth and man. The inquiry is virtually a new one; and although to those who are wont to scale the infinite with leaps and bounds ours may seem a sadly *terre-à-terre* proceeding, yet the advantage of *terre-à-terre* progress is that at least you feel firm ground beneath your feet.

A pike and a perch — my readers will recognize that this is a fact and not an apologue — were once confined in a tank, each on one side of a glass partition. For some months the pike butted constantly against the transparent barrier, with no

result except bruises on his nose. At last he concluded that the perch could not be caught, and ceased to try for it. The partition was then removed; and the pike could have swallowed the perch at any moment. But he had made up his mind that the thing was impossible, and he let his prey swim under his jaws without even making a snatch at it.

Now let the pike represent mankind, and let the perch stand for knowledge of an unseen world. The sheet of glass will be the supposed impassable demarcation between "material" and "spiritual" — "natural" and "supernatural" things. Perhaps if we make a bold dash we shall find that there is no barrier at all, and that perches innumerable are swimming about in our midst. Let us hope that the meshes of our census may be drawn tightly enough to catch them.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A SEQUENCE OF SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

THE clearest eyes in all the world they read  
With sense more keen and spirit of sight  
more true  
Than burns and thrills in sunrise, when the  
dew  
Flames, and absorbs the glory round it shed,  
As they the light of ages quick and dead,  
Closed now, forsake us: yet the shaft that  
slew  
Can slay not one of all the works we knew,  
Nor death discrown that many-laurelled head.

The works of words whose life seems light-  
ning wrought,  
And moulded of unconquerable thought,  
And quickened with imperishable flame,  
Stand fast and shine and smile, assured that  
nought  
May fade of all their myriad-moulded fame,  
Nor England's memory clasp not Brown-  
ing's name.

December 13th, 1889.

II.

Death, what hast thou to do with one for  
whom  
Time is not lord, but servant? What least  
part  
Of all the fire that fed his living heart,  
Of all the light more keen than sundawn's  
bloom  
That lit and led his spirit, strong as doom  
And bright as hope, can aught thy breath  
may dart

Quench? Nay, thou knowest he knew thee  
 what thou art,  
 A shadow born of terror's barren womb,  
 That brings not forth save shadows. What  
 art thou,  
 To dream, albeit thou breathe upon his brow,  
 That power on him is given thee, — that thy  
 breath  
 Can make him less than love acclaims him  
 now,  
 And hears all time sound back the word it  
 saith?  
 What part hast thou then in his glory,  
 Death?

## III.

A graceless doom it seems that bids us grieve;  
 Venice and winter, hand in deadly hand,  
 Have slain the lover of her lovely strand  
 And singer of a storm-bright Christmas eve.  
 A graceless guerdon we that loved receive  
 For all our love, from that the dearest land  
 Love worshipped ever. Blithe and soft and  
 bland,  
 Too fair for storm to scathe or fire to cleave,  
 Shone on our dreams and memories evermore  
 The domes, the towers, the mountains and  
 the shore  
 That gird or guard thee, Venice: cold and  
 black  
 Seems now the face we loved as he of yore.  
 We have given thee love — no stint, no  
 stay, no lack:  
 What gift, what gift is this thou hast given  
 us back?

## IV.

But he — to him, who knows what gift is thine,  
 Death? Hardly may we think or hope,  
 when we  
 Pass likewise thither where to-night is he,  
 Beyond the irremovable outer seas that shine  
 And darken round such dreams as half divine  
 Some sunlit harbor in that starless sea  
 Where gleams no ship to windward or to  
 lee,  
 To read with him the secret of thy shrine.  
 There too, as here, may song, delight, and  
 love,  
 The nightingale, the sea-bird, and the dove,  
 Fulfil with joy the splendor of the sky  
 Till all beneath wax bright as all above:  
 But none of all that search the heavens, and  
 try  
 The sun, may match the sovereign eagle's  
 eye.

*December 14th.*

## v.

Among the wondrous ways of men and time  
 He went as one that ever found and sought

And bore in hand the lamplike spirit of  
 thought  
 To illumine with instance of its fire sublime  
 The dusk of many a cloudlike age and clime.  
 No spirit in shape of light and darkness  
 wrought,  
 No faith, no fear, no dream, no rapture,  
 nought  
 That blooms in wisdom, nought that burns in  
 crime,  
 No virtue girt and armed and helmed with  
 light,  
 No love more lovely than the snows are white,  
 No serpent sleeping in some dead soul's  
 tomb,  
 No song-bird singing from some live soul's  
 height,  
 But he might hear, interpret, or illumine  
 With sense invasive as the dawn of doom.

## VI.

What secret thing of splendor or of shade  
 Surmised in all those wandering ways  
 wherein  
 Man, led of love and life and death and sin,  
 Strays, climbs, or cowers, allured, absorbed,  
 afraid,  
 Might not the strong and sunlike sense invade  
 Of that full soul that had for aim to win  
 Light, silent over time's dark toil and din,  
 Life, at whose touch death fades as dead  
 things fade?  
 O spirit of man, what mystery moves in thee  
 That he might know not of in spirit, and see  
 The heart within the heart that seems to  
 strive,  
 The life within the life that seems to be,  
 And hear, through all thy storms that whirl  
 and drive,  
 The living sound of all men's souls alive?

## VII.

He held no dream worth waking: so he said,  
 He who stands now on death's triumphal  
 steep,  
 Awakened out of life wherein we sleep  
 And dream of what he knows and sees, being  
 dead.  
 But never death for him was dark or dread:  
 "Look forth" he bade the soul, and fear  
 not. Weep,  
 All ye that trust not in his truth, and keep  
 Vain memory's vision of a vanished head  
 As all that lives of all that once was he  
 Save that which lightens from his word: but  
 we,  
 Who, seeing the sunset-colored waters roll,  
 Yet know the sun subdued not of the sea,  
 Nor weep nor doubt that still the spirit is  
 whole,  
 And life and death but shadows of the soul.

*December 15th.*

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. THE ASCERTAINMENT OF ENGLISH, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . . .	451
II. SAMUEL RICHARDSON, . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	459
III. HOLLAND HOUSE, . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	466
IV. HIS UNCLE AND HER GRANDMOTHER, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	470
V. A HANOVERIAN MARRIAGE, . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . . . .	483
VI. THE DECLINE OF GOETHE, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	493
VII. HOSTS AND GUESTS, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	501
VIII. SHIP-CANALS, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	506
IX. THE EPIDEMIC OF INFLUENZA, . . . . .	<i>Nature,</i> . . . . .	508
X. SOME MISSING POEMS OF SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, . . . . .	<i>Athenæum,</i> . . . . .	510
XI. SHEEP-SHEARING BY MACHINERY, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i> . . . . .	511

## POETRY.

TO A DAISY IN DECEMBER, . . . . .	450	"I WAS JUST FIVE YEARS OLD THAT DECEMBER," . . . . .	450
WAITING, . . . . .	450		
MISCELLANY, , . . . . .			112

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## TO A DAISY IN DECEMBER.

SAD, solitary daisy, did some dream  
Of unknown life and long-desired delight  
Flash on thy wintry slumbers like the gleam  
Of silent lightning in the summer night?

What sudden promptings pierced thy tender  
core,  
And thrilled the quivering fibres of thy  
root?

What secret longing never felt before  
Impelled thy leaves thus ere their day to  
shoot?

Did'st seem to hear the lark's light love-song  
run  
A down the sky, and fall extinct to earth?  
Did'st feel the glow of summer's golden sun  
Flush thy pale petals at its rosy birth?

Wast wooed with whispers by the warm west  
wind  
To dash the trembling dewdrop from thine  
eye?  
Did'st taste the kiss of one of thine own kind,  
And faint with new life feel content to die?

How sad to wake and find 'twas but a dream!  
To feel the blasts of winter's icy breath,  
And shiver 'neath the pale sun's cheerless  
beam,  
To hear no lark, to die a lonely death!  
Academy. PACET TOYNBEE.

## WAITING.

"In winter, Earth wears a pathetic aspect, because she is waiting for Spring, and this is better than Autumn, which looks so hopeless."

"BETTER calm death than dying life," I  
thought,  
As on the sodden earth the brown leaves lay,  
Or, fluttering from the boughs, day after day,  
Were still by wandering winds in legions  
brought,  
And cast on fields and woodland ways, and  
tossed  
From hedge to plain — and back in wild un-  
rest.  
Now, in this scene, by silence all possessed,  
No leaves appear, for, swept away and lost,  
Those sapless forms and dry no more are  
here,  
But yielding their sweet lives (once deemed  
so fair),  
Give nurture to the flowers and roots, and  
wear  
Themselves to dust, that in the new-born year  
Fresh beauty may arise; thus Nature weaves  
A crown of glory from her own dead leaves.  
Chambers' Journal. J. C. HOWDEN.

I was just five years old, that December,  
And a fine little promising boy —  
So my grandmother said, I remember,  
And gave me a strange-looking toy:

In its shape it was lengthy and rounded,  
It was papered with yellow and blue,  
One end with a glass top was bounded,  
At the other a hole to look through.

"Dear granny, what's this?" I came, cry-  
ing —  
"A box for my pencils? — but see,  
I can't open it, hard though I'm trying —  
O, what is it? what can it be?"

"Why, my dear, if you only look through it,  
And stand with your face to the light;  
Turn it gently (that's just how to do it!),  
And you'll see a remarkable sight."

"O, how beautiful!" cried I, delighted,  
As I saw each fantastic device,  
The bright fragments now closely united,  
All falling apart in a trice.

Times have passed, and new years will now  
find me,  
Each birthday, no longer a boy,  
Yet methinks that their turns may remind me  
Of the turns of my grandmother's toy.

For in all this world, with its beauties,  
Its pictures so bright and so fair,  
You may vary the pleasures and duties,  
But still, the same pieces are there.

From the time that the earth was first  
founded,  
There has never been anything new —  
The same thoughts, the same things, have re-  
dounded  
Till the colors have pall'd on the view.

But — though all that is old is returning,  
There is yet in this sameness a change;  
And new truths are the wise ever learning,  
For the patterns must always be strange.

Shall we say that our days are all weary?  
All labor, and sorrow, and care,  
That its pleasures and joys are but dreary,  
Mere phantoms that vanish in air?

Ah, no! there are some darker pieces,  
And others transparent and bright;  
But this, surely, the beauty increases, —  
Only — stand with your face to the light.

And the treasures for which we are yearning,  
Those joys, now succeeded by pain —  
Are *but* spangles, just hid in the turning;  
They will come to the surface again.  
Gentleman's Magazine. "B."

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE ASCERTAINMENT OF ENGLISH.

IN the year 1712 Dr. Jonathan Swift, the renowned author of "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Tale of a Tub," one of the literary magnates of an eminently literary age, published a pamphlet, containing a proposal for "correcting, improving, and 'ascertaining' the English tongue." The idea excited little attention except among the witlings and petty punsters, who hung on to the skirts of literature, as their successors do now, and who did their best, or their worst, to turn it into ridicule. These people were especially hostile in their own small way to the notion that the government should give any assistance to the project of establishing an Academy of Letters, similar to that which had not long previously been instituted in France by royal authority. The academy was the main recommendation of the plan by which Dr. Swift hoped to effect his much-needed reform. The proposal, in spite of the indifference and the opposition with which it was received, had much to recommend it, although the necessity of such a regulation of the literary language of the nation was much less imperative than it has since become. Dean Swift was not sanguine enough to hope that the reformation would apply to the wild and reckless colloquial speech of the multitudes which then as now was overburdened by vulgar slang unfit for the purposes of literature, and confined his efforts at correction and improvement to the language employed in books, or in the speech of the educated classes, of the bar, of the pulpit, and of the senate, and the ordinary conversation of refined and intelligent people. In those days slang was almost wholly confined to the lowest classes, to the tramps, the beggars, and the thieves, to whom books and letters were unknown, and whose jargon had not penetrated out of the slums, and the haunts of the dishonest and disreputable, into the ordinary conversation of gentlemen and gentlewomen, or become the stock in trade of vulgar and aggressive journalists of the lowest grade, and had not grown into excrescences and deformities on the fair body of literature.

Possibly the project would have had a

better chance of acceptance, if it had not been encumbered with the scheme of the academy on the Paris model, unwelcome to the English people because it was French, if for no other reason; and might have been considered on its merits, as the Dean of St. Patrick's doubtless hoped that it would be. But in those days everything that was French was unpopular; and literature itself was not much regarded unless its influence was directed to the support of factions and parties which were then, as now, the scandal and misfortune of Great Britain and all free countries, and governments dependent upon mob support. Had the ruling powers of that day understood the importance of literature to a great nation — great because of its literature, as well as on account of its arts, its arms, and its material wealth — and had had sagacity and forethought enough to include a minister of education, as well as a minister of war, of finance, and of foreign affairs, among its high functionaries, the project of the dean might have fared better at the hands of his contemporaries. This is a consummation, however, to which the nation has not even yet arrived, though some approaches have been made towards it.

In our School Board era — when the new generations are being taught to handle the tools of knowledge, to read, to write, and to cast accounts, and boys and girls think themselves educated because these tools of education are put within their reach, although the skill and the power to use them to advantage are not given them, or are possible to be acquired by them in the fierce competition for bare existence, consequent on the excess of population and the overcrowded state of the labor market in our narrow islands — a revival of the project of Dean Swift might have a more favorable chance of acceptance by the State than it had in his day.

The questions involved are still open for discussion. Our noble speech promises to become the predominant, though not perhaps the only, language of the civilization of the coming centuries, and is already heard like the morning drum-beat of British power in every part of the globe. It floats upon the wings of a widely per-

vading literature, and of a still more pervading commerce to the uttermost ends of the earth, and will inevitably be the speech, more or less preserved in its purity, or corrupted by ignorance, carelessness, or the imitative perversity of the semi-educated multitude of the young and mighty nations, now in their adolescence or early maturity, which have arisen or are arising in North America, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and every country where seed can grow or man can thrive, to take the place of such old grandfathers of civilization as the English, French, Italian, and German languages of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

The purpose of the present paper, as was that of Dean Swift a hundred and seventy years ago, is to treat of the purity and preservation of literary English, and to leave undiscussed and with slight mention the colloquial parlance of the multitude, which is governed by its own laws or by the absence of laws, and corrupted by the changeful, frivolous, and often base and degraded fashion of the time, and which has no claim to represent the culture of the nation; and to maintain a purity of language which it neither appreciates nor is able to understand. The subject naturally divides itself into three branches: *first*, the correction of old or new orthographical errors; *second*, the misuse of words that are still legitimate and necessary parts of the language; and *third*, the restoration to currency of the words that have been unnecessarily suffered to drop out of the speech of our cultivated ancestors, whose genius created and adorned our literature, and gave it a foremost place in the intellectual history of mankind.

As regards the first branch of the subject, few will deny that the orthography of the English language demands reform. We need not go the length of the fanatics of phoneticism (who would spell wife *yf*, knee *nee*, and write *eye* in the same manner as the personal pronoun *I*) to desire a change in the spelling of many English words which are a stumbling-block to foreigners as well as to natives. The instances of "plough," "though," "enough,"

"borough," "cough," "dough," "ought," in which seven words the letters ought to have seven different sounds, are more than sufficient to prove that a reformation in spelling is highly desirable, and that plough ought to be written and printed *plow*; through, *thru*, or *throo*; enough, *enuf*; borough, *burrow*, or *burro*; cough, *cawf*; dough, *doe*; and ought, *aut* or *ort* with the *r* quiescent. In like manner the verb "to do" ought to be written "to du" or "to doo," and the past tense of "to read" ought not to be spelled in exactly the same manner as the present tense of the same verb; but I did *read* (pronounced *I redd*) should be written phonetically; and I did *eat* (pronounced *I ett*, or *I ate*) should follow the same rule. Why the double *l* should necessarily be employed in the words spell, well, bell, smell, fell, and many others, while one *l* is considered sufficient in rebel, propel, excel, repel, expel, etc., is not apparent to ordinary intelligence, or explicable by any philological and etymological reasons.

Why English writers, talkers, and printers should persist in ignoring the past tenses of so many verbs in daily use passes comprehension, so needless and so anomalous is the lazy and incorrect habit into which some good writers as well as the vulgar have permitted themselves to fall. "I *bid* him do it *now*" is correct; but "I *bid* him do it *yesterday*," in which the present tense is used instead of *bade* in the past, is an indefensible corruption. Among the verbs which have been deprived of their past tenses and their preterites, may be specified to bet, to beat, to let, to spread, to shed, to cut, to put, and to shut. There are no grammatical or any other reasons why they should not have been among the verbs which have inflections in other languages, but never had in English, though they ought to have had if intelligent grammarians had had the original ordering of the language. "Can" and "must" have not even the infinitive "to can" and "to must." "Can" has a past tense ("could"), but no future, which can only be rendered by the paraphrase "I shall be able," or "It will be in my power." "Must" has neither a past nor a future — "I *must* do

it to-day" has to be put into the past tense by the roundabout locution, "I was obliged to do it," or "It was necessary that I should do it;" while the future of the verb *falloir*, which in the corresponding case, in the more precise language of the French, is *il faut*, becoming *il faudra* in the future, is in English only to be expressed by a periphrase, expressive both of compulsion and obligation in futurity. The same disability to express the future belongs to the verb *may*, which, like *can*, has no infinitive, though it has a past tense as *might*, but no future in *will may*, and no present participle corresponding with the French *pouvant*. The French are more precise than the English, and say "*il se peut*" and "*il se pourra*." But no such niceties of grammatical construction are permissible in the English. These defects are ineradicable and irremediable in the old age of the language, but might have been adopted in its youth if any great authors had given them currency.

The very common substitute of *had* for *would*, consequent upon the abbreviation of *I'd*, which does duty both for *I had* and *I would*, stands in a different category, and is easy of correction, if competent and fashionable writers would but take the trouble to understand the language which they employ. "I *had* rather not," instead of "I *would* rather not," is a phrase of constant recurrence in the editorial columns of influential journals of the first rank, and in the pages of authors of established reputation. The few following instances may serve to show the prevalence of the error.

People in the responsible position of ministers *had* better take time. (It *would* be better for people in the responsible position of ministers to take time.) — *Times*.

Interesting as is the subject, and eloquent as are the speakers, we *had* (would) rather hear them descant upon some other theme. — *Times*.

The preface *had* better not have been written. (It *would* have been better if the preface had not been written.) — *Morning Post*.

A gentleman of such delicate susceptibilities as Mr. Walpole *had* better not *have* trusted himself to a personal interview with Mr. Beales. — *Saturday Review*. (It *would* have

been better if Mr. Walpole had not trusted himself, etc.)

I *had* rather have lost an arm. (I *would* rather have lost an arm.) — THACKERAY, "The Virginians."

The account of it *had* better be given in his own words. (It *would* have been better if the account had been given in his own words.) — LEIGH HUNT, "The Old Court Suburb."

Reforms in the orthography not affecting the structure of a language, or much, if at all, affecting its grammar, are comparatively easy for any government, whether free or despotic, to establish. The fact is evident from the attempt successfully made by the German government in 1880 to purify the German language, as spoken in Prussia, from the literal excrescences which it had inherited from the past, or which had been suffered to grow upon it by the careless ignorance of new generations. In that year, the then minister of education under Kaiser Wilhelm the First (a monarch who personally cared little or nothing for literature, but was sensible enough to allow a free hand to his ministers), introduced, recommended, supported, and, as far as his authority extended, enforced several amendments in the recognized orthography of the German language. Of the first of these reforms no notice requires to be taken, inasmuch as it merely refers to the *umlaut*, or dots over the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*, which modify their pronunciation, and are sometimes represented by the diphthongs *ae*, *oe*, and *eu*. These modifications do not exist in English, or if they do, are otherwise represented. The second abolishes or substitutes a single *f* for a double *s* in the termination *niss*, equivalent to the English *ness*, as in *goodness*, *forgiveness*, etc. The third abolishes the *h* in words of which the syllable *thum* forms a part, as in *Eigenthum* (property), which is thenceforward to be written *Eigentum*. The fourth abolishes, as unnecessary, the *h* in such words as *Thier* (an animal), *That* (a deed), *Theil* (a part), etc. The fifth abolishes the *h* in all the words where it is not sounded, as in *Armuth* (poverty), *Athem* (breath), *Noth* (need), *Thurm* (a tower), *Wirth* (a host), *wuth* (mad), and many others. The sixth omits the *d* where it is mute and wholly unnecessary, as in

*Schwert* (sword), *Ernte* (harvest), and others, while the last abolishes the double vowels in such words as *Schaam* (shame), *Schooss* (a lap, or bosom), *queer* (crooked) — the root of our English queer — *Schaaf* (a sheep), *Loosing* (a lottery), etc.

The Americans have endeavored, in a minor degree, to introduce into their books an alteration in the common English spelling of words, in which it appeared to them that the vowel *u* was used unnecessarily. They print *honor*, instead of *honour*, *valor* instead of *valour*, *favor* instead of *favour*, etc., in which alteration they follow the Latin in preference to the French orthography. The reform, though of comparatively small value, has been accepted by American authors and printers, and might be advantageously adopted in the mother country. The change from *theatre* to *theater* has less to recommend it, though it is not without its advantages. They have also abolished the double consonant in such words as *traveller*, *waggon*, and others, a change of which the propriety is questionable. *Bitter*, with a single *t*, might be pronounced *biter*, and *waggon*, if written *wagon*, might become *way-gon*.

An English minister of education could have no difficulty in enforcing, by his authority and example, such reforms as these, and in introducing them into all acts of Parliament, blue-books, proclamations, and official documents of every kind. Printers and authors, without any compulsion, but by the sheer force of fashion and good example, would gradually conform themselves to the new spelling; all new dictionaries and schoolbooks would adopt it, obstinate and opinionated printers would follow suit, and in no long time the much-needed reform would establish itself upon a basis too firm to be shaken.

A grammatical reform would be a matter of much greater difficulty, and possibly no minister of education would have courage to grapple with it, and endeavor to reduce into order our irregular and imperfect verbs by the restoration of their past tenses and preterites. Such a task, however, if successfully accomplished, would confer lasting honor upon the memory of any minister. But what a British functionary, even of the highest rank, might vainly strive to do, British poets, novelists, historians, essayists, and orators might do, if they were of one mind on the subject, by setting the example of restoring to daily use the words that were good enough for Wickliffe, Tindal, Chaucer, the author of "Piers Ploughman," Spenser, and Shakespeare, but have, for no inher-

ent demerits of their own, fallen out of the speech and literature of the nineteenth century. The true poets and the great historians may be, and are, trusted to preserve, and even to restore, the beauty and the purity of the language. But no such merit can be claimed for the ordinary novelist, male and female, or the multitudinous writers of our too prolific journalism. Most of these seek popularity among the half-educated classes and the *alumni* of the School Board, and do their best to perpetuate the language of the streets, the stables, the smoking-room and the tea-table, and encumber it either with slang, or with senseless exaggerations or perversions of meaning. The multitude is parrot-like in its power of imitation of that which it often hears, and adopts the stupidest words and phrases, out of sheer want of thought, and the ignorant perversities of an imperfect education, or the abortive struggle to originate or to reproduce a dull jocosity. Even the better instructed classes fall into this idle and vulgar habit, and talk of *dilapidated* garments, *dilapidated* boots, and even of *dilapidated* lungs (a phrase employed by no less a talking master than Mr. Gladstone, as an excuse for not making a speech to the mob). Such mocking-birds describe the *christening* of a horse, a dog, a gun, a street, or a ship, utterly forgetful of the fact that to *christen* is to admit into the community of the Christian Church by the sacred rite of baptism, and that a thing, an animal, or a person may be *named*, without being admitted into the Christian fold, and that to name, even if to *clepe* (except in the past participle *yclept*) be obsolete, is a good English word.

Others equally, if not still more, vulgar, speak of a woman as one of the *feminine persuasion*, of a penny-a-liner casually employed on the cheaply conducted newspaper as a person of the *reportorial persuasion*, and of a sailor as being of the *naval persuasion*. These people seem to think that *persuasion* is synonymous with distinction of sex, or of employment, and not with a mere difference of opinion in religious matters. It is quite correct to speak of a person as being of the Protestant, the Baptist, or the Methodist persuasion, but it is both vulgar and incorrect to describe a jockey as being of the *horse-racing persuasion*, or a clergyman as belonging to the *pulpit persuasion*. Speakers and writers of this mental calibre never condescend to *support* or *agree to*, but are always ready to *endorse* a statement. They never *discuss* a subject, but always *venti-*

late it or "let the wind" into it. They describe a dinner party or a smoking concert as a *function*, and a person as a *party*. And if the parrot-like pertinacity of repeating the current words of society, whether it is used in newspapers or in novels, be so strong, it might, under authoritative direction, be made available for the repetition of legitimate and correct English words if influential speakers and writers would but study to use them.

"Function" is a favorite word among the penny-a-liners, male and female, and generally among the demi-semi-educated writers for the daily press, as well as among the multitude whose only literature is supplied by the penny newspapers. "Function" is correctly defined by the dictionaries as the task to be performed by a rational being as a duty, natural or acquired, or by a mechanical contrivance that answers the purpose for which it was constructed. Thus it is the function of a judge to hear and examine, and to deliver judgment; and the function of a barrister to plead for justice, the function of a jury to hear evidence, and of a vane or weathercock to turn with the wind — of a steam engine to draw or propel a carriage or a ship, and of the bowels in man and other animals to perform a part in the retention or digestion of food. But a concert of music, a garden party, a *fête champêtre*, or a dinner, a festivity, or a ceremony of any kind, is not a *function*, though the penny-a-liner and the *alumni* of the Board School speak and write of them as such.

Unfortunately gross errors and solecisms of speech have a greater tendency to establish themselves in popular favor than the correct expressions which they displace. The English public persist in calling the *gorse* berry the *gooseberry*, and *gorse-berry* foulé (gorse-berry crushed or mashed, from the French of the menu, *fouler*, to crush) as *gooseberry fool*. The English, in repeating to their children, the fairy tale of Cinderella, persist in calling her slipper one of glass (*verre*), which no lady could dance in, instead of the slipper of *vair* (miniver or white fur), which would offer no impediment to the little fairy feet of any sylph of the ball-room. They prefer also *sparrow grass* to asparagus — Peckham *Rye* to Peckham Rise — Peerless pool to perilous pool, and "feather few" to febrifuge, and say that a ship *swims* instead of *floats*, as if a ship were a duck or swan, and propelled itself through the water by its own volition.

A very objectionable word that has lately become popular, as the synonym of

dainty, is toothsome — from the supposed derivation of *dainty* from *dens*, a tooth. But dainty is not etymologically referable to *dent* or *dens*, but comes from the Keltic *deanta*, completed — perfect — finished. Shakespeare when he speaks of the "*dainty* Ariel" uses an epithet that has no relation to the palate, though it is commonly applied to articles of food and drink, as "a dainty dish" and "a dainty glass" of wine. The toothsome Ariel would be a vile phrase if *dainty* and *toothsome* were as synonymous as the persons who perversely use them consider them to be. *Toothsome* is otherwise objectionable if applied to the delicacies of the palate, for though we masticate with our teeth we do not taste with them. Taste is a faculty of the tongue and the palate, and does not disappear with the loss of the natural teeth or depend upon the usefulness of artificial ones.

Of course no language is theoretically perfect, but all languages, however imperfect they may be, are susceptible of improvement and extension by the progress of civilization and by the growth of new wants and ideas. But though susceptible of improvement, they are still more susceptible of decay. The English language, perhaps more than any other now spoken, has suffered losses which it ought not to have undergone, and received corrections which neither add to its dignity nor its usefulness, and express no new meanings better or more succinctly than they can be expressed by the previously existing words that were used by our ancestors and enshrined in their still living literature.

The English have lost many essential native words which their greatest writers once used, and have replaced them by weaker words from the classic languages of Greece and Rome, which there were not the slightest reasons to borrow. In the first of these two categories are to be placed the equivalents of such words as honor, virtue, education, religion, morality, patriotism, fame, glory, spirit, energy, and others, all of which had their synonyms in the early language, commonly but erroneously called the Anglo-Saxon. This language was not derived from the Saxon, a dialect never spoken in England or anywhere but in a small corner of Germany, where it was but a *patois*. The earliest English instead of being called Anglo-Saxon ought to have been called Anglo-Dutch, Anglo-Danish, or Anglo-Norman, of which, with a considerable modicum or residuum of Keltic or Gaelic, it was almost wholly compounded. Synonyms for

these absolutely essential words existed in the English language a thousand years ago, though but few of them have been suffered to survive, and even those in an attenuated and shadowy form — such as *worthship* for virtue, and *worship* for religion — *training* for education, *good manners* for morality, *ghost* for spirit, as in the phrase “the Holy *Ghost*” for the Holy Spirit, and “love of country” for patriotism. In the second category must be placed the absence of appellations of courtesy or respect applied to any but to persons of exalted rank. Such titles are to be found in other languages, but are not indigenous in English, where such honorary titles as Miss, Mistress, and Madam are all words of foreign derivation, mere corruptions of the French *maîtresse* and *madame*. Mister is but a form of the Latin *magister*. A word once used in English in a respectful but now only employed in a ludicrous sense was *dan*, as *Dan* Cupid, *Dan* Chaucer, and now surviving in the universities as “Don,” and in the Spanish Don and Donna derived from the Latin *dominus*, and from the still older Keltic word *duine*, a man. “Lord” and “Lady,” however, are strictly English words, and are both derived from the Keltic without any relation either to the Dutch, the Danish, the Norman French, or any of the branches of the Teutonic and sub-Teutonic, or of the classical tongues of antiquity. They are clearly traceable to the Keltic, though philologists of the old school who think themselves to be Saxons, refuse to admit the etymology. Earl, count, viscount, baron, marquis, duke, and their feminines are all foreign — as is king, if not queen, though each is English by adoption. Even the title of knight is not of English growth, while squire is notoriously of French origin, from *écuyer*, a shield-bearer — though perhaps not one squire, or esquire, out of a thousand ever bore a shield, or even saw one.

A still more remarkable deficiency in English is to be found in the non-existence of feminine nouns, that are common in French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other European languages. The French have *ami*, a male friend, and *amie*, a friend of the other sex. The Germans have *Freund* and *Freundin*, and the Italians *amico* and *amica*. The English has “companion,” which may be of either sex, but if the speaker who uses the word be desirous of a more particular description, he or she is compelled to resort to the coarse explanation of a “male companion,” or a

“female companion” — unless he use a more elevated form of expression and say a gentleman or a lady companion, though the companion may not be really either a gentleman or a lady. The French do better, and have *compagnon* and *compagnonne*. Attempts have of recent years been made to invent, to restore, and to re-establish feminine terminations to masculine nouns, as in poetess, authoress, and sculptress, but there are still numerous words that would be better understood if the same alterations were made in their terminal syllables. The French have *voleur* and *voleuse*, but the English have not *thiefess* or *robberess*, but must express their meaning by *female thief*, *lady thief*, and *woman thief*, which are all objectionable and inelegant.

The English has also the defect of not possessing any better or more available words than the affix of the primitive syllable *man* to describe the persons engaged in certain trades, pursuits, and professions, as a butterman, a porkman, an eel-pie man, a sportsman, a literary man, a postman, a workman, a pressman, a showman, a ploughman, a night man — all of which might have been more elegantly rendered if a grammarian of constructive genius had had the ordering of the English language in the earlier days of its formation. The same high functionary, in a simpler and ruder state of society, before the great bulk of the community had become shopkeepers, and when they were almost wholly engaged in the pursuits of agriculture, cattle-dealing, or were workers in metals, would have certainly been able to find and to invent a better word than “wholesale” to describe *murder* when it ceased to be the murder of a single individual. The English language desperately needs a better adjective to designate an *indiscriminate massacre*, than one derived from the till or the counting-house. It is almost hopeless, however, to expect that such a word will now be invented, or if invented that it will meet with general acceptance. Such a combination of adjective and noun as “indiscriminate massacre” would meet all the requirements of elegance and correctness, and would commend itself to the literary community as well as to the general public if it could be generally adopted. Wholesale robbery, wholesale swindling, wholesale flattery, and others of a like kind, are equally objectionable, though not quite so offensive as “wholesale murder,” and ought to be banished from speech and writing, as by far too suggestive of the shop and the warehouse. The

French synonym *en gros* is not open to the same objection, or so appropriate to a nation of shopkeepers as both the French and the English are.

Another deficiency in the English language is that of a verb which will express the act of drawing anything out of the water. We are made to say that we *fish* a dead body out of the sea or the river, and to *fish* any substance out of the water that has been lost or thrown into it, although the action might be expressed in a synonym, such as draw up, draw out, rescue, haul up, retire from, etc. And not only speakers but writers make use of the utterly inappropriate vulgarism of "fish." This word ought not to be permitted in literature.

The great strength of the English language, its bone and sinew, comes from its Dutch, Flemish, Danish, and other quasi-Teutonic words, and not from its borrowings from the classic languages of antiquity, with which it once did and could still dispense. These borrowings at the best are but ribbons and furbelows that scarcely adorn the loveliness of the nude Aphrodite on which they are fastened. At one time the thrusting of such weak words into the strong vernacular was a positive deterioration of the language. It may be said to have commenced with Chaucer, whose language was by no means "the pure well of English undefiled" that it is popularly represented to be, and was carried out by Lyly, the author of "Euphues," and by Lord Bacon (but happily not by Shakespeare), by Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Religio Medici" and "Urn Burial," and to a smaller extent by Dryden, Pope, Addison, and Samuel Johnson. The innovations of Chaucer and his less illustrious successors did not, however, take firm hold on the language, or emasculate the vigor which it derived from "Piers Ploughman," Wicliffe, and the admirable translation of the Bible by the ripe scholars of the time of James the First, and is still maintained in the speech of the uneducated peasantry. It is, however, fast diminishing under the modernizing touch of the democratic School Board, that qualifies female domestics and tradesmen's errand-boys to enjoy the penny novels and the murder and adultery cases in the newspapers. But the coinage of anglicized words of Latin origin is still too abundant, and either overload the language by their superfluity or enfeeble it by dilution and by distinctions without differences. When Samuel Johnson would have substituted

"post-prandial promenade" for "after dinner walk," he outraged the noble simplicity of the language of which he pretended to be a teacher, and put himself on a par with the silly young naval lieutenant who ordered a sailor to "extinguish the nocturnal luminary" instead of calling upon him to "put out the light," or the Irish major who ordered his men to *lave* a dirty soldier in the Liffey, because he thought to *wash* him in the Liffey was not a sufficiently elegant expression.

In literature the ladies who gush into novel-writing are worse offenders against good taste and the ordinary laws and amenity of the language than "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" but scarcely with the unaffected elegance and propriety of their predecessors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These ladies too often write as they talk, although they not unfrequently forget, when they have pens in their hands, that something more elevated than the gossip of the tea-table or the ball-room is requisite, if they would aspire to the dignity of the printed page, or recommend themselves to the favor of the more or less educated multitude who are the main support of circulating libraries. They employ words of which they do not always understand the meaning, and coin others which are not admissible into the dictionaries nor conformable to the rules of the language or even to the conventional usages of the upper and the lower classes, and not always comprehensible by the literate or the illiterate. The following examples, taken from the pages of one of the popular story-tellers of the day, afford amusing specimens of the want of taste and of the perverse ingenuity and cleverness of imperfectly educated young women when suffered to run riot in the literary field. It is not my purpose to advertise either the name of the authoress or the title of her book, but merely to present a few of the specimen bricks of the literary edifice which she constructs with the fatal unscrupulousness of what in the slang of the day is called a jerry-builder, to whom stucco is better, as well as cheaper, than granite, and lath and plaster than solid oak.

An *apricot* sunset.  
*Velvet-coated* stags.  
 The *amusingness* of the dinner.  
 Very *matter-of-factly*.  
 She replied *smubbingly*.  
 The *tail* of her bright eye.  
 It was a *beast* party.  
 A serene *flower* face.  
 She said in a *wounded* voice.



A *gossamer-dressed* September morning.  
 A *gold-misted* moon.  
 A *crisp* afternoon.  
 His head was in a *grisly whirl*.  
 A *soul and body biting* December dawn.  
 Having let the glass *chokily* down.  
 The chairs *stood on their heads*.  
 He was cross and *furry*.  
 In a state of *invalidhood*.

All these elegant extracts are from one novel. The following are from another, also written by a lady:—

Shall I ever forget my feelings as Frederick and I *sneaked out together, with our tails between our legs?*

He was as handsome as a Greek god, and he pleaded *with both his ultramarine eyes!*

A third female novelist of considerable repute, who writes good English when she devotes time and thought to the work as she sometimes does, has coined the verb *to peacock*, in an article on marriage in a monthly magazine. It is to be supposed that by *peacock* she means to flaunt or strut as the bird does; but, whatever she means, the word, as used by her, is vulgar and objectionable.

The great danger to which the purity of the beautiful and sufficiently copious English language is exposed arises from the offensive coinage of wholly unnecessary and mongrel words by the imperfectly educated vulgar, such as *to peacock*, just cited, *cablegram*, *parlous*, *lengthy*, and others that threaten to become permanent blotches upon the face of the language. *Lengthy* means long, though *strengthy*, with about as much reason, might equally well supersede strong. It might, however, grate somewhat harshly upon the not very sensitive ears of the people of the present day, if they were told that a person had had a *lengthy* ride upon a *strengthy* horse, or that another had had a *lengthy* struggle with a *strengthy* opponent. But we may come to that, nevertheless, if the penny press and the lady novelists will but set the example. *Lengthy*, however, it must be admitted, has merits of its own, when it signifies tediously long, and would cease to be objectionable if only used in that restricted sense. The abolition of the distinction between active and passive, personal and impersonal verbs, by speakers and writers, is an error. They do not reflect that the phrase "he *rushed* into the battle" is correct, but that "he *rushed* the book through the press" is grossly incorrect; or that the American boarding-house keeper who said she could "*eat* a hundred boarders, but could only *sleep* fifty," used the verbs "to eat" and "to sleep" in a

sense that (although it may have conveyed the meaning to her uncritical auditory) was a savage assault upon the head of poor Priscian, and that its perpetrator was guilty of a worse than Yankee outrage upon correct English. The slang of the streets and the stables, and of the would-be witty and comic young men of the universities and great public schools, is another predisposing cause of the increasing vulgarity of vernacular English. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but there is neither soul nor wit in such fashionable brevities as *vet* for veterinary surgeon, *exams* for examinations, *pub* for public-house, *comp* for compositor, Saturday *Pops* for Saturday popular concerts, the *Zoo* for the Zoological Gardens, *perks* for perquisites, *thou* for thousands, *cit* for citizen, *ad* for advertisement, *bizz* for business, and such Americanisms as "he goes out nights and works mornings."

A still more prevalent and more deeply rooted inelegancy is the use of the possessive case in such phrases as "a friend of Mr. Jones's," "a sister of Mr. Brown's," "a whim of Mr. Smith's," where the *s* with the apostrophe is clearly unnecessary. The "of" is quite sufficient as a mark of the possessive; and the French in similar cases would say, "un ami de M. Jones," "une sœur de M. Brown," and "une fantaisie de M. Smith," all of which could be correctly and clearly rendered in English without the *s*. This colloquialism should be left to the exclusive use of the illiterate, and never suffered to blossom into print.

Five hundred years are but a short time in the history of a nation, but long in the history and life of a language, unless the language becomes fossilized like Greek and Latin, and only exists in the literature of past ages. The language spoken five hundred years ago in England, copious and beautiful as it was, is all but unintelligible to the men of the present day, except to a few scholars; and the English of to-day is likely to be as unintelligible to the Americans and the Australians of the future as that of Beowulf to the School Board children and the shopkeepers of our time.

For this reason and for many others, it is incumbent upon us, who have inherited the precious literary legacy of bygone ages, to hand it down to posterity as we have received it from our illustrious ancestors, of the seventeenth and eighteenth and (now rapidly expiring) nineteenth centuries. The abortive proposals of Dean Swift are far more opportune in our day

than they were in his, and the correction, improvement, and ascertainment of the English tongue are easier of accomplishment by the quiet authority of a minister of education, whom public opinion is ripe to acknowledge, and whose efforts would indubitably be supported by the highest intellects of the time. The "ascertainment" of what is really and truly the classical English language, freed from the slang, the vulgar colloquialisms, the silly coinages of new words, and what may be called the "gabble" of the multitude, would not overtask the mental energies of any competent lexicographer whose work would receive the imprimatur of the minister of education. Such a man would not need to wander in the bewildering mazes of etymology, where he would be almost as certain to lose his way as his predecessors have done, but might marshal the literary words of the language into a compact army without inquiring into the pedigree of every soldier in the ranks. It is these generals and commanders of the noble army that fights all the battles of civilization with pens for swords, and thoughts for cannon-balls, and that ought not to be encumbered with the ragged rabble of camp-followers who pollute the wholesome air with their crazy shibboleths and make use of base slang, of no more literary value than the hissing of geese or the lowing of cattle.

The correction and improvement of the language are more difficult now than they were in the days of Dean Swift, in consequence of the unparalleled extension of an imperfect education among the laboring classes in this democratic age, but its "ascertainment" is not impossible of accomplishment. The third of the proposals of the dean is easy, if the works of the classic authors of the present and the last two centuries are to be the bases of the enterprise, and if the universities, the great public schools, and the government, by the agency of a responsible minister of education, will but unite their energies and work in concert.

CHARLES MACKAY.

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From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.  
SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

"SHORT; rather plump than emaciated, notwithstanding his complaints; about five foot five inches; fair wig; lightish cloth coat, all black besides; one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in

it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support, when attacked by sudden tremors or startings, and dizziness, which too frequently attack him, but, thank God, not so often as formerly; looking directly forthright, as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light-brown complexion; teeth not yet failing him; smoothish faced, and ruddy-cheeked; . . . a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistinesses from the head; by chance lively; very lively it will be, if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves and honors; his eye always on the ladies."

In a letter to his esteemed correspondent Lady Bradshaigh, this description of his own person, at the age of sixty years, is given by one who was in some sense the earliest, who is yet in some respects the greatest, of English novelists. Until his fifty-first year Samuel Richardson was known to the world only as a plain, upright man of business; to his friends, as a man of keen sensibilities and generous disposition, with a love of refined society and a remarkable propensity to letter-writing. But the genius so long dormant was destined at last "to burst out into sudden blaze." His occupation as a printer brought him into frequent contact with authors and booksellers. Two of the latter, his friends, acquainted, questionless, with his epistolary talent, desired him to "write for them a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves." This humble task he accordingly undertook, but he had not proceeded far before his awakening imagination revealed to him powers and possibilities hitherto undreamt of. He was like a man plodding along a close-hedged country lane, with no view but of the narrow pathway beneath his feet, the banks and hedgerows on either side of him; till presently, as he gradually ascends, glimpses of the surrounding country become more and more frequent, and at last, from some fortunate eminence he sees spread before him the whole smiling prospect, with its various charms, widening to the far-off faint horizon. Richardson conceived the idea, at that time wholly novel, of developing, by means of letters, a connected narrative. A true story, which had remained for years in his memory, supplied the necessary groundwork, and in two months the history of "Pamela" was completed.

To appreciate in its fullest degree the originality of Richardson's genius, it is requisite that the reader should be in some measure acquainted with the state of fiction in England in the early part of the eighteenth century. Before the publication of "Pamela," plays and poetry occupied much more of the attention of the reading public than prose fiction, a necessary consequence of the fact that from the days of Shakespeare the drama had maintained a position far in advance of the novel as a picture of life and manners. The prose fiction in vogue at this time may be discriminated into three classes—the French heroic romance, the love-stories of Mrs. Behn and her followers, and a third class which may pass under the denomination of fictitious memoirs, and in which may be reckoned the novels of Defoe, as well as some of more exceptionable character. Of these three classes the first appears to have been the favorite. The "Clelias" and "Cassandras" enjoyed a long reign, which might probably have been longer but for their insufferable long-windedness; never was title bestowed with greater propriety than upon these the appellation of *romans de longue haleine*. Their heroes and heroines are always of exalted rank, and endowed with every virtue under heaven. They are usually, moreover, persons of historical celebrity, and, indeed, one of the peculiar merits of these voluminous works is the new and unexpected light which they occasionally shed upon the annals of ancient Greece and Rome. Their prolonged popularity must be ascribed mainly to the perennial interest of those sentiments of love and valor, which, with howsoever fantastic extravagance of circumstance, it is their constant aim to inculcate. A late afterglow of the age of chivalry illumines their interminable pages, for the radiance of chivalry lingered in literature when the fact had long become obsolete. The supernatural machinery ridiculed by Cervantes, the giants, monsters, and magicians, the wise Merlin and the sage Urganda, had indeed disappeared, but the incidents recounted by the writers of heroic romance, though not in the same manner impossible, were equally wild and improbable with those narrated of Arthur, of Amadis, or of Huon. The curious reader whose courage is unequal to the task of attempting these ponderous volumes, will find much information respecting the *romans de longue haleine* delightfully conveyed in Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's charming novel of "The Female Quixote."

A closer observance of nature distinguishes the stories of Aphra Behn, and of her successors, Mrs. Manley and Mrs. Haywood. Of these the origin may possibly be traced back to the Italian tales so popular in England at the commencement of the seventeenth century. In the "Decameron" of Boccaccio we may perhaps discover the earliest expression of that interest in the common affairs of life which has since become the distinguishing mark of modern fiction. But these stories, though they bear to the facts of life a nearer relation than either the legends of chivalry or the heroic romances, rise not above the importance of mere episodes, and although Mrs. Behn and Mrs. Manley in their novels (the former, for instance, in "Oroonoko," the latter in "The Fair Hypocrite") give occasional evidence of more extended aims, they cannot be said to have made any great advance towards exact delineation of character. They have given us, as it were, histories of *passions* rather than of *persons*; nor do we find, throughout their productions, any prefigurement of the great school of fiction of which we may term Richardson the creator. Mrs. Haywood, it may be added, though her early performances possess a family likeness to the novels of the "admir'd Astrea," produced in later life, when Richardson and Fielding had already revolutionized the world of fiction, two novels of real merit in the modern style—the histories of "Miss Betsy Thoughtless," and of "Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy."

Of the class of fiction to which I have applied the designation of fictitious memoirs, the most popular performances were those which were dealt with the court intrigues and amours of the day—romances in which, under a transparent veil of pseudonymity, persons of rank and repute then living were labelled with a degree of license well-nigh incredible, and with an utter disregard of decency to which we can scarce find a parallel in literature. Mrs. Manley's "Atalantis" was the most famous of this obscene tribe. Another kind of memoir related to travels and adventures; to this division may be assigned "Gulliver's Travels" and the novels of Daniel Defoe. Defoe was practically the first English novelist who sought his subjects among the so-called lower orders of society. His romances, however, are not so much "novels," in the modern sense of the term, as imaginary biographies; they are panoramas rather than pictures; they present no regularly developed plot rising in a climax, nor do they deal, except ad-

ventitiously, with the passion of love, which forms the basis of most fictitious stories. The great merit of Defoe consists in the wonderful air of reality with which by circumstantial minuteness he succeeds in investing all his incidents. To use his own words in the preface to his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "It seems impossible any one but the very person who was present in every action here related could be the relator of them." Doubtless the long apprenticeship which, as a political pamphleteer, he passed in the art of making fiction look like truth, was in this respect of singular advantage to him; his works, at all events, possess the attribute of verisimilitude in a higher degree than those of any other English novelist except Richardson. He built, moreover, on the enduring foundation of common life, and his is the glory of having first indicated to the English reader that the lowly "annals of the poor" contain matter as memorable and as full of interest as the gilded records of princes and courtiers. It is true the poverty of Defoe's heroes sometimes leads them into questionable society, and engages them in more than questionable enterprises. His works are strongly spiced with the *gusto picaresco*, popular long before in Spain, and he relates with evident relish the exploits of his harlots and vagabonds. It may be worth considering whether portions, for instance, of "Colonel Jack" and "Moll Flanders" might not with advantage be published in a convenient duodecimo as a "Pickpocket's Companion, or Complete Guide to the Art of Pilfering." This notwithstanding, the general tendency of Defoe's novels is unexceptionally moral, and his rough homespun is wrought of more lasting, more serviceable material than the gay brocade of most of his contemporaries and predecessors in English fiction.

Of the English novelists who preceded Richardson, Defoe alone can be said to have portrayed men and women with absolute and consistent fidelity to nature. Compared with Richardson's, however, his aim was narrow, his types of humanity were few, his delineation of character, though vigorous and true, was wanting in subtlety and intimacy. There is some justice in Mrs. Barbauld's discrimination, "that the minuteness of Defoe is more employed about things, and that of Richardson about persons and sentiments." And hence, although we feel Defoe's characters to be real, they stir not our affections nor excite our emotions as Richard-

son's do. We *see* Defoe's as it were, Richardson's we *know*; or it may, perhaps, be said that while Defoe's reflect nature as in a mirror, Richardson's are the life itself.

Again, Defoe gives us, as I have said, but few types of humanity. His heroes belong always to the class of adventurers; whether persons of good position or of no position at all in the world's esteem, they are equally vagabonds. His female characters are destitute of charm. They occupy indeed, with one or two exceptions, but an insignificant place in his works, and of the exceptions the careers must be acknowledged rather conspicuous than exemplary. Richardson, on the other hand, was an adept in all that relates to the female heart. His types, moreover, both of men and women, are numerous and well contrasted. They are developed with the exactness of individual portraits, and present in combination a series of just and most fascinating pictures of human society.

Richardson's great forte consists in the art of making his characters *live*; in this particular he has rarely been rivalled, never, I think, excelled, by other authors. He employs not the mental dissecting-knife of modern writers. He affects not to analyze with a pretence of profundity the inexplicable workings of the mind. His method, on the contrary, is that of nature herself. The characters of his creations are revealed to us, like those of our friends, in what they say and do; and with so much of nature, so much of consistency, in the representation, that they grow into our intimacy as our friends themselves; they excite our love, our esteem, our compassion, or it may be our scorn, our detestation, as if they were veritably sentient and sensible beings. In a word, the persons of Richardson's novels are no mere problems in psychology, but, relatively to the reader's affections, real creatures of flesh and blood, a consummation far more difficult of attainment. The secret of this living charm was his own, but two things especially strike us with regard to his method of producing it: first, the elaboration of detail, by means of which he permits us to see and hear everything that passes as if we were present at the scene; and secondly, the consistency with which he maintains, through every varying mood and waywardness, the distinct individuality of each of his characters.

But not only does Richardson create, so to speak, *living* men and women, he cre-

ates also very beautiful and interesting men and women. If we hold it one of the most important functions of a novel to introduce us into good and charming company, I know of no novelist whose works should be preferred to Richardson's, of scarcely one whose works could be set on a par with his, in this respect. He delighted in female society; no other writer of prose fiction ever possessed so profound a knowledge of the female heart. His heroines are as admirable as Shakespeare's, and as real. Shakespeare's range, of course, was far wider; but within his own limits, and taken at his best, Richardson is hardly less inimitable than our greatest dramatist himself; nor would it, perhaps, be possible, from the writings even of Shakespeare, to select four more exquisite specimens of womankind than *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Harriet Byron*, *Clementina* and *Anna Howe*. But if with Richardson, as with other novelists, the female characters be in general the most attractive, his delineation of men must also be owned in the highest degree lively and powerful. He has touched the lowest depths of human depravity in *Lovelace*; he has attempted to soar to the summit of human perfectibility in *Sir Charles Grandison*, yet without ascribing to either character one single action, one single sentiment overpassing the strictest limits of probability.

And now the question arises, What is Richardson's place among the novelists of his century? If we except *Sterne*, whose genius was a thing unique and in its nature incapable of comparison with that of any of his contemporaries, there seems no one able seriously to dispute with him the first place. The comparison, however, will serve to display our author's deficiencies as well as his strength. The extreme length of his novels I can by no means reckon, as some do, a blemish. His minuteness and circumstance are, for the most part, far removed from prolixity; they are an indispensable means to the attainment of that vivid sense of reality of which he remains the supreme master. In some respects, among the writers of fiction of the eighteenth century, *Miss Burney* (*Madame D'Arblay*) approaches him the nearest. She too possesses the Promethean art of inspiring her creations with life; she too has shown in "*Cecilia*" and "*The Wanderer*," a power of stirring the emotions closely akin to Richardson's, and to his alone inferior. Richardson, however, strikes a deeper note; his knowledge of human nature, if not more various,

is more profound than *Miss Burney's*, and the impressions which he makes are, accordingly, both stronger and more enduring. (He is no humorist; that is to say, he regards not his subjects with that unflinching sense of the incongruous which is almost equally compatible with the profoundest pathos and the airiest mirth. Nor is his that peculiar tenderness which seems inseparable from the finest humor—the tenderness which makes us conscious of a man's foibles but as bonds of closer sympathy; the tenderness which illumines the homely features of my *Uncle Toby*, which gilds the rusty armor of the crazy knight of *La Mancha*. I mean not, however, to imply any incapacity of humor in Richardson. Some of the letters of *Pamela* in his first novel, those of *Miss Howe* and of *Lovelace* in "*Clarissa Harlowe*," and those of *Charlotte Grandison*, are distinguished by a sprightliness which often attains the elevation of true and most fascinating humor. But the genuine humorist is a humorist throughout, whether he stand by the death-bed of *Lefevre*, or puff tobacco-smoke from the toy-cannon on my *Uncle Toby's* bowling-green; and Richardson's views of life were far too serious to admit of the irrepressible playfulness which imparts a never-wearying charm to the productions of a *Sterne* or a *Goldsmith*. His tenderness, moreover, if it be of a different stamp from theirs, is, in its own serious way, inimitable. What, for instance, in all literature can we point to more exquisitely touching than the dying scene of *Clarissa*? He is ever more earnest to instruct than to amuse, though he rarely (I cannot say *never*) descends to the mere didactician. But, in general, he is too great an artist to obtrude unnecessary precepts; painting vice and virtue in their proper colors, he is content to leave them to work their own moral.

Compared with his contemporaries, *Fielding* and *Smollett*, Richardson stands, I think, far ahead of either. *Smollett*, indeed, in such comparison, appears an ingenious caricaturist, a superficial chronicler of diverting adventures. *Fielding* was, unquestionably, a far more dangerous rival. He possessed qualities to which Richardson could lay no claim. An absolute master of burlesque, his fine vein of satirical humor goes far to redeem the occasional grossness of his writings. Richardson, on the contrary, was no satirist; his censure is unmixed with ridicule, nor did he, indeed, possess the light dexterity of touch, the effortless affluence of

irony, requisite for success in satire. In contrasting the two novelists Johnson was unjust to Fielding, yet it must be admitted that in dignity, in pathos, in knowledge of the heart, Richardson altogether outdistanced his rival. Dignity, indeed, is none of Fielding's most conspicuous attributes; even his most charming heroine, Sophia, he cannot refrain from making the subject of an indecent and needless jest. Moreover, in the general management of the story, in what a painter might term its composition, Richardson has, in at least one instance, shown himself a greater artist than Fielding. "Tom Jones" is a desultory performance in comparison with "Clarissa Harlowe." Like a fine painting, "Clarissa" is composed in exact accordance with the rules of art. It has its principal light and its principal dark, with its minor darks and lights worked out with the extreme of elaboration, but always strictly subordinate and subsidiary to the principal. Nothing is omitted which can heighten the realism or give effect to the situations; nothing is introduced which bears not, directly or indirectly, upon the main purpose of the piece — the development and opposition of the two characters of Clarissa and Lovelace. It is curious how Fielding's own faculty of humor failed him in his endeavor to satirize Richardson. His clumsy and ineffectual attempt, in "Joseph Andrews," to ridicule "Pamela," had the result only of seriously blemishing an otherwise admirable novel. Happily, after the first few chapters, the creative instinct growing stronger within him, the author forgets his would-be satire, and only towards the end of the book does he again, and with singular infelicity, obtrude it upon the reader. The delicate conceit of completing the name of Richardson's initialled Squire into Booby was not Fielding's, but was borrowed by him from an obscene parody entitled "An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews," published 1741; if, indeed, this pseudonymous piece were not, as Richardson seems to have believed, itself the work of the future author of "Tom Jones."\* But whether the comparatively innocuous satire of "Joseph Andrews" were or were not but an aggravation of an earlier and a far less pardonable offence, the wound thus inflicted upon the almost feminine

\* This conjecture was not rendered less warrantable by the obvious allusion to Fielding's old adversary, Colley Cibber, whose "Apology for his Life" had been recently published, both in the title of the parody and in the *nom de plume* of Conny Keyber, assumed by its author.

sensitiveness of Richardson was never to be healed. He had a perfectly honest dislike of the writings of Fielding, whose peculiar merits he was, perhaps, constitutionally incapable of appreciating. The coarseness and lax morality of the "prose Homer of human nature" inevitably disgusted and repelled one who had entered the lists as the avowed champion of virtue. But beyond this, in all Richardson's allusions to his rival we can trace a vein of personal bitterness. On being told that Fielding claimed to have followed Homer and Virgil in his "Amelia," he exclaimed: "He must mean Cotton's 'Virgil Travestied,' where the women are drabs, and the men scoundrels." It must be confessed, too, that while Fielding was the aggressor, the blame of uncharitableness and continued ill-will appears to lie wholly at the door of Richardson, of whom, in reference to "Clarissa," Fielding wrote, with equal justice and generosity: "Such simplicity, such manners, such deep penetration into nature, such power to raise and alarm the passions, few writers, either ancient or modern, have been possessed of. My affections are so strongly engaged, and my fears are so raised, by what I have already read, that I cannot express my eagerness to see the rest. Sure this Mr. Richardson is master of all that art which Horace compares to witchcraft —

Pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet  
Ut magus.

In the year 1740 "Pamela" appeared, and was at once received with the enthusiasm due to its merit and its originality. The author's diffidence induced him at first to suppress his name, but his apprehensions were quickly dissipated. He had added a new and considerable province to the realms of literature, and readers of all kinds, men and women of genius or of no genius, were loud in recognition. "Pamela" possesses the same merits, the same irresistible charm (though not indeed in the same degree), which distinguish Richardson's later works. I doubt Aaron Hill's eulogium upon it will be little to the taste of the modern novel-reader, whose anticipations of enjoyment would be, probably, not greatly enhanced by the information that he would find, "under the modest disguise of a novel, all the soul of religion, good breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thought, and morality." The one blot upon the book was not so much the fault of Richardson as of the times in which he lived. We

are constantly reminded of the exaggerated respect which was then entertained for mere rank, independent of worth. In a more democratic age we should regard a sweet, refined, and innocent girl like Pamela as sacrificed rather than rewarded, however humble her condition, in becoming the wife of a selfish rake, even though, like one of Mrs. Haywood's heroes, he were "descended, by the father's side, from the ancient Britons."

The deserved success of the book induced the author to publish a sequel setting forth the conduct of his heroine in the married state. I have said that he was more earnest to instruct than to amuse. His work had been cried up, doubtless to its author's gratification, as, before all things, a manual of instruction. Pope himself had declared that it would do more good than many volumes of sermons; and accordingly Richardson set himself to work in all seriousness to justify the good opinion of his admirers. The second part of "Pamela" betrays the hand of the moralist rather than of the artist. It is true, it contains delightful passages — passages instinct with that native charm which could not be wanting to any work of Richardson's; but the *moral* is out of all proportion to the *fable*; plot there is practically none, and the story is weighted with a preponderance of didactic matter, which, however edifying, is unquestionably tedious, a word which can with justice be applied to no other production of the author's.

Eight years after the appearance of "Pamela" Richardson published, amid the tumult of yet more general and more enthusiastic applause, his second great essay in fiction. As a work of art "Clarissa Harlowe" is certainly his masterpiece. There is not an unnecessary digression, not a superfluous letter, in the whole eight volumes of correspondence in which the history is contained. Slowly, yet without a pause, the story moves onward to the tragic culmination; and beyond it, with even enhanced interest, to the glorious apotheosis of virgin purity. It is not merely affecting, it is heartrending; yet never were the uses of tragedy more nobly vindicated. It is a true Pilgrim's Progress; all the devils of the pit in league against a single helpless woman. And what a triumph is hers! Persecuted, tricked, outraged, she passes on with "unbleached majesty;" the clear mirror of her mind no degradation can dim, the radiant light of her soul no oppression can obscure. The blacker her environments,

she shines but with the purer lustre. She dies indeed, but her death is the sealing of her victory, the happy reward of her unshaken fortitude. "It was reserved for Richardson," beautifully observes Mrs. Barbauld, "to overcome all circumstances of dishonor and disgrace, and to throw a splendor round the 'violated virgin' more radiant than she possessed in her first bloom." She might say to her betrayer, with the Lady in "Comus:" —

Fool, do not boast;  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
With all thy charms, although this corporal  
rind  
Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees  
good.

The character of Clarissa rises upon us with each successive volume. At first we are almost inclined to prefer her friend Miss Howe, a charming creature, whose fine and graceful qualities are supported by a spirit and a vivacity in which Clarissa appears a little deficient. But presently we discover that that which we have mistaken for want of spirit is indeed but the meekness and high sense of filial duty natural to a mind so pious and so unselfish. And when the door of earthly hope is forever closed against her, when renounced and deserted (her one true friend at a distance and unable to aid her) she traverses with lonely steps the Valley of the Shadow of Death, then the full grandeur of her beautiful character is made manifest. Not one moment of weakness has she wherewith to reproach herself. With a noble simplicity she rises superior to shame and disgrace, and we quit the closing scene of her painful pilgrimage with moistened eyes, sorrowful yet exultant, as if we had attended the death-bed of a saint of heaven.

If Shakespeare himself has not given us a heroine more adorable than Clarissa, he has nowhere portrayed so consummate a villain as her betrayer, Lovelace. His character is indeed a masterpiece. Brave, witty, accomplished; if not generous, at least liberal and open-handed; with all the advantages of person, of education, and of intellect, he is, in a word, the most perfect devil extant in literature. The worst of Shakespeare's villains, Iago himself, yields the pre-eminence in wickedness to this prince of iniquity. For Iago is actuated, in part at least, by a sense of wrong and a lust of revenge, while Lovelace merely follows the natural bent of his execrable disposition in persecuting, in ruining, as far as in him lies, a creature whom, in all

honor and gratitude, he was under special obligations to cherish and protect. Never had profligate more ample opportunities of reformation; but he casts them all aside. The ambrosia of the gods is offered him; he turns from it to feed on ashes. He is literally a lost soul. His admirable qualities hurry him but the faster to perdition. He may be likened to a pilot steering his vessel upon the rocks with the same skill and determination which might, otherwise directed, have conveyed it safely to harbor. Self-gratification is his ruling passion; for this alone he exists, to this he prostitutes all the good gifts of nature, all the advantages of education. His fits of compunction, though violent, are but transient; of repentance he is incapable; and black Care, if she seat herself now and again behind the rider, is soon shaken off. Richardson's art is generally shown in the continued superiority of Lovelace, his villainy notwithstanding, to all the other male characters in the book. His wit, his good sense, his plausibility, his address, render him in all companies the man of distinction. Yet, as *Clarissa's* noble attributes are the embellishments of a soul secure of immortality, those of Lovelace serve but as the mask to a mind utterly corrupt. Mrs. Barbauld rashly concludes that Richardson might have improved the moral effect of his work by giving more of horror to the close of Lovelace's life. But Richardson knew better the character he had created. The death-bed terrors of a despairing rake he had already vividly described in the case of Belton; but Lovelace was a man of different mould from his weak-minded associate. His wickedness is not weakness, not a yielding to temptation; on the contrary, his temptations are in the opposite direction. His vileness is wilful and deliberate; he knows the good, and resolutely refuses to follow it; he is valiant in ill-doing. And accordingly he meets his death with the intrepidity of a brave man; but when, dying, he calls upon the angel whom he has wronged, we feel that he calls in vain, that between these two a gulf is set, forever impassable.

Our space does not permit us to enlarge upon the minor characters in this admirable work. In these also the reader will recognize the unerring touch, the nice discrimination, of a master of human nature.

Richardson's third and last novel, the "*History of Sir Charles Grandison*," was published in 1753. As a work of art it is less perfect than "*Clarissa*," nor can we

claim for it the severe simplicity of design which characterizes that masterpiece. In other respects, however, it does not fall short of its predecessor. It exhibits the same power, the same insight into human affairs. Moving as are its occasional scenes of pathos, it does not afflict us with the sustained anguish of "*Clarissa*." It introduces us, moreover, into far more agreeable society; for while, in "*Clarissa*," the few estimable persons shine like stars against a dark background of sin and wretchedness, in "*Grandison*" the evil-doers are few and insignificant, the virtuous characters are numerous and attractive, and the sorrows incidental to the story are for the most part consequent upon misfortune rather than upon misconduct, and vanish at last before the sunbeams of prosperity and content. Richardson's chief purpose in writing the "*History of Sir Charles Grandison*" was to exhibit the character of a man in whom goodness of heart and the highest Christian principle should be combined with the spirit and address proper to a finished gentleman. His success was as remarkable as his design was unusual. Sir Charles is excellent beyond the generality of men, but he is no faultless monster; the ground on which he stands is high indeed, but not inaccessible. He is by no means devoid of passions which call for restraint, and if he exerts his reason to restrain them, and ordinarily with success, he only performs a duty which is incumbent upon every person of sense and reflection. His character, however, is marked by a certain formality and solemnity which alienate from him, questionless, the sympathy of many readers. With regard to the former, it may be urged that as in Richardson's time a degree of formality far beyond that of the present day prevailed in the intercourse between the sexes, the excess, if excess there be, of that attribute in Sir Charles would then have been proportionately less obvious. And if his disposition appears too uniformly solemn, it must be remembered that the circumstances in which he is placed are by no means conducive to gaiety; that throughout the greater part of the story he supports with manliness a weight of melancholy uncertainty in respect to the fate of Clementina and his own destiny, sufficient to depress the lightest heart. In fine, one may say that if at times the excellence of this good man become somewhat oppressive, it is not so much his own fault as the fault of those about him, who are rather too ready to



cry "Wonderful!" and "What a man is this, Lucy!" whenever he opens his mouth.

Richardson's mastery of character and emotion is displayed at its highest in the Italian scenes of this story. Especially, the madness of Clementina, distracted betwixt her love and her religion, is as affectingly and powerfully described as that of Ophelia, though without its tragic conclusion. Not Clementina, however, but the generous and large-hearted Harriet Byron is the true heroine of the book. "I have designed," the author writes, "to make her what I would have supposed Clarissa to be, had she not met with such persecutions at home, and with such a tormentor as Lovelace;" and although the trials to which Harriet is subjected are slight in comparison with Clarissa's fiery martyrdom, enough is shown to convince us that, similarly situated, she would have been capable of the same steadfast and exalted endurance. Of the subordinate characters in "Grandison," numerous and important as they are, I can mention only one—the sweet Emily Jervoise, in whose story Richardson has given us a picture, unsurpassably tender and subtle, of the awakening power of love in a young, timid, innocent, and unsuspecting heart.

The last volume of "Grandison" has been condemned as protracting the story beyond its climax. From a strictly artistic point of view this is, perhaps, not to be defended; but the fact is, by the time we arrive at the seventh volume our sympathies have become so enchaind to the *persons* whose fortunes we have followed, our interest in the individuals is so greatly superior to the interest which any mere plot could possibly excite, that we are glad of an excuse for lingering in such pleasant company, though in defiance of the rules of art. And while to "Clarissa" we concede the palm of symmetry and of tragic intensity, we shall feel, I think, that as a book to live with, to return to again and again with unabated enjoyment, the "History of Sir Charles Grandison" stands first of the three great works of its admirable author. WM. C. WARD.

\* \* It is pleasant to know that the bicentenary of Richardson's birth has not been allowed to pass without some public recognition of his genius. On November 27 last, Mr. Joshua W. Butterworth, a member of the Stationers' Company, of which Richardson was for some years master, caused a memorial tablet in his honor to be placed in St. Bride's Church,

in the middle aisle of which he lies buried. The inscription on the tablet includes the sonorous encomium with which Johnson introduced the great novelist's paper in "The Rambler": "He enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue."

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From Murray's Magazine.  
HOLLAND HOUSE.

IN the life of a famous building, as in the life of a man, there are crises and turning-points which irresistibly invite a survey of its past history. We have now reached such a turning-point in the life of Holland House, "once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world, and now silent and desolate as the grave." And as the old order changes, yielding place to new, a few words of fond and grateful commemoration may not be out of place, even though the writer is painfully aware that in attempting them he challenges dangerous comparison with Lord Macaulay on the one hand, and the numerous and gifted descendants of Pennilinus on the other.

All Londoners and most of their country cousins have seen on their right hand as they journey from Kensington to Hammersmith, within two miles of Hyde Park Corner, a Jacobean palace of red brick and white stone, standing secluded from the dust and traffic of the highroad, in the midst of gardens and hay-fields and forest-trees. This is Holland House, and no private dwelling in London better deserves or more richly repays the attention of the artist or the historian. Some portion of its foundation seems to date from the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," but in the main features of its architecture and elevation, in its profusion of pinnacles and turrets, and porticoes and arcades, it recalls the handiwork of that mysterious artist, John of Padua, and is worthy to rank with Longleat and Wollaton and Burleigh. Rightly considered, the very fabric is a history, and embodies in concrete and visible form the spirit of the age which gave it birth. In its solid and substantial strength, in its ample scope, in its accessibility to light and air, and in its complete freedom from the dim, religious mysticism of mediæval architecture, Holland House is a true product of the age of the Reformation. In its richness of superadded ornament, its perfect adaptation to the

requirements of a stately and luxurious life, and its constant suggestions of Italian influence, it presents the most characteristic features of the gorgeous Renaissance. To study the general character and successive modifications of its internal equipment and decoration is to trace the rise and progress of domestic and social civilization. Its collection of pictures, of every school and in every style, recalls the days when to be a great nobleman was to be a patron of the arts. The celebrated library was formed in an age when every fine gentleman was, or wished to be thought, a scholar. China from France and Germany, glass from Venice, and hangings from Spain, are the spoils of many a grand tour, undertaken at a time when one of the chief, and most creditable, uses of great wealth was to secure its possessors a liberal education.

Every hall and gallery is associated with famous names. The gilt-room was decorated as we now see it for a ball given in honor of Charles I. In one chamber Vandyke painted; in another Atterbury schemed. In what is now the dining-room Addison "breathed his last, having sent for his stepson, Lord Warwick, to see in what peace a Christian can die," though Horace Walpole characteristically remarks, "unluckily, he died of Brandy." In a field belonging to Holland House, Oliver Cromwell held secret conference with Ireton, whose deafness made confidential conversation impossible in more frequented places. In the pleasure-grounds George III. courted Lady Sarah Lennox. In the kitchen garden Colonel Best shot Lord Camelford. In days comparatively recent, the famous library has heard the conversation of Sheridan and Byron; of Blanco White and Dr. Parr; of Lord Jeffrey and Sir Humphry Davy and Hookham Frere; of Grattan and Curran, and Romilly and Washington Irving; of Calonne and Madame de Staël; of Luttrell and Sydney Smith and Lord Macaulay. Here Samuel Rogers, intent on discovering the authorship of "Junius's Letters," ventured to inquire of old Sir Philip Francis if he "might ask him a rather delicate question," and received the discouraging but significant reply, "at your peril, sir, at your peril." Here Wilkie "gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Barette; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz." But all this belongs to a remote and

splendid past. The future fate of this most noble and interesting house is wrapped in uncertainty. "Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water-privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble, with the courtly munificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormonde, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favorite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them; the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could desire to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, the shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals."

These words of beautiful but gloomy vaticination were penned nearly fifty years ago, and the process of fulfilment, though it has not advanced far, has indeed begun. Holland Park and Melbury Road have trenched upon the sacred domain, the shades which once sheltered fallen Bonapartes and exiled Bourbons have afforded a lodging to the captive Cetewayo.

But here, we trust, the course of desecration will be arrested, and, though shorn of some of its circumjacent glories, the fabric of Holland House will remain untouched. Most earnestly must all lovers of art and history re-echo the benediction

which Hookham Frere traced with a diamond on the turret-window:—

May neither fire destroy nor waste impair,  
Nor time consume thee till the twentieth Heir.  
May Taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare.

If we turn for an instant from the material aspect of Holland House to the annals of those who have inhabited it, we see in them a curious illustration of the processes by which the greatness of English families is built up.

Its founder was Sir William Cope, a courtier of James I., and his daughter and heiress, Isabel Cope, carried "Cope Castle," as it was then called, into the family of her husband, Sir Henry Rich. The Riches were of the new nobility. An opulent mercer of the time of Henry VI. was great-grandfather to Richard, Lord Rich, lord chancellor in the reign of Edward VI. Lord Rich's grandson was made Earl of Warwick, and his second son, Sir Henry Rich, was created Lord Kensington in honor of his marriage with Isabel Cope, the heiress of Kensington. He was subsequently made Earl of Holland, and conferred his name on Cope Castle, which henceforth was known as Holland House. In the strife between Charles and the Parliament, Lord Holland took a devious and unfortunate course, which eventually conducted him to the scaffold. The second Earl of Holland, succeeding his cousin, became also Earl of Warwick. It was his son's wife, the Countess of Warwick, who married Addison. Her son was the last Earl of Warwick and Kensington, and, on his death without issue, his estates at Kensington passed to his cousin, William Edwardes, a Welsh squire, and ancestor of the present Lord Kensington. From the time of the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century, Holland House was occasionally let. William Penn was one of its tenants. William III. actually inspected it with a view to purchase. In 1749 it was let, at a rent of £182 16s. 9d. a year, to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland of the second creation, who bought it in 1767.

Here, for the second time in its history, Holland House passed into the hands of a new family. Stephen Fox, father of the first Earl of Ilchester and the first Lord Holland, began life as a choir-boy in Salisbury Cathedral. He early attracted the friendly notice of Bishop Duppa, who laid the foundations of his fortunes. His eldest son, Henry Fox, a prominent politician under George II. and III., was elevated

to the peerage by the name of the noble house which he had bought, and which again had acquired its designation from its previous owner. Henry Lord Holland was the father of Stephen Lord Holland, and of Charles James Fox, and the grandfather of Henry Richard Lord Holland, who made Holland House so famous as a resort of distinguished and accomplished men in the early part of this century. That most genial of hosts was succeeded by his son, the last Lord Holland, on whose death, in 1859, Holland House passed into the hands of his widow, Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, who died, deeply and widely lamented, on the 23rd of September last.

As the last bearer of an historic name, and herself one of the most charming and accomplished women of her time, the character and career of Lady Holland demand at least some brief record, in connection with the famous house of which for more than half a century she was the most conspicuous ornament.

Lady Mary Augusta Coventry was the daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry. She was born in 1812, and was brought up to a great extent on the Continent, where she formed many of the most binding ties of her life, and contracted habits of thought, sentiment, and conduct quite unlike those which characterize the general run of home-keeping Englishwomen. In 1833 Lady Mary Coventry married the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, afterwards fourth and last Lord Holland, and minister plenipotentiary at the court of Tuscany. From the time of her marriage Lady Holland lived principally in Italy, and though, after her husband's succession to his father's title and fortune, they spent some part of each year in England, still they always considered Naples their home. There they formed and maintained their most intimate friendships, and there they were continually surrounded by the society which they so peculiarly enjoyed. Their foreign associations were made all the stronger by the fact that they had both joined the Roman Catholic Church. After Lord Holland's death in 1859 his widow was left with full control of all his fortune, including Holland House and St. Anne's Hill—a delightful villa near Chertsey, stored with memorials and relics of Mr. Fox. Between these two homes, most unlike but each perfect in its way, Lady Holland spent the summer months, returning for the winter to Naples. For some years past, however, she had not been strong enough for the long journey to Italy, and

she had lived entirely in England, except for an annual visit to some German watering-place.

The greater part of the year was spent at St. Anne's Hill, where she greatly enjoyed a constant succession of visitors from London. For about two months of the late summer and early autumn she lived at Holland House, and there her hospitalities were among the most graceful and delightful incidents of social life. For many years her annual garden-parties were unique in their charm, combining all the solemn dignity which clings to one of the most historical of English houses with the fantastic grace and sprightly merriment of an Italian *fiesta*. Failing strength had brought these large parties to an end; but whenever Lady Holland was known to be in London, even in the desolate months of August and September, her shrine never lacked its devotees. Diplomats of every nation found a second home at Holland House. To its hospitable doors every distinguished foreigner gravitated by a natural law. Some of the most accomplished of the older men of London were habitual guests, and conversation not unworthy of the great traditions of the house was to be heard at those delightful dinners, un-English in every detail of their composition and service, where half the dishes were French and half Italian, where every European language was spoken in turn, and where the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room simultaneously with the ladies, who did not disdain the peptic aid of a cigarette.

The dining-room of Holland House has certainly seen some strange vicissitudes of social manners. It has witnessed the change from the coarseness of the days when Horace Walpole described the fracture of the French ambassador's arm as an ordinary incident of an after-dinner romp; when to drink oneself blind drunk was not a vice, but an accomplishment; or even when, in more recent times, an imperious hostess ordered Sydney Smith to pick up her handkerchief, and stopped Macaulay's conversation by telling him that "we have had enough of that;" to the finished courtesy, the exquisite refinement, the unflinching consideration for others' feelings, and the cosmopolitan sympathies which formed the natural and necessary environment of the last Lady Holland.

As years went on, and the fatigues of hospitality began to tell increasingly on her strength, Lady Holland lived less and

less at Holland House, and not long ago a speculative builder approached her with what would have been to most people a tempting offer. He proposed to buy the reversion of the house, with its gardens, park, and farm, for half a million sterling. Lady Holland's reply was worthy of herself. She said that she belonged to the house of Fox, not by birth, but only by marriage, and that Holland House, with all its splendid associations, should not, by her act, pass out of the family which had made it famous. It now reverts to Lord Ilchester, who represents the family of Fox in the male line, and St. Anne's Hill passes to the Dowager Lady Lilford, sister of the late Lord Holland.

One touch of personal description may not unfitly close this sketch. Mary, Lady Holland, was one of the smallest of women, less than five feet high, exceedingly slender, with the most exquisite hands and feet. Her features were pronounced and sharply cut. Her rich, dark hair retained its color to the last. But her most marked trait was the extraordinary brightness of her piercing eyes. They sparkled and flashed like a girl's, and when she smiled they lit up her face with a peculiarly bewitching expression. In latter years she never laid aside her "customary suit of solemn black," and a cap, which, to quote Lord Beaconsfield, "should have been immortalized by Mieris or Gerard Douw."

In mind Lady Holland was singularly vivacious. Her mental gaze was of the most penetrating power. She saw through unreality, vanity, and pretence at a glance; but was full of the most genial charity towards mere error, ignorance, or indiscretion. She was extremely quick in repartee, loved a joke, and had a peculiarly keen appreciation of whatever was fine in character, conversation, art, or literature. For some years she suffered grievously; but her patience and courage in bearing pain, her anxiety that it should not distress other people, and her bright cheerfulness in forgetting it, were models to all like sufferers. In character she was one of the justest, kindest, and most generous of women; the sworn enemy of all cruelty and harshness; and the most faithful and affectionate of friends. All who knew her will join, without distinction of creed, in the beautiful benediction of the Church in which she lived and died:—

Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine,  
Et lux perpetua luceat ei.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HIS UNCLE AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER I.

DR. BECHARD.

PAULA RAYMOND was sitting in the strip of garden in front of her grandmother's cottage — called by courtesy a villa — one of many dotted along the road at the entrance of a little Swiss country town. She was not looking at the grand panorama of snow-tipped mountains opposite, nor at the green, rushing river filling up the best part of the narrow valley, and whose voice, a little louder than usual to-day, reaches her distinctly where she sits. It is a beautiful picture, but it is one which Paula has looked upon so often that she knows it all by heart. She knows it so well that her eyes have become absolutely superfluous in the matter, and with closed eyelids can see quite distinctly every peak and hollow in the mountain, every curve in the river's meanderings, every bush and tree in the foreground, and could accurately have drawn from memory the exact outline of the little Gothic church which stands on rising ground at the extremity of the town.

Small wonder if Paula Raymond knows the scene by heart, for it is all she knows as yet of the great wide world; all she has ever looked upon since that day, now twelve years ago, when a stranger had brought her here, a pale, frightened child of scarce five years old, in mourning for the parents she had lost within a few weeks of each other.

Paul Raymond, old Madame Raymond's son, had been a painter, and having gone to Italy in search of fame, had found something else instead, a pretty Italian girl who became his wife. He never achieved the great things of which he had dreamt in his boyish visions when foolishly he had imagined that talent and energy were sufficient to ensure success. Now he made the discovery that if he painted well, so did many others, and that the market was overstocked in every direction. A child was born to the young couple during their first year of married life; and when the prospect of a second one became known, the young painter was forcibly compelled to resign individual ambition and seek for work in a lower sphere, if he would keep his wife and children from starvation. He could not apply to his old mother, well knowing that her modest income barely sufficed for her personal wants; so no hint of his straightened circumstances ever reached her ear, nor

did old Madame Raymond guess that her darling Paul was earning his bread by standing on a perilous scaffolding, filling in the outlines designed by a famous master, on the frescoed ceiling of a lofty church.

It is giddy work standing on a scaffolding for such as are not bred to the business, and an empty stomach is scarcely a good balancing-pole; therefore it was not very surprising that one day, when Paul Raymond's stomach was somewhat emptier than usual, he lost his balance, and fell headlong down on the tessellated marble pavement of the church, to be picked up in a dying condition. The shock of this accident cost the life of the young wife as well as that of her unborn babe; and before a month had elapsed, a common grave had reunited the couple.

No news of these events reached the remote Swiss country town, till one evening the door of Madame Raymond's cottage opened to admit a tall, grey-haired man leading a little girl. It was the great *maestro* himself, Signor Colorati, who, grieved and remorseful at having been the indirect cause of the young painter's death, was bringing the poor orphan to the care of her sole remaining relative.

He brought something else as well, a sum of money resulting from the sale of Paul Raymond's pictures, which — unable to find a purchaser whilst he was alive — had now suddenly risen in value when it became known that the hitherto obscure young painter had lost his life in a tragic manner. These posthumous earnings, which had come too late for him, served, however, to keep Madame Raymond and her granddaughter in modest comfort, and to defray the expenses of Paula's education; and their life was a peaceful and contented one. The old lady, worshipping her granddaughter as she had worshipped her son, was perfectly happy. Once it had been round Paul that every thought and hope of hers had twined, and the affection she bore to his daughter seemed only to be a continuation of the former feeling; with the addition of one small vowel to the name, its object remained the same as it had been a quarter of a century ago.

As for the young girl, if she craved for something more beyond the placid routine of their daily life, she was as yet unconscious of the meaning of these vague yearnings. Sometimes, indeed, she wondered what lay beyond that glittering chain of snow-tipped mountains? whence the green, rushing river had come, and whither it was going? — and to-day she is wistfully

watching the swallows beginning to assemble previous to their departure to another clime.

It is early for the swallows to assemble in this way, for the weather is still warm and bright down here in the valley; yet many little signs and tokens betray to the initiated that winter is approaching, and for those who know how to read these signs, it is evident that the cold weather will set in early this year. Fresh streaks of newly fallen snow may be discerned on many hills, and early rains have increased the volume of the little river, and changed its voice from a silvery tenor to a growling baritone. Prudent shepherds have already brought down their charges from the higher pasturages, and the swallows in their unerring wisdom have, in solemn conclave, decided upon an earlier start than usual.

Paula has been vainly endeavoring to count the swallows sitting in a long, vibrating line on the low roof of a neighboring shed, but her efforts are always balked by the twittering agitation of the little travelers, who, abruptly changing place when least expected, seem to derive a special satisfaction in defeating her calculations.

"Stupid things! I wish they would sit still for a minute!" she exclaimed, giving up the attempt in despair; "and I wish—oh, how I wish that Dr. Béchard would go away! He has been here nearly an hour already. What can grandmamma want so long with him to-day?" And then she fell to wondering, for the hundredth time at least, how many more bottles of that nasty brown medicine grandmamma will need to take in order to get rid of that tiresome cough which keeps her awake at night? and how long it will be before she is quite, quite strong again, and able to walk as far as the old wooden bridge, which used to be their daily promenade? To Paula these questions were merely a matter of time, for she is as yet too young to have realized that for some illnesses there is but one way of "getting well"—and that when a patient has reached the ominous threescore-and-ten, this way is by far the most probable one.

Paula Raymond was sitting on the topmost bar of the low garden paling, in an attitude too unconstrained to be considered precisely graceful for a young lady in her seventeenth year. Her feet, which might have been small divested of those hideous hob-nailed shoes, were tapping restlessly against the rails; a coarse straw hat, of the shape worn by the peasants, adorned by a faded green ribbon, dangled

carelessly from her arm. While her inches proclaimed her to be a tall woman, Paula Raymond could not as yet be called anything but a large child; for though framed on the principle of a young Diana, it was as yet but the rough sketch of a picture to be filled in later. There was something unfinished about the features, something untrained about the movements, which made it hazardous to prophesy how the picture would finally turn out, whether the nose would acquire the delicacy it yet lacked, and if the curves about mouth and chin would settle down to the complete satisfaction of an artist. About the eyes alone there could be no mistake,—they were large, brown, and deeply fringed.

"Ah, at last!" she joyfully exclaims, as the house door creaks on its hinges, and a stout, red-faced, red-haired man comes out. Paula jumps down from the paling with more vigor than grace, and runs to meet the old man.

"Well, Dr. Béchard, have you prescribed any new medicine for grandmamma to-day?"

He did not answer at once, but looked at her in a strange, fixed manner, as though he were the questioner and was trying to read some answer off her face.

"Well?" she repeated impatiently, seeing that he did not speak.

The doctor cleared his throat.

"Medicine? Any new medicine? Was that what you asked? Well, not exactly medicine; but I have proposed—in fact made—a suggestion to Madame Raymond which I hope—I think—will be beneficial."

"And grandmamma will soon, very soon, be quite well again, will she not?"

The doctor looked uncomfortable, and turned his head a little aside so as to avoid the direct gaze of those earnest brown eyes.

"Well, you see, my dear Mademoiselle Paula, we must hope for the best; but 'Prudens futuri temporis exitum caliginosa nocte premit deus.'"

"Oh, Dr. Béchard, please do not talk Latin," said Paula, clasping her hands together, "but tell me what you mean."

This habit of interpolating his speech with Latin citations which he ingeniously made use of, sometimes in positive, sometimes in inverted sense, was the pet weakness of the old doctor, probably indulged in the more freely from the comfortable consciousness that, with the

\* "The wisdom of the gods veils from us the future in impenetrable darkness."—HORACE.

exception of the *cure* and the apothecary, no one in the place could understand or control his quotations.

"I mean that everything is in the hands of God; but we must be very careful — *periculum in mora*; and as the winter is likely to be a very severe one, we cannot afford to run any risk; and remember," he went on, taking Paula's hand, and speaking with great earnestness, "that if anything should happen — if you should ever be in trouble of any kind — you may rely implicitly on me and on my — my family. Ovid is quite wrong when he says:—

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos  
Tempora si fuerint nubila solus eris.\*

He is quite wrong — he is indeed. I have often remarked that Ovid's axioms are rarely to be relied upon."

"I dare say," said Paula, to whom the quotation had conveyed no meaning.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### MADAME RAYMOND.

MADAME RAYMOND had white braids of hair shining like frosted glass, a pale ivory complexion, delicately transparent hands, and mild blue eyes, which seemed always to be apologizing to the world in general for the liberty she took in venturing to exist. She was as timid as she was soft-hearted, and that was saying a great deal; for if she never could pass a beggar without giving a copper, so neither could she meet a cow without giving a shriek; had been known to shed tears of pity over a bruised butterfly, and of terror at a cockchafer. She had a scared way of looking round whenever the door opened, and was apt to give little nervous jumps at unexpected noises. She gave a nervous jump now as Paula entered the room breathless, making the floor shake under her firm footstep.

"Well, granny," said Paula, with badly disguised impatience, "you have something to tell me?"

"Yes, dearest child," said Madame Raymond, with a sigh, "I have something to tell you."

Paula did not repeat her question, but there was anxious interrogation in her eager brown eyes, and in her quick, panting breath.

"Dr. Béchard is afraid — There is a

\* "So long as you are happy you will have many friends, but when the times are overclouded you will find yourself alone." — OVID.

caterpillar on the carpet, Paula my dear," broke off the old lady rather unexpectedly. "Would you mind opening the window and putting it outside?"

"Oh, bother the caterpillar!" cried Paula impatiently.

"Veronica trod upon one yesterday," said Madame Raymond, with a pained expression, "and I cannot talk with any comfort till the poor beast is safe."

Paula felt almost inclined to imitate Veronica's example; but knowing the old lady's weakness, she hastily jerked the brown grub into the garden outside, then came and sat down on a footstool at her grandmother's feet.

"Dr. Béchard is afraid that my cough will never get well if I stay here all winter."

"He wants to send you away!" cried the girl, springing up impetuously, and overturning a chair in her excitement, causing the old parrot in the brass-wire cage to wake up in a flutter.

"You have frightened poor Coco," said Madame Raymond plaintively.

"Oh, never mind Coco," said Paula feverishly, "but go on telling me."

"Sit still, my dear, or how can I tell you?"

But Paula did not sit down again; she remained standing over her small, frail grandmother, looking down at her with fierce inquiry. The latter continued, —

"He thinks that if I were to spend the winter in a warmer climate, the evil might be arrested. He spoke of Cannes or Nice."

"Cannes or Nice!" The girl's dark eyes sparkled with excitement as though the words had been heaven or paradise. "How delightful!"

A shade passed over Madame Raymond's face as she took hold of Paula's sunburnt hand with her delicate fingers, —

"Darling child! I fear that I am going to make you very unhappy, but it cannot be helped. I shall have to go alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone," repeated Madame Raymond, trying to speak firmly, but with increased deprecation in her pale blue eyes; then, as though anxious to get through a painful duty, she went on low and hurriedly, —

"You see, my little Paula, these places are very expensive to live at; everything there costs twice as much as here at home; as it is, my journey will make a large hole in our savings."

"Then I am to stay here — alone?" said Paula in a choking voice, striving

bravely to force back the tears of disappointment that were starting to her eyes.

How hard it was to disappoint that young, eager spirit yearning for life, and freedom, and change! How natural, how excusable were Paula's aspirations! Are not freedom, and pleasure, and movement the lawful right of the young and strong, just as trouble and suffering are the natural heritage of the aged? But just for that very reason Paula must be left behind, for it was possible — nay, even probable — that trouble rather than pleasure would be the outcome of this journey, and the tender-hearted grandmother would fain spare her granddaughter the pain that might be coming. She had not two years to live — she felt sure of that. Had not the doctor given her to understand as much that very morning? Her life might possibly be prolonged by wintering in a better climate, but the least imprudence would bring on the end; and if dark and troubled days were at hand, it was much better that Paula should not be there to witness them.

"Dearest child! do you think I would part with you unless it were absolutely necessary? It is only for your sake that I care to get well again."

"And you will — you must get well again, grandmamma," cried Paula impetuously, throwing herself down on her knees, and hiding her flushed face in Madame Raymond's lap. "How wicked, how selfish I was to have thought of myself! I will do anything, and bear anything, if you will only promise to come back quite, quite well again in spring."

Madame Raymond smiled rather sadly. "As God chooses," she said, passing her withered hand over the girl's tumbled hair. "Now listen, my little Paula," she resumed, after a pause. "I have been thinking that as you might find the time long in my absence, I shall arrange with the Demoiselles Dumoulin for you to resume your studies after my departure."

The Demoiselles Dumoulin were two old maids who kept a select boarding-school in the town, and Paula had been their pupil for several years; but lessons had ceased with her sixteenth birthday last spring, to her own no small satisfaction, for life seemed ever so much pleasanter now that she was no longer obliged to spend hours daily over tiresome scales and still more wearisome exercises. And now all at once she was told that she was to resume her studies.

"Back to school!" she ejaculated blankly.

"Not as a boarder of course; you will continue to live here with Veronica, and merely go there for some hours daily. It will be a great advantage for you to perfect yourself in music, drawing, and languages. Who knows whether you may not have to depend upon these accomplishments some day? And," continued Madame Raymond, softly patting her granddaughter's hand, "you will not be quite alone — Dr. Béchard has been kind enough to promise that you shall spend every Sunday afternoon with them."

Paula made an involuntary grimace; she had some experience of what Sunday afternoons at the Béchards' were like, and scarcely felt exhilarated at the prospect.

"Dr. Béchard always goes to sleep after dinner, and Madame Béchard is very deaf," she remarked, not with any intention of complaint, but merely as though stating an unpleasant but incontrovertible fact.

"But Alphonse Béchard is not deaf — neither does he go to sleep, I presume; and his father says that he will soon be coming home from Geneva now that he has finished his studies. Alphonse is a very nice young man" — and as she said this Madame Raymond looked a little anxiously at her granddaughter, and there was a faint point of interrogation mixed up with her statement.

"Nice?" repeated Paula, musingly and a little doubtfully. She had seen very few young men as yet, and could therefore hardly be accounted a competent judge; nevertheless she felt dimly aware that the broad-shouldered, red-haired, freckled young man, with whom she had played as a child, and renewed acquaintance last spring, hardly came up to her ideal of manly perfection.

Presently she said aloud, —

"Grandmamma, what sort of hair had my father?"

"Good gracious, child!" said Madame Raymond, rather bewildered at this abrupt change of subject, "what are you thinking of?"

"I mean, was it dark and curly like mine? or was it red like that of Alphonse Béchard? Was my father like that at his age?"

"Not at all," cried the grandmother with imprudent fervor. "Your poor dear father had light, sunny curls that waved about his head like the picture of St. Michael in the old Bible, and blue eyes that lighted up like stars whenever he spoke of the grand picture he meant to paint when he became a great artist. He



was the handsomest man in the whole canton; every one said so. But there are not many men like my Paul," she continued more soberly, feeling this glowing eulogium to have been injudicious with regard to the object just now in view; and, anxious to mitigate the effect of her words, she hastened to add, "After all, good looks are of little account in a man, and those who are lucky enough to have found a true and honest heart should look no further. If only I could see you in the keeping of a good man I should not be so afraid of dying."

"Don't talk about dying," said Paula, rubbing her cheek caressingly against her grandmother's hand; "don't—I cannot bear it. You will come back to me, granny dearest; say you will?"

"I shall come back to you, dead or alive," said the old woman solemnly, drawing up her small, spare figure with unwonted dignity, while a far-off, visionary look came into her light blue eyes—such a look as sometimes comes to those who have nearly reached the crossing. "Surely I shall come back. I do not feel as though I could rest in my grave far away from you. I will be buried at home under the shade of that large laburnum-tree—you know the spot?"

Paula only nodded, for there was a great lump in her throat which prevented her from speaking just then.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GENERAL DONNERFELS.

THE mere appearance of General Donnerfels was calculated to convey terror and dismay. Small children would frequently burst into tears at sight of him, dogs into dismal howls; and even grown-up human beings, with well-balanced minds, were apt to turn aside from their path in order to avoid meeting this formidable individual, who in his person seemed to combine the characteristics of half-a-dozen ferocious specimens of the zoological world. His fierce, rolling eye had an unpleasant resemblance to that of a man-eating tiger; his large, yellow teeth, ever disclosed in a snarling grin akin to the smile of a hyena, were not unlike wild-boar tusks; there was a suggestion of walrus in his heavy, drooping moustache, and of bird of prey about the prominent Roman nose. An illustrious officer in the German army, he owed his fame to a singularly hard and despotic character, which seemed to develop with each step of promotion. A harsh captain, a cruel major, and a ferocious colonel, the

epithet fiendish was scarcely too strong to be applied to him by the time he had attained his generalship. He had distinguished himself in several campaigns, and achieved a noteworthy victory in the Franco-German war. No one ever dared to disobey General Donnerfels, and that, I think, was the true secret of his success, though some facetious people used to say that it was easy for him to gain a victory, and that the sight of his ugly face alone had put to flight some ten thousand Frenchmen at Sedan. Horrible stories were told of his cruelty to the troops, of his callousness to human suffering, and absolute indifference to human life. He had received dozens of decorations as reward of his services, and had been extolled in scores of newspapers as a prominent military authority. In short, General Donnerfels was admired and envied in exact proportion as he was feared and detested. No human being (except perhaps his mother) had felt or even professed affection for him; and, spite of his wealth, no woman had been found brave enough to unite her lot to his.

His sole near relation was a nephew—Bruno von Kettenburg, serving in the diplomatic corps somewhere in southern Europe. General Donnerfels had never seen nor wished to see his sister's son, to whom, nevertheless, the whole property would revert, should he himself die childless or intestate.

But General Donnerfels had no idea of dying just yet; with his iron constitution, which had never known a day's illness, he felt justified in looking forward to the enjoyment of the good things of this life for a long time yet to come; and it was with a sort of indignant incredulity that he began to make the discovery that he was not precisely the same man he had been twenty years previously. He could no longer brave the elements with the impunity of a youth; could not drink six bottles of wine at a sitting; and, above all, could not indulge his habit of flying into a passion every half hour without feeling seriously the worse of it.

At last there came a day when his system received a shock it was not destined to recover. This shock may best be described as a drama in three acts, and with two breakages:—

*Act No. 1.*—A careless servant breaks a valuable meerschaum pipe.

*Act No. 2.*—Careless servant carefully kicked down-stairs by General Donnerfels.

*Act No. 3.*—General Donnerfels breaks a blood-vessel.

The sequel to this drama was a threatening of hæmorrhage to the lungs, rendered more alarming by the bitter cold which had just set in, for it was December.

"Your Excellency requires a warmer climate," timidly suggested the first doctor, called in to attend this formidable patient. "Your Excellency had better go to Nice."

"Go to the devil!" roared the general in the voice of a mad bull.

The doctor went—to the door, which he made all haste to close behind him.

"Go to Mentone," suggested another authority, summoned in a few days later.

"I'll be d—d first," snarled his Excellency, in true hyena-like fashion.

"I'm sure I've no objection," muttered this second doctor; but he muttered it between his teeth, and left the room almost as nimbly as his predecessor had done.

Then there came a doctor who was a brave man as well as a physician, and who was not to be scared by either bulls or hyenas.

"You are a dead man, general, unless you start for the South immediately," were the words of this third doctor.

"What the deuce do you mean?" thundered General Donnerfels, with eyes glaring yellow like those of a man-eating tiger.

But the doctor stood his ground, and was not even afraid of tigers.

"What I mean is simply that your constitution has received a severe shock since your last attack."

"Do you mean to say," snarled the general, "that my life is threatened because of that little episode last week? Absurd! Why, I have kicked my servants down-stairs for the last forty years, and it has never yet disagreed with me."

"No doubt," said the doctor dryly, "but there is a limit to every one's strength; and no man is as strong at sixty-five as he was at twenty. Another such attack may carry you off, especially in this cold weather. With a mild climate, sober living, and absolute avoidance of all violent emotion, you may recover; but I will answer for nothing if you neglect my warning."

General Donnerfels gave no sign of being about to conform to the doctor's orders; but when the latter had taken his leave, he rang the bell, and with the veins swelling ominously on the forehead, informed the valet that "if the good-for-nothing rascal did not pack the portmanteau in time to start that evening, he would thrash the vile, dirty, vagabond fellow within an ace of his wretched life."

## CHAPTER IV.

## TONINO.

MADAME RAYMOND, now established for over two months at San Pino, a newly discovered sanitary resort on the Riviera, was already beginning to feel the beneficial effects of the change of climate. Her nights were no longer disturbed by fever, she had recovered her appetite and almost lost her cough, and in the balmy sea air took daily walks on the picturesque promenade overhanging the shore. If only her darling Paula had been there to enjoy it all!—that was the ever-recurring burden of her letters; but, please God, their separation would not last very much longer. Half of the time was already past, for it was nearly Christmas now, and by the end of March she hoped the doctor would allow her to travel home. So wrote the good old lady, little dreaming that her northward journey was destined to take place at a far earlier date.

In a place like San Pino, frequented by sick and convalescent people, a certain number of professional beggars always haunt the public walks, endeavoring to make capital out of the compassion, the benevolence, the vanity, or *ennui* of the patients. Sick people often give alms from a fellow-feeling of compassion; convalescent ones out of gratitude for regained health; idle people give because they have nothing else to do; and vain ones in order to excite admiration. A few, a very few there are, who give out of pure, undulterated charity. These professional beggars have unusually sharp eyes as to all such motives, and at a glance can spot those subjects likely to be remunerative objects of their efforts. Knowing to a nicety what they have to expect from each of the guests, the beggars lose no time in classifying them as benefactors of first, second, or third class.

Prominent in the first class of benefactors this year was an old lady to whom no hand was ever stretched in vain; and if the coin she gave each time was but a small one, the benevolent smile which accompanied it often enhanced the value in the eyes of the recipient. The other guests were all more or less charitable, and gave alms as benevolence or fancy dictated—all, with one exception: a tall, fierce, military-looking man arrived at San Pino about the middle of December, whom no beggar ever dared to approach.

Upon no mendicant were smiles and coppers showered as plentifully as upon

Tonino, a handsome, impudent beggar-boy *à la* Murillo, with a wealth of dusky curls, and melting black eyes which when raised to your face with a pleading expression had the effect of sending your hand instinctively to the pocket; while the thrilling tone of voice in which he said, "*Ho fame, fame*" (I am hungry, hungry), could not fail to touch the most obdurate heart. Alone General Donnerfels remained untouched, and his hand only never strayed in the direction of the pocket.

December had been unusually mild even for Italy, and might have advertised itself as May or September anywhere else. There was scarcely anything, in fact, to distinguish it from summer, for the foliage, consisting principally of laurel and olive groves, remained the same all the year round; while the brambles and wild roses which draped each rock and wall with their luxuriant tangles, never took the trouble of undressing at all, but kept on their old leaves — hardly the worse for wear — throughout the winter, to be shuffled off imperceptibly when spring in coming round again bestowed on them new suits of verdure.

The sky was as blue as the sea, and the sea as blue as a sapphire; the air, almost too soft and relaxing for robust constitutions, was like elixir to the delicate. People lived out of doors at this genial season, and the Cur-garden was crowded from morn to night with the convalescent — all eating, drinking, reading, talking, or flirting *al fresco*; while more confirmed invalids lounged on balconies or verandahs, drinking great draughts of the aromatic breezes, which seemed fraught with life and hope.

On Christmas day the sun rose somewhat less brightly than usual; and when old Madame Raymond stepped outside to take the morning walk prescribed by the doctor, she was met by a chillier rush of air than she had ever felt at San Pino before. She noticed, too, for the first time, that a heavy bank of leaden clouds had gathered on the horizon, and that the sea was grey, not blue, to-day.

Madame Raymond shivered slightly as she drew her shawl closer around, and fastened it tighter across the chest with a large, old-fashioned, pearl brooch. The woollen shawl, which had been almost oppressively warm these last weeks, now suddenly seemed to have become thin and scanty.

"I wish I had put on my warm cloak," she said to herself, hesitating on the

threshold; but she felt reluctant to go up that long, steep flight of stairs in search of warmer raiment; for her room, which had been selected for economical reasons, lay *au second*.

"Please, monsieur," she began, with a world of deprecation in eyes and voice, to a magnificent waiter just passing with a tray, "would you kindly fetch me —"

But the magnificent waiter, who was engaged in serving breakfast to a Russian princess occupying the finest suite of rooms *au premier*, did not even wait to hear the end of the phrase, but passed on up-stairs, after casting a contemptuous glance at the old lady and her shabby shawl.

Madame Raymond sighed resignedly; she was used to such rebuffs, and had far too little self-assertion to make a second attempt.

"I need not walk quite so far to-day," she said to herself, closing the large glass door behind her.

The beggars were even more numerous than usual this morning, and Madame Raymond had to stop repeatedly and fumble in her pocket for coppers; but as she advanced farther, the marine promenade lay deserted before her, and she was able to proceed unmolested. She no longer felt cold now; the effort of walking had warmed her blood and given a slight tinge of color to her withered cheek, and with something of interest she watched the crowds of sea-gulls and gannets flapping and shrieking among the rocks. She had never seen so many of them together before. She noticed, too, that the sea, usually so calm, was rising into tiny wavelets imperceptibly higher every minute, and that countless little fishing-boats were making for the shore; but, being ignorant of the weather-lore of these parts, she failed to attach any special importance to these signs.

She had reached an exposed spot, where the promenade, rounding a promontory, lost sight of the hotels and houses of San Pino, when a sudden gust of wind made her pause and reflect that she had better be turning homewards; but just then a musical childish voice struck in upon her ear, —

"*Un soldo, signora, per l'amor del Santo Bambino — mi muore di fame!*" (A copper, a copper, lady, for the love of Holy Infant — I am dying of hunger!), and black-eyed Tonino, wiping his mouth with the back of a very dirty hand, issued from behind a projecting rock.

Madame Raymond had already ex-

hausted all her coppers at the beginning of the walk, so she made a feeble effort to wave off the young rogue; but when Tonino, confident in his own powers of fascination, repeated again in still more heart-rending accents: "*Ho fame, fame, fame!*" — emphasizing his words by laying one filthy little hand expressively on the pit of his stomach — her firmness gave way. This was Christmas day, to be sure, so how could she find it in her heart to let this poor child go starving home? There were very few silver francs remaining in Madame Raymond's purse, but one of these was hastily drawn out and transferred to Tonino's outstretched palm.

While fumbling for her purse Madame Raymond had, however, dropped the pearl brooch which held her shawl together, and she never noticed how the nimble young vagabond had meanwhile transferred this article swiftly and deftly to an opening in his own tattered breeches, which showed many curious bulges on their surface.

Some one else had, however, been witness of the little transaction, for just at that moment General Donnerfels rounded the corner, and with a glance of his hawk-like eye took in the whole situation. With two strides he had reached them and caught hold of the delinquent

"Impudent young thief!" he shouted. "Dying of hunger, are you? What is that, and that, and that?" he added, with one hand emptying the urchin's pockets of their contents, bringing to light, besides the gold brooch in question, a miscellaneous assortment of broken pieces of bread, cheese, meat, sausages, besides stolen pocket-handkerchiefs and copper and silver coins, while with the other hand he held Tonino fast imprisoned in an iron grip.

"Vile, godless young rogue!" he now thundered in *crescendo* accents. "So you are not content with obtaining money under false pretences, but must needs, moreover, add to your misdemeanors by stealing as well!"

Tonino only answered by a vigorous yell, calculated to convey the impression of acute physical suffering.

"And as for you, madame," resumed this terrible man, turning to Madame Raymond, who, overcome by mingled terror and compassion — terror on her own account, and compassion for the supposed sufferings of the luckless Tonino — had lapsed into tears; "as for you, madame," he repeated, holding out the pearl brooch, "do you know what you have been doing?"

"Taking my morning walk," gasped the old lady between her sobs.

"No; you have been fostering vice and encouraging theft. It is you and the like of you that deprave and demoralize youth and prepare criminals for the gallows. There would be no more beggars, nor pickpockets either, if there were no d—d old fools to encourage them!"

By this time General Donnerfels's voice had risen to that celebrated mad-bull roar which had obtained such fame throughout the length and breadth of the German Empire. The veins on his forehead were standing out like knotted whipcord, his complexion rapidly deepening to a dusky purple, his eyes bloodshot and glaring like those of a tiger about to spring.

Madame Raymond, by this time too terrified even to sob, was nearly fainting; but Tonino, who had ceased howling, recognizing it to be a useless waste of power, now seeing his opportunity, with an unexpected movement wrenched himself free of his persecutor's grasp, and was off with the agility of a young deer in the direction of the olive-grove ahead, into which he disappeared, after having turned round to disclose his splendid teeth in a dazzling grin of impudent triumph.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" roared the general, and made a step or two as though in pursuit; but presently he paused, put one hand up to his head, then reeling backwards, with one long, heavy groan fell senseless to the ground.

For full two minutes Madame Raymond stood immovable, not daring to advance or retreat. She was far too stupefied by the scene gone through to be able to think clearly all at once. What was she to do? Go home, as prudence suggested, for the wind was rising every minute and a thin, drizzling rain beginning to fall. But she was a Christian, and common charity demanded that she should at least endeavor to render some assistance to this unfortunate man, who in one second had been transformed from a raging wild beast to an inert and senseless body. It was not lack of charity that caused her to hesitate in approaching him, but sheer terror lest he should wake up again and renew his attack.

At last, with an effort — heroic under the circumstances — Madame Raymond conquered her repugnance and drew near. General Donnerfels lay quite still, just where he had fallen. He was alive — of that the deep, stertorous breathing gave evidence — but there was no sign of returning consciousness. A thin stream of

blood was trickling down from one nostril and the mouth was open, but the eyes were closed. Madame Raymond felt more courage now that those terrible, glaring orbs were no longer fixed upon her. She knelt down and timidly took hold of his hand.

How long she knelt there she did not know, for, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, she had sunk into a state of semistupor — long enough to get drenched through to the skin by the falling rain, and chilled to the core by the wind coming in ever colder blasts from the sea.

A sea-gull, swooping down over the body, shrieked almost in her ear, and aroused her again to consciousness. She endeavored to raise her voice in a cry for help, but it was weak and hoarse, and there was a stinging pain in her throat; and when she tried to rise to her feet, her limbs refused to carry her — all the joints were cramped and stiff, and the head was burning like fire.

Thus the two were found some time later by some passer-by, who gave the alarm, and had them conveyed to their respective abodes.

That night a fearful storm raged over sea and land, and the weather, with one of those sudden revulsions from which even the sunny South is not exempt, changed to bitter cold.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### ALPHONSE BÉCHARD.

NOVEMBER and December had passed very slowly for Paula, one day like the other. She plodded backwards and forwards between her home and the boarding-school, where she spent many hours daily misinterpreting the music of Beethoven and Mozart, or in executing neat little pencil-drawings of castles and ruins of romantic appearance but deficient perspective. Paula was not passionately fond of either pursuit, but her grandmother had desired that she should study these things, so she bravely applied herself to the uncongenial tasks, and tried to fight against the despondency of those long, trailing days. But longest of all were the evenings, when the early winter gloom had set in, and there were no more tasks to be finished for next day. When she had alternately fed and teased the old parrot, and had stroked out one more day in the calendar on which she marked the progress of this to her interminably long winter, then indeed there remained nothing more to do. The cosy sitting-room seemed

large and cheerless, and oftenest Paula would slip away to the kitchen, where old Veronica, sitting darning the household linen, would sometimes let herself be coaxed into a little desultory talk.

Sundays alone brought some change in the order of her daily life, for on these days she dined and spent the afternoon with the Béchards; taking a walk with the family after dinner, or playing draughts with Alphonse Béchard if the weather were bad. Although these entertainments could scarcely be called very exciting, yet they served to break the monotony of existence, and Paula unconsciously began to look forward to Sunday afternoon as the only bright spot in her dreary week.

To-day was not Sunday, but it was New Year's day, and Paula had been invited to an extra festive dinner at the Béchards'. Dinner was over now, and Dr. Béchard, according to an invariable habit, which he discouraged in his patients but cultivated in person, had subsided into an armchair to snore off the effects of roast goose and chocolate cake.

"Multi mortales dediti ventri atque somno vitam transiere,"\* he used invariably to quote, before settling down to the daily snooze.

Madame Béchard, with a large grey cat on her lap, had drawn her chair quite close to the stove, and was soon engrossed in the mysteries of her knitting.

It was impossible to go out to-day, as the snow was falling fast and heavy, so Alphonse brought out the draught-board and set it on the little table within the deep window embrasure, which afforded such agreeable privacy for a  *tête-à-tête*  conversation: while, raised a step above the level of the room, it commanded a convenient view of the street below.

"What shall we play for?" said Paula, smiling across at the big young man who was placing the draughts on their respective squares. "Shall it be for nuts or gingerbread to-day?"

"Neither," said Alphonse mysteriously. "You shall have something better than gingerbread if you win."

"And if I lose?"

"Time enough to talk about that when you do lose," said the youth, who had already determined which way the victory was to fall.

The victory usually fell to Paula, she knew that well enough; knew what satisfaction it afforded Alphonse to be able to

\* "Many mortals pass through life as slaves of their belly and their sleep." — SALLUST.

present her with a packet of gingerbread or a bag of nuts; and she was still child enough to be fond of gingerbread, yet woman enough to enjoy the dawning sense of power over this young giant, who would get red or pale at a look or a word of hers. So she accepted his gifts with equanimity, and feigned blindness to the clumsy manœuvres by means of which he continued to get rid of most of his draughtsmen.

"There now! Two more pieces gone!" groaned Alphonse with simulated despair, as Paula pounced upon two black draughtsmen and joyfully proclaimed, —

"Another king! That makes five to your two, Monsieur Alphonse."

"I have no luck," said Alphonse complacently. "I give up the game."

"Nonsense!" said Paula, who hardly cared for such an easy victory. But her too obliging adversary had already swept the pieces off the board and risen from his chair. Presently he returned with a parcel wrapped up in tissue paper, and approached her with more embarrassment than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Mademoiselle Paula," he began, blushing up to the roots of his hair, "I hope you will not — not dislike the liberty I am taking."

Paula, perfectly composed, took the parcel and smilingly opened it, disclosing a large red satin *bonbonnière* in the shape of a heart, with a pair of turtle-doves in white sugar upon it, and filled to the brim with the finest sugarplums the little town of Z—— could produce.

"How lovely!" she delightedly exclaimed; "but how can I take such a beautiful present, Monsieur Alphonse? It must have cost heaps and heaps of money."

"It is New Year's day," said Alphonse, so beseechingly that Paula's scruples vanished, and she rewarded her enamored swain by putting a bonbon into her mouth.

"How good of you!" said Alphonse gratefully; "then you do not dislike — the — the outside of the box?" — and he grew still more furiously red.

"I like the inside best," she answered demurely, selecting a large burnt almond.

"I know it is not near pretty enough," said Alphonse humbly — "not worthy of you — nothing is; but I chose this one because I — I — liked the — shape. I hope you do not object to the shape, Mademoiselle Paula?"

"It is a very pretty shape," said Paula, still munching her bonbon. "What is it meant to be? A turnip, is it not?"

"A heart," said Alphonse with sudden boldness.

"Oh, a heart," said Paula, in a rather constrained tone of voice; and then for a minute there was silence in the room, broken only by the click-click of Madame Béchard's knitting-pins, the purring of the grey cat, and the occasional swish of the driving snow against the window-pane.

Paula had turned her face a little aside, and was looking down into the street where the figure of a solitary postman could be seen plodding wearily from house to house. He had a larger packet than usual to-day in his hand — probably New Year cards of congratulation to deliver.

Alphonse was breathing rather hard, and his face had a concentrated expression, as though he were bracing himself up to some unusual effort. At such moments the resemblance to his father was striking; just so Dr. Béchard looked when about to prescribe a dose of rhubarb or of castor oil. At last he spoke, —

"And if I were to offer you another heart, Mademoiselle Paula — not a paltry thing of red satin like this, but a real living heart of flesh and blood — would you accept it also? and not — not mistake it for a turnip?" he concluded, with an obviously lame attempt at lightness.

Paula was not smiling now. She turned her head slowly from the window and looked at her lover opposite, with a thoughtfully scrutinizing expression. She looked at his broad shoulders, at his large red hands, at his close-cropped ruddy hair, and honest freckled face, as though she were taking stock of these characteristics for the first time. He was not handsome, to be sure, but he was good and true and honest, and loved her — what need she wish for more? Then Paula looked away past him into the room beyond, as though it too were new to her, letting her eyes rest in turn on the old mildewed engravings of allegorical figures representing Justice, Charity, Peace, and Prudence, in dingy gold frames on the wall; at the solid mahogany table, and row of stiff mahogany chairs; at the bookcase containing two rows of medical works, and some old bound-up volumes of fashion-plates; then at the figure of the slumbering doctor and his placidly knitting wife. Was her whole life really to be spent within these four walls, every detail of which was familiar to her since her childhood? (for of course it was understood that Alphonse was to succeed to his father's practice); and would she herself, some thirty or forty years hence, be sitting here opposite Al-

phonse, knitting, with a grey cat on her lap?

The grey cat's purring had suddenly grown intolerably loud — she felt it buzzing in her ears, and experienced a choking sensation as though the room were too warm. Paula got up and leant her hot cheek against the window-pane, still not knowing what words she would next speak. The postman was just crossing the street.

"He is coming in here!" she cried out, relieved at the prospect of an interruption.

A ring at the door-bell confirmed her assertion, and the servant came into the room bearing a thick letter for her master.

The doctor yawned and rubbed his eyes. "From Italy," he said to himself, recognizing the stamp, "but I do not know the writing."

The letter in hand, he rose and approached the window where Paula and Alphonse had been sitting. Further conversation was now impossible, and Paula was thankful for the respite.

Dr. Bécharde opened the cover and drew out a note which appeared to have been penned in haste; but there was still something else within the envelope. After adjusting his spectacles, he began to read half aloud, —

"WORTHY SIR, — As I understand you to have been the friend and medical adviser of the late —"

Here the doctor broke off suddenly and cast a scared glance at Paula, who had begun to eat bonbons again.

"From whom is the letter?" she now asked, seeing that Dr. Bécharde had turned over the sheet and was closely inspecting the signature on the other side.

"Nothing, nothing, my dear — only a business letter, I think," he returned confusedly; and signing to his son to follow him, he hurriedly left the room muttering, "Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent."\*

The letter proved to be from the Cur doctor at San Pino, stating how two days previously, on the evening of the 30th of December, his patient, Madame Raymond, had succumbed to an acute attack of inflammation of the windpipe. In accordance with instructions found among the papers of the deceased, her body was being forwarded by the shortest route to her native town, and would probably reach Z — simultaneously with this news. The

\* "The gods treat us mortals like balls." — PLAUTUS.

certificate of her death was here enclosed, as well as a letter which had been found addressed to Mademoiselle Paula Raymond. The writer begged his learned *confère* to excuse brevity. There had been another death, and his hands were full, as the sanitary laws of the place demanded that every corpse to be interred elsewhere should be despatched within twenty-four hours of the decease. Here the letter concluded with the usual expression of conventional esteem habitual between medical colleagues.

The enclosure was addressed to "*My beloved granddaughter Paula Raymond, to be given after my death,*" and it ran as follows: —

"MY DARLING PAULA, — Within two or three years, perhaps even sooner, you will read these lines, and will know that your old grandmother, who has loved you so tenderly, is now praying for you in heaven. Perhaps God in his great goodness may permit us to be together some little time longer; may let me even live to see you a happy wife and mother. I should die more peacefully if I knew your future to be assured. But if this is not to be — and sometimes I think that I may not live to see another summer — if I am no longer there to advise you, I pray that you may be wisely guided in your choice. Alphonse Bécharde is a good and honest young man, and would be a kind and faithful husband, I am sure. Should your heart permit you to return his love, then my anxieties would be at rest.

"You are not likely to meet with a second attachment as true and disinterested as this one, for poor girls have few suitors; and you will be poor, my Paula — perhaps you hardly yet realize how poor. My little pension as widow of an *employé* will die with me, and then your only other resource will be to earn your bread as a governess or companion.

"Wherever and whenever it may please the Almighty to call me away, I desire to be buried at home, under the large labourer you know so well. I shall rest more softly knowing that my Paula is there, and that she will plant my favorite forget-me-nots over the grave.

"Farewell, darling child; you have been the joy and consolation of my old age. May the earnest blessing of your dying grandmother bring you happiness and prosperity here and hereafter!

"MADELEINE RAYMOND.

"SAN PINO, October 188-."

## CHAPTER VI.

## A COFFIN.

PAULA'S grief was deep and stormy, in proportion as the blow was unexpected and sudden. If her grandmother had died here in her own house, with Paula beside her to receive the last farewell blessing, the shock would no doubt have been a severe one, yet as nothing compared to what she now was suffering. Looking back upon their parting in October, it seemed to the girl's self-tormenting fancy that her parting words had lacked warmth, her embraces tenderness, and with bitter self-reproach she recollected that her uppermost feeling at that moment had been one of disappointment at being left behind.

"Oh granny, dear granny," she sobbed to herself, as she knelt by Madame Raymond's empty bed at home and buried her face in the pillows, "if only I could see your dear, kind face once more, only just once, to say good-bye, then it would not be so dreadfully hard to bear! — only just once, to say good-bye!"

Madame Béchard had endeavored to persuade her to stay in their house till the funeral rites were over; but her hospitality had been feverishly declined by the excited girl, who only wanted to be alone, she said.

"Leave her in peace," said the old doctor. "*Est quædam flere voluptas.*"\* So Paula had been suffered to follow her own inclination.

The coffin had arrived on the morning of the 2d of January, and, previous to interment next day, was placed in the church. Paula, leaning on Dr. Béchard's arm, had gone to the cemetery to point out the spot where Madame Raymond was to rest; then entering the church, she had stood for some minutes wrapped in thought, gazing at the black-draped coffin. Her grief had now reached the silent, tearless stage, infinitely more pathetic to witness in the young than the first natural and stormy explosion; and Dr. Béchard had no clue to her thoughts, as she stood there with great dark, wistful eyes, which seemed as if they would pierce through the dense black pall that hid her grandmother from view.

*Hide* her from view — yes, that was the thought that was rankling in Paula's mind with intolerable persistency; only a wooden board and a layer of black stuff between them. If she could but push aside the pall, raise the coffin-lid, and press

one last kiss on the waxen face within; if she could but once say, "Granny, dear granny, good-bye," then her mind would be at rest — so at least it seemed to her excited imagination.

She dismissed the thought as insane, but again and again it would keep recurring to her mind, almost with the force of a monomania.

The winter day had long closed in when old Veronica came into the little parlor and set down a dish of ham and eggs before her young mistress.

"I cannot eat," said Paula, almost angrily, turning away in disgust. "Veronica, how can you imagine that I could be so heartless as to look at food to-day? Take it away directly."

Veronica for all reply pushed the dish a little nearer. She was old enough to know that the stomach must have its rights whatever the heart may be suffering.

"You will not do your blessed grandmother much good by starving yourself," she dryly observed. "You look like a ghost already, Mamselle Paula, and will not be able to attend the funeral to-morrow if you do not eat something. Do you think madame would be pleased to see you now?"

Paula was not attending to the old woman's talk.

"Veronica," she said suddenly, "we must go out again this evening. I want you to go with me to the church."

"Mercy on us all! Out again in this bitter cold, and you as weak as water from not having tasted food to-day! It would be folly, simple folly, mamselle."

"But I must go," repeated Paula. "Veronica — dear, good Veronica," she went on, getting up and throwing her arms round the old servant's wrinkled brown neck — "you will come with me, I know you will, or else I shall have to go alone; but go I must. I shall become mad if I do not go."

Veronica looked doubtfully at Paula, and then shook her head. She saw that her young mistress was strangely excited, that her eyes were shining like two living coals, her cheeks pale as death by contrast. She felt that the hands were burning, while the teeth were chattering together as if with cold. She feared to give in to this crazy idea, yet feared still more to thwart her.

"Listen, mamselle," said Veronica, after a pause; "I will go with you on one condition — that you will first eat your supper."

\* "There is a certain pleasure in tears." — OVID  
LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3567



"Anything — anything you choose," said Paula eagerly, sitting down again before the previously despised dish of ham, and beginning to eat it up very fast, though it conveyed no taste to her palate, and she would equally have swallowed a dish of paper or of straw.

While Veronica was putting on her hooded cloak and lighting the large hand-lantern, Paula had unlocked a drawer and taken out some money, which she carefully concealed in her pocket.

The night air was so cold that it caught their breath like a knife as they opened the house door. Paula was so much muffled up as to be almost unrecognizable, and had put a thick woollen veil over her face; yet it was not the cold alone which had dictated these precautions.

They made but slow progress at first; for the snow, piled up deep and unevenly by the yesterday's wind, caused Paula's feet to sink in at every step, sometimes above the ankle, sometimes even higher. Veronica had to walk in front holding the lantern, for the night was dark, and a dense white fog, indicative of more snow yet to come, hung over everything, and prevented the stars from shining. The deserted streets looked strange and ghostly as they entered them; only at rare intervals the dingy oil-lamps, by which the town was lighted, shed pools of ruddy light on the fresh-fallen snow.

"This way," said Paula, hastily pulling her veil yet closer, and turning into a narrow by-street, as she caught sight of a group of figures approaching.

The town clock was ringing out ten o'clock as they reached the church. They went round the back of the building, and then Paula stopped in front of the little house where lived the sexton.

"Wait here outside," she said imperiously to Veronica, as, having knocked for admittance, the door was opened from within.

The time of waiting seemed very long to Veronica stamping about in her thick *sabots* to keep her blood from congealing. She could only hear a confused murmur inside; Paula's young, clear voice, now imperious and commanding, now coaxing and pleading, as it seemed to her, alternated with the old sexton's hoarse croaking organ; but she could not distinguish the words.

"I cannot do it, indeed I cannot, *mamselle*," he was saying for the twentieth time at least; "it is as much as my place is worth. If *monsieur le curé* were to guess that I had betrayed the confidence

reposed in me, I should be dismissed on the spot."

"But no one will ever know of it," pleaded Paula. "No one will ever be the wiser or the worse of it. What harm can it possibly do to any one?"

"There was a medical commissioner here the other day," said the sexton, "examining into the state of the churchyard. If any of the doctors were to catch wind of such a thing, I should be a lost man."

"They never can catch wind of it," answered Paula; "and do you not see that in this cold weather there can be no risk to any one's health? Is it not a right and pious action to help a grandchild to say farewell to her grandmother? I shall never be happy again if I do not see her once more, and it will be all your fault. You will therefore be really doing harm by refusing, and only good by conceding to my wish, she wound up, with that ingenious sophistry which comes instinctively to every woman.

Was it the influence of Paula's bright eyes and eloquent words? or perhaps the eloquence of the still brighter gold coin he saw shining between her clasped fingers. Certain it was that the sexton took a large bunch of ponderous keys from the wall and led the way across to the church.

The coffin stood in the centre aisle of the little Gothic church, just in front of the high altar. Six large wax torches, in massive bronze holders, were ranged on either side. The sexton proceeded to kindle two of these so as to have sufficient light for his work.

Paula and Veronica had meanwhile sat down on a bench to wait, the latter very much alarmed at the details of this ghastly drama into which she had been beguiled. Had she ever suspected *mademoiselle* of such a mad and sacrilegious design, nothing on earth would have induced her to stir hand or foot in the matter.

After fumbling with a screw-driver for some ten minutes, the sexton removed the last nail from the lid of the stout oak coffin. There was still a brass bolt to be withdrawn; but this he did not attempt to open, for now that he had all but accomplished the job a new qualm of conscience seemed to have seized upon him.

"There, *mamselle*," he said, rubbing his head uneasily, "I have done your bidding, but I will not be the one to raise the lid. You can do it for yourself if you please, and I shall just go into the sacristy and wait till you call me back. Then at least I shall be able truthfully to say that I never opened the coffin, nor even saw it done."

"And I shall go with you," said old Veronica, rising hastily from the bench and crossing herself. "May the holy saints preserve me from taking any part in this matter! Mademoiselle Paula, be wise and come away too. It is not good to disturb the dead; come away, come away."

But Paula gave no answer or sign of having heard. She waited till the sacristy door had closed behind the two, and then slowly and mechanically, like a person in a trance, she rose and approached the coffin.

The two gigantic torches flickering in the draughty building lit up the little church in weird and mystic fashion; now bringing out into strong relief some nook or corner, some quaint bit of carving or ancient inscription on the wall, then throwing all back into shadow again, flushing or paling the features of statues within stone niches, and lending expression to the grotesque traceries on the twisted columns. The whole church was peopled with supernatural beings; at least so it seemed to Paula in her overwrought nervous state. Now that she had gained her object and was about to see her desire accomplished, a sudden tremor seized upon her, and she was only conscious of a great reluctance to raising the lid of that coffin. Was not Veronica right, after all, in saying that man should not tamper with the barrier dividing the living from the dead? Strangely enough, she had felt nearer her grandmother yesterday evening when she had knelt and wept by the empty bed, than now standing beside the coffin that held her mortal remains.

With an effort Paula roused herself from these thoughts. She passed her hand over her burning forehead while casting a scared glance round the church. Was she not here by her own action, her own desire? She must not let herself give way to this pitiable weakness.

Feverishly with trembling fingers she tugged at the bolt till it gave way, and then easily and noiselessly the lid swung back on its hinges.

Veronica and the sexton, waiting in the sacristy, were suddenly aroused by a piercing shriek, long-drawn and shrill, as it rang out in the stillness of the frosty night. Too terrified to move, they held their breath and listened as again the awful sound was repeated, waking horrible echoes in the vaulted aisles. There was the noise as of something falling, and then all was still once more.

"Robbers! murder!" now screamed Veronica, having recovered her senses. "They have murdered my young mistress!"

"For God's sake be quiet," said the sexton in a hoarse whisper, putting his hand over the old woman's lips. "It will be a bad night's work for me if any one finds us here. Give me the lantern," and snatching it from her hand, he preceded her into the church.

The sight that met their eyes was terrible enough, though it was not what they had expected to see. On the ground lay Paula in a dead faint, having in her fall overturned one of the lighted torches, which luckily had been extinguished by the action. The other torch still burned fiercely and fitfully, throwing its light full on the figure within the open coffin.

It was the corpse of a massively framed, hard-featured man in uniform, with a profusion of decorations across his broad chest, and an expression of countenance calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. There was tyranny stamped on his low, broad forehead, cold avarice expressed in the large hooked nose, wanton cruelty in the square formation of jaw and chin, and unbridled passion in the curves of the crooked lips which refused to close over large, tusk-like teeth; and as the flickering red torchlight fell straight upon him, this awful being seemed to grow alive again, and alternately to glare and scowl, and frown and grin, at the two terrified bystanders.

"It is the devil himself!" said old Veronica in an awestruck whisper. "I knew that no good would come of this job to-night."

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From The Edinburgh Review.

A HANOVERIAN MARRIAGE.\*

MADEMOISELLE ELEONORE DESMIER D'OLBREUZE, born on January 3, 1639, the daughter of a Protestant gentleman of Poitou of an ancient but decayed family and of slender means, was the common ancestress of the royal houses of Great

\* 1. *Une Mésalliance dans la Maison de Brunswick* (1665-1725). *Eléonore Desmier d'Olbreuze, Duchesse de Zell*. Par le Viscomte Horrie de Beaucaire. 8vo. Paris: 1884.

2. *Memoirs of Sophia, Electress of Hanover* (1630-1680). Translated by H. Forester. London: 1838.

3. *Denkwürdigkeiten der Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover*. By Dr. Adolf Köcher. Berlin: 1886.

4. *State Papers and Correspondence from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover*. Edited by John Mitchell Kemble. 8vo. London: 1857.

Britain and of Prussia. Her daughter, the unhappy Sophia Dorothea, was the wife of King George I. and the mother of King George II.; and her granddaughter, the first queen of Prussia, was the mother of no less a personage than Frederic II. All the numerous and illustrious members of both these royal families may trace their descent from this remarkable young lady, who began her career in life in the comparatively humble capacity of a lady-in-waiting of Madame de Tremoille, the Princess of Tarentum. Probably this singular fact may surprise some of our readers, and even some of the distinguished personages whose knowledge of their own lineage is incomplete. But it does not rest on the evidence collected by a French memoir writer, although M. de Beaucaire has succeeded in discovering a great deal of authentic correspondence of the time. Nor is this evidence produced with any invidious intention. For the Electress Sophia herself has left memoirs which corroborate in every particular this strange and romantic story. They have been published in the fourth volume of the Prussian archives, and are now accessible in a translation to the English reader.

As the line of descent of these illustrious persons is somewhat intricate and difficult to trace, from the similarity of names, it may be well, for the intelligence of what is to follow, to state with precision their exact order of birth and intermarriage. Sophia Dorothea of Zell, born in 1666, was the only child of George William, afterwards Duke of Zell, by Mademoiselle d'Olbreuzé, whom he married in 1676, ten years after the birth of their child. This young lady, Sophia Dorothea, who was legitimized by the marriage of her parents, and raised to the rank of a princess by the emperor of Germany, married in 1682 her cousin George Louis, the son of Duke Ernest Augustus and Sophia, the daughter and twelfth child of the king and queen of Bohemia, and granddaughter of King James I. of England and Scotland, on whom by the Act of Settlement the crown of Britain devolved. The tragical fate of Sophia Dorothea, afterwards called the Countess d'Ahlden, is well known. She was the mother of George Augustus, King George II. of England, and of a daughter called Sophia Dorothea, after herself, who married in 1706 the crown-prince of Prussia, afterwards King Frederic William I. of Prussia. The issue of this marriage was her renowned son, Frederic II., surnamed by some the Great. Hence it appears that Mademoiselle d'Ol-

breuzé was the grandmother of George II. and of the queen of Prussia, and the great-grandmother of Frederic II., who perhaps owed some of his predilection for the language and the literature of France to the French blood in his veins. We shall endeavor briefly to relate in the following pages, from these authentic materials, the extraordinary course of events which raised this Protestant young lady of comparatively humble birth to be the mother of so many "kings to be," and which undoubtedly contributed to give to the courts of Zell and Hanover a brilliancy and an importance in Europe which they had not possessed for several generations.

The rise of Madame de Maintenon to be the wife of Louis XIV. was not more improbable, the power exercised by Madame de Maintenon was not greater than that which was enjoyed, on a far narrower theatre, by the lady who became the Duchess of Zell. But there the comparison ceases. The life of Madame de Maintenon was blameless and austere; the early life of Mademoiselle d'Olbreuzé somewhat wanton and, to say the least, irregular. Madame de Maintenon studiously concealed her high dignity; the Duchess of Zell became a princess and blazoned her rank in the world. Madame de Maintenon left no children; the Duchess of Zell, through her daughter, was the progenitress of the two leading Protestant houses of Europe. Both these ladies owed their extraordinary fortunes to the irresistible charm of their manners and conversation, which was, in their day, peculiar to French society and the court of France. And it may be added, to complete this curious contrast of these great contemporaries, that whilst the intolerant fervor of Madame de Maintenon led her to abet the persecution and expulsion from France of her Huguenot countrymen, the Protestant zeal of Eléonore d'Olbreuzé made her a champion of their rights and opened an asylum in Germany to their families.

We shall not follow M. de Beaucaire into his attempt to trace the origin and fortunes of the Desmier family. In the days of her splendor the Duchess of Zell became the idol of the pedigree makers, and even Leibnitz sought to connect her with the most illustrious races. The fact appears to be that her father was a country gentleman, of ancient descent, but not a member of the higher *noblesse* of France; and he was so reduced in his circumstances that after having furnished his daughter with all the accomplishments of the time, to which were added her own

beauty, graces, and talents, her parents were glad to place her in the suite of their neighbor, the Princess of Tarentum, wife of the head of the house of Tremoille, and of the Protestant nobility of Poitou.\* This lady was the daughter of the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and might be regarded as of sovereign rank in Europe. Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze became her lady-in-waiting, but not in a menial capacity. The taunt afterwards thrown out by the Duchess of Orleans, that she might have been glad to marry the prince's valet, was a mere piece of spite and impertinence.

Protestant princes and courtiers were not welcome at the court of Versailles. The Prince of Tarentum, followed by his wife, quitted France and entered the military service of the United Provinces. Eléonore d'Olbreuze declared that she was too much indebted to her illustrious patroness not to accompany her in her travels, and that she would willingly attend her in a foreign country. Holland was then at the most brilliant period of its political and social existence. It might be regarded as the centre of Protestant Europe. Its statesmen, its navy, and its press held the first rank in the defence of free institutions and liberal opinions; and the court of the stadtholder was crowded with the most illustrious personages of the Protestant faith. Charles II., surrounded by adherents faithful to the cause of monarchy, awaited at the Hague the day when he should embark from the beach of Schevening to resume his crown. His aunt, the queen of Bohemia, resided there. The German princes and the French Huguenots who had suffered by the ambition or the intolerance of Louis XIV. gathered round the house of Orange, and the assemblies and entertainments of the head of the Dutch republic vied with the splendors of the court of France. Here, then, Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze made her entry into the world. Her beauty and her accomplishments surrounded her with adorers, to whom she gave no encouragement. She thought that "le ciel l'avait destinée à quelque chose de plus grand. Un secret présentement de sa bonne fortune la rendit si fière." It was, however, during a temporary visit to the court of the landgrave of Hesse, with her mistress, in the winter of 1663-4, that she first met the two brothers, George William and John Frederic, of Hanover, both of whom fell passionately in love with

\* The Château d'Olbreuze is near Usseau, between Niort and Rochelle, then the most Protestant district in France.

her. But before we proceed to relate their adventures, it is necessary to recall the peculiar position of the heirs of this divided family.

The House of Brunswick [says Mr. Kemble] itself was irremediably divided. After the ruin of the great Duke Henry the Lion, in the twelfth century, the various members of his house, though always occupying a distinguished rank among the German dynasts, still held but a secondary one. At this time they stood indeed at the head of the College of Princes, but below that of the Electors. Of the various branches into which this family was divided, two were particularly distinguished, the House of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and that of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and the latter was again divided into the lines of Zell and Calenberg [or Hanover].\*

The territorial possessions of the family consisted in several distinct principalities and dignities, which enjoyed a semi-independence even when they were united under a common sovereign, and which by the general law of Germany, or by testamentary dispositions, were liable to be distributed among the junior members of the house when there were several heirs. The consequence was the disunion of the country, the rivalry of the dukes, and a perpetual effort to reunite the several provinces by intermarriages or by pecuniary family arrangements.

Of the house of Wolfenbüttel we have little here to say, for though Sophia Dorothea was betrothed to the heir of that branch of the family when she was six years old, the premature death of the young prince put an end to that contract. The house of Lüneburg was alone connected with Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze, and she played a great part in it. Duke George of Lüneburg had succeeded, by the death of his brothers without male heirs, to all the territorial possessions of that branch, but he died in 1641 leaving four sons, and he divided his dominions among them. These are the personages of the comedy. It is necessary to bear them clearly in mind.

The eldest son, Christian Louis, had the principalities of Zell, Lüneburg, and Grubenhagen, with the counties of Hoyn and Diepholz. He was born in 1622 and died without children in 1665; and he does not figure in this narrative. He was in truth

\* The historical introduction prefixed by the late Mr. John Mitchell Kemble to his Selection from the State Papers and Correspondence of Leibnitz and others in the Hanoverian libraries, is a succinct but masterly sketch of the perplexing relations of the ducal families, and the intricate policy of the States of northern Europe.

the least interesting member of the family, being addicted to drink, which the electress says was his only vice. We are not sure of that. Between Christian Louis, and John Frederic (his third brother) there was a strong antipathy, which ended in a total rupture. The other two brothers, George William and Ernest Augustus, were, on the contrary, extremely attached to each other, and remained so through life, in spite of the fierce hostility of their respective wives.

The second son, George William, obtained Hanover, Calenberg, and Göttingen. He is the hero of the piece, and (eventually) the husband of Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze. He became Duke of Zell on the death of his elder brother.

The third son, John Frederic, had at first a mere appanage, but he became Duke of Hanover when George William took the duchy of Zell. He was a man of letters, a patron of Leibnitz, but he became a Catholic in 1651, to the great indignation of the family. He died in 1679 leaving no heirs.

The fourth son, Ernest Augustus, had at first no dominions, but by the Treaty of Westphalia he obtained the reversion of the Bishopric of Osnabrück, a see which was alternately occupied by a Catholic bishop and a Protestant prince, a singular compromise that continued down to the days of the late Duke of York, the last of those prince bishops. Ernest Augustus was in some respects the most important of these princes to ourselves, for he married Sophia, the daughter of the queen of Bohemia, and became the father of King George I. How this came about we have to tell, but it may be added that he succeeded as Duke of Hanover on the death of his brother John Frederic, acquired the long-coveted ninth electorate of Brunswick-Hanover in 1692, and died in 1698, leaving the dignity of electress to his widow, the statutory heiress to the crown of England.

These two young dukes, George William and Ernest Augustus, launched upon the world at an early age, were gay, somewhat dissolute, inconstant, pleasure-seeking gentlemen, utterly indifferent to the government of their dominions, in which they declined to reside, and much preferring the amusements of foreign courts, or, above all, the Carnival of Venice, to the dreary dignity of a north German duchy. Urged, however, by his subjects to marry, the Duke of Hanover, with his brother Ernest Augustus, appeared in 1656 at the court of the Elector Palatine

at Heidelberg, where he speedily offered his hand to Sophia, the sister of that prince. Sophia avows that she unhesitatingly said yes, for the marriage was the best that had been proposed to her. The elector gave his consent; and a marriage contract was drawn up and signed by the elector, the duke, and the affianced bride. Strict secrecy was to be observed as to the engagement, and the brothers continued their journey to Venice. We shall leave the electress Sophia to tell the sequel of the story.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Hanover, plunged into the dissipations of Venice, ceased to think of me, nor had his subjects come to any conclusion as to the increase of his revenue. He began to repent his promise, which bound him by word and deed to me; his letters grew colder, and he himself failed to appear at the appointed time. The Elector, my brother, was very uneasy, but pride kept me up.

The Duke of Hanover, meanwhile, perplexed how to find an honorable escape from his engagement, hit upon the expedient of proposing to his brother, Ernest Augustus, that he, as his other self, should marry me, and receive the family estates, he proposing to retain for himself only a liberal income sufficient for his private expenses. He also assured his younger brother that he would give him a paper, written and signed by his own hand, to the effect that he would never marry, but live and die a bachelor. Duke Ernest Augustus listened with pleasure to this proposition.

There were lions in the path, and the pretensions of the rival brothers had to be adjusted, but these difficulties were overcome, seeing that Ernest Augustus had already the reversion of the Bishopric of Osnabrück, that John Frederic was not likely to have heirs, and that the celibacy of George William would leave him without children. Consequently, Sophia would be mistress at Hanover, and her children would inherit all the Brunswick-Lüneburg possessions — a result which did, in fact, long afterwards occur. As for the lady, she declared: —

That a good establishment was all I cared for, and that if this was secured to me by the younger brother, the exchange would be to me a matter of indifference.

The deed of renunciation was drawn up in very odd German, and is published by the electress. After a preamble, George William pledges himself "so long as the said princess and my brother continue in life and in the bonds of matrimony, or after their decease shall leave heirs male, that I neither will nor shall on any account enter, much less carry out, any marriage

contract with any person, and wish nothing else but to spend what remains to me in life 'in cœlibatu,' etc.

The duke's promise resembles that of Benedick: "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married." But these were early days, before he had seen the irresistible Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze. Meanwhile, the ducal pair, Ernest Augustus and Sophia, were united. The two brothers were still inseparable. George William was delighted with his sister-in-law, who did the honors of his palace, and told her one day that he much regretted having given her up to his brother—a speech she cut short by pretending not to hear it. But his attentions were marked, and Sophia was ill at ease between the brothers, for she had become extremely attached to her husband. This critical state of affairs lasted for three years, when Ernest Augustus succeeded to the Bishopric of Osnabrück, and went to reside at Iburg, near that city.

But it is time to return to our heroine. In the winter of 1663-4, George William "in cœlibatu" met the Princess of Tarentum and her attending ladies at the court of the landgrave of Hesse. He at once fell in love with Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze. The more sedate John Frederic, who was likewise at Cassel, also became enamored of the enchantress, for it seems to have been the fate of all these brothers to be rivals in love. The love-letters of John Frederic have been preserved to us by M. de Beaucaire. They are not of a very passionate character; the answers of Eléonore still less so. She says, writing from the Hague:—

J'attendray que Votre Altesse Sérénissime soit mariée pour la supplier de me mettre à sa Cour auprès de Madame sa femme, comme Elle me l'a promis. Je souhaite qu'Elle me croye fille de bien, et qu'Elle soit persuadée qu'Elle ne trouvera personne qui ait plus de zèle et de fidélité que moi pour son service.

But after this humble and ceremonious appeal, comes an expressive postscript: "*L'on atant icy tous les jours, Monseigneur le duc Georges-Guillaume.*"

Accordingly, in December, 1664, monseigneur arrived at the Hague, not on the wings of love, but as fast as a ducal coach and six could carry him through the ruts of north Germany. He was desperately enamored of the beautiful Eléonore, who certainly was not indifferent to him. His passion was increased by jealousy of his brother, John Frederic; and inflamed by

the reserved carriage of the lady, who had hitherto preserved a blameless reputation in spite of the prevailing laxity of morals in the courts which she had lived in for several years. She was too humble to be his wife, and too proud to be his mistress, though there was scarcely a court in Europe in that age which did not supply a precedent and an excuse.\* A morganatic marriage was talked of, but here again George William was embarrassed by the solemn renunciation he had signed seven years before. At last the princess of Tarentum threw her influence on the side of the duke, and on the twenty-sixth birthday of Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze a significant party was given in her honor, at which she was presented with the portrait of George William in a locket. But these were only premonitory symptoms of the alliance.

An event occurred on March 15, which interrupted these erotic passages. Christian Louis, the eldest brother, then Duke of Zell, expired. A dispute ensued in these kingdoms of the frogs and the mice between the surviving brothers. France, Sweden, and the electors of Cologne and Brandenburg mediated. A treaty of peace was signed in September, by which it was agreed that George William should take the Duchy of Zell; John Frederic, Hanover and Göttingen; and Ernest Augustus, the country of Diepholz, in addition to his bishopric.

The Duke of Zell's ardor was not cooled by his new dignity, and as the Princess of Tarentum had gone to France, leaving her ladies-in-waiting at Bois-le-Duc, it was agreed that Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze and her companion, Mademoiselle de la Mothe, should be invited to Iburg, the residence of the Bishop of Osnabrück and the princess Sophia. That was the first meeting of the two women whose lives were afterwards marked by fierce rivalry and fatal incidents—at once closely allied and bitterly hostile. But Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze was at first received with kindness. Sophia wrote: "Je la trouvais tout autre qu'on m'en avait

\* It does not appear to have occurred to the Princess Sophia, who denounced the *misalliances* of royal personages with so much scorn and fury, that her cousin, the Duke of York, the heir presumptive to the crown of England, had four years previously married "Mrs. Hyde," one of the maids of honor of the Princess of Orange, who, if she had lived, would have ascended the throne with James II., and in fact the daughter of this lady did ascend the throne as Queen Anne. James says of his wife, in his memoirs, "Her want of birth was made up by endowments; and her carriage afterwards became her acquired dignity"—words equally applicable to the Duchess of Zell.

parlé. Elle faisait fort la sérieuse, son air était de contenance, elle parla peu et fort agréablement; son visage était fort beau et sa taille haute. Je la trouvai fort aimable."

The duchess probably never dreamed that her brother-in-law would contract a matrimonial alliance with so humble a person, and the Duke of Zell himself said to his brother: "If she thinks I am going to marry her, she may go back to the place she came from. I shall never commit such an act of folly." But Sophia was ready enough to lend her sanction to a less regular arrangement.

The funeral of Duke Christian-Louis took place at Zell on the 11th of November, 1665. The whole Court of Osnabrück attended it, Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze travelling with the ladies-in-waiting of the Duchess Sophia. There George William made a last effort. He offered to Eléonore to execute a special instrument, which should insure a durable union between them, prove his affection, and relieve the woman whom he loved from humiliation. He promised always to live with Eléonore, to give her an honorable position at his court, and a jointure if she survived him. His brother and his sister-in-law were to sign the engagement. This instrument, by which the Bishop of Osnabrück and the Duchess Sophia pledged themselves to attest the constancy of George William, was the only assurance Eléonore obtained; but on the 12th of November (the day after the funeral!) the Duchess wrote to her brother, the Elector Palatine, "The marriage of conscience of Duke George William and the Olbreuze is public, though it has been concluded without lights or witnesses." The fact is, that no ceremony took place at all. Eléonore did not become the wife of the Duke of Zell. She received at Court the official situation of the sovereign's favorite, and the title of Madame de Harbourg, which had been borne by members of the House of Brunswick.

Mr. Kemble, who was rarely mistaken, intimates that a morganatic marriage, "sacred in the eyes of God and man," did take place between the Duke of Zell and Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze; but he was misinformed; the only bond between them was this strange *ante-nuptial* contract, as the electress Sophia is pleased to call it, which contained no promise of marriage at all, and was supposed to dispense with it. The motives of Sophia in pandering to the passion of her brother-in-law by signing such a document were obvious. She pleased him and diverted his attentions from herself to another object; and she imagined that this connection would render the birth of any legitimate offspring to dispute the inheritance of her own children still more improbable. She

did not foresee that she was inflicting an incurable wound on her own pride, and raising the woman she hated to a throne. It is curious to remark that the Scottish strength and tenacity of character which the duchess possessed above any other member of the house of Stuart, should have been opposed, in this remote German principality, to the arts and graces of a daughter of Protestant France. The conflict soon began, and lasted for the lifetime of both ladies.

Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze, or as she must now be called Madame de Harbourg, was not dissatisfied with her lot. She had got her foot on the ladder. On March 14, 1666, she wrote to her friend, M. Genabat, from Zell:—

Though it will be said that I have dispensed with standing in a church before a priest, I can feel no regret, because I am the happiest of women, and it is good faith alone that makes marriages. The Duke has plighted his troth to me before his whole family, who also signed the contract by which he binds himself to take no other wife but me, and to maintain me as a princess, with an allowance and a settlement in the event of his death. The Duke has done so much besides for me, that I am in a position to make head against my enemies were it necessary. I, however, think only of pleasing my Duke. You would like to see our home, which is the happiest in the world; your own is not to be compared with it.

A few months later (in September, 1666), Madame de Harbourg gave birth to Sophia Dorothea, her only child, whose subsequent fate cast so dark a shade over her history. The character of George William appeared to be entirely changed by the illicit union he had contracted, to the great satisfaction of his people. He continued to reside at Zell; he ceased to travel; and a very volatile prince became a very constant and tender husband. Year by year the influence of Madame de Harbourg increased, and with that influence the jealousy of the duchess Sophia. The duke served, not without distinction and success, at the head of his Hanoverian army of twelve thousand good troops, in the war which was terminated by the peace of Nimeguen.

So ten years passed away. The principal objects of the court of Zell during that period were to obtain the rank of princess for the illegitimate daughter of the house, to unite as far as possible the several principalities of the family, and, eventually, to obtain the dignity of an elector. The emperor of Germany was not insen-

sible to the military service of the Hanoverians. In 1674 he granted the title of Countess of Wilhelmsbourg to Madame de Harbourg and her children. The empress sent the new countess the very inappropriate order, "der Sklavinnen der Tugend," for she had not been a slave of virtue. Sophia Dorothea was permitted to assume the title and arms of the house of Brunswick if she married a prince. And in August, 1675, a legal marriage was declared and celebrated between her parents, on the faith of the engagement given "par un effet de la Providence divine," some ten years before, which, however, contained no promise of marriage at all.

The Duchess of Zell, for she had now risen to that rank, had never forgotten that she was a Frenchwoman. The castle of Zell, an old Germanic fastness, was rebuilt in the French taste of the time by an Italian architect, and, with its four hundred windows and one hundred and eighty chambers splendidly furnished, became a miniature Versailles. The society and language of the court were almost entirely French, insomuch that on one occasion the duke was told by one of his guests that he was the only German at table. The estate of Olbreuze in Poitou had devolved on the duchess, and she refused to part with it. When Sophia Dorothea was six years old, and her position still undetermined, French letters of naturalization were obtained for her from Louis XIV. It is evident that in the event of the death of her husband, Eléonore would have returned to France with her daughter. *Diis aliter visum est.* In the course of the war, the Duke of Zell had beaten the Swedes, who were the allies of France, and taken Stralsund from them. He had even crossed swords with a French marshal, carried Trèves, and made Créqui prisoner. But at Nimeguen George William saw the importance of obtaining the support of France if he was to retain any part of his conquests; and Louis XIV., faithful to his policy of establishing French influence at the minor German courts, authorized the negotiations which were opened between the duchess and Marshal d'Estrades, the French ambassador at the Congress. Her letters are published by M. de Beaucaire, and they prove that she played the same part that Mademoiselle de Kérouaille was playing in London to obtain for Louis XIV. the neutrality or the alliance of foreign powers. M. de Rébenac was sent as French minister to Zell, where he was received with the utmost distinction and

cordiality. Peace was signed with France, by which George William got the bailiwick of Tedinghausen and three hundred thousand crowns. Splendid presents were offered by Louis XIV. to the duchess, which drove the rival princess mad with jealousy. She was heard to say that "a ring worth a hundred pounds would have been quite enough for a young lady from Poitou." To which George William replied that "he felt more flattered by these presents from a great king to a young lady from Poitou, than he should do from the daughter of a king *in partibus*" — alluding of course to the late king of Bohemia. Rébenac wrote to his sovereign in 1679, that "the duchess had more credit than ever with her husband, and that it was to her the alliance with France was due." For some years the influence of France was paramount at Zell. The house of Brunswick had gained considerably in political importance, and all the leading powers of Europe sent ministers or agents to the ducal courts. At Versailles the representatives of the duke claimed the rank of ambassadors. In 1682 the great king addressed the following letter to the "young lady from Poitou: " —

30 Avril, 1682, à Saint Clou.

Ma Cousine, — J'ai reçu avec plaisir les assurances que vous me donnez de vos bons sentiments pour tout ce qui me regarde, et vous ne devez point douter que je ne sois toujours très aise de vous donner des marques de l'estime et de l'affection que j'ay pour vous. Priant Dieu qu'il vous ayt, ma cousine, en sa sainte et digne garde.

LOUIS.

Madame la Duchesse de Zell.

When Louis wrote this letter he was aware that his influence in Germany was declining. The occupation of Strasbourg had alarmed the German princes. William of Orange was strengthening his German alliances. In 1683, Ernest Augustus, the Duke of Hanover, signed an agreement with the emperor which was to secure the electorate to his eldest son, whenever the States of Hanover and Zell were united; and the French envoy reported that the Duke of Zell would, probably, soon follow his brother's example, and join the imperial alliance. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes gave a decisive blow to the alliance of France with the Protestant States of Germany. M. de Boncœur, a Frenchman and an ardent Protestant, was the agent of the Duke of Zell and his wife in Paris. He and his family were among the first victims of the persecution, and he was even thrown into



the Bastille. To the remonstrance of the duke, Louis replied that an alliance with himself was the price he set upon M. de Boncœur's freedom. We are not told by what means he eventually reached Zell as a refugee. But he remained in the service of the duchess.

This event excited the liveliest indignation at the court of Zell, and especially that of the duchess, who felt that her own family and their estates in France were in danger. French emissaries vainly endeavored to regain the good will of the house of Brunswick. They could only report that the engagements of the Duke of Zell to the Prince of Orange were strengthened, and that the duchess displayed the utmost zeal in the Protestant cause. The court of Zell continued to be French, indeed the number of its French adherents was largely increased; but it was increased by the arrival of multitudes of learned and pious men, who were driven from their native country forever by the intolerant despotism of Versailles. In no part of Germany were the Huguenot refugees more cordially received than in the Hanoverian dominions. The duchess obtained an edict inviting them to arrive, and securing to them churches in Zell and Lüneburg. The ancestors of many families which have become celebrated in our own times even at Berlin formed part of the emigration—such as the Ancillons, the Savignys, the Lamothe-Fouquets, the Malorties, and the Beaulieu-Marconnays. They brought with them the literary culture and the taste of France, and they have left their mark upon the country of their adoption. One of the consequences of the French persecution was the establishment of closer relations between the Hanoverian courts and the elector of Brandenburg and with the sovereigns of England after the accession of William and Mary.

John Frederic, who had become reigning Duke of Hanover, died in 1679. The result of his demise was that the house of Brunswick-Lüneburg was represented by two branches instead of four. Ernest Augustus, the husband of Princess Sophia, succeeded to the duchy of Hanover; his elder brother remaining Duke of Zell, the former branch being represented by a son, that of Zell by an only daughter. The marriage of these cousins would bring the several dominions of the family under one head; would augment its importance, and meet the conditions which had been attached to the future grant of the electoral dignity. Sophia Dorothea was thirteen

years old at the time of her uncle's death; George Louis was six years older. On the other hand, if Sophia Dorothea married a prince of the house of Wolfenbüttel (which had at one time been contemplated), Zell would have been more separated from Hanover than ever. These circumstances gave rise to a series of negotiations and intrigues, which lasted for several years. The only point which was never considered was the personal inclination of the parties most concerned; and it must be said that a more abominable transaction and bargain, from motives of family ambition, and meaner motives still, was never concluded. The first advance came from Zell.

"They offer Ernest Augustus 50,000 crowns a year, and 100,000 crowns ready money." Duchess Sophia wrote to her brother on the 20th of June, 1679, "if he will consent to the marriage of my eldest son with George William's daughter. My boy is repugnant to the marriage, and so are we to the alliance with the D'Olbreuze, besides that the girl has been twice legitimized." But this repugnance is not inconsistent with compromise. "These considerations," she added, "are well worth a higher sum; what would you say to it if they made it 80,000 crowns a year?" And again Duchess Sophia wrote, on the 9th of November, "It is a bitter pill to swallow, but if it is gilt with 100,000 crowns a year, we must shut our eyes and swallow it. My six sons are growing up. Ernest Augustus is out of health, and would be glad to see them established and the succession settled, to have his mind at rest. As for me, I think the affair is very disagreeable."

The powers of Europe were appealed to. William of Orange recommended the recognition of the Duchess of Zell, which had been withheld. Louis XIV. favored the marriage, because he supposed (very erroneously) that it would bring the French influence of Zell to bear on the court of Hanover. Gourville and D'Arcy were sent to promote it, and M. de Beaucaire publishes their curious reports to the king. More than once the negotiations were on the point of rupture, for a prince of the house of Orange, Prince Henri Casimir of Nassau, had appeared in the lists; and the Duchess of Zell, who seems to have been the only person who thought of her daughter's happiness, and who had no desire to sacrifice her to the sordid schemes of her sister-in-law, would have preferred that connection. She told the French minister that she had done, and should continue to do, everything that might prevent the conclusion of the Hanoverian marriage. But she was overruled

by her husband. Never was a union brought about by more sinister designs, or more evil passions. On October 24, 1682, the conditions were settled by a large pecuniary payment to the aedy Duke of Hanover; and on December 2 these unblest nuptials were celebrated at Zell, without ceremony; though Leibnitz lent his pen to write some verses in honor of the "divine beauty who had subjugated the heart of Prince George:" —

The bride was sixteen; the prince only twenty-two. But, as was the case with the princes of those days, he had already lived almost a life. At fifteen he had taken part with his father and his uncle in the victory of Consarbruck. Since then he had lived in camps and courts. His character was strange, moody, taciturn, reserved, impenetrable even to those who knew him best; so cold that he turned everything to ice; devoid of any sentiment of kindness; ever occupied with the notion that he might be supposed to be acting from motives not his own; but, on the other hand, much attached to his public duties; tenacious and obstinate in his likes and dislikes; insensible to all amusements except the chase and the pursuit of women, and that on condition that he could change his mistresses; such was the man who united his destiny to that of the gay, lively child, born of the impetuous passion of George William and Eléonore d'Olbreuze. From the first, nothing, it seems, could surmount the antipathy of the one for her husband, and the profound contempt of the other for the woman whom his mother, the Duchess Sophia, had always taught him to consider as unworthy of his hand (pp. 123-4).

Such is the portrait traced by M. de Beaucaire of the prince who was destined to succeed to the throne of Great Britain, although at the time of his marriage there was nothing to announce his future position; and when that event occurred on the death of Queen Anne, the marriage bond was virtually broken, and the wretched Sophia Dorothea was not recognized as the queen of England, but was a prisoner for life in the gloomy castle of Ahlden. It is not our intention to relate again the well-known tale of her misfortunes, and, perhaps, of her frailty. But it must be recorded that ten months after the marriage she gave birth to a son, George Augustus, who succeeded his father as George II., and in 1687 to a daughter who became the wife of Frederic William of Prussia and the grandmother of Frederic the Great. Her life at the court of Hanover was a life of misery; disliked and despised by her husband; insulted by the women, the Platen, the Schulemberg, and the

Kielmansegge, whose names were in after times but too well known in England; persecuted by her mother-in-law; separated for the most part from her parents; scarcely allowed to see her children; and bound by the iron etiquette of a German court, so rigid in ceremony and so lax in morality, Sophia Dorothea was a solitary and wretched woman. And this life lasted for twelve years. On July 1, 1694, Count Königsmarck, a friend of her childhood, with whom she undoubtedly corresponded, and whom she frequently received, was murdered as he left the palace. The word "separation" had already been pronounced by both parties. This catastrophe rendered it inevitable. A commission of inquiry was hastily appointed to pronounce the decree, and a species of mock trial took place. Separation was what Sophia Dorothea most desired, and she did not hesitate to assent to it; but she uniformly pleaded her entire innocence, and it does not appear that any criminal act was charged or proved against her. Her sentence was a foregone conclusion, and within a few weeks she was consigned to the castle of Ahlden, where she remained in almost solitary confinement for thirty-two years, separated alike from all she loved and all she hated. She never saw her husband, her children, or her father again.\*

The evidence (as far as it exists) of the culpability of Sophia Dorothea has been minutely examined by two German writers — Dr. Schaumann, in a work published in 1879, and Dr. Köcher, in the "Historische Zeitschrift" for 1882. These writers differ in their judgment; the former holds Sophia Dorothea to be entirely guiltless of an intrigue with Königsmarck; the latter that her conduct is open to grave suspicion. It must be observed, however, that the act of separation was not based on a charge of infidelity, but simply on the fact that the princess wished to leave Hanover, which was called "desertion." But they agree in the conclusion that the root of the whole matter lay in the invincible hatred and contempt of the electress Sophia for her daughter-in-law, and its consequences. Thus they say:—

\* The proceedings taken against this unhappy princess were concealed in the deepest secrecy, and all the original papers relating to it were destroyed; but it deserves to be noted that by the care of the late Duke of Cambridge, when he administered the affairs of the kingdom of Hanover for his brothers, copies of these papers were discovered in the possession of the family of Herr von Tries, the advocate of Sophia Dorothea before the Commission. From these papers the fuller account of the transactions published by Professor Sybel in his "Historical Review" for 1882 was taken.

The position of the Princess Sophia Dorothea in Hanover was rendered impossible and untenable by the inexhaustible hatred and scorn cast upon her by her mother-in-law, the Electress Sophia. But this sentiment originated in the misconduct of her father, Duke George William, who had jilted the duchess, when affianced to him, made her over to his brother, and in spite of the renunciation of marriage, to which he had solemnly sworn, had given not only his heart and his hand, but his rank and position, to a woman of inferior rank, and that a marriage had been brought about for purely political motives between the daughter of this *parvenue* and the son of the haughty Electress herself. So that it may be said that the Princess Sophia Dorothea expiated the misconduct of her father, and that the hostility it had kindled between the mothers empoisoned the union of their children.

It is probable that the whole conspiracy to which Sophia Dorothea fell a victim may be traced to this source more than to any fault of her own.\*

But throughout these melancholy transactions there runs a vein of comedy and romance, and one of the most singular circumstances is that Duke Antony Ulrich, of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, who was a sort of poet, thought proper to introduce the story and the misfortunes of his neighbors and kinsmen, as an episode in his romance, "The Roman Octavia," which was published by him at Nuremberg, in successive parts, between the years 1695 and 1707. The names are changed. They are very significant. The nomenclature reminds us of Mademoiselle de Scudéri. King Polemon, of Cappadocia, marries the Iberian Dynamis (Mademoiselle d'Olbreuze) to the great disgust of Mithridates, king of Pontus, in spite of a renunciation of marriage, which was to secure the succession of Cappadocia to that monarch. The Princess Solane was the daughter of this unhallowed marriage, and she weds her cousin in spite of the efforts of her mother Dynamis, and the opposition of "Adonacris" (the

\* The story is related by Horace Walpole in the second chapter of the "Reminiscences" he wrote for the amusement of the Miss Berrys, but with some inaccuracy, although it was told by Queen Caroline to Sir Robert Walpole, as she had it from the king. It is not true that "the body of Königsmarck was discovered in 1727 under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room," and Walpole confounds the Königsmarck of Hanover with his elder brother, who caused the assassination of Mr. Thynne. But he adds that "the second George loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and purposed, as was said, had the former survived, to have brought her over and declared her queen dowager." Sophia Dorothea died seven months before her husband; had she survived him the daughter of Madame d'Olbreuze might have been recognized as the dowager queen of England, for queen of England she undoubtedly was during the reign of George I., there having been no divorce to deprive her of her rank and title.

electress). Some years later Königsmarck appears on the scene under the name of "Aquilius;" but while the leading historical occurrences are retained, they are embellished by numerous romantic incidents, which were the invention of Duke Antony Ulrich's brain. This novel, which was popular in its day, was the source of numerous publications in the last century, professing to relate the story of the princess of Ahlden. It became in fact mythological; and no small portion of it was due to the imagination of the author of "The Roman Octavia," who took this peculiar mode of venting his spite and jealousy on his relations. The object of Duke Antony Ulrich had been to accomplish a union between Zell and Wolfenbüttel, instead of that between Zell and Hanover, and but for the premature death of his son, that would have been accomplished.

The blow which had struck Sophia Dorothea to the earth recoiled upon her mother. As years rolled on, the influence which Eléonore, Duchess of Zell, had so long possessed over her husband was superseded by that of his brother Ernest Augustus and the electress Sophia, as we must now call her, for in 1692 the emperor had conferred the electorate on the male heirs of the house of Brunswick, in exchange for his alliance.

M. de Beaucaire suggests that the duchess had some hand in inducing William III. to recommend the settlement of the crown of England on the electress Sophia and her descendants. William visited Zell in 1688 as an old friend, and the duchess seems to have pleaded for the house of Hanover, if not for her daughter. Leibnitz wrote to her in January, 1689:—

Si les ouvertures que V. A. S. a faites en disposant le roy de la Grande Bretagne à se déclarer aussi favorablement qu'il a fait à Zell sont suivies, on aura moins sujet icy de porter envie au Prince Electoral de Bavière, déclaré, à ce qu'on dit, successeur au Roy d'Espagne. Car l'un ou l'autre des petits enfants de V. A. S. et de Msr. le Duc devront porter la couronne d'Angleterre.

This was, probably, the last political negotiation in which the duchess took part. She led a more retired life at Zell, and her chief anxiety was to visit her daughter, which no one else was allowed to do. They corresponded regularly, and books were sent for the amusement of the princess, but all traces of their correspondence have disappeared. Every attempt to obtain her release from captivity

failed, though the Prince of Wales and the queen of Prussia joined their efforts to her own. George I. was implacable to the end.

In 1703, George William, the Duke of Zell, completed his eightieth year, and in 1705 he died. Measures had been taken to secure a residence for his widow in Lüneburg, but she had always considered that her position in Hanover would be precarious if she survived her husband. Louis XIV. was asked whether she might return to France. The king replied, "If the Duchess of Zell and the Duchess of Hanover her daughter, resolved to pass into my kingdom after the death of the Duke of Zell, and to profess the Catholic religion, I shall with pleasure grant them my protection." But *Eléonore* had no intention of changing her religion; on the contrary, she became more and more attached to it; and the precaution was unnecessary, for she was treated with respect in her widowhood, and eventually returned to live at Zell in 1717; and in that palace which had been for forty years the scene of her greatness and her glory, she expired on February 5, 1722, surrounded by a small band of faithful attendants, but without a child or kinswoman to close her eyes. Whatever may have been the faults of her early life, there was a dignity and decorum about her court and about her later years which earned for her the respect even of her enemies. The Duchess of Orleans, who hated her all her life, wrote, "*La Duchesse de Zell a eu une belle mort. Dieu m'accorde que la mienne y ressemble! Elle peut avoir eu bien des qualités.*" But in another letter she said, "What a pity she did not die fifty years ago! That would have avoided many misfortunes."

"In spite of the inequality of her marriage, which is so unpardonable in Germany," says Saint-Simon, "her virtue and her conduct caused her to be loved and respected by the whole house of Brunswick, and by the king of England, her son-in-law, and highly regarded throughout Germany." In these our days the stern etiquette which was held to environ royal marriages has been broken through. Even in the last century, more than one English prince contracted a marriage of affection with a lady of subordinate rank; and we venture to say, that in the long line of the ancestry of the house of Brunswick, there are not many names more distinguished for beauty, talent, and desert, than that of *Eléonore*, Duchess of Zell.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE DECLINE OF GOETHE.

THAT the fame of Goethe has not maintained itself at the level at which it stood fifty years ago, is certain. Then he appeared as a wonderful phenomenon to the world; a man who had not been carried off his balance by the terrible throes of the French Revolution, who looked at things calmly, widely, and wisely. So did Carlyle paint him; and the glow of Carlyle's style was well calculated to set off one in many respects so opposite to himself.

But even Carlyle, after a time, said little about Goethe, except to regret that Goethe had written poetry. In that very Carlylian regret no one else has been found to join — not even though Goethe himself gave some countenance to it by saying that science, not poetry, would have been in his own opinion his proper and characteristic sphere. But apart from such paradoxes (which, like all paradoxes worth anything, have an infinitesimal grain of truth at the bottom) the causes which have somewhat lowered Goethe in men's eyes are not obscure. His private life had too many flaws for the English to be pleased with him; he was too little of a revolutionist for the French to be pleased with him; he was too little of a patriot for the Germans to be pleased with him. And yet there was another cause, above and beyond all these.

The second part of "*Faust*," which should have been, and was designed to be, the crowning work of Goethe's life, cannot be called a success, and has often been thought a failure. If a failure, it is a splendid and instructive one; it has no small share of poetry, picturesque delineation, and wisdom; it has even (what has sometimes been denied) strong intellectual unity. But the heart is not pierced and thrilled by it. *Faust* himself throbs with but imperfect life. We can see what Goethe was aiming at; it is worth while to understand his meaning, which is no ignoble one; but that meaning is presented to us externally and philosophically; the fire which should stir the pulses is missing. It is not so in that terrible drama, as inferior to Goethe in breadth of sympathy and genius as it is superior in tragic force, the "*Doctor Faustus*" of Marlowe. There, though everything is lurid with the hue of hell, it is a living man whom we are contemplating. Goethe, one may say, dived into the depths to save *Faust*; he showed how it might be done, but he showed it to the intellect merely. The

vital quality, which is necessary to carry conviction to the soul, is missing; one may conceive the grim Dante still standing by the portal of his Inferno, and saying, "My inscription is not yet erased:—

*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."*

Not that Goethe actually carries Faust down to hell; but one can see that, according to all rule and precedent, he ought to have gone there. Dante would not have spared him. He is as good as there. It is from the abyss that Goethe tries to redeem him; and to the intellect he does so; but the pangs which should accompany such deliverance, and the joy of the delivered soul, are alike without proper delineation in the poem.

Let us turn to that masterpiece of literature, the first part of "Faust." There, as Coleridge long ago remarked, it is not Faust who interests us; it is Margaret. How great a sinner, what deep repentance, how true a saint! what passionate love, what tender maidenhood! how great, how tragic a fall! The powers of evil have overwhelmed her; it is as if a tempest had risen in a clear sky, so suddenly, in the midst of her innocence, does the primal stain of humanity reveal itself in her, and hurry her into guilt. And so does everything conspire against her, that not one item of her wrong-doing escapes bearing its full crop of fruit. Assured by Faust that the draught is harmless, which is to send her watchful mother into a sleep too profound to disturb their loves, she administers it; alas, what a sin! and the sleep proves the sleep which knows no awakening. Then, in what appears to be a paroxysm of real madness, or at least of unfathomable tragic despair, she drowns the child which has been born to her and her lover. Her brother, attempting to punish the tempter who has seduced the sinful pair, is slain by him and by Faust, and curses her with his dying breath. She is imprisoned, fettered, condemned to death; but these are not the worst. It is the immeasurable profundity of misery, beyond death and stronger than death, the mockery of fiends ringing in her ears, the expectation of their nearer presence and absolute victory over her, conscience not daring to say, "I am wrongly punished," nor availing to kindle the slightest spark of hope in the gloomy vistas of the future; this is her true punishment. She is the more absolutely overwhelmed by it because, after all, her heart is upright and good: sin has surprised her, but her con-

sent to it has not been deliberate, and this is speedily proved.

Faust, who in ignorance of her peril — and yet a selfish ignorance — has left her for a time, returns when he hears her miserable position. His voice at first cannot penetrate through the terrors which overcloud her brain, but at last she recognizes him. The knowledge that he loves her yet gives her strength and, in a sense, happiness; the sting of her misery is gone. But, when he entreats her to follow him and be free, she will not. He tries to carry her away, to save her in spite of herself. She forbids him imperatively. "Everything, yes everything else have I done to thy pleasure!" she cries; but in this life she knows that for her there is no redemption. "Would that I had never been born!" cries Faust in his misery; but from his last appeal she turns to the father who is above us all. "Judgment of God, to thee have I given myself over!" is her reply. Does Goethe overstep the mark when he makes the heavenly voice (in opposition to the scornful affirmation of Mephistopheles, "She is condemned," so obvious in its superficial truth) utter the saving judgment, "She is delivered"? Surely not! And when Faust has left her, and her last cry is heard by him from the distance, uttering his name, we feel that she is not calling him to herself, but to repentance and righteousness.

It is the woman, not the man, who is the centre of Goethe's memorable story. But Goethe did not design it to be so; if he had been successful, it would not have been so. And it is worth our while to try to unravel the somewhat metaphysical symbolism in which he has enwrapped his hero. Metaphysics, after all, when genuine and honest, is not valueless; it enshrouds life; it is life, so to speak, in the chrysalis state, with the potentiality of a passionate energy, latent and unexpressed.

The point of Goethe's "Faust" is that Faust is saved; now, was it mere sentiment that made Goethe diverge thus from the ancient story, in which he is damned irretrievably? or was it that he desired to defend the use of magical arts? Not so. What Faust essentially represents, both in Marlowe's drama and in Goethe's, is not magic, but self-will; but that self-will is contemplated by them very differently, by reason of the difference between the sixteenth century and the eighteenth.

Self-will had had its share, possibly, in bringing about the Reformation, certainly

in the developments of that great movement; we can see it, for instance, in such an act as Luther's marriage; but generally the Reformers had looked askance at it, and demanded, as much as the Church of Rome did, line and precedent for every act done. Any excessive display of it was looked upon with horror. The "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" is the crude, forcible expression of this horror, for, though Faustus is in other ways reprehensible, his particular badness consists in this, that he is determined to have his way at any cost, even at the cost of a compact with the devil.

But, by the time that Goethe wrote, self-will had come to the front as a virtue, at least in many very influential quarters. What St. Francis of Assisi had rejected utterly, what Calvin had anathematized (though perhaps neither of these great men were so devoid of it as they esteemed themselves to be), was by Rousseau held up as almost the foundation of morality. For the essence of the savage state, which Rousseau extolled, is of course that it is a state in which every man does that which is right in his own eyes. Now Goethe, without agreeing with Rousseau, held that self-will had its value, and that some measure of it must exist in every man with any force of character; and the object of his "Faust" is to show that, even in the extremest form of it, it is still a redeemable quality.

In Goethe, Faust has throughout (amid all his sins) a certain noble fervor. It is not from mere wantonness that he becomes a magician. He has been brought up in a system which he feels to be a mockery; he has been an industrious follower of it; the applauses of men have been liberally bestowed on him, but he is not deluded thereby. As philosopher, he has been a teacher of barren words; as practical physician, he has brought no true deliverance to men in their time of sickness. Everywhere he sees that men have been willing to believe falsehoods, and he has himself shared in this willingness and administered to it. "I have given poison to thousands," he exclaims to Wagner; "my father was an honest man, but our patients died; we were murderers while men praised us." He feels a sickening recoil from such a position; it is not happiness he desires, it is life. Convinced that this present life is a sham, he determines to escape from it; not that he desires annihilation, far from it; but he will adventure himself into the unknown. There, beyond death, there may be re-

gions of pure activity; on a chariot of fire he may be borne into the ether, and share the divine energy. True, it may not be so; it may be that hell, not heaven, awaits him, or it may be that he will pass into pure nothingness. These risks he will run; at all events he will be no longer a coward. He pours out a glass of poison, and lifts it to his lips. At that moment the church bells begin to ring, and the songs of the early Easter morning sound in his ears. "Christ is risen!" is their cry, "joy to sinful mortals, the deliverer has suffered, and has been exalted; tear yourselves from the fetters of your earthly passions, and be ye holy, for the Master is near you!" Faust listens; whether it be the habit of ancient obedience, or a new power penetrating into his inmost soul, he knows not; but something has come between him and his meditated act. He sets down the glass of poison untasted. He wills to live, after all.

But now, with his composite character, he is open to the tempter. Not for long can he be animated by pure beneficence — self is too potent in him; and, besides, a sham benevolence has become to him an object of the deepest suspicion. If not through death, then in this material life he feels the necessity of doing something which shall separate him from all his previous career. A new start he must make; but how? In the absence of clear inward impulse, chance must decide.

Now this, in the counsels of the Highest, had long been foreseen, and the passionate restlessness of Faust had been declared to be imperfect indeed, but yet a seed-ground from which noble fruits might spring. Mephistopheles, the spirit of darkness and cynical accusation, had challenged the truth of this praise, which God himself has bestowed, and has received permission to tempt Faust. He meets him now accordingly, when the crisis, which has almost brought Faust to suicide, has just passed, and when every nerve of the man is thirsting for some guiding word to show him a new way of life. It is the task of Mephistopheles to make Faust believe that the impulses of pure selfishness are the heart and meaning of life; to gratify those impulses in him, as far as they can be gratified — which is, after all, but a little way; when one is frustrated, to point out another and gratify that, too, for a moment's space, till, when the human spirit is overworn with the repetition of these delusive accomplishments (promises kept according to outward seeming, but barren to the

heart), a second and final despair may set in, from which Faust will not recover.

Here is the peril to which Faust is to be exposed; and much exists in him, which renders it only too probable that the peril will turn out to be destruction. He is never represented as pure. It is too natural to him to prefer his own pleasure, as the first mark to be aimed at; and yet, after all, his temper contains an element which Mephistopheles has not rightly reckoned upon.

As was said above, what Faust at bottom and principally desires is not happiness, but life. He looks with a certain contempt upon the gifts of Mephistopheles.

Poor devil, what canst thou give me? [he asks]. Yes, thou hast gifts to give; food that never satisfies; gold that runs out of the hand as fast as it is poured in; the love of maidens, shortly to be transferred to another; fame that vanishes like a meteor into thin air. Well, I take them all! Rest I will not have; joy I will not have; but life, action, I will have. It is not speech, it is not feeling, it is not even inward strength, which is creative; it is action. To the tumult of pain and pleasure, which accompanies all our outward doings, I devote myself! I will have the stimulus which comes from suffering, and feel all that humanity has felt or can feel! When once I say to the passing moment, Stay, thou art so beautiful, then mayst thou, Mephistopheles, put me in bonds; I shall have come to my end; life will have no more meaning for me. Whether after this I shall be thy servant or no, or whether I shall be any one's servant, I care not, and ask not.

This, in brief, is the quintessence of Faust's position. His spirit is under deep oppression, and longs for free air; and he rejects, with the extremest emphasis, all those forms of lower happiness which the world, in its ordinary course, has abundantly showered on him. They are tainted with insincerity; the impulses of his heart reach far beyond them, and it is the satisfaction of these which he needs. But there is an inconsistency in his own nature, of which he is not aware, and which Mephistopheles seizes hold of to subdue him by. The heroic part of him desires to be universal—divinely sympathetic with the highest as well as the lowest parts of nature—but Mephistopheles frankly tells him that he cannot assist him in this way. Mephistopheles, it appears, has tried his hand at being godlike. "Believe me," he says, laying his hand upon his heart, "it will not do! That is not the line at which you or I can succeed!" And when Faust, with the grand confidence of a commanding nature, says that he will accomplish

the enterprise alone, and win that crown over humanity without which life is to him not worth living, Mephistopheles, with gentle satire, reminds him of his deficiencies.

Remember what you are—a mere man, of limited capacities. Though you should put on as large a wig and as high buskins as you please, you will still remain not a hair's breadth bigger than you were at the beginning.

And Faust feels the force of the representation. A dash of cold water has been thrown over the sublime pantings of his spirit; after all, it may be the practical course to be content with something which in itself is second best. Mephistopheles, at any rate, has something real to offer him, and does offer it in fact with zeal and animation.

My good sir [says the Prince of Darkness] you really must look at things as they are! My whole repertoire is at your disposal, if you like to have it; and I can tell you that I can do something for you! Why go troubling yourself about your inner feelings? Your speculative genius is a donkey who prefers the barren heath to the green pasture. Come, let us to the world, and take what it gives us.

And Faust, conscious that there is some reality in such a representation, and only half discerning the immense gulf between his own idealities and the destructive selfishness which Mephistopheles is proposing to him—feeling that Mephistopheles, as well as himself, is a foe to that world of routine observances under which he has been suffering such deadly disgust, but not seeing that Mephistopheles is a foe to all life, noble or vile—accepts the position. The actual compact between himself and Mephistopheles has been struck, and the writing signed by Faust with his own blood, in the middle of the interview of which a brief epitome has here been given; but the explanation of the terms continues for some time longer, and apparently Faust could have withdrawn from it if he had so pleased. But he is under compulsion; a constriction is on his heart, and no way to relieve it appears except that which Mephistopheles offers. He acquiesces, though deeply agitated, in the deed which he has done.

Let us, then, at this critical point review the position, and see what it is to which Faust has set his hand. He is inconsistent; that is a cardinal fact which we must not forget; in all his feelings there is but one permanent element—the desire for freedom, to be relieved of a burden, to be up and doing in the tide of conscious life.

What that freedom is to be used for, he scarcely knows; but his deed has been clear and specific. He has accepted the services of Mephistopheles — great, far-reaching, and wonderful services — until such time as he shall say "I am content." Then his last moment on earth is to come; his contentment is to be the signal for his death; and after death — well, anything may happen that will happen. Mephistopheles may take possession of him then, if he can do so and likes to do so. Faust, on his part, will not resist.

And, now, will such a compact as this, struck and ratified by a man in obedience to the lower part of his nature, but yet under circumstances of great temptation, and through feelings that are in many respects noble, the selfish and unselfish elements being mingled together beyond all power of the man himself to distinguish them — will this compact be accounted valid to his detriment by the true rulers of the universe, the divine powers in whose bosom the fibres which nourish life are laid? Mephistopheles, on his side, assumes that the compact is eternally valid; he knows that Faust must some day give way and fall into his power; justice, he thinks, cannot deprive him of his victim. Like Shylock, he says to himself, "It is written in the bond," and his exultation knows no bounds. Faust is no common soul — a prize not to be got every day — yet so deeply ensnared, that Mephistopheles says to himself, "Even if he had not given himself over to me, his destruction was certain."

But meanwhile Faust is to have his day; and the remainder, that is the bulk of the poem, contains the career of Faust under the guidance and with the assistance of Mephistopheles, and the final struggle for his soul. That career has three great moments or guiding influences. The first is his passionate love for Margaret, seen casually as she was returning from the confession of her sins to the priest. The second is Faust's search for Helen, the famous bride of Menelaus and of Paris, the most beautiful of women, whom Faust, with the aid of Mephistopheles, twice brings up from the infernal regions, and to whom he is united in a wonderful manner. The third is Faust's entrance upon plain, practical life, the cultivation of the earth's surface, and beneficent rule over men; in which effort, nevertheless, the instinct of self still appears powerful in him, and presses him onward to a deed of passionate violence, from which — though unintentionally on

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3568

his own part — results the death of a pious aged couple and of a wayfarer who defends them bravely. These three great centres of action are introduced and varied by dialogues and scenes that take a very wide range indeed, in some of which Faust is almost forgotten, while the poet wanders from theme to theme of ancient or modern life — everywhere intermingling acute and profound observation, not, it must be admitted, always with the lightest touch. Here we have an emperor's court, with its high officials, who, in the ultimate resort, are found to lack one thing — money! To whom enter Mephistopheles, and, presto! paper money comes to their aid. When we find that the notes are essentially inconvertible, and that the ingenuity of Mephistopheles has been confined to persuading the emperor to promise pounds for every penny which he is able to pay, the father of lies may well seem to have a natural part in such an affair. But Goethe's satire doubtless had a farther mark. Here, again, is an idealist philosopher, declaring that he is the sole creator of sun, and moon, and all things — nay, of the very devil himself! — to which announcement Mephistopheles listens with a dangerous smile of assent. Then, phantasmagoric displays, kindled by diabolic art; further wandering in the realms of magic, including the creation of a real live mannikin through secret chemistry — this at the hands of Faust's servant Wagner, so familiar to readers of the first part of the poem as the type of commonplace discipleship, and even here not devoid of that character, though mixed with such wonders. And, lastly, a war between two rival emperors, brought about by the aforesaid invention and collapse of paper money, and ending in the victory (after many reverses) of the true original emperor, who, however, seems likely in the end to fall a prey to every plausible tongue which can reach his ear. Amid all this crowd of events the real episodes are very few; a thread, fine-gleaming, leads us on from one incident to another. To strike out one would, generally speaking, be to injure the connection of the whole; but to exhibit the sequence of the entire work in this place is impossible. Faust's character is the present theme; I return to the three courses of action in which it is developed.

There is a true moral sequence in these, which I have called the moments, or guiding influences, of the drama. Faust is a better man at the end of the poem than he was at the beginning. And clearly it was



Goethe's design to intimate that free vigorous action, if untainted by selfish timidity, would in the end be found to contain seeds of character that harmonized with the divine character and were capable of being elevated to the eternal sphere. Faust, when he has broken asunder the meshes of custom, is plunged at first into the most vehement passionate love, partly sensual, but not wholly so; and in this struggle, amid many grievous sins, he conducts himself so that we pity, and do not entirely condemn him. Having emerged out of this whirlpool and storm, he is attracted by beauty of a wider and more impersonal kind, the beauty rendered in artistic delineations — for this is what is symbolized by Helen — and here, too, he shows the native force of his nature, and while his new passion does not, any more than his former passion, lead to satisfaction — but, in fact, vanishes away at last and dissolves in thin air, and leaves him a second time desolate — it yet leaves him without ground for bitter self-reproach. His third attempt, that of practical rule and development of the resources of the earth, brings him much more near to the fundamental needs of men than either of the other two; he is a benefactor, which is surely what we all ought to try to be. Yet not even here is it Goethe's intention to exhibit Faust as a saint; the compact with Mephistopheles is still mingled (one may say) with his blood, even as his blood has been drawn to sign it. Resistance to his personal will calls forth his vehement indignation; the taint of selfishness appears in him, and calamity to others follows it. Not till extreme old age does any point of time occur in which this taint vanishes; then, for one moment, he feels the joy of pure beneficence, and he knows that it is the moment he has fled from and yet longed for. He cries, "I stand at last on the height of attainment; I feel beforehand that, if this continues, eternal happiness is mine." Now this is the moment which Mephistopheles, who stands by, has been waiting for; for his compact with Faust is, that, when Faust professes himself satisfied, he shall die, and Mephistopheles shall take possession of him. And, indeed, as far as this earthly life is concerned, Mephistopheles is the victor. He has foreseen the crisis approaching, has summoned the Lemures, the goddesses of the grave, to seize Faust when it actually happens; they do seize him and he dies; they lay him on the ground, and prepare to bury him. Mephistopheles, with a sneer at the man "who had wished

to hold, as an enduring possession, the emptiest and worst moment of his life" (for in this guise does the strain of beneficence appear to the diabolic spirit) stands near, ready to seize Faust's soul, when it shall seek, as it assuredly will, to ascend to heaven.

Observe, now, how curious and critical the position is. The moment when, according to the technical compact, Faust falls under the power of Mephistopheles, is the first moment when in vital truth he has escaped from that power. Which is to have the preference, the technically just plea, or the vital reality of the case? No doubt we should have had this question fully argued out if Goethe, according to his original intention, had sent Mephistopheles back to the divine presence, to claim the victory in eternity, as he had already won it in time. Goethe, however, deliberately rejected this plan; yet, whatever the objections to it, the entire absence of such argument leaves something to be desiderated. Not, of course, that there can be any doubt that the technical plea ought to be invalidated. To take a parallel case, Shylock's bond against Antonio would not have been regarded for a moment in any court in which right principles of justice were understood. But, after all, a just court would have allowed Shylock his three thousand ducats back again; the same weakness which made it possible, in the imaginary Venice of Shakespeare, that Shylock should obtain an odious and ghastly victory, had the converse effect of making the court unjustly severe on him when he was defeated. And similarly in the present case it would be interesting to know whether Mephistopheles was entitled to any payment whatever for the undoubted services he had rendered to Faust. One may say that he had actually saved Faust, while intending to damn him; for certainly Faust was in great straits when Mephistopheles first offered him alliance, and might have vanished in the abyss of despair, if a helping hand had not been offered him, even with wicked intent. So that it really seems as if, in this case, the devil did not get his due; an intricate question indeed!

Apart, however, from the technical plea, it has to be settled whether Faust's soul has that quality of enduring worth which will avail to raise it to heaven. Was his final ejaculation a mere flash in the pan, or a true germ of holiness? The angels, in the hope (which proves well grounded) that the saving alternative is the just one, descend to conflict with the

powers of evil, Mephistopheles at their head. We may smile at some of the weapons employed, as for instance when the angels shower down rose-leaves, whose sweetness proves an unmitigated offence to the diabolic nerves; but the contest is in itself a rightly timed and necessary one, and we may rejoice at and assent to Faust's deliverance, grounded as it is on the profound truth enunciated by the angels, that "whoso strives ever and gives himself to labor, him can we redeem." The final songs of triumph are very tender and deep, as are the lyrics throughout the poem.

Those who follow the account here given will, I think, be convinced that the whole of Goethe's "Faust," the first and second parts being taken together, has a worthy intention, a large scope, a direct application to the great trials and purposes of human life. Indeed, in the breadth of its humanity it is so far ahead of the original and merely magical story out of which it was evolved, that any comparison between them is absurd.

But yet it cannot be denied that the second part of Goethe's "Faust" has real and great defects; and it will be no disservice to the poem to point out how these enter into it, for it is by these that the world has been deterred from giving a cordial acceptance to the poem in its entirety.

In the first place, the paraphernalia, so to speak — the external adornments of the poem — are far too numerous. As has been already remarked, these do not for the most part come in by way of episode; they carry the plot on; but the elaboration of detail lavished on them is so excessive as to bury the true thread of the story from all but the most careful attention. This is the case, for instance, with the court masquerade, the description of which takes up such an incredible number of lines in the first act; and with the still longer, though lively, assemblage of classical antiquities which goes by the name of the Classical Walpurgis Night. These two scenes together occupy nearly a third of the whole second part. The touch of a master of experience is indeed exhibited throughout in terse, keen expressions; but there may be too many even of such. Never was there a clearer example of the proverb, that one may be unable to see the wood for the trees.

But a still more serious blemish is the imperfect presentation, in its detailed elements, of Faust's own character. He changes, as I have said, and changes from

the worse to the better; but it is change, not development. The past is not absorbed into the present and future of the man, but simply passes away. There is one exception, and it is an important one; it is not to be denied that the influence of Margaret does reach out of the supernatural sphere to Faust (at the beginning of the fourth act), and that she is his guide at last to the heavenly regions. But, speaking generally, the past is treated as a worn-out glove that may be thrown away and left to perish. Reflect upon the extraordinary tragedy, in which the first part of the poem ends. The deaths of a whole family, mother, son, and daughter, lie at Faust's door; true, he had not wished their overthrow; but he had caused it. Is it really the case, that the pain and remorse which a man must suffer after being implicated in such deeds, are simply a hindrance to him, and ought to be dismissed from his mind as quickly as may be? Are there no lessons to be drawn from the pain? no reparation suggested by it? no tender memories wrapped up in it, and inseparable from it? Surely there are such, and they do serve educationally, moulding those parts of a man's nature which escape the deliberate glance of the intellect. But Goethe had settled in his own life that remorse for the past was an enfeebling influence, and he abridged as much as possible all such feeling on the part of his hero. He allows that Faust did suffer remorse for a time; but he will not describe it, or let it appear directly; he sends philanthropic elves to take it away (singing exquisite songs the while), pouring the waves of Lethe over the brain of Faust, that he may be happy and active again. But it is far from true that the pains of repentance are either wholly unsalutary or wholly displeasing to read about; witness the expressions of Margaret's agony in the first part of the poem, so touching, so penetrating! Faust had been at least as great a sinner; and Goethe ought not to have treated him more tenderly than he had treated Margaret. No doubt the exact way in which an experienced man of the world will exhibit repentance is not the way in which an unsophisticated maiden will show it, but he ought to show it in his own way.

Of course, if there were any suggestion that the agency of Mephistopheles hurried Faust away from those thoughts and sorrows which by rights belonged to him, the criticism here made would be answered, but it is only too obvious that this is not the case. It is not Mephistopheles

who pours the flood of Lethe upon him, but the elves who are emblems of beneficence; nor is there any reversal of their action at any stage of the poem.

The result is a certain bareness in Faust's character throughout the second part; there is a dislocation as he passes from step to step of his career. For, as he forgets Margaret when pursuing Helen of Troy, so he forgets both Margaret and Helen when engaged in his large schemes of government and cultivation of the earth. He does not, in the sum of the whole, stand before us in the clear, unique way in which Hamlet and Macbeth stand before us. A certain impression of a strong, sagacious man is made upon us; a man, in his later years, of strong powers of self-restraint. The lines are indeed noble in which, in the fourth act, he replies to Mephistopheles, who has told him that the emperor was set upon combining government with enjoyment.

A gross error [cries Faust]; he who would command must find blessedness in the act of commanding; his breast must be full of high will, yet what he wills no man must fathom; scarce has he whispered it to his faithful ones, when, lo! it is done, and the whole world is astounded at it. So will he ever be highest and worthiest of all. But, as for enjoyment, it debases him.

The history of Germany, some thirty or forty years after these words were written, gave the most forcible of commentaries upon them in those great victories from which the union of that country followed under the sceptre of an emperor, very different from that feeble creature who is depicted in the second part of "Faust." Goethe has good right to say that he had done great service to the Germans in rendering them practical.

(I must own that the raising of Faust, this strong, practical hero, to heaven, has sometimes reminded me of that unintentionally comic picture by Rubens in the Louvre, in which the gallant King Henry IV., so spirited and yet so earthly, is with difficulty pulled up to heaven by an angel and a heathen goddess combined!)

One more criticism remains to be made on the second part of "Faust." When the reader for the first time ascertains that Faust is really and seriously pursuing Helen of Troy, not as a kind of magical marvel, in which light this incident appears in the old plays, but as a reasonable act in a reasonable career, a kind of bewilderment takes hold upon him. What can it mean? Is the second part of "Faust" a totally distinct play from the first part? Is

the Faust another Faust? And how can a magical union of this kind enter into a real life, however poetically imagined? Now, to these questions an answer is given when it is discovered that the search after Helen is a symbolical act. Faust does not woo Helen as he had wooed Margaret. Helen is the symbol of the beautiful in the universe; Faust unspeakably desires to realize and express this; and he succeeds, but only to find that even here the essence of life is *not*. He has to seek deeper and deeper still; and the true root of it is found at last in the heavenly regions. But one must ask, Is not this introduction of the pure symbolical into a drama which professes to be in the main a display of real incident, somewhat disturbing to a reader, however little captiously inclined? Does it not jar on one a little? Few will answer this question entirely in the negative; however well accustomed one may be to the play as a whole, this element will still seem out of place. Yet we must feel the majesty of style, wherever Helen is personally introduced; and, if the underlying supposition were once considered legitimate, there is a rare exquisiteness of imagination in this part of the poem.

And now a few remarks in conclusion. A light-minded reader may possibly just compass the first part of "Faust;" but he must assuredly be told to give the second part a very wide berth indeed. But he who wishes to understand the revolutionary epoch in which it was written (one of the most important in the world's history) will find the whole poem instructive in the very highest degree. The vehement resentment against the despotisms of the past, the personal passion, the fervid humanitarianism, of the revolution, are all represented in some part or other of Faust's career; complex characters such as Rousseau and Shelley have their counterpart in it. With all this, there is a steady determination on Goethe's part to show that the new principles are not really antagonistic to the old; that Christianity, from an inner sphere of light, radiates upon the most deeply agitating movements of modern society. Whatever confusion there may be in Goethe's method, whatever weaknesses in his character, he certainly lays a firm grasp on every kind of problem which the modern intellect has set before itself, and looks at the world with a clear and (whatever may have been said) by no means a hard or an unloving eye. Many things have necessarily been left unsaid in an article like the present, which has been devoted, not to the entire

contents of the poem, but to its kernel alone. A volume might be taken up with describing all its touching scenes, philosophic observations, lyrical outbursts! But, if what has here been written leads one person more to study the greatest work of one of the greatest writers of this or any century, it will not have been written in vain.

J. R. MOZLEY.

From Longman's Magazine.  
HOSTS AND GUESTS.

AMONG the pleasures of life a very high place must be assigned to giving and receiving hospitality, to sharing as hosts with sympathetic friends the ampler means which we may possess, to contributing as guests social qualities, good spirits, bright conversation, and the charms of song, which add the feast of reason and the flow of soul to the grosser materials of social gatherings.

But as in all pleasures there must be discrimination between higher and lower, between the ephemeral and the lasting, it may be worth while to analyze the forms to be observed, the risks to be avoided, as host or as guest. The commonplace phrase "entertaining company" has a real meaning. The first point is to avoid boring or being bored. If we collect a party at dinner, for the brief time of two or three hours, we are bound, as hosts, to make such a selection of guests that they will amuse each other and ourselves; we are bound, as guests, to contribute to the utmost of our ability to the general amusement.

Much more important are these considerations in the case of a party invited to pass some time in a country house; and how much more difficult are they to accomplish!

In feudal times the hospitality of the rich and the great, from the sovereign down to the smallest baron, exceeded anything which in the present time we can easily form a notion of. Westminster Hall was the dining-room of William Rufus, and might sometimes perhaps be not too large for his company. It was reckoned a piece of magnificence in Thomas Becket, that he strewed the floor of his hall with clean hay, or rushes in the season, in order that the knights and squires who could not get seats might not spoil their fine clothes when they sat down on the floor to eat their dinner. The great Earl of Warwick is said to have enter-

tained every day, at his manors, thirty thousand people; and though the number may have been exaggerated, it must have been very great to admit of such exaggeration. "A hospitality nearly of the same kind was exercised not many years ago in many different parts of the Highlands of Scotland," writes Adam Smith in the last century.

The hospitality of the present day cannot be contemptible when, on the occasion of a royal jubilee or a golden wedding, many thousands are invited and feasted, when relations, friends, neighbors, dependents have their due share of the good things and good feelings of hosts.

The characteristic of the present day is the great variety of entertainment. There are hunting, shooting, fishing guests; cricket meetings, lawn-tennis gatherings, musical meetings, garden parties, breakfasts, luncheons, teas, dinners, dances, drums, amateur theatricals, each and all requiring preparations of the most elaborate kind by the intending hosts, and the subordinates who carry out the details, from the sending out of the invitations to the welcoming, the entertaining, and the speeding the guests.

To men and women of cultivated tastes and refined habits, whose lives are in great part spent in towns, the stay at a great country place, the home for generations of birth and breeding, has an inexpressible charm. The exquisite gardens, the conservatories, the rare shrubs, the ancestral trees, the deer park, the elastic turf-drives so picturesque and varied, the taking exercise in agreeable society and exhilarating air, are all fresh sources of pleasure. Within doors are well-warmed, well-lighted suites of drawing-rooms; a library where both light and standard literature are found, where the newest books of reference may be consulted and the oldest have their place on the shelves; the picture-gallery with historical portraits, as well as specimens of Italian, Spanish, or Dutch masters; the spacious dining-room, where there is no crowding of chairs; the fine plate, the Dresden china, the lovely flowers and foliage plants, the varied breakfast dishes and scones, the ample lunch and the dainty dinner, with the perfectly trained staff of domestics. What a delightful contrast to small rooms, inferior cooks, and clumsy servants! Nor must we omit, among the out-of-doors objects of interest, the model farm, with pedigree shorthorns and "dexter kerries," the dairy fitted up with Dutch tiles, the cream from a "separator," the fairy pats

of butter, so unlike margarine mixture and sky-blue milk. The stables, full of high-spirited, well-mannered horses for draft or saddle, the carriages of every size and form, not excluding a sledge. All these appurtenances of a fully equipped country house form an exhibition of their own. But the chief attraction must always be the gracious and thoughtful hostess, who has a smile for every one, an instinctive perception of wants and wishes, an indefatigable power of putting guests on good terms with themselves, and a store of vivacity to light up dull pauses and turn aside dangerous allusions. She must conceal her disappointment when the guest who was to be the life and soul of the gathering cannot keep his promise to come, when the weather spoils the garden party or the picnic, when the ladies are all cross because the men are away with gun or rod or hounds; or, most trying of all, when the private theatricals, from which so much was expected, are wrecked by green-room squabbles.

"It is desirable," writes Sir Henry Taylor, "that what the rich and great expend on enjoyment should really contribute to enjoyment; in libraries, and works of art, pictures, sculpture and engravings, a rich house cannot be too rich, and the house of an educated gentleman should no more be without the works of Michael Angelo or Raphael, in one form or another, than without the works of Shakespeare and Milton." We add that to have guests and friends who appreciate art and books must add greatly to enjoyment. Sir Henry Taylor bears witness to the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy, but speaks of fashionable society when compared with aristocratic society as characterized by some inferiority of tone, even in its higher walks; in its lower, it can hardly be called anything else than vulgar.

In these days of easy access to distant counties, it often happens that guests who fit perfectly into one circle offer themselves to another, just when they are somewhat out of place, only because, on their way to or from Scotland or the Land's End, it is convenient to group their visits. In such cases guests are bound to make themselves doubly agreeable, and to submit to a smaller share of the good things provided than if they had been especially asked. "Only once during all these visits have I been taken in to dinner by a gentleman" is the frequent plaint of a girl who, after all, was self-invited.

"What can I find to amuse me in this

gathering?" says an elderly guest; "only boys and girls who talk and think of lawn tennis and the winner of the tournament."

"Yes, I did get my rubber; but my partner never answered my signals, and, but for his always holding honors, I should," etc.

"Pony!" said a little girl, a guest; "you call that a nice pony? I call it grovelling!"

"Luncheon over!" says a man who would start at twelve for a three hours' walk. "Oh, let me have a glass of beer and some bread and cheese."

"Very sorry, sir," says footman, "but the butler has the key, and he is out."

"What a beastly house!" the hostess just contrives to hear.

But grumbling or ungrateful guests either mend their manners or cease to be guests. The education of life is always going on in some form, with its rewards and penalties, and other people's houses and ways teach self-control and self-denial.

One of the difficulties to be adjusted is that of temperature. We know Mrs. Carlyle's sufferings from unlighted fires and hard-hearted housemaids at a great house. We know instances of conjugal happiness being destroyed, not by incompatibility of temper, but of temperature. We know, too, the languor that steals over the most brilliant company when the supply of oxygen is exhausted.

As there are some houses where artificial light is required all the year round, there are many which require artificial heat all the year round; but not the heat of pipes, water, or air, but of a brisk wood fire, which ventilates as well as warms. Hot-water pipes not only do not ventilate, they distribute bad air, and too often, in connection with the other pipes, they distribute the germs of fever. Fixed baths and fixed washing-stands should never be placed in bedrooms; and, other considerations apart, a guest on hand with typhoid fever, even if caught at the preceding visit, is undesirable.

A virtue not to be lost sight of by hosts or guests is punctuality. Let all the hours of meals or meetings, of starting by carriage or train, for pleasure or business, be known beforehand and be adhered to. A very slight effort is required to do this, and a very great advantage is obtained. It is easy to adjust our movements to punctuality; it is impossible for the many persons who depend on fixed hours to adjust the service we ask from them to capricious or reckless unpunctuality.

An important change has taken place,

within our memory, in the length of time visitors are expected to stay, and an invitation for three or four days is much more common than one for three or four weeks. The old habit of spending a month in another man's house is now obsolete, except perhaps in the case of some very old bachelor friend of the family.

The duration of visits must remain a delicate point, best met by the host fixing it when issuing the invitation. Extreme intimacy or an unforeseen emergency may warrant a guest's saying, "Will you let me stay another day, or a few days?" but rarely should this request be made. Vague invitations are a mistake on the part of hosts; they often cause embarrassment on one side and mortification on the other. These invitations may be well-meaning, but certainly are weak-minded. A vast amount of grumbling would be avoided if all invitations were for a definite time. It often happens that a vague invitation, or some friendly remark not really intended for an invitation, is thrown out; weeks and months elapse; the careless words are forgotten on one side, but carefully remembered on the other; the would-be guests recall them; the reluctant hosts feel annoyed at "So-and-so" offering a visit, perhaps at an inconvenient time; and the end of it is that neither host nor guest enjoys the few days spent together; the host has been to blame rather than the guest.

Among the incidents of country-house life which sometimes embarrass guests are the gratuities to servants; there can hardly be a tariff for tips, and the purse of the giver has to be considered as well as the services of the recipient. A modest gratuity to the groom of the chambers, where that functionary is part of the household—to the footman in small houses—is due from every gentleman. The keeper expects a "fee," and murmurs and bears in mind if those who have gold to give dole him out silver. But a gentleman will always feel it unbecoming to obtain by sheer bribery the best place in a large battue, or, indeed, to offer a bribe on any occasion.

A helpful housemaid or tire-woman will deserve her tip; but ladies must bear in mind that "maids" do not offer their services to their mistresses' guests, and ladies who travel without their own maids should not expect or require much help, either in dressing or packing, or brushing muddy skirts.

It must be borne in mind by all parties that servants are in the receipt of suitable

wages, and, when engaged, are not told that their wages are to be enhanced by a system of tips.

Between the railway station and the hospitable mansion there is a space of greater or less ground to be traversed by fly or omnibus and not all hosts have it in their power or inclination to fetch their guests. It is well to know beforehand what the arrangements are to be, and some hosts add a notice on the subject: "Carriages to be had, on such and such terms, by writing to innkeeper or station-master, distance so-and-so." As guests may bring servants and must bring luggage, the conveyance of their impedimenta is of supreme importance. "I can easily walk," says an active woman; "my boxes, maid, and man can't."

For boxes there must be, of all sorts and sizes. In paying visits, the standard of dress in the most sumptuous house and in the most simple has to be consulted, and several kinds of dress brought. The maid must bring her more modest port-manteau; and the man, knowing that at some houses it is expected that guests bring their own blacking and shoe-brushes, has an extra box containing these. In old days it was the custom to have a *fourgon* for servants and luggage, and nowadays an omnibus or series of flies must be ordered in advance if the party is a large one, or if the requirements of a small party are large.

In France the host and hostess think themselves bound not to lose sight of their guests after the late breakfast at which they meet. This is an irksome arrangement for all parties. In this island the liberty of the subject prevails, and there is a tacit understanding that, after our earlier breakfast, every one can do as he pleases—read, walk, or work—the hosts counting on some leisure for their own duties or occupations. The afternoon is the time for drives or long walks. Unfortunately, in some houses, a late luncheon-hour curtails the afternoon, and this in the winter months, the very months when most country-house parties take place. One of the most brilliant of hosts used to start so late for the Sunday afternoon walk, that he always said, "We ought to be armed with lanterns."

The question of hours is not an easy one to adjust. Very late dinners, the fashion of the day, carry with them sitting up late, getting up late, and crowding breakfast and luncheon into close proximity, and entail difficulties and perplexities in the household as well as wasteful-

ness ; but the curfew is out of date, and so is the adage : —

Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

It is not within my province to penetrate the mysteries of the smoking-room, but the habit of adjourning there after the ladies have retired is universal. It takes the place of the after-dinner sittings of our ancestors. The liveliest sallies, the most piquant stories, are said to be reserved for that symposium. There is a distinctive garb, the embroidered smoking gown and cap, not less elaborate than the tea gown of the weaker sex, though the beverage is said to be — no doubt a calumny — brandy and soda-water.

One of the most useful and agreeable qualifications for the social intercourse which is the *raison d'être* of a great part of country-house life is a power of conversation — of polished conversation, be it remembered, not mere tittle-tattle, not inelegant extracts from the day's newspaper, not crude or careless utterances as to things in general from our own point of view, not ill-directed allusions to births, deaths, and marriages. It is usual to sneer at a knowledge of the contents of the "Peerage" or the "Landed Gentry," but it would be well to learn the ramifications of the pedigree of our hosts or guests, so as to run no risk of allusions which give offence, or of awarding the wrong precedence. I am so conscious of my own want of authority to deal with conversation, that I shall borrow the words of the master mind on that subject — Lord Chesterfield — "Imitate with discernment and judgment the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; talk often, but never long; tell stories seldom, and absolutely never but when they are very apt and very short; take rather than give the tone of the company you are in; avoid as much as you can argumentative conversations; above all things and upon all occasions avoid speaking of yourself. Form yourself with regard to others upon what pleases you in them; avoid loud laughter and those tricks of fingers or feet which are the result of ill-bred shyness. Bear in mind that vulgar and ill-chosen words will deform the best thoughts; seek for the best words and think of the best terms. Never yield to the temptation of exposing other people's inaccuracies or defending your own."

After being told what is not conversation, the ingenuous youth of either sex may well ask what is so; the answer is

somewhat vague: cultivate your mind and your memory, wait in patience for the opportunity of showing that you too are familiar with the subject discussed, that you can add a detail, verify a quotation, or remove a doubt. Never omit to show courtesy to silent or neglected guests; you can thus lessen their isolation, relieve the cares of your hostess, and in doing so exercise your own conversational gifts. The graces and gifts of conversation are a tempting subject to dwell on; but in these remarks we attempt to deal rather with the relations of hosts and guests, and to those we will now revert.

Besides the hospitality of country houses are other modes and forms not less befitting to hosts or welcome to guests. There are yachts which give balmy sleep and renewed appetite, not only to their owners, but to successive friends who on land have lost the power to sleep or eat. There are club trains to the sunny South, by which may travel not only the millionaire but his college friend, whose waning power of work is renewed or stimulated by the holiday his own slender purse could not afford. There is the rich old London bachelor who invites his country friends in the season to be his guests at an hotel; he suggests the exhibitions they shall visit in the morning, the theatres they shall go to in an evening — always as his guests — and, if health and tastes permit, he accompanies or escorts them. The imagination and the means of a rich man or woman can find plenty of ways of adding to their own enjoyment that of being host or hostess, and, in passing from the position of host to guest, will find something to alter, to copy, or to modify.

There is a modest hospitality as well as a munificent one. The small vicarage, the seaside villa, with its two or three or even one spare room, can offer fresh air and friendly if homely up-putting hospitality, with little luxury and no ostentation. So can the small town house, where the temporary absence of a son or daughter makes a spare room, and the country cousin is asked up to see the park and the pictures, to attend a Monday Pop, to lay in a store of new ideas and topics for rustic consumption — and between the very great and the very modest forms of welcome there are many intermediate gradations.

The best guest is the one who conforms with the least apparent effort to the ways of the house; and this faculty is for most people only to be acquired by a long course of visits and a varied experience of what may be called the vicissitudes of country-

house life. The perfect guest should demean himself as if the hours and arrangements of the house where he finds himself were those of his own choice, and not a hint that he was better off where he stayed last. It is sometimes said that men make more comfortable guests than women. They certainly are more ready to take what may be going on. They do not require breakfast in bed, or the services of the housemaid to the exclusion of her other duties. They are less prone to repeat in one house the domestic gossip which they heard in another, or to make comparisons of the merits of their hospitable friends.

We reserve for the last some allusion to the difficulties of the selection of guests. Only to the very largest garden party is it possible to invite all our acquaintances; there are inevitable limitations to all other entertainments. It requires great skill so to select from acquaintances and neighbors as to avoid giving offence and creating jealousy; and it needs real good sense and good temper to submit with grace to being left out or to being invited to the less exclusive circle. How much bitterness is created by want of care in making out lists for invitations by asking people who are dead, or who have never been born, by omitting the name of some one who had a just claim to remembrance, is only known when it is too late to avoid the fault. It is a pleasure to record one conspicuous instance of thought and courtesy by a great lady. She had carefully gone over the old list of guests when about to issue invitations for the first party she was to receive as hostess; she then asked an old *habitué* of that brilliant house to look over the names and to tell her if any one was left out of the old friends of her father-in-law.

Life in the country houses of Scotland, especially in those months which have been happily called "the holidays of the Highlands," has a peculiar charm scarcely to be met with south of the Tweed. There is a greater freedom in the air; a pleasant absence of conventionality. The visits paid are usually longer; the field-sports are more varied and exhilarating; the scenery is more impressive than the gloom of an English park; the incidents of the day are more exciting. It is not my intention to intermingle any personal reminiscences with these few remarks on the hospitalities of our friends and our neighbors, and it would be invidious to refer to

those of the present day. But, as long as memory lasts, who that witnessed them in the last generation can forget the exquisite refinements of Keir, the unflagging gaiety of Brahan, the widely watered shores of distant Skibo, the stater circles of Dunrobin, Inverary, or Minard, and the cheerful houses of Teviotdale? Time and death have swept most of their genial hosts away, to be succeeded, no doubt, by another generation of not less courteous hosts and happy guests, whom the modern facilities of travel pour into Scotland every autumn in increasing numbers—sometimes, it must be confessed, in embarrassing numbers, for the Scotch hospitality has not unfrequently to provide for self-invited visitors to an extent not common elsewhere.

As we move southwards the forms of reception become somewhat more rigid. Set parties are made and invited beforehand. The duration of the visit is fixed and is short. And as we approach the metropolis, which is the centre of English social life, the tone of society, even in country houses, is influenced by the statesmen, the politicians, the lawyers, the artists, and the men of letters, who belong not so much to the country as to London. Such, for many years, under Lord Shelburne and his more distinguished son, the third Marquis of Lansdowne, were pre-eminently Bowood, and Petworth under Lord Egremont, the resort alike of all that was best and most brilliant in letters, in the arts, and in statesmanship. To Cashibury and the Grove, Lord Essex and Lord Clarendon drew a stream of London visitors, interspersed with a lively foreign element. Even Holland House was almost a country mansion in Kensington and Strawberry Hill at Twickenham.

Nor must we forget the great lawyers of the past, Lord Wensleydale, Lord Kingsdown, and Lord Westbury, who gathered round them at Amptill, Torryhill, and Hinton, a cheerful circle to sweep away the cobwebs of Westminster Hall and Lincoln's Inn. These are names which will be recorded in the social memoirs of the times, and will be read by another generation, curious of the country life of their ancestors as we are of the contemporaries of Horace Walpole.

But we are trenching on reminiscences which would be out of place here, and which can only be among the pleasures of memory. CHRISTINE G. J. RELVE.



From The Spectator.  
SHIP-CANALS.

A RECENT issue of the "Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers," noticed in the New York *Nation*, contains a remarkable collection of facts in connection with the spread of projects for the formation of ship-canal. The statistics there set forth show how very seriously the notion of inland navigation has been taken up by the engineers, and how great is the likelihood that the next generation may see a return to water-transport, though water-transport of a kind very different from that made use of by our grandfathers. Their idea of a canal was a narrow, shallow water-road on which could be floated small barges drawn by horses from the banks. Ours is a deep highway along which the largest ships can continue their ocean voyages, — arms of the sea, though stretching far inland among the villages and fields. The earlier form of canal required a transference of cargo when the goods were destined to be sea-borne, just as do the railways. The later has the immense advantage that it enables New Orleans to send its cotton to Manchester without bulk being broken till the factory doors are reached. The fact that the only means of intercommunication between distant countries is the sea, makes ocean-transport a matter of necessity. But the ship-canal brings the sea wherever commerce wants it to be brought. Hence they offer advantages for all heavy goods which no railways can ever possess.

The schemes which are now either in actual preparation or else in contemplation, are of two kinds, — first, those mentioned above for turning inland cities into seaports; and next, those for making ocean short-cuts behind the backs of peninsulas and angles of land. Of the first kind, the Manchester Ship Canal is the most important; but of this little need be said, since the details of its progress are already well known, and its completion is a matter of two years at the most. If it fulfils the expectations of its promoters, we shall doubtless see a great many more undertakings of the same kind attempted in England. Birmingham is pining for an outlet to the sea which would enable the metal work, the earthenware, and the other manufactures of the Midlands to be placed directly on board the ships that are to convey them to every quarter of the globe. This outlet she could doubtless obtain either by way of Bristol or by the Trent, or, indeed, by both; and though the existing schemes are only for vessels of

two hundred tons, it is probable that if they are ever carried out, bolder proposals as regards size and depth will ultimately be adopted. In the same way, Sheffield looks forward to some day connecting herself by a water-way with the Port of Goole. That English cities possessing a large amount of foreign trade would be specially likely to gain by these undertakings, cannot for a moment be doubted. Since England is an island, all merchandise coming from or going abroad must be sea-borne. Hence it is of peculiar importance to her inland centres of commerce to adopt a means of transport which will only necessitate one act of embarkment and one of disembarkment. As it is, Birmingham goods consigned to the Cape must be put on board a railway truck, taken to a port, there unloaded and put on to a ship, and then unshipped in Africa. Had she a ship-canal, the goods need not be touched after they leave the quay at Birmingham till they reach their destination in South Africa. And even in cases where foreign trade might possibly be conducted almost entirely by land, ship-canal are wanted. It is, of course, conceivable that the railway system of the world might be completed in the next thirty years, and that the lines might run almost continuously round the earth; but the cost of that mode of transport would still remain prohibitory.

But though the commercial results obtained by means of canals of this kind may be of superlative importance, the schemes for shortening the ocean routes are far more striking to the imagination. Of these there at present an enormous crop. Many of them are doubtless destined to remain mere dreams. A certain number, however, are almost certain to be undertaken, while one or two are at this moment in course of construction. Some three or four of the many plans discussed in the paper by the American engineer to which we have alluded, are especially interesting to English people. It is proposed, for instance, to cut a canal between Galway and Dublin, running right across Ireland. This would shorten by many hours the journey from New York to ports on the Irish Sea, and if, as is further suggested, there were a canal between Newcastle-on-Tyne and the Solway Firth, the length of the route between the North American coast cities and the ports of Germany, Holland, and Belgium would be greatly curtailed. In all probability, however, it would be better to turn the existing canal between the Clyde and the Forth into a highway for ships, — a matter of

no great difficulty according to the experts, and not likely to cost more than two millions sterling. The advantages of the scheme need hardly be set forth. In the first place, Glasgow would be a port on the German Ocean as well as on the Atlantic, — the canal will only be thirty-five miles long. Then, ships sailing between America and the Baltic and German ports would find the canal a far quicker route than the circumvention of Scotland or England. Lastly, the Admiralty would be able in an emergency to help a fleet on the west coast by sending reinforcements through the canal from our squadron on the east. For instance, suppose that while we were attempting to blockade a French fleet at Cherbourg, six or seven of their fast ironclads escaped, and steamed off to attack either Dublin or Liverpool, it was not known which. Our forces would immediately have to be concentrated in the Irish Sea, and help sent from the fleets guarding Newcastle and Edinburgh. But if the reinforcements had to steam some five hundred miles round Scotland, aid might come too late. In this way the Forth and Clyde Canal, which could be easily passed by war-ships in a few hours, might prove of great advantage to the nation. Another of the plans for making short-cuts through England is that for connecting Bridgewater Bay with the English Channel by a canal through Somerset and Dorset. The canal, it is said, would get all the steam-coal traffic between Cardiff and London, and could in that way be made a profitable concern. Certainly it would save the Welsh colliers some three hundred miles of steaming.

Far less shadowy than these is the Holstein Canal, which is actually in course of construction, and which when made will join the Baltic and North Seas, making Denmark and part of Schleswig-Holstein an island. The canal is planned on a magnificent scale. It is to be sixty miles long, and the water is to have the same level as the Baltic. The depth will be twenty-eight feet, and the bottom-width eighty-five feet, — dimensions which will enable it to accommodate double the tonnage now accommodated by the Suez Canal. How great will be the importance of this work, both commercially and politically, may be estimated from two facts. It will render it unnecessary any longer to take the dangerous passage round Denmark, a route responsible each year for the destruction of two hundred sailing-ships; while to Germany it will give the key of the Baltic, and will bestow on her

something like the position which would be held by Egypt as regards the Suez Canal, were Egypt a power of the first rank. The Holstein Canal, too, will almost double the efficiency and fighting-power of the German fleet. While Russian ironclads will be laboring through the Sound, their German antagonists will be able to find a secure and rapid road through the territory of the Fatherland. Curiously enough, Prussia's great rival has it in her power, if she chooses, to make a ship-canal which would enable her to combine her Atlantic and Mediterranean fleets much in the same way. Some two hundred years ago, Colbert, with the insight of true genius, ordered the construction of the famous Languedoc Canal, or, as it is picturesquely and accurately called, the "Canal of the Two Seas." This great work connects the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean partly by utilizing the valley of the Garonne, and partly by an artificial cutting. A project is now on foot for making it large enough and deep enough to accommodate ocean shipping. If this is done, ships trading between the north and the Mediterranean will be able to save the time now spent in the voyage of seven hundred miles round Spain and Portugal; while France will be able to render the blockade of her ports almost an impossibility. While the enemy were making their dispositions for blockading the mouth of the Garonne, the French fleet would be quietly steaming towards Toulouse, and before the attacking squadron had properly settled down to their work, would have joined the Mediterranean squadron at Narbonne.

Did space allow, we would gladly enumerate more of the fascinating projects on foot for saving ships the trouble of rounding storm-beaten peninsulas or navigating dangerous straits. Unfortunately, we can only just allude to a few of these schemes. M. de Lesseps, for instance, not long ago obtained in the interest of a French company a concession from the king of Siam authorizing him to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Malacca, which would save five hundred miles between Europe and China, and do away with the dangers attending the passage through the Straits of Malacca. America has kept pace with Europe in the formation of these schemes. Besides the Nicaragua Canal, which is to rival the now almost forsaken works at Panama, there is a proposal for cutting off the Peninsula of Florida which is pretty sure to be sooner or later put into operation. Connected with this last is

one for making a water-way to save vessels the necessity of rounding Cape Cod, as also are two others, one for connecting New York and Delaware Bay, and the other for joining Delaware Bay with Chesapeake Bay. By means of these canals, worked in connection with the Florida and Nicaragua undertakings, the Americans hope to get complete control of the commerce of South America. No doubt the canals would do much to place the coasting trade of the continent in American hands, but it would not be wise to exaggerate their importance. The only great saving of time accomplished would be at Nicaragua. That great work, if it is successfully carried through, will undoubtedly confer enormous benefits on commerce. It will, it must be remembered, have one great advantage over ordinary dug-out canals like that of Suez. A great part of its course will be either by the San Juan River, through the great Nicaragua Lake, or along "basins"—*i.e.*, artificial lakes formed by damming up river-valleys. Indeed, there will only be some twenty-eight miles of actual canal. This means that out of the one hundred and seventy miles from sea to sea, there will be one hundred and forty-two miles of free navigation. Under these circumstances, the delays usually incidental to canals will be very much reduced. Meantime, it is just possible that the Panama Canal may, after all, be finished. In that case, we shall have two canals competing with each other for the traffic of the Pacific Ocean. Who knows, too, that some day they may not both pay their shareholders as good dividends as do the three rival railway companies whose lines run between London and Edinburgh?

From Nature.

#### THE EPIDEMIC OF INFLUENZA.

FOR the first time after an immunity of nearly half a century, our country is again threatened with an epidemic of influenza. The accounts we receive of epidemic illness in Russia, in Germany, and last of all in Paris, seem to make its irruption here every week more imminent. The question will, however, naturally be asked by the public, whether there is any real ground, in the history and in what is known of the nature of the disease, for such an apprehension? Is it a disease really brought from a distance? Is it anything more than the general prevalence of

catarrhal affections, of colds and coughs, which the time of year, and the remarkably unsettled weather we have lately experienced, make readily explicable without any foreign importation? Indeed, is influenza, after all, anything more than a severe form of the fashionable complaint of the season?

To answer the last question first, and so to put it by, there can be little doubt that influenza is a distinct, specific affection, and not a mere modification of the common cold. The grounds for this belief cannot be fully stated here, but may be gathered by reference to the descriptions of the disease as seen in former outbreaks by physicians of the older generation; for instance, by Sir Thomas Watson in his classical "Principles of Physic," or the late Dr. Peacock in his article in Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine."

These symptoms, the history of the disease, and its distribution, all justify us in treating it as a distinct and specific disease, which when it is prevalent will rarely be mistaken, though, with regard to isolated and sporadic cases, difficulties of diagnosis may arise. About its nature, or its affinities with other diseases, it is unnecessary to speculate. It will be sufficient to inquire what its recorded history in the past justifies us in expecting as to its behavior in the future. There are few cases in which history proves so important an element in the scientific conception of a disease as it does in that of influenza. For hardly any disease shows a more marked tendency to occur in epidemics—that is, in outbreaks strictly limited in point of time. After long intervals of inaction or apparent death, it springs up again. Its chronology is very remarkable. Though probably occurring in Europe from very early times, it first emerged as a definitely known historical epidemic in the year 1510. Since then, more than one hundred general European epidemics have been recorded, besides nearly as many more limited to certain localities. Many of them have in their origin and progress exhibited the type to which that of the present year seems to conform. We need not go further back than the great epidemic of 1782, first traceable in Russia, though there believed to have been derived from Asia. In St. Petersburg, on January 2, coincidentally with a remarkable rise of temperature from 35° F. below freezing to 5° above, forty thousand persons are said to have been simultaneously taken ill. Thence the disease spread over the Continent, where one-half of the in-

habitants were supposed to have been affected, and reached England in May. It was a remarkable feature in this epidemic that two fleets which left Portsmouth about the same time were attacked by influenza at sea about the same day, though they had no communication with each other or with the shore.

There were many epidemics in the first half of this century; and the most important of them showed a similar course and geographical distribution. In 1830 started a formidable epidemic, the origin of which is referred to China, but which at all events by the end of the year had invaded Russia, and broke out in Petersburg in January, 1831. Germany and France were overrun in the spring, and by June it had reached England. Again, two years later, in January, 1833, there was an outbreak in Russia, which spread to Germany and France successively, and on April 3, the first cases of influenza were seen in our metropolis; "all London," in Watson's words, "being smitten with it on that and the following day." On this same fateful day Watson records that a ship approaching the Devonshire coast was suddenly smitten with influenza, and within half an hour forty men were ill. In 1836 another epidemic appeared in Russia; and in January, 1837, Berlin and London were almost simultaneously attacked. Ten years later, in 1847, the last great epidemic raged in our own country, and was very severe in November, having been observed in Petersburg in March, and having prevailed very generally all over Europe.

Some of these epidemics are believed to have travelled still further westward, to America; but the evidence on this point seems less conclusive. Without entering on further historical details, and without speculating on the nature of the disease, we may conclude that these broad facts are enough to show that a more or less rapid extension from east to west has been the rule in most of the great European epidemics of influenza; and that therefore its successive appearance in Russia, Germany, and France, makes its extension to our own country in the highest degree probable.

There are, it is true, certain facts on the other side, but they appear much less cogent. Since our last great visitation, certain epidemics of influenza have been recorded on the Continent which have not reached our shores. One was that of Paris in 1866-67; another at Berlin in 1874-75, of a disease described by the German doc-

tors as influenza, and of great severity, affecting all classes of society. But in all epidemic and even contagious diseases there are outbreaks which seem to be self-limited from the first, showing no tendency to spread. This has been notably the case with plague and cholera. On the other hand, when an epidemic shows an expansive and progressive character, it is impossible to predict the extent to which it may spread. And the present epidemic, it must be confessed, appears to have this expansive character.

Many interesting points are suggested by this historical retrospect. What is the meaning of the westward spread of influenza, of cholera, and other diseases? Is it a universal law? To this it must be said, that it is by no means the universal law even with influenza, which has spread through other parts of the world in every kind of direction, but it does seem to hold good for Europe, at least in the northern parts. The significance of this law, as of the intermittent appearances of influenza, probably is that this is in Europe not an indigenous disease, but one imported from Asia. Possibly we may some day track it to its original home in the East, as the old plague and the modern cholera have been traced.

As regards, however, the European distribution of influenza, it has often been thought to depend upon the prevalence of easterly and north-easterly winds. There are many reasons for thinking that the contagium of this disease is borne through the air by winds rather than by human intercourse. One reason for thinking so is that it does not appear to travel along the lines of human communications, and, as is seen in the infection of ships at sea, is capable of making considerable leaps. The mode of transmission, too, would explain the remarkable facts noticed above of the sudden outbreak of the disease in certain places, and its attacking so many people simultaneously, which could hardly be the case if the infection had to be transmitted from one person to another.

Another important question, and one certain to be often asked, is suggested by the last — namely, whether influenza is contagious. During former epidemics great care was taken to collect the experience of the profession on this point, and its difficulty is shown by the fact that opinions were much divided. Some thought the disease could be transmitted by direct contagion, while others doubted it. But there was and is a general agreement that this is not the chief way in which the dis-

ease spreads, either in a single town, or from place to place.

We must avoid the fascinating topic of the cause of influenza, or our limits would be speedily outrun. But one simple lesson may be drawn from the facts already mentioned — namely, that the disease is not produced by any kind of weather, though that, of all possible causes of disease, is the one most often incriminated in this country. It is true that some of our worst epidemics have occurred in winter, but several have happened in summer; and the disease has been known in all parts of the world, in every variety of climate and atmospheric condition; so that it is certainly not due to a little more or less of heat or cold, moisture or dryness. Its constancy of type, the mode of its transmission, its independence of climatic and seasonal conditions, all suggest that its cause is "specific," — that is, having the properties of growth and multiplication which belong to a living thing.

Whether the disease affects the lower animals is not absolutely certain, but the human epidemic has often been preceded or accompanied by an epidemic among horses of a very similar disease. It is pretty well known that such a disease is now very prevalent among horses in London. Nearly three weeks ago, one of the railway companies in London had one hundred and twenty horses on the sick list, and the epidemic is still by no means extinguished. To a certain extent this must be taken as prognostic of human influenza.

It may be asked if the influenza is really to come, can we form any notion how soon it is likely to appear? On such a point little beyond speculation is possible, for the rate at which the disease travels is extremely variable. Generally, it has taken some weeks, or even months, to traverse Europe, but occasionally much less, as, for instance, in 1833, when it appeared to travel from Berlin to Paris in two days. It is now barely a month since the epidemic became noticeable in Petersburg, where, according to a correspondent of the *British Medical Journal*, it began on November 15 or 17, though sporadic cases had undoubtedly occurred earlier. In the beginning of December it was already widely spread throughout Russia, and, as it would seem from the published accounts, must have been in Berlin about the same time. In Paris the first admitted and recorded cases occurred about December 10, though doubtless there were cases before that date. Both public and private accounts re-

port it exceedingly prevalent there now. In London, notwithstanding the abundance of colds and coughs, and the mysterious rumors which have been afloat, it appears to the present writer doubtful whether any cases of true influenza have yet occurred. But according to its apparent rate of progress, it might, if coming from Paris, have already arrived here; and it may be breaking out even while these lines are going through the press. But, on the whole, one would be disposed to give the epidemic another week or two. If its distribution depends, as it seems to do, on the winds, it is impossible to prophesy with much plausibility. A steady breeze setting in from one of the affected places might bring us an invasion in a very short time; but the current of air would have to be continuous over the whole district. Light local winds, whatever their direction, would, if the hypothesis be correct, have little effect. On the other hand, a steady frost, with an "anticyclone" period, might effectually keep off the disease. If, then, there is anything in the views above stated, prophecy belongs rather to the province of the weather-doctors than of the medical doctors.

Should the prospect seem a grave one, it may be some consolation to remember that an epidemic of influenza rarely lasts more than a few weeks — three to six — in one place; that it is rarely a fatal disease, though affecting large numbers of people; and that the present epidemic seems to have displayed on the Continent a decidedly mild type, which, according to the general rule, it is likely to retain.

J. F. P.

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From The Athenæum.  
SOME MISSING POEMS OF SIR JOHN  
BEAUMONT.

IN Dr. Grosart's introduction to his edition of the poems of Sir John Beaumont (in the "Fuller Worthies Library," 1869) he notes the curious bibliographical fact connected with the volume of 1629, on which volume our knowledge of nearly all Sir John's poems depends, viz., that one leaf (pp. 181-2) has been cut out of every known copy of that edition, obviously with the purpose of cancelling the poems contained on it. Fortunately a clue has been left for the discovery of the missing poems. In one of the copies in the British Museum the leaf has been so clumsily cut out as to leave the initial letters of

most of the lines on one page; and the same is the case, to a much smaller extent, with a copy in the Bodleian. Dr. Grosart prints these initial letters in his introduction (p. lxiii); and by this means the lost poems, by a fortunate accident, have been discovered and identified. Among the Stowe collection of MSS., which came into the British Museum from the Ashburnham Library, is a paper volume of fourteen leaves containing manuscript poems by Sir John Beaumont. It is not by any means a complete collection of his works, but it contains two poems that are not given in Dr. Grosart's edition. One of these, entitled "On the death of many good People slaine by the fall of a floore att a Catholike Sermon in Black Friars," is unquestionably one of the missing poems, as its initial letters agree with those preserved in the printed copy mentioned above. The other is a poem "Of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady," and this is in all probability the poem which was contained on the other side of the cancelled leaf; and it may fairly be conjectured that the reason for the cancelling was the leaning shown in both these poems to the Roman Catholic religion. It was probably thought that it would give offence in some quarters, and accordingly the leaf was cancelled after the edition had been printed off.

The following are the poems which have been thus restored to our author. The spelling of the MS. is preserved:—

ON THE DEATH OF MANY GOOD PEOPLE, ETC.,  
(*vid. supra*).

Mann hath no fast defence, noe place of rest  
Betweene the earthe and mansyon of the blest.  
Rayse him on high, yet still he downward falls;  
Depressing death our heavy Bodyes calls  
To his low caves: no soule can pierce the  
skyes,

But first the ffleshe must sincke wth hope to  
ryse.

See here the Trophees of that rig'rous hand  
Whose force no wordlie [*sic*] mixture cann  
withstand:

ffor yt united Elements devids  
And parts their frendly league to diff'rent  
sides.

In this most dolefull picture wee display  
The gen'rall ruine on the iudgement day.  
Thrice happy they whom that last hower shall  
fynd

Soe cleere watching in such ready mynde,  
As was this blessed flocke whoe fyld their  
eares

With pious Counsell and their eyes with  
Teares;

Whose harts were ravisht with a sacred Bell  
And heav'nly Trumpett when the chamber  
fell.

And that the preacher's wordes might more  
prevaile

When he discribes this Life unsure and frayle  
God by his death would confirmacon give  
To make impressyon on our brests that live.  
Rest safe, deare Saynts, and may this fun'rall  
songe

Become a charme to ev'ry Serpent's Tonge.

OF THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

Whoe is shee that assends so high  
Next the heavenlye Kinge,  
Round about whome Angells flie  
And her prayses singe?

Whoe is shee that, adorned wth light,  
Makes the sunne her Robe,  
At whose feete the Queene of night  
Layes her changing globe?

To that Crowne direct thine eye  
Which her heade attyres;  
There thou mayst her name discrie  
Wrytt in starry fires.

This is shee in whose pure wombe  
Heav'ns Prince remain'd;  
Therefore in no earthly Tombe  
Cann shee be contayned.

Heaven shee was wch held that fire  
Whence the world tooke light,  
And to heav'n doth now aspire,  
fflames wth fflames to unite.

Shee that did soe clearely shyne  
When our day begunne,  
See how bright her beames decline  
Nowe shee sytts wth the sunne.

While on the subject of Sir John Beaumont, it may be mentioned that the British Museum lately came into possession of a MS. poem entitled "The Crowne of Thornes." Unfortunately there is strong internal evidence that this is not the missing poem by Sir John Beaumont which bore that title. F. G. KENYON.

From Chambers' Journal.

SHEEP-SHEARING BY MACHINERY.

THE ever-increasing substitution of machinery in place of hand-labor in all branches of industry is too often witnessed to need either comment or enforcement. Our readers, indeed — so accustomed are the public to novel adaptations of mechanical power — may hardly evince surprise in learning that the labors of the inventor have been successfully applied to furnishing means for shearing sheep by machinery, and that possibly ere long the well-known hand-shears used for this purpose will have given place to a patent shears

actuated by steam power, which will perform its work in a cheaper, speedier, and more effectual manner.

The sheep-shearing machine recently placed before the public is due to Mr. Frederick York Wolseley, of Euroca Station, New South Wales — a brother of the distinguished soldier of that name — who has devoted many years of patient ingenuity to perfecting his invention. The machine itself may be briefly described as follows: A toothcomb upon which works a three-bladed knife, in the same manner as a patent horse-clipper, is pushed by the operator into the fleece of the animal to be sheared, the cutter being actuated by a cord of round gut, working inside a flexible tube six feet six inches in length. The flexible tube leaves the operator free to work the comb and cutters backwards and forwards.

Shafting of ordinary description is erected in the shearing-house, carrying wheels two feet in diameter and five feet apart, the motion being communicated from the main shafting to a series of leather bevel-wheels situated below, each of which in its turn imparts a rotary movement to the gut core inside the flexible tube, and so to the small rods working the crank inside the casing of the machine. The pressure of the cutter on the comb is regulated by a tension-screw on the back of the shears. All the working parts are covered, with the exception of the comb and cutter.

Hand-labor, horse-power, water-power, or a steam-engine (portable, if desired) with a boiler to burn either wood or coal, can be employed to furnish motive power to the main shafting, as the facilities of

each locality or the number of sheep to be dealt with may demand.

One man, it may be added, can furnish power sufficient for three machines; a horse can drive from ten to twenty of them; whilst an eight horse-power steam-engine will actuate one hundred shears. The time occupied in shearing one sheep with the new patent is from three and a half to five minutes.

Many advantages are claimed for the novelty now under consideration. The work is performed more thoroughly than by hand, it being calculated that on an average some ten additional ounces of wool per merino sheep are obtained by its employment. The operation, moreover, is carried out more humanely, the cuts and stabs often inflicted in hand-shearing, more especially when executed as "piece-work," being entirely avoided, together with the consequent damage and deterioration to the pelts. It has been estimated that no less than one per cent. of the animals perish from injuries due principally to hand-shearing. The labor entailed on the operator is also considerably reduced; and aching hands, swollen wrists, and cuts or stabs to the worker himself, should be things of the past.

A series of exhaustive trials in Australia abundantly testify to the high esteem in which the new machine, the cost of which is very moderate, is held. When it is added in conclusion that Australia alone is computed to hold upwards of one hundred millions of sheep, it is evident how wide a field, if only in that one quarter of the globe, exists for the new sheep-shearing machine.

ISLAM AND ISRAEL. — Dr. Hirschfeld in his lecture at Jews' College, it may be noted, treated the Koran with the fullest sympathy and respect — a fact on which all the Jewish speakers who took part in the discussion were unanimous. It would indeed be difficult for a scholar to devote time and thought to a subject without acquiring a certain amount of sympathy with the object of his devotion. It is therefore the more striking that one or two English Christian theologians, whose whole work lies in the history of the Pharisees, have never succeeded in reaching a sympathetic or even a just attitude toward the much maligned Pharisee of old. The discussion on Sunday night at Jews' College was enlivened by the

part taken in it by two Moslem gentlemen, whose defence of their faith evoked the warmest applause. The speakers were received with the most marked cordiality, and though the audience could not be in complete sympathy with them, yet all showed their respect for the enthusiasm evoked for another religion. The Jews in the Middle Ages received so many favors at the hands of the Mahomedans, when indeed the countries swayed by Islam were the only asylum open to the sons of Jacob, that it would have been ungenerous in a Jewish audience to receive representatives of Islam with any but a friendly demeanor. Nevertheless, the fact may be chronicled as not devoid of interest and importance.

Jewish Chronicle.

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## CONTENTS.

I. SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD AND ITALIAN CON- DOTTIERI, . . . . .	<i>Quarterly Review,</i> . . . . .	515
II. EPICURUS WYNN, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	532
III. HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	544
IV. THE NATURALIST ON THE PAMPAS, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . . . .	552
V. IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES. Part II.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	561
VI. BUNYAN'S USE OF VERSE, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	572
VII. BABBAGE'S CALCULATING ENGINES, . . . . .	<i>Athenaeum,</i> . . . . .	574

## POETRY.

AFTER A NIGHT OF WEEPING, . . . . .	514	IN ARCADY, . . . . .	514
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			576

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## AFTER A NIGHT OF WEeping.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

WHEN the long night of weariness and pain  
Is full of bitter thoughts, and doubts that  
sting,  
Do we not long to hear some holy strain  
That far-off angels sing?

When every golden deed the heart hath  
planned  
Is darkened by the fear of failing powers,  
And all our life seems like a barren land,  
Unless'd by sun and showers.

When every word that loving lips have said  
Sounds, to the morbid fancy, falsely sweet;  
And every truth that we have heard or read  
Seems poor and incomplete.

When the one thing whereon our hopes are  
set  
Is still withheld, although we pray and  
weep,  
Until we murmur "Can the Lord forget?  
Or doth the Master sleep?"

When the old sin that we had nearly crushed,  
Arrayed in all its fearful might appears,  
And yearning voices that we thought were  
hushed,  
Call from departed years.

Then, like an evening wind that unperceived  
Beareth an odor from the rose's breast,  
Comes the remembrance: "We which have  
believed  
Do enter into rest."

And our eyes close, and all the phantom  
throng  
Of doubts and troubles vanish into air;  
And the one face that we have loved so long,  
Smiles on us calm and fair.

The face that in our darkest hour is bright,  
The tranquil brow that never wears a frown,  
The steadfast eyes, that never lose their light  
Beneath the thorny crown.

So at his word the clouds are all withdrawn,  
The small, sharp pains of life are soothed  
away;  
After the night of weeping comes the dawn,  
And then, his perfect day.

Sunday Magazine.

## IN ARCADY.

A LITTLE breath from spray to spray  
That wanders with a purposed quiet,  
As tho' it were so calm a day  
To shock it were unholy riot;

A little cloud-wreath in the sky  
That melts, and then its shape renewing,  
Then melts again, as tho' on high  
'Twere holiday, and nothing doing;

A hum of bee, a little song  
Of bird in praise of endless summer,  
That will not break the stillness long,  
But leaves it to a chance new-comer;

A little sound of rippling stream  
Now heard, now hushed, its deep leaves  
under,  
Like murmurs of an infant's dream  
That barely part sweet lips asunder;

And Ocean's face for many a mile  
In calm, with scarce a wavelet breaking,  
As sleeping eyelids ope awhile,  
Then close again without awaking;

All say 'tis noon, and Silence sleeps  
With Beauty. Hence, and leave her sleep-  
ing,  
Lulled by the tiny fall that leaps  
Beside her there in silver leaping.

Noon in the South! A perfect thing  
Of love, and light, and warmth, and color,  
That, drowsy as a vampire's wing,  
Float round the soul in sloth to lull her.

Noon in the South! Then haste, away,  
Dear soul away, we may not tarry!  
Enough, if hence for many a day  
Some sunshine of the heart we carry.

Enough, if 'mid our mist and snow  
We may in darker hours remember  
The bliss, the warmth, the southern glow,  
That mingled July with December.

But now a harp of loftier tone  
I hear resound to Dorian measure,  
Say, Arcady is rest alone,  
But toil is strung to nobler pleasure;

Say, Arcady is fair and fine,  
Where Pan is lord of man and nature;  
But 'neath his face and form divine  
Lurks cloven hoof of faun and satyr.

And sadness sits in every eye,  
And cynic youth is old at twenty;  
Who looks for aught in Arcady  
But languid ease and *far niente*?

Then hence away, and northward ho!  
Where souls and limbs of men are stronger;  
But, O ye powers of frost and snow,  
Would holidays were somewhat longer!  
Spectator. A. G. B.

From The Quarterly Review.

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD AND ITALIAN CONDOTTIERI.\*

It has been said, with some truth, that the history of the Italian *condottieri*, or captains of mercenaries, is that of Italy during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They played a most important, if not the principal, part in the political events of the peninsula during that period. Among them were men not only great in the art of war, but eminent as statesmen, as statesmanship was then understood. Their lives are even in many cases fit subjects for romance. Their adventures, the tragic fate of some of them, the marvellous rise of others who, through their craft and valor, attained to princely rank and founded independent States, form episodes of the highest historical interest.

The *condottieri* or *capitani di ventura* may be divided into three classes: foreigners, who had collected together men of every European nation, generally the very refuse and outcasts of society, and who, with their followers, took service under one of the Italian States. They led the first bands of mercenaries employed in the wars which desolated Italy during the fourteenth century. They were succeeded by Italian *condottieri*, into whose companies, as a rule — which, however, had many exceptions — only Italians were admitted. They also were employed in the latter part of the fourteenth century and in the first half of the fifteenth. Then came the better organized and better disciplined troops belonging to independent princes, who hired themselves and their subjects to other States, receiving stipends and rewards for their services. We have the type of the foreign *condottiere* in the renowned Englishman, Sir John Hawkwood. Carmagnola, whose valor and skill were the admiration of his contemporaries, ranks amongst the most

remarkable of the Italian *capitani di ventura*. Sigismund Malatesta, lord of Rimini, furnishes an instance of an independent prince taking service under another State.

The "Life of Sir John Hawkwood" — known in Italian history as "Giovanni Acuto" — has been written in Italian, and has recently been published at Florence in a handsome volume by an English gentleman, Mr. Temple-Leader, with the assistance of an Italian man of letters, Signor Marcotti. Mr. Leader, whose name was not unknown many years ago in English political life, has lived for a long period near that city. He has restored for himself one of those ancient feudal castles — that of Vimigliata — which dot the slopes of the Apennines, and which in the troublous times of the Italian wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries sustained many a siege, probably from Hawkwood himself. He has had access to documents, in the rich Florentine archives, relating to the great English captain, and to the events with which he was connected during his career. He has made good use of them, and his biography of Hawkwood is a valuable addition to the history of the times to which it relates.

After the final break-up of what remained of the Roman dominion in Italy, the peninsula became divided into numerous small, independent States, frequently consisting of a single city, with its surrounding territory, comprising small walled towns and castles, the residences of nobles, which, before the employment of siege artillery, afforded a safe place of refuge to their owners and their dependants in times of war and invasion.

In some of the principal cities, such as Florence, Pisa, and Siena, the democracy had driven out the nobles and had established a republic or commune. In others, such as Milan, Padua, and Verona, some member of a powerful family had usurped the supreme power, and governed despotically, usually meriting the title which he received of "Tyrant." The communes existed chiefly in central Italy; the despots, such as the Visconti, the Carraresi, and the Scalas, ruled in the north. In the south the dominions of the pope and

\* 1. *Giovanni Acuto*. Storia d' un Condottiere, per J. Temple-Leader e G. Marcotti. Firenze, 1889.

2. *Sir John Hawkwood (l' Acuto)*. Translated from the Italian of John Temple-Leader and Signor Giuseppe Marcotti, by Leader Scott. London, 1889.

3. *Il Conte Carmagnola*. Studio Storico, con documenti inediti di Antonio Battistella. Genova, 1889.

4. *Un Condottiere du XVe. Siècle. — Rimini: études sur les Lettres et les Arts à la Cour des Malatesta*. Par Charles Yriarte. Paris, 1882.

the kingdom of Naples formed more extensive and permanent States.

These petty commonwealths were constantly at war with each other. The communes were jealous of the riches and prosperity of an adjoining republic, or had a greed for its lands. The Tyrants sought to extend their power and territories at the expense of their neighbors. In the conflicts which ensued, a local militia was called out. To bear arms was considered the right and duty of every citizen. When the war in which his city was engaged came to an end, he laid them aside and returned to his civic duties and employments. This militia in the republics was strictly democratic, and the nobles were excluded from it.\* At the beginning of the fourteenth century it had fallen into decay. In the wealthy republics the citizens had gradually lost their martial habits, and had given themselves to trade and other peaceful pursuits. When they were summoned to arms, few responded to the call. The city found itself consequently powerless for either defence or attack. On the other hand, it was the policy of the Tyrants to disarm their subjects, and to crush out of them all warlike spirit, lest they should combine to overthrow the despotism to which they were exposed. A city thus deprived of its natural defenders found it necessary to have recourse to foreign aid and to employ mercenaries. Hence the origin of those companies of adventurers from all parts of Europe, under leaders of reputation for their valor and military skill, ready to sell their services to the highest bidder, and to shed their blood in the cause which promised the largest amount of wages and booty. They were simply organized brigands, and their wars organized brigandage. So that the Italian term for a foot-soldier, *masnadiere*, became synonymous with robber and outlaw.

As early as the year 1314 we find one

\* See Ricotti, "Storia delle Compagnie di Ventura in Italia," the standard work on the subject; Canestrini, "Documenti per servire alla Storia della Milizia Italiana," in the 15th volume of the "Archivio Storico Italiano" — a very important contribution to history, with a valuable collection of original documents; and Fabretti, "Biografie di Capitani di Ventura dell' Umbria."

Messer Falco d'Inghilterra at the head of a company of fifteen hundred horsemen, in the pay of the commune of Pisa, then at war with the neighboring republic of Florence. The English mercenaries soon earned a high reputation for their courage, their warlike qualities, and their capacity to endure hardships, and were considered the best soldiers in Italy. Moreover, they were thought somewhat more trustworthy than those of other countries, who were at all times ready, for higher pay or better prospects of plunder, to betray their employers and to pass over to the enemy. But they were notorious for their cruelty and for being the most adroit and merciless of depredators. They did not mutilate and roast their victims to extort money from them, as was the habit of the Germans, the Bretons, and the Hungarians; but in other respects they appear to have surpassed all other nationalities in outrages upon women, in incendiarism, rapine, and murder. So that "Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato" became a popular saying in Italy; and a writer of the time declares that "non era nulla di piu terribile che udire il solo nome degli Inglesi."

In the middle of the fourteenth century one of these bands, chiefly composed of Englishmen, known as the *Compagnia Bianca*, or White Company, was the most renowned in Italy. The origin of the name is doubtful. According to some, it came from their armor and shields, which were polished so as to shine like mirrors; according to others, it was given them on account of their white uniforms and white standards, or of the white cross which they had adopted as a badge. The White Company had been originally formed in France by one Bertrand de Crequi. Hence it had passed into Italy, led by a German named Albert Sterz, a soldier of ability and experience, who had been chosen for the command on account of his knowledge of the English language. In 1362 it had entered into the pay of the Pisans, who were then engaged in one of their many wars with the Florentines. It soon turned the scale in favor of the former. But the English mercenaries were dissatisfied for some reason with their German leader,

and insisted upon their right of electing their own captain. Their choice fell upon Hawkwood, who was serving in the company, and had gained their confidence and admiration by his skill and conspicuous bravery. From that time to his death he played a foremost part in the annals of Italy, and became not an unimportant factor in the political events of his time.

Hawkwood was born about the year 1320, in the village of Sible Hedingham, in Essex. He was the son of a well-to-do yeoman, who possessed some land, but followed the business of a tanner. Having joined, as a common soldier, the army of Edward III. and the Black Prince in the invasion of France, he so distinguished himself by his bravery that he was knighted by the king on the field of battle, and promoted to a command. When, in 1360, a peace brought the war to an end, a number of Englishmen, finding themselves without employment, formed themselves into independent bands, and, under different leaders, devastated the country. Hawkwood joined one of them which crossed the Alps and united itself to the White Company. He is described by contemporary writers as a man of a haughty and commanding bearing, of undaunted courage, of consummate skill, most fertile in resource, and, like some other celebrated captains, as great in conducting a retreat as in profiting by a victory. He appears to have been less ferocious and treacherous than other condottieri, although his career was marked by deeds of cruelty; but he was not inferior to any of them in rapacity and in greed for money, which he contrived to extract with great adroitness from friend and foe. The country through which he passed, whether it belonged to the enemy or to the State which he served, was laid waste with almost scientific method. Although always ready to sell his sword to the highest bidder, and utterly indifferent to the justice or merits of the cause in which he was to be engaged, he had the reputation of being more loyal to those whom he served than his brother condottieri. But even his loyalty was more consistent with the morals of the time than irreproachable.

His high qualities as a soldier consisted in his quickness in availing himself of the mistakes of his opponents, and in those stratagems and devices to deceive the enemy in which the art of war then mainly consisted. His contemporaries called him "Gran Maestro di Guerra." War was his profession, and he spent his whole life in pursuing it. Sacchetti, a Florentine writer of "Novelle," relates the following anecdote, characteristic of the man and of the times:—

Whilst Hawkwood was one day taking a walk, he was accosted by two friars, who gave him the accustomed salutation of "May God give you peace!" He angrily replied, "May God deprive you of your alms!" When the poor friars, terrified, said, "Monsignore, why do you speak to us thus?" "It is for me to ask," answered Messer Giovanni, "why you speak thus to me?" Quoth the friars, "We thought to speak well;" and Messer Giovanni, "How can you believe that you spoke well when you came to me and asked God to let me die of hunger? Do you not know that I live by war as you live by alms, and that with peace I should starve?"

He is said to have fought during his career in Italy twenty-three regular battles, in only one of which he was defeated.

The first care of Hawkwood on being chosen to command the White Company was to improve its organization and to restore its discipline. Although Englishmen formed the great majority of the company, it comprised many adventurers of other nations whom it was not easy to control. Most of the officers were Englishmen; the chief—the *conestabile generale* as he was termed—being one William Gold. Their names are distorted in contemporary documents in curious fashion. Thus Knowles becomes "Canelle;" Thornbury, "Tomabarile;" Cook, "Cocco," etc. Hawkwood's own name appears in an endless variety of forms. He was most generally known as "Giovanni Acuto"—a happy version of his name, denoting his sagacity as a commander. But it was also converted into Augut and Hauto; in the Pisan chronicles he appears as Auti; the Florentine Signoria, in a letter to the king of England, writes his name "Haukkodue." He signs his own

letters, of which many are preserved in the archives of Florence and Mantua, indifferently Hawkwood, Haucwood, Haukuld, and Haucud, adding "Miles Anglicus" to his signature. It is, however, very doubtful whether he could write, and his signature was probably appended by a secretary.

The White Company was composed of horse and foot. The foot-soldiers were principally English archers — then so celebrated and formidable in war. They were armed with strong bows of yew, long arrows, a sword, and a heavy knife, and wore defensive mail of polished steel. They carried with them ladders in separate pieces of four steps each, which, fitted together, enabled them to scale the highest towers and walls. The horsemen were originally called *lancie*, or spearmen, from the arm they carried, and which they are said to have introduced into Italy; but this term was subsequently applied to a party of three men, each *lancia* comprising a *caporale*, a *cavaliere*, and a serving-man or page. The first two rode chargers; the page a pony. Of all the foreign mercenaries in Italy the English were the most lightly armed. By a resolution passed in 1369, the Signoria of Florence conceded as a favor to its stipendiaries that they might be armed *all' Inglese* — in the English fashion; but not their horses, which were to be protected by the heavy armor peculiar to the Hungarian and other foreign cavalry.

Villani, the Florentine historian, describes the mode of fighting and the tactics of the White Company. The cavalry almost invariably fought on foot, leaving their horses in charge of the pages, who concealed them as best they could. They formed themselves into a solid circular body, with their long spears in rest, each spear being held by two men without shields. They advanced slowly with loud, discordant cries, hoping thus to intimidate the enemy, whom they sought to drive back by the mere weight of numbers.

The companies were subjected to some discipline. The condottieri in their contracts reserved to themselves the right to punish all crimes and misdemeanors committed within the precincts of their camp, leaving it to the civil authorities to deal with those committed in the towns and open country. The captain's power over his followers was, however, to a certain extent limited. In grave matters he was bound to consult a council composed of his principal officers. When a company was engaged in a campaign, it was allowed

to pillage and illtreat without restraint the inhabitants of the country through which it had to march. Provision was rarely made to feed these mercenaries, who, like a flight of locusts, devoured everything within their reach. It is difficult to picture to ourselves the condition of the unfortunate peasantry of Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries — their wives and daughters outraged; they themselves subjected to the most cruel tortures to compel them to disclose the hiding-place of their savings; their crops, vines, and trees ruthlessly destroyed, and their houses sacked and burnt. Their only chance of personal safety was to abandon all they possessed, and to take refuge in a neighboring walled town or castle. The companies being without artillery, rarely attempted to besiege a place, however inadequately fortified.

The company on its march was followed by a crowd of camp-followers, who took their part in the indiscriminate pillage, and by numerous women, driven from their homes, nuns carried off from their convents, and common prostitutes. It is related that at the battle of Brentilla, between the Veronese and Paduans (25th June, 1386), the latter captured no less than two hundred and eleven courtezans, who were led in triumph into Padua, wearing garlands, and bearing nosegays in their hands, and were entertained at a banquet in the palace of Francesco Carrara, the lord of the city.

The great companies had in their service experienced ambassadors and eloquent orators, to be employed in diplomatic negotiations, treasurers to administer their finances, notaries, a regular chancery for carrying on official correspondence and for preparing contracts in legal form, and procurators and lawyers for the management of private affairs. The condottiere, before proceeding on an expedition, received the *bâton* of command from the chief of the State, with great pomp, and before the people, the magistrates, and the clergy. Usually he was to receive a fixed sum, including his own stipend and the pay of those who served under him. His contract was drawn up with great care and minuteness of detail, and was usually made for short periods — often for only six months. We find Hawkwood stipulating, that he should be supplied with sweetmeats and the best wines to enable him to make good cheer in camp. In addition to his stipend the condottiere had numerous other sources of gain. The most profitable was the ransom of prison-

ers, who, when persons of wealth and distinction, had to pay exorbitant sums for their release. Whilst, therefore, quarter was frequently refused to the common soldiers, every effort was made to capture alive those who could afford to pay for their liberty. However, in many contracts, the condottiere engaged to deliver up to the State prisoners of note and importance, as well as traitors to it, and the *fuor-usciti*, or refugees, and persons banished for political causes. Another source of profit to the condottiere was the sums he exacted, by way of blackmail, not only from the friendly States through whose territories he had to pass, but even from his employers, to restrain his followers from committing excesses and illtreating the inhabitants. His share of the plunder, which frequently amounted to a very considerable sum, must be added to his gains. In little more than three months, in one of his campaigns, Hawkwood and his company had exacted from Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Arezzo, for his services, 174,800 golden florins, and from the commune of Siena alone two millions and a half of francs — enormous sums in those days. In addition he was receiving an annual pension of twelve hundred florins from the Florentine Signoria. The successful condottiere lived with the utmost magnificence and display. He had numerous attendants; he drank out of vessels of silver or gold; his armor was the work of the most skilful artificers; and he wore robes of the most costly materials. When Braccio, one of the most celebrated of the capitani di ventura, entered Florence on his return from a victorious expedition, he was accompanied by four hundred knights, mounted on horses of great size, glistening with gold and steel, and wearing ample plumes, the richest garments, and breast-plates splendidly embossed. At the head of the procession were the representatives of the cities and towns which had submitted to him. In the midst of his captains, of the ambassadors of friendly States, and of the magistrates of the republic, rode Braccio himself, clothed in a gorgeous robe of purple, embroidered with gold and silver.

The common soldiers had their share in the spoil. They extorted money by torture from the wretched peasantry, and they sold to pedlars the valuable objects of which they had robbed churches and private dwellings. The wealth thus acquired was squandered in luxurious living and debauchery. They then had recourse to the usurers who flocked to the camp,

and to whom they frequently pledged even their horses and arms. A large part of the company thus often found itself disarmed. The consequences of this state of things were so grave that the Signoria of Florence established, in 1362, a loan bank, of which it furnished the capital, for the special use of the mercenaries in its employ.

When Hawkwood, in 1363, took the command of the White Company, Pisa was at war with the republic of Florence. It was in this war that he first showed his great capacity as a commander, and gained that reputation which led the principal States and princes of Italy to compete for his services. It would take us far beyond the limits of an article if we were to follow Hawkwood in his various campaigns, which are fully described by Mr. Leader, and which extended, without intermission, nearly until his death. During that time we find him engaged in almost every cause in Italy, but not always at the head of the White Company, which frequently changed its captain. In 1365 he led that of San Giorgio, subsidized by Bernabo Visconti, lord of Milan. This unscrupulous and dissolute tyrant, with the view of attaching Hawkwood to the league which he had formed against the pope, gave him in marriage one of his natural daughters, Donnina, whose mother, of the same name, was his principal favorite. Of such illegitimate daughters Bernabo had a large supply, and he turned them to account by bestowing them upon influential commanders and others whom, as a matter of policy, he wished to conciliate. According to the Milanese chroniclers, Donnina was exceedingly beautiful. The nuptials were celebrated at Milan with the greatest splendor, and the bride had a handsome dowry from her father. Among the gifts she received, the most costly were from Bernabo's legitimate wife.

Bernabo with his suspicious nature soon showed mistrust of Hawkwood, who revenged himself by joining a league against his father-in-law, at the head of which was the pope, and at once began operations by devastating the Milanese. But the papal legate, the Cardinal William de Moellet, was more ambitious of adding some of the territories of the republic of Florence to those of the Church than of warring with the Visconti; and Hawkwood, at the head of a company called the *Santa* or Holy which he had formed, commenced a campaign against the Florentines. He was, however, bought off by them with two hundred and twenty thousand florins, and

by the grant of an annual pension of twelve hundred florins. It was during his short engagement with the cardinal that he was guilty of one of the blackest acts in his career. Faenza threatening to revolt, he was sent to enforce the papal authority. He had no sooner entered the city without resistance than he gave it over to pillage. Neither sex nor age was respected; the women, even the nuns, were brutally outraged. Mr. Leader admits that in this affair Hawkwood's character appears in a lurid light, and the only excuse that he can offer for him is that he lost control over his followers. He did not remain long in the service of Pope Gregory IX., then at Avignon. Accustomed as he was to the excesses of war, there were horrors committed by the Holy Father, or his representative in Italy, to which even he could not reconcile himself. Compelled by the Cardinal Robert, Count of Geneva, afterwards the anti-pope Clement VII. — a monster of cruelty, and as vicious in character as he was deformed in body — to take part in the massacre of the inhabitants of Cessena, who had submitted to the papal authority, he retired from the league. Having appealed to the cardinal for permission to put an end to the slaughter, he received for reply, *sangue, sangue* — blood, more blood. He succeeded, however, in saving the lives of some women, and in removing them beyond the reach of the brutal soldiery. He then abandoned the papal party, and returned to the service of Florence.

From this time until his death he remained in the permanent employ of Florence, but in the wars between the Carrresi and the Visconti he accepted an offer of the former to be their captain-general, and joined them with five hundred horse and six hundred archers, all Englishmen. It was when in command of the Paduan forces that he and his army were nearly overwhelmed by the waters of the Adige, the banks of which had been destroyed by the condottiere Del Verme, who was his opponent. The extraordinary skill, with which he withdrew his followers from their perilous position, was considered by his contemporaries as little short of miraculous, and is ranked among the most brilliant achievements recorded in the military annals of Italy.

Hawkwood was loaded with honors by the Florentines. He had already, as we have seen, exacted from them a pension for life of twelve hundred florins, to which they added a second of two thousand, to be paid to him whether he remained in

Italy or returned to his own country. They enrolled him among their nobles, and exempted him and his wife and children from all taxes and imposts. They elected him their *capitano della guerra*, or captain-general, for life; but, at the same time, with their usual suspicious caution, they limited the number of his immediate followers, fearing lest he might take part in their internal dissensions with a view to seizing upon supreme power for himself, or to aid some ambitious citizen in designs against the liberty of the State. But Hawkwood was satisfied with the fame of being the foremost captain of his time, and with extorting as much money as he possibly could from those who employed him and from those against whom he was employed. He might at one time, with the power and influence he possessed, have secured for himself an independent principality. But he even voluntarily surrendered the feudal seignory of Bagnacavallo and Cottignola, which Pope Gregory XI. had conferred upon him. He possessed, however, lands, houses, and castles, in many parts of Italy, given to him by the princes and cities to whom he had rendered services.

Grown too old for active warfare, Hawkwood resolved, after the marriage of his two daughters, to return to England, where he wished to die. He had preserved his love for his native land and his loyalty to his king. Considering the large sums of money which his success as a condottiere had brought to him, he ought to have retired a wealthy man. But he had squandered them away, and was obliged to sell and mortgage the lands and houses he possessed near Florence to support his wife and children. He was even unable to provide the dower of his daughters on their marriage. Whilst making his preparations to leave for England, he died suddenly on the 17th of March, 1394, nearly eighty years of age. He was buried in the Duomo or Cathedral Church of Florence. His obsequies were celebrated with the greatest magnificence. Noble knights bore his coffin. His body was exposed to the public gaze clothed in cloth of gold. In one hand was placed his bâton of command, and on his breast a drawn sword. Men of all ranks and stations mourned the loss of their illustrious captain. The Signoria some time before his death had decreed that a sumptuous sepulchral monument should be erected for him. A design for it was made by two of the most esteemed sculptors of the time — Agnolo Gaddi and Giu-

liano d'Arrigo; but it was never executed in marble as had been intended. Many years after his death, the celebrated Florentine painter, Paolo Uccello, reproduced the original design in fresco in an aisle of the cathedral. It still exists there, but detached from the wall and much repainted. It represents the great condottiere clothed in full armor, proudly advancing on his powerful war-horse, with the bâton in his hand.

The fame of the renowned Englishman induced King Richard II. to ask the Signoria of Florence to permit the removal of his remains to England. The royal request was acceded to in a courteous letter, and they were transferred to the church of Sible Hedingham. Of the monument believed to have been raised over them, only a few doubtful fragments now remain.

After the death of Hawkwood the White Company was broken up, and bands of adventurers under foreign leaders ceased to appear in Italy. The ravages and cruelties they had committed, their notorious treachery and bad faith, and the little use they really were in bringing the wars in which they were engaged to an end, proved to the Italian princes and republics that in employing foreign mercenaries they had little or nothing to gain. Their territories were laid waste, their towns and villages sacked, and their subjects spoiled for the benefit of strangers. Such was the lamentable condition to which these malefactors had reduced the fairest parts of Italy, and such the sufferings of the people, that Urban V. in 1366 induced the communes of Florence, Bologna, Lucca, Siena, Pisa, and Perugia, and the kingdom of Naples, to pledge themselves, not only not to take foreign companies into their service, but to drive beyond the Alps those that already existed in the peninsula, and to prevent the appearance of any other in the country. The pope undertook to excommunicate these companies and all who took part with them, and to concede a plenary indulgence to all who served under the confederation, and even to their wives and children. Owing, however, to mutual jealousies, to the difficulty of organizing any joint action, and to the pope's declared intention of calling the emperor into Italy, the league, which was to last for five years, was unable to effect its object and was soon dissolved.

The first to strike an effective blow at the foreign companies was Alberico da Barbiano. He had convinced himself that Italians under proper discipline, and

animated by patriotism, would soon prove themselves equal in war to the venal strangers, who sold their services to the highest bidder, and were influenced by no spirit of nationality or love of country. He was himself the lord of various fiefs in Romagna. Young, ardent for glory, fired by indignation at the sight of the calamities caused by the foreign mercenaries, and encouraged by St. Catherine — engaged in her great work of bringing peace to Italy and union amongst her rulers — he commenced the formation of an Italian company, named the St. George, by bringing together a number of his own relatives and dependents, who were soon joined by others. His foresight was justified by a signal victory over a band of Bretons advancing upon Rome. The pope rewarded Alberico by creating him a knight, and by presenting him with a standard, on which was a red cross and the motto "*Italia liberata dai barbari*," a cry destined to be re-echoed in Italy exactly five centuries later.

The success of Alberico was such as to induce others of his countrymen to form similar companies, which, although not exclusively composed of Italians, soon superseded those commanded by foreign adventurers. During the fifteenth century all the condottieri in Italy were of that nation. The Italians were not more to be depended upon than the foreign mercenaries. They were, indeed, in some respects, more dangerous to those who employed them. But they appear to have been less cruel than the barbarians from the north of the Alps. Even with this improvement, their mode of conducting war was scarcely less fatal to Italy and to her populations. It consisted chiefly in pillaging the country to the very walls of the fortified cities and towns. When remonstrances were made to the condottiere Carlo Malatesta, lord of Pesaro, by the Florentine republic, on account of predatory incursions made by him into its territory, his characteristic reply was, "In time of peace one must live."

The Italian condottieri were the proprietors, as it were, of their companies, whilst the foreign captains were usually elected by their followers. They were, too, of a different order of men. When not engaged in war, they withdrew to their castles and feuds. The more ambitious of them, such as Francesco Sforza, sought to avail themselves of the power and influence they had acquired to establish themselves as independent princes. War, as carried on by them, became, to a great



extent, a game, in which the object of each leader was to outwit his opponent by stratagems and devices, and to avoid a decisive action which might bring the campaign to an end. As regards moral character and conduct, there was little to choose between the Italian and the foreign condottieri. They were equally unscrupulous, faithless, treacherous, dissolute, and greedy of gain.

One of the most famous of the Italian condottieri of the fifteenth century was Carmagnola. We select him as the type of his class, both on account of his renown as the most skilful commander of his time, and of the new light thrown upon his history and tragic fate by Signor Antonio Battistella, in the work which we have placed at the head of this article. This gentleman is one of those students who has sought, by diligent research in the rich archives of Italian cities, to solve doubtful questions in the history of Italy with judicial impartiality. Among these questions there are few which have given rise to warmer dispute than the motives and conduct of the Venetian Senate in putting to death their celebrated captain-general.

Francesco Bussone was commonly known as Carmagnola from the small town of that name in the marquisate of Saluzzo, in Piedmont, in which he was born.\* He was said to have been the son of a common swineherd; but Signor Battistella believes his father to have been a small farmer or landholder. At any rate he was of low origin, and could neither read nor write. He was induced to leave his home as a mere boy, and to join the company of Facino Cane, a condottiere of great fame. He soon distinguished himself by his courage and abilities, and acquired the reputation of being not only brave but singularly astute and daring. He rose so rapidly, that, on the death of Facino, he was selected to succeed to the command of his company. Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, had married Facino's widow, Beatrice di Tenda, with a view to securing its services. Carmagnola became his principal captain. He was well fitted to serve one of the most truculent, unscrupulous, and cruel of the many tyrants who have disgraced the annals of their country. He was employed by the duke in many a bloody deed, and was suspected of having been concerned in the murder, by her husband, of the unfortunate Beatrice. His

credit and power rapidly increased, and he soon rose to the highest rank and position. He was granted the privilege, like others who had rendered important services to the family of the Visconti, to quarter their arms on his shield. He was appointed captain-general of the ducal armies, and first councillor of state, and received as a gift a palace in Milan. In addition to these honors, the duke bestowed upon him the hand of a near relative, Antonia Visconti, the widow of Barbavara, the minister of Gian Galeazzo.

Carmagnola's rapid rise was extraordinary even for those times. He had, no doubt, rendered great services to Filippo Maria. When but a common soldier, he had been instrumental in saving the duke's life. He had succeeded by his valor and prowess, in not only recovering for his master his hereditary territories, which had been usurped by the successful captains of his predecessor, Gian Galeazzo, but in adding to them the city and district of Genoa.

In the course of ten years [says Signor Battistella] he had proved himself indefatigable. He had acquired for Visconti the entire dukedom of Milan, had passed with prodigious rapidity from one war to another without any interval of rest, without showing any signs of fatigue, without any diminution of his early energy, profiting by that friendly fortune which lavished her favors upon his feverish activity, his intrepidity, and his sagacity. He had subjected some twenty cities, he had overthrown some ten powerful feudal lords, he had occupied an extraordinary number of towns and castles, he had defeated in innumerable engagements the forces of his enemies exceeding his own in numbers, and constantly reappearing. All these exploits appear to be rather the work of a long reign than that of one man, and we seem to be witnessing a wild career, which we should have difficulty in believing to be real, had we not actual proofs of it.\*

This summary of Carmagnola's career during the time that he served the Duke of Milan gives a very high idea of his military capacity. It must, however, be remembered that many, if not most, of his successes must be attributed more to his craft than to his generalship. But this did not detract from his reputation as a soldier at a time when cunning and perfidy were reckoned amongst the highest qualities of a commander. Most of the strong places which he captured were either treacherously delivered up to him, or had surrendered upon conditions which he shamelessly violated. His crowning

\* Probably between the years 1380 and 1385.

\* Il Conte Carmagnola, p. 60.

achievement was the victory of Bellinzona. The Swiss Confederation claimed that town, which was held by Carmagnola for the Duke of Milan, and the cantons of Uri, Unterwalden, Zug, and Lucerne sent four thousand men-at-arms against him. Although inferior in numbers to the ducal forces, they relied upon the dread with which their ferocious appearance and mode of warfare had inspired the Italians, and upon their discipline and valor, which, since the battle of Sempach, had gained for them the reputation of being the most formidable soldiers in Europe. On the 30th of June, 1422, they were defeated with great slaughter by Carmagnola.

Carmagnola had now reached the pinnacle of his glory and fame. It is not surprising that Filippo Maria Visconti, himself a master of treachery and an adept in all the arts of deceit, who trusted no one and was distrusted by every one, should have been suspicious of his successful and powerful captain-general. He deprived him of the chief command, and sent him to Genoa, as governor of that city. He performed his duties with signal ability, and treated the inhabitants with so much justice and consideration that he earned their gratitude and affection. Through the influence he thus acquired he was able to induce them to fit out a fleet to meet that of Alfonso of Aragon, who was preparing for a descent upon the Italian coasts. He expected to be appointed to its command, and his surprise and anger were great when he learnt that the duke had named to it one Torelli, a condottiere, then in his favor.

Carmagnola had been governor of Genoa for two years, when he was called to Milan to organize an expedition by land against Alfonso. By a lavish expenditure of his own resources he had succeeded in raising an army, when Filippo Maria changed his mind, and ordered it to be disbanded. This sudden abandonment of an enterprise in which Carmagnola expected to acquire further glory and fresh profits, added to his feeling of indignation against the duke, which was further increased when he learned that Francesco Sforza — a young condottiere who had already acquired fame in Italy — had been engaged to enter the service of the Visconti. He suspected that Filippo Maria wished to be rid of him, and he well knew that this unscrupulous tyrant was never at a loss for the means of removing those whom he feared. Full of resentment, he asked for leave to retire from the duke's service. His request was granted, and he withdrew to his

estates in the country, to meditate upon a plan of revenge for the slights to which he had been subjected.

Such appears to have been the true cause of Carmagnola's wrath against Filippo Maria, and not, as some writers have assumed, his removal from Milan by his appointment as governor of Genoa.\* He was a proud, impetuous, and vindictive man, and the suspicion that he was to be supplanted by a rival was well calculated to excite his fury. Having obtained his release from his engagement to the duke, he was at liberty to seek employment elsewhere. But he was bound, according to his contract and to custom, to allow some months — known as *di rispetto* — to elapse before doing so. Impatient, however, to revenge himself, he suddenly abandoned wife, children, and property, and presenting himself to the Marquess of Saluzzo — to whom he was by birth a liege — offered to recover for him the territory of which he had been wrongfully deprived by the Visconti. His offer having been declined, he next addressed himself to the Duke of Savoy, but with a similar result. He then resolved to offer his services to the republic of Venice, and, suddenly arriving in the city, presented himself before the Senate. He was well received, and his offer accepted, but only after solemn debate, forty senators voting against him.

A good deal of bargaining took place over the conditions of his engagement. He demanded the command of all the forces of the republic, with the honors, stipends, and emoluments appertaining to it. The Senate was, however, too prudent and sagacious to place so much power in the hands of a soldier of fortune, who was notorious for his bad faith, and for whose fidelity it had no sufficient guarantee. It refused to name him captain-general, alleging that, as the republic was not in a state of war, there could be no need for such an appointment.

Carmagnola, having vainly endeavored to obtain his own terms, took the oath of fidelity to the republic, and, in obedience to the orders of the Senate, went to reside at Treviso. Filippo Maria Visconti had confiscated his lands and property, had placed his wife and children under restraint, and had imprisoned some of his relatives. Not satisfied with thus avenging himself upon his former favorite, he sent an agent to concert a plot with one Aliprandi, who was connected by marriage

\* See a brilliant essay on "Carmagnola," by Mr. Horatio Brown, in "Venetian Studies."

with the Visconti family, and was living as a fugitive at Treviso, to poison Carmagnola. It was discovered, and a confession extorted by torture from the accused. Aliprandi was beheaded, and his accomplices were hung. This attempt upon his life served to increase the exasperation of Carmagnola against the duke, and removed the doubts of the Senate as to the sincerity of his hostility to his former patron and friend.

Carmagnola now redoubled his efforts to bring about a war between the republic and the duke. At his instigation, Venice entered, with Florence, into a league, which had been formed by some of the Italian States, to restrain the ambition of Filippo Maria, which threatened their independence. This was tantamount to a declaration of war against him, and he at once prepared for it. The Venetians, on the other hand, named Carmagnola captain-general of their forces, with a monthly stipend of one thousand golden ducats. The *gonfalone*, or standard of the republic, was placed in his hands, with great solemnity, in the Church of St. Mark. He then left the city to take the command, and immediately commenced the siege of Brescia.

Filippo Maria, finding that he was not in sufficient strength to contend with the league, had recourse to his usual practices, and proposed conditions of peace which, if accepted, he had no intention of observing. He opened private communications with Carmagnola, through an agent and two Venetian prisoners whom he released. The captain-general informed the Senate of these overtures, and was told, that although it placed little faith in the duke, and even suspected some design against his life — and it earnestly entreated him to be upon his guard — it had so much confidence in him that it was willing to leave to him negotiations for peace. They dragged on without result; the only object of Filippo Maria being to gain time. He sent repeated messages to Carmagnola, who referred them to the Senate, which had no reason to suspect that he was betraying his trust. On the other hand, it was faithful to him. The terms of peace it offered invariably included the restoration of his wife, family, and property, a condition to which the duke refused to agree. The greater part of the city of Brescia, with the exception of the castle, having fallen, the Senate expressed itself highly satisfied with the success which had attended Carmagnola's operations. His health having suffered from his exer-

tions, he asked leave to take the baths of Abano, near Padua. Permission was somewhat reluctantly granted to him, and he left his army. During his absence the command was taken by Giovanni Francesco Gonzaga, the lord of Mantua, who, as a condottiere, had taken service under the republic, and who succeeded in reducing the castle after eight months' siege.

Brescia having fallen, and a further invasion of his territories being threatened, the duke found it necessary to accept the conditions of peace offered to him by the Venetian Senate, including the surrender, within fifteen days, of Carmagnola's wife and daughters, and of his confiscated property. Carmagnola was accused of wishing to continue the war. But he had recovered his family and his estates, and he had triumphed over Filippo Maria. He had been created a Venetian noble, and had received from the republic the highest honors and rewards that the most trusted and successful of condottieri could obtain. He had thus fully avenged himself upon the duke and his enemies. But, whether he desired or not the continuation of the war, it was speedily renewed through the usual perfidy of Filippo Maria, who failed to observe the terms of the treaty.

Carmagnola again received the command of the forces of the republic; but, being in ill health, he was desirous before entering upon a campaign to return to the baths of Abano. He obtained leave to do so; but the Senate, fearing that his absence from the army might lead to delay, sent two patricians to Brescia to act as *provveditori*, or commissioners, to carry on the operations. This step may have caused offence to Carmagnola, as showing a want of confidence in him and an intention of interfering with his movements. On his return to Brescia, he found the duke's troops besieging the castle of Calsalmaggiore. Fantino Pisani, who held it for the Venetians, after in vain appealing to Carmagnola for succor, was compelled to capitulate. Although there was apparently no reason to suspect that Carmagnola had wilfully allowed the place to fall, as he was accused by public opinion of having done, he cannot be absolved from blame for his culpable neglect in not going to the relief of the beleaguered garrison. This first check in his hitherto successful career was followed by a signal defeat he experienced at Gottolengo from his famous rival, Piccinino, then in the service of the Visconti. The disaster was attributed to his want of prudence in allow-

ing his troops — which had been victorious in the morning — to repose during the heat of the day under some trees, in face of the enemy, without taking precautions against a sudden attack.

These disasters were, however, compensated by successes subsequently obtained, which enabled him to occupy the ducal territories up to the Adda. He informed the Senate of his intention to cross that river, and to advance upon Milan. His design was highly approved, and he was urged to put it into execution without delay. And then commenced that mysterious part of his career which gave rise to serious doubts as to his fidelity to the Venetian Republic. Although in a position and in sufficient strength to do what he had himself proposed, he contented himself with insignificant skirmishes with the enemy without attempting to cross the Adda, and the summer was scarcely over when he commenced preparations for placing his troops in winter quarters. The Senate directed the provveditori to inform him that it had heard with grief and surprise, that it was his intention to discontinue the campaign, and to express its hope that the report was unfounded, and that by some exploit worthy of him he would make up for the time he had lost. They were further instructed to allude to certain rumors which had reached it affecting his loyalty. These rumors appear to have chiefly arisen from his having released the subjects of the duke who had been captured, whilst the Venetians were still held as prisoners. He was again pressed to advance upon Milan without delay.

The duke persisted in his policy of endeavoring to retard the operations by making secret proposals of peace to Carmagnola, sending him letters and messages, which, however, he appears to have communicated to the Senate. He was informed in reply that these proposals had been carefully considered, and were found to be neither reasonable nor expedient, but only furnished a fresh proof of the duke's perfidy. He was warned not to allow the agent sent to treat with him to remain in his camp, as designs might be entertained against his life, which was very dear to the Signoria. Urged by the provveditori, he advanced against the Milanese forces commanded by Carlo Malatesta, then a young man of little experience, but aided by two of the most eminent condottieri of the time — Sforza and Piccinino. A battle ensued near the village of Maclodio or Maclo, in which the rout

of the duke's army was complete, and would have been even more disastrous had not darkness put an end to the pursuit. The Senate hastened to send two special envoys to congratulate Carmagnola upon his glorious victory. It further presented him with a palace in Venice, and conferred upon him and his heirs the territory of Castelnedolo, in the province of Brescia.

A large number of prisoners, including Malatesta, had been made in the battle. Carmagnola, without consulting the Senate or the provveditori, gave them their liberty with the exception of Malatesta. This proceeding caused serious dissatisfaction to the Venetians. A more serious accusation against him was his neglect to follow up his victory, thus losing the opportunity of advancing upon Milan. However, he brought the war to an end in the following spring to the entire satisfaction of the Senate. When he came to Venice to give up the *gonfalone* of St. Mark, he was received with great public rejoicing. At the conclusion of peace the duke, desiring to be reconciled to Carmagnola, and to have him again as a vassal, restored to him his fiefs in the Milanese which had been confiscated on his flight.

Although Carmagnola had been guilty of inexplicable neglect and want of energy, there had been nothing in his conduct upon which a charge of deliberate treachery to the republic could be founded. But during the peace of two years which succeeded the termination of the war, the duke was apparently in constant secret correspondence with him. These communications, which became known to the Senate, were, if not actually of a guilty nature, highly imprudent, and naturally aroused its suspicions, and became the subject of discussion in the Council of Ten. Its doubts with respect to Carmagnola's fidelity were increased when he asked for leave to resign his command. The Senate was unwilling to lose so eminent and capable a commander, especially as it had good reason to fear that he would at once return to the service of its enemy, the Duke of Milan. It consequently declined to accede to his request. After prolonged negotiations he consented to remain in the pay of the republic, exacting, however, very onerous conditions, to which the Senate, after a great deal of bargaining, thought it politic to agree. His appointment as captain-general of the Venetian forces was then renewed for four years.

The duke having, as was his custom,

flagrantly violated the treaty which he had recently concluded, war became inevitable. The Senate invited Carmagnola to Venice, to consult with him as to the measures to be taken for carrying it on. He then, for the first time, betrayed those ambitious designs which led to his ruin. In his conferences with the Senate he demanded as a reward for his services such portions of the Milanese, including Milan, as he might succeed in wresting from Filippo Maria. In return he promised to be ever ready, in person and property, to obey the republic. In reply he was told that, if by his means the duke was deprived of his possessions, one of the cities beyond the Adda at his choice, but not Milan, would be assigned to him. This promise did not satisfy him.

At the commencement of hostilities Carmagnola, deceived by an offer from the warden of the castle of Soncino to surrender it on his approach, fell into a trap laid for him by the duke's condottieri, Sforza and Tolentino. He was defeated with great loss, and narrowly escaped capture. This reverse, which caused a painful impression in Venice, was followed by the destruction of a flotilla of eighty-six armed vessels sent up the Po by the Signoria, under the command of Niccolò Trevisan, which had reached the neighborhood of Cremona. The Venetians lost several thousand men, slain and made prisoners. Trevisan had in vain appealed for aid to Carmagnola, who was encamped at a short distance from the river. He either refused or neglected to move, although he had been directed to co-operate with the commander of the flotilla, who had been placed under his orders. No valid excuse has been offered for his conduct on this occasion. Although the Senate appears to have absolved him from blame, he was loudly condemned by the public voice of Venice.

The first serious misunderstanding between Carmagnola and the Senate occurred in the month of August, 1431. The arms of the Duke of Milan had been everywhere successful, and the emperor Sigismund, his ally, was threatening a descent from the north of the Alps upon the Venetian territory. The Senate had ordered Carmagnola to hold his troops in readiness to meet the invasion. Instead of conforming to his instructions, he announced his intention of sending his army at once into winter quarters. This proceeding on his part was the subject of serious debate in the Grand Council, but, with its habitual caution, it decided not to

take extreme measures. To add to the general indignation against him, he failed to give support to one of his captains—Guglielmo Cavalcabò—who had seized one of the gates of Cremona, and would have possessed himself of the city had he received timely assistance, which Carmagnola, having disobeyed the orders of the Senate by sending his troops into winter quarters, was unable to afford. His conduct could only be explained by disloyalty to the republic, or by gross neglect unpardonable in a general.

The Senate was convinced that a permanent peace could only be ensured by driving Filippo Maria out of the Milanese. It consequently again pressed Carmagnola to cross the Adda and to advance upon Milan. In order to induce him to act vigorously it was proposed in the Grand Council to offer to him and his heirs that city, with its dependent territory, on condition that he obtained possession of it by the end of the following July. This proposal, when put to the vote, was rejected by a considerable majority. A report of what had occurred in the Council served to excite still further his ill-will to the republic. Notwithstanding his professions of obedience and his promise to move without delay, he remained idle in his winter quarters, and gave no heed to the constant remonstrances addressed to him from Venice. At the same time he continued to receive agents of the duke, with whom he had secret interviews, although he had orders from the Senate not to hold any further communications with Filippo Maria.

Carmagnola's conduct could not but cause great anxiety to the Senate. In one of its sittings it was moved that measures should be taken for his arrest. This motion was, however, rejected on being put to the vote. But on the following day the Council of Ten, deeming the matter of the most urgent importance, resolved to act without a moment's delay. It asked that twenty senators should be added to its numbers. This request was at once acceded to, and the highest tribunal of the State, thus recruited, was charged to try Carmagnola. The Senate, however, resolved that force should not be used to arrest him, but that he should be brought by stratagem to Venice, and then placed on his trial. One of its secretaries was accordingly sent to Brescia to invite him to come as soon as possible to the city to confer as to the future conduct of the war.

Carmagnola, complying with the invitation of the Senate, left Brescia for Venice.

On his way thither he was everywhere treated by the Venetian authorities with honor and distinction. When entering the city, he was received by eight nobles of patrician rank, who conducted him to the ducal palace. After his escort had been dismissed he was informed that the doge, being unwell, was unable to receive him that evening. He was leaving the building by the grand staircase, when the door of the passage to the prisons was pointed out to him as his way out. At the same moment he was surrounded by the gaolers, who hurried him into it. He yielded without resistance, merely exclaiming, "Vedo ben che son morto" (I see well enough that I am a dead man).

Two days after Carmagnola's arrest, a commission, composed of double the number of members prescribed by the regulations, was appointed for his trial. It was directed to "arrest, imprison, examine, and torture" him and his secretary, Giovanni de Moris, and all other persons suspected of having conspired against the honor and safety of the State, and to take any step necessary to arrive at the truth concerning the charges against him. Amongst those arrested were his wife and a woman known as "La Bella," who was intimate with her. All the correspondence, letters, and documents found in his house at Brescia, were brought to Venice. No time was lost in proceeding with the trial, which was only interrupted by the religious observances of Holy Week. It was resumed immediately after the Easter holidays, and the commission sat night and day.

On account of an injury to one of his arms the torture of the *corda*, usually the first used on such occasions, could not be employed.\* Fire was then applied to the soles of his feet. He is said to have confessed at once to the charges against him. His confession was taken down in writing and read over to him. His papers were examined, and compromising letters bearing his name and seal discovered. The evidence of his wife, of La Bella, and of other persons, fully confirmed the suspicions raised by his correspondence.

Doubts have been entertained as to whether Carmagnola was really subjected to the torture, and, if so, whether it was applied with such severity as to extort admissions from him at variance with the truth. The commission, it is argued, hav-

ing acquired full proof of his guilt from his papers, might not have considered it necessary to proceed any further; but having been instructed by the Senate to use torture, it may have thought it advisable to apply it, as a formality necessary to the regularity of its proceedings. Such is Signor Battistella's opinion after an impartial examination of the evidence furnished by contemporary writers.\* This infamous mode of obtaining confessions from persons accused of crime prevailed in Venice, as in most countries of Europe, until nearly the end of the eighteenth century, and it is highly probable that it would have been employed in so grave a State-trial as that of Carmagnola.

On the 5th of May the commission reported to the Senate. After the evidence taken had been read to it, the three chiefs of the Council of Ten asked whether sentence should not be passed upon Carmagnola, "for that which he had done, as a notorious traitor, to the injury and prejudice of the State, and against its honor and safety, as clearly proved by witnesses and documents submitted to the commission." The answer was in the affirmative, with only two negative votes. The sentence was immediately pronounced; Carmagnola was condemned to be led from prison on that very day, with a gag in his mouth, and with his hands bound behind him, according to custom, and to be beheaded at the usual place of execution between the two columns in the Square of St. Mark. The doge and three of the commissioners proposed that the sentence of death should be commuted into one of perpetual imprisonment. But this proposal, being put to the vote, was rejected by a large majority.

The sentence was notified to Carmagnola late in the afternoon, and he was soon after led forth to execution. He wore, according to an eye-witness, "scarlet trousers, a cap of velvet called a Carmagnola, a crimson doublet, and a scarlet cloak with sleeves," and was accompanied to the block by members of the confraternity of Sta. Maria Formosa. The heavy, double-handed sword of the executioner fell three times before his head was severed from his body. The corpse was then taken to the Church of S. Francesco della Vigna by twelve torch-bearers, for burial. But whilst they were placing it in the grave prepared for it, a friar, who had confessed Carmagnola in prison, stopped them, saying that the count had desired that his body should be interred in the

\* What this injury was does not appear. The torture of the *corda* consisted of raising the victim by cords attached to his wrists, and allowing him to drop violently.

\* Il Conte Carmagnola, p. 359.

Cha Grande — the name by which the Church of Sta. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari was then known in Venice. It was consequently removed to that church, and buried in the first cloister against the wall under the portico.\* Carmagnola was only forty-two years of age at the time of his death.

Such is the true story of Carmagnola. Venice has been accused of having treated him with ingratitude and injustice, and of having cruelly put to death a faithful servant upon mere suspicion. Manzoni has made him the hero of a pathetic tragedy, and others have described him as the innocent victim of a jealous, vindictive, and merciless State, and as such he has passed into history. We agree with Signor Battistella in thinking that the republic has been unfairly condemned. That Carmagnola, whilst in its service and in command of its armies, was in secret correspondence with its enemy, there can be no reasonable doubt. That this was an act of treason, which would have rendered him liable to the penalty of death in any country and at any time, is equally certain. It is evident, moreover, that he had motives for betraying his trust. He was a man of vast ambition, and aimed at establishing himself as an independent prince. With this object he coveted the city and territory of Milan. He believed that he could obtain his end, either by a successful war, or by coming to a secret understanding with the duke. The Venetian Senate had caused him disappointment and irritation by refusing to pledge itself to make over to him the Milanese, in the event of his acquiring it for them. The republic, after ridding itself of one ambitious, restless, and treacherous neighbor, was unwilling to replace him by one equally grasping and untrustworthy. On the other hand the duke was childless, and he might be induced to name as his successor Carmagnola, the husband of his near relative Antonia Visconti, who had been, as it were, adopted into the family of the Visconti. But to obtain this end it was necessary that Carmagnola should effect a complete reconciliation with Filippo Maria, and this he could best do by rendering the duke some great and essential service. The want of energy, and the neglect he had shown in carrying on the war, which had led on more than one

\* Carmagnola's remains were removed some years later to Milan, and placed in a tomb which he had prepared for himself and his wife in the Church of S. Francesco, which was subsequently demolished, and their ashes dispersed.

occasion to the disastrous defeat of the Venetian forces, were thus to be explained. Coupled with his secret relations with the duke, they were amply sufficient to justify the suspicions of the Senate, and to warrant his arrest.

That his arrest was effected by a stratagem need scarcely surprise us, when we remember the time in which he lived, and the extreme peril to which the republic would have been exposed, had an attempt to take him by force failed, and he had gone over with his army to the Duke of Milan. He had a fair trial, as judicial proceedings were then carried on. Had he been the object of similar suspicions when in the service of one of the Italian princes, or even of one of the democracies, such as Florence or Siena, he would have been speedily put out of the way without any trial. Whereas the Senate not only maturely deliberated before agreeing by a majority of votes to accuse him of treason, but referred the case to the highest tribunal which could deal with it, taking the unusual step of adding to the number of its members. Signor Battistella observes,\* that "although the evidence produced at the trial is wanting, the documents upon which it was founded exist, and there is no reason to question the sincerity and honesty of a tribunal composed of thirty-seven members of the most illustrious families of Venice — a tribunal which proceeded in the light of day, which was not ashamed of its acts, which showed the greatest care in its investigations, and kept a full and accurate register of all its proceedings." Unfortunately not a trace of the evidence has been found in the Venetian archives. It is conjectured that it was destroyed in the great fire which, in 1577, consumed that part of the doge's palace in which the Council of Ten held its sittings and kept its records. It may be further remarked that the criminal laws of Venice were so framed as to avoid, with the utmost care, errors, abuses, and injustice, and that a confession extorted by torture, without corroborative evidence, would not have sufficed for the condemnation of a man accused of crime.†

The Senate had shown the strongest

\* Il Conte Carmagnola, p. 430.

† Signor Battistella cites, as a proof of the earnest desire of the republic that no innocent man should suffer, the well-known story of the *fornarotto*, or baker's boy, who was executed for a murder, which he was subsequently proved not to have committed. The Signoria directed that two lamps should be forever lighted every night outside of the Church of St. Mark, as a tribute to his memory, and as a sign of grief and repentance for the injustice done to him. They are lighted to this day.

desire to retain the services of Carmagnola. It could only have deprived the State of them upon the fullest conviction that he was betraying his trust. The confidence that the republic placed in those who served it faithfully, and the honors it conferred upon them, are shown by its treatment of Gattamelata and Colleoni, to whose memories it raised those noble equestrian statues which adorn Padua and Venice, and which are amongst the grandest productions of the sculptor's art. Although the tragic fate of Carmagnola may excite our pity, it cannot be said to have been unmerited.

Carmagnola was a great soldier, perhaps the foremost of his time; but he was faithless, treacherous, and cruel. He was so ignorant that he was not even acquainted with the letters of the alphabet. His disposition was jealous, hasty, and violent; his manners rude and boorish, his greed for money insatiable, and his ambition boundless. That he had some amiable qualities may be inferred from the fact that he was successful in acquiring the affection of his soldiers, and the gratitude of the population of Genoa, which he governed. His wife, family, and friends appear to have been devoted to him, and he had a superstitious piety which induced him to found, like other condottieri, shrines to saints and charitable institutions.

In the fifteenth century the princes of independent States in the peninsula took to the profession of condottieri. They differed in many respects from the regular captains of adventure. The latter were for the most part ignorant men of low origin. We have seen that neither Hawkwood nor Carmagnola could read or write. The princely condottieri were frequently men of noble family and of culture. They were the patrons and friends of poets, philosophers, and painters, by whom they loved to surround themselves in their little courts. They founded universities for the encouragement of learning, and erected monuments upon which were lavished all the skill and taste of the great artists of the Renaissance. They were ready to sell their services to the highest bidder; but their followers being their own subjects were more amenable to discipline than the savage bands of mercenaries who for more than a century had laid waste the fertile plains of Italy. Such was the renowned Sigismund Malatesta, lord of Rimini, who may be taken as a type of this third class of condottieri. Mons. Yriarte has given us a sketch of his career

in a work which may make up, by the profusion of its illustrations and the charm of its style, for some statements founded rather upon the lively imagination of the writer than on unquestionable historical data.

Sigismund, the natural son of Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Pesaro and Rimini, was born in 1417. He was confided as a child to the care of his uncle, Carlo Malatesta, who trained him so early to arms that at the age of twelve years, the day after the death of that famous condottiere, he buckled on his small armor, mounted his war-horse, and took part in repelling an invasion of his brother Galeotto's territories. When only thirteen he placed himself at the head of a body of troops, and gained a decisive victory at Serra Ungarina, over the army of the pope. At fifteen he succeeded Galeotto as lord of Rimini, and with four thousand foot and three hundred horse defeated, at Longarino, Frederick of Montefeltre, Duke of Urbino, who was ever after his implacable enemy. This was the beginning of his military career.

He first appeared as a condottiere when nineteen years old, in the pay of Eugenius IV. After two years, feeling aggrieved at being placed under the command of a rival, he suddenly went over to the Venetians, who were at war with this pope. He gained for them, soon after, a victory over the Duke of Urbino at Reggio. Retiring from the service of the republic, he returned to the government of his own dominions, and was speedily engaged in a series of campaigns against Frederick of Montefeltre, which lasted for some years without any definite result. In 1447, Alfonso of Aragon, king of Naples, claimed the duchy of Milan, as legitimate heir to Filippo Maria Visconti, and prepared to assert his rights by arms. He invited Malatesta to take the command of his forces, and to commence operations by invading the territory of the Florentine republic, which had declared against him. Malatesta was to be paid four thousand ducats for one year, and he exacted a part of that sum before taking the field. He had scarcely received it when he joined the Florentines, refusing at the same time to return the money which had been advanced, and which he employed in fitting out an expedition against Alfonso.

Florence had declared herself in favor of Francesco Sforza, who had possessed himself of the duchy of Milan, and against whom a league had been formed, including the king of Naples and the Venetians.



The Florentines had engaged as one of their captains Frederick of Montefeltre. The enmity between the two captains, and their jealousy of each other, were such that letters of defiance passed between them, and the Florentine commissioners had much difficulty in preventing them from fighting a duel, after the fashion of the times.\* The king of Naples, anxious to detach Malatesta from the league, offered to give him the command of all his forces, notwithstanding the manner in which he had been betrayed. But Malatesta's demands were so exorbitant that they could not come to an agreement. However, Alfonso, wishing to conciliate so formidable an enemy, gave his niece, the daughter of the Duke of Calabria, in marriage to Malatesta's son.

Malatesta's contract with the Florentines had scarcely expired when he engaged himself to the Siense, whose territories were threatened by Aldobrandino Orsini, the lord of Pettigliano. The history of his connection with the commune of Siena affords a curious parallel to that of Carmagnola with the republic of Venice. The dilatory manner in which he carried on the war, and the discovery that he was in secret correspondence with Orsini, with whom he suddenly concluded a truce when on the point of capturing the enemy's stronghold, gave rise to rumors that he was unfaithful to his trust. Measures were immediately taken for his arrest. Apprised of his danger, he precipitately fled into the Florentine territory, abandoning his tents and baggage.† Once safe, he demanded from the commune a release from his engagement, which was granted. At the same time, however, the Siense publicly denounced his perfidy and appealed to all the independent States of Italy against him. The king of Naples, who was their ally, had not forgotten Malatesta's treachery, of which he had been the victim. He resolved to avail himself of the opportunity of revenge, and sent against him the most successful condottiere then in Italy, Piccinino. Malatesta, threatened with the invasion of his

dominions and surrounded by formidable enemies, not only had recourse to the Duke of Milan, Francesco Sforza, who despatched three thousand horsemen to his aid, but sent envoys to René of Anjou inviting him to renew his attempt to acquire the kingdom of Naples, thus bringing the French again across the Alps—a crime unpardonable in Italian eyes. He went even further in his despair, and proposed to the Grand Turk, Sultan Mahomet the Conqueror, the invasion of Italy. These misdeeds led Pope Pius II. to issue a bull of excommunication against him, in which he was accused of every imaginable vice and crime, and of heresy, as not believing in the immortality of the soul and as having pagan propensities. He was condemned to be burnt in effigy. One of the best sculptors of the day, Paolo Romano, was employed to make a representation of him in wood, which, dressed in his peculiar costume, was declared to be an extraordinary likeness. It was committed to the flames in front of the Church of St. Peter, with a label issuing from the mouth, on which was inscribed, "I am Sigismund Malatesta, son of Pandolfo, the prince of traitors, the enemy of God and man, condemned to be burnt by a sentence of the Sacred College."

Abandoned by his own brother, Novello, one of his bravest captains, and by most of his adherents, who were frightened by the threat of excommunication against those who took part with him, he made a vain effort to obtain succor from the French. On the 24th of August, 1462, he was completely defeated by his old enemy Frederick of Montefeltre, in the Piano di Marotta. The loss of his principal castles and the advance of the allies upon Rimini proved to him that the only course left to him to save even a portion of his dominions was to sue for peace, and to accept any terms that were offered to him. The pope demanded not only a public act of submission and repentance, but that Malatesta should appear before the College of Cardinals, clear himself of the charge of heresy, and make a formal renunciation of his rights to all the territories claimed by him, with the exception of the city of Rimini and the Castle of Cerigiolo. To these hard conditions he had to submit before he and his followers were released from the penalties of excommunication.

Being now without resources, and unable to carry on war on his own account, he offered his sword to Venice. The republic, being engaged in hostilities with

\* The story of this affair is curious as illustrating the manners of the age. Frederick of Montefeltre had already sent a letter of defiance to Malatesta under the walls of Pesaro, which the latter refused to notice. He accepted Malatesta's challenge by a public declaration, and both appealed to the Duke of Savoy to assign some spot in his dominions for the duel. The duke consented to do so, but on condition that he should be granted the life of the one who was defeated, and be the arbiter of his liberty. (Ricotti, Storia delle Campagne di Ventura, vol. iii., p. 171.)

† With his baggage Malatesta lost his letters and correspondence, which are still preserved in the Siense archives, and afford valuable material for his history.

the Turks, gladly availed itself of his offer, and conferred upon him the command of its army in the Morea. He remained for two years in Greece, proving his valor and capacity by victories over the Turks, which might have led to their expulsion from the Morea, had he not been constantly thwarted in his movements by the provveditori. Their interference led to dissensions fatal to the success of the expedition. Malatesta was summoned to Venice to explain his conduct, which they had impeached. He succeeded in doing so to the entire satisfaction of the Senate. But he solicited and obtained a release from his engagement, and returned to Rimini. Pius II., his bitter enemy, had died, and had been succeeded by Paul II., who, desirous of securing the support of so able a captain, invited Malatesta to Rome. He was received there with great honor as a champion of the Church and Christianity in warring against the infidels. The pope even presented him with the golden rose — the reward reserved for princes distinguished for their virtues and their services to religion. Paul expected some substantial return for this mark of his favor, and proposed to Malatesta to cede Rimini to the Holy See in exchange for Spoleto and Foligno. Malatesta, who was back in his capital, was so exasperated by this proposal, that, in a fit of ungovernable rage, he swore that he would himself be the bearer of his answer, and at once set out for Rome with the intention of assassinating the pope. Paul, having some suspicion of his design, refused to receive him in private, as it had been his custom to do, but admitted him to a public audience, surrounded by his cardinals and by trusty guards. Malatesta, who had concealed a dagger under his doublet, perceiving that he was impotent to carry out his design, was seized with violent nervous agitation. He burst into tears, threw himself at the feet of Paul, reminded him of all that he had done for the Church, implored forgiveness, and entreated that he should not be deprived of his beloved Rimini. Paul acceded to his prayer; but only on condition that papal troops should form half the garrison of the city.

Malatesta was now reduced to the last extremity. He had squandered his resources in useless wars; he had lost the influence which he at one time possessed; he could no longer count upon a sufficient number of followers to render him formidable or useful as a condottiere, and he found leagued against him all the princes

of Italy. Under these circumstances he was glad to accept an engagement for two years from the pope. Such, however, was the state of his finances, that he could only equip sixty-four lances, which, under his command, served as the guard of the Vatican. An attack of a pernicious fever, which he had contracted in the Morea, caused him to leave Rome for Rimini, where he died at the age of fifty-one, October 7, 1468.

The character of Malatesta, as a condottiere, differed in no way from that of the very worst of his predecessors and contemporaries of the same trade. He was treacherous, cruel, rapacious, revengeful, and licentious. He never hesitated to employ any means, however infamous, to obtain his ambitious ends. He would pursue to the death, with all his infinite resources of duplicity and fraud, any one who had offended him. He was terrible in his rage, and implacable in his hatred. Mons. Yriarte justly describes him as "le héros cachant un bandit de grand chemin et l'homme à un moment donné devenant une bête féroce." The indictment against him of Pius II., which was accepted as well-founded by the whole of Italy, included every possible crime — rape, incest, murder, robbery, arson — including the assassination of his two wives, Genevieve d'Este and Polyxena Sforza, and of his tutor, Ugolino de Pili, whom he is said to have tortured to death. Mons. Yriarte, however, questions whether there be sufficient evidence to prove him guilty of these three murders, but he admits that he was quite capable of having committed them.

If such only were the character of Malatesta, there would be little to interest us in him. But it is the reverse of the medal that renders him, in many respects, one of the most extraordinary men of his age, and the most striking type of the Italian condottiere prince of the fifteenth century. To his cruel and savage disposition he united an eloquence, a sense of justice, and other qualities, which endeared him to his followers and his subjects. Whilst committing every crime and given to every vice, he showed an ardent love for the pursuits of philosophy, literature, and art. He invited to his court the most eminent philosophers, men of letters, and artists of the day, and Rimini became one of the centres of that remarkable intellectual movement which marks the period of the Renaissance in Italy. When not engaged in some wanton aggression on his neighbor's territo-

ries, or in meditating schemes for the murder of his wives, or the assassination of a rival, he would employ his leisure hours in discussing abstruse questions of philosophy, in writing poetry, in erecting, with the aid of the famous architect, Leon Alberti, monuments on which all the resources of architecture, sculpture, and painting were to be lavished, or in showing his skill as an engineer by devising new systems of fortifications or useful public works. The Church of S. Francesco, which he built at Rimini to contain the tombs of himself, his mistress — the celebrated Isotta — and the illustrious men whom he gathered around him, still ranks amongst the best examples of that exquisite taste which distinguishes the work of the Italian artists of the second half of the fifteenth century.\*

Such painters as Pietro della Francesca, and such medallists as Pisanello and Matteo da Pasti, have made us familiar with the features of Malatesta and of Isotta da Rimini, long his mistress and ultimately his wife. This remarkable woman was the daughter of Francesco delli Atti, a gentleman of noble family who had enriched himself by commerce. Her eulogists and contemporary poets have attributed to her marvellous beauty — a judgment which is not confirmed by her portraits.† Malatesta was, however, fascinated both by her charms and her mental qualities, and she exercised an influence over him which no one else ever acquired, and which lasted till his death. Such was his confidence in her that he confided to her, during his frequent absences from Rimini, the government of his dominions. She fulfilled her trust with so much prudence and wisdom as to merit the high approval of the Venetian Senate — a very competent judge of such matters. She shared his love for philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts, and earned for herself the reputation of being one of the most learned women of her time. Mons. Yriarte, however, believes that he has discovered proofs that she was unable to write, and that the signature to her letters, still preserved, is not in her own hand. Even Pius II., when denouncing the iniquities of Malatesta, admitted that

\* Mons. Yriarte gives an elaborate account, with numerous illustrations, of this celebrated edifice, which had the character of a heathen temple rather than that of a Christian church. Upon the absence in it of all Roman Catholic images and symbols was partly founded the charge of heresy brought against Malatesta by Pius II.

† It is doubtful whether the portrait in the National Gallery attributed to Pietro della Francesca is that of Isotta.

Isotta was in every respect worthy of his passionate love. He prepared for her a magnificent sepulchre in his Church of S. Francesco during the lifetime of his second wife, whom he is believed to have put to death to make way for her. Their initials — S. and I. — intertwined in the form of a monogram, are still seen on every monument that he constructed, and are introduced into every ornament with which he enriched it. When he married her, he obtained from the pope a bull legitimizing her two children.

In the sixteenth century, when the petty principalities under the tyrants ceased to exist, and the larger Italian States were formed, and when the methods of war were changed by the use of artillery and the employment of regular armies in the permanent service of the State, the condottiere disappeared, as there was no more need for him. But the spirit of the old *capitani di ventura* did not become entirely extinct in Italy. It may be said to have been revived in Garibaldi, who was essentially a condottiere of the old school, with this honorable distinction, that whilst his predecessors were impelled by no other motives than a ruthless ambition and the greed of plunder and gain, he, the most honest and disinterested of men, was only inspired by an ardent love of liberty and of his country. He substituted the red shirt for the badge of the red cross conferred by Pope Urban VI. upon Alberico da Barbiano, but he bore aloft the standard on which was inscribed "Italia liberata dai barbari!"

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From Longman's Magazine.  
EPICURUS WYNN.

CHAPTER I.

OUTSIDE it had grown quite dark, except for a tender light above the hilltops in the west; the clear sky and the soft wind soothed one with the promise of coming summer; but what mattered May to those inside the Royal Theatre of Varieties? It was a large, bare room, filled with the reek of bad tobacco and a pervading sensation of stale beer; a single gallery ran round, the centre of which was cushioned and supposed to be "select," but the popular parts of the house were the sides and the body down below. There they took things easily, smoked much thick twist, exchanged salutations with their friends aloft, and when pleased stamped tumultuously on the floor and

whistled with their fingers in an ear-piercing manner. But the dreariness of the performance itself was beyond description; there was nothing that pretended to music, the humor had not reached beyond the knockabout stage; it was not even indecent; simply dull — ponderously and profoundly dull. A young woman, dressed in a Grenadier's uniform, as far at least as was consistent with the unities of music-hall costume, was singing a patriotic war-ditty, with much martial strutting about the stage, and the audience was noisily assisting at the chorus, which combined "England's right" and "British might" in a novel and pleasing fashion. It was the last verse, with the necessary sentiment: —

And now the last night watch is set,  
But, ere he goes to sleep,  
Our gallant boy breathes one deep prayer  
For those across the deep:  
"Oh, God of All! my wife and child  
Safe in thy guidance keep!"

Even the first violin, a stolid young man who had been playing there for some time, was struck by the incongruity of this verse with its surroundings. He did not call it blasphemy, because he was not in the habit of analyzing his feelings, but he was touched by a sense of something wrong. However, any further thoughts about the matter were strangely interrupted. The applause had barely died away when a loud, rough voice shouted, —

"Whoso has a soul to be saved, let him flee from the wrath to come!"

Every one turned at once, and saw by one of the side entrances a little knot of people, all wearing the well-known dress of the Salvation Army, and clustered round a dark, stern-looking young man, who had just spoken. As the audience waited a moment in silent surprise, a girl sprang upon one of the benches and began, in a clear, thrilling voice, —

"Oh, my brothers! has not Christ died for you, and does he not say — knock?"

So far she was heard, for the band had stopped and the people had not realized the situation, but everything else was drowned in the tumult of whistling, shouting, and yelling that now arose. The little group struck up a hymn, set in fact to one of the tunes sung there nightly; but this was a signal for a rush of the crowd over the seats at them, while some one in the gallery threw an empty beer-bottle at the girl who was still standing on the bench. At this moment, too, the gas was turned down, but not before the violin had seen the bottle on its way. It was too much

for him; the last verse of the song had left him with a feeling of shame, that had been deepened by the girl's words, and now he leapt over the barrier and dashed towards the struggling crowd, which was being swept in his direction. He caught her just as she was being borne down in the rush, and before he well knew what was happening was carried out with the rest into the street.

Once outside, the cool air and the darkness quieted every one, and the lights going up again the audience returned to the performance, but the musician was left standing with the reunited Salvationists, few of whom were without marks of the conflict. The young man who seemed to be their leader took him by the hand.

"Welcome, in the name of the Lord! One soul at least we have saved from hell! Turn not back from the good work, for woe unto him that putteth his hand to the plough!"

He did not exactly know what to reply to this, when the girl, whom he still supported, turned to him and said, —

"Tha's saved my life to-night, save thy own soul! Come with us, and go not again into that house of wrath!"

"Nay, I saved no life. They'd noan ha' hurt thee. I doubt I shall play there any more, but I mun go back for my fiddle."

He resisted alike their entreaties and their warnings, saying that "prayer meetings were noan in his line," and returned to take his place again in the orchestra, while the little army moved across the market-place, damped somewhat by their defeat, but triumphant in the feeling of having suffered for their master. Epicurus Wynn played out the rest of the performance, but with growing disgust, for the remembrance of the girl standing there seemed to have opened his eyes for the first time, and to cast a pure light around that showed the whole place unclean.

His was a quiet nature, not very observant nor readily affected by externals, and he had played there night after night, heedless of the vice and vulgarity, not indeed thinking of it, except as an inevitable accompaniment of his daily work. But this was henceforth impossible, and when the evening's entertainment was over he went behind and told the manager that he was not coming any more. The manager was already in no amiable mood; he had been a good deal put out by the disturbance, for the artiste whose song had been interrupted being a bit of a star,

had required coaxing before she would consent to reappear, so that the defalcation of his best musician was the last straw, and his wrath boiled over. When he at last found words he asked, —

"Are you turned Salvationist too, or what the — is up to-night?"

"No, I'm noan turned Salvationist, but I'm coming no more. That's all."

"Go, and be — to you! But remember you get no wage this week!" And here he again grew inarticulate.

"Nobody axed thee for any wage, so tha'd better keep a quiet tongue i' thy head," and Epicurus Wynn put his violin under his arm and left the place for good.

As he strode down the long street to the river and climbed the hill on the other side his mind soon recovered its wonted placidity, which had been somewhat ruffled by his parting with the manager, but he could not so easily put away the thought of the girl, as she stood pleading courageously with the brutal crowd of the music hall. He half smiled at the madness of an attempt to convert the frequenters of such a place, but he felt ashamed and somewhat resentful that it should have needed her to show him the degradation of it all.

Epicurus Wynn had been brought up after rather a curious fashion, entirely by his father, who in his youth had been notorious for his Radicalism and his infidelity, one of the most marked acts of which was the christening of his only son Epicurus, in direct defiance of all the respectable opinion of the place. When his wife died, which happened when Eppy was still a baby, Jesse Wynn declared his intention of managing for himself, and having no more women about the place. So he did, and despite the incredulous scoffs of the neighboring housewives no cottage was so neat and clean as his; his arrangements were the wonder and envy of his friends, and afforded them a constant text for the comfortable doctrine of how much better a man could do these things when he really set himself to it.

Epicurus had flourished well under the system, and had grown up a big, healthy lad, somewhat dreamy and old-fashioned, rather slow of apprehension, but tenacious of all impressions, and passionately sensitive to certain kinds of beauty, especially music. He had not consorted much with lads of his own age, but rambled about the country with his father, who had abandoned politics for botany, and become an indefatigable collector.

Meanwhile Chadgate had increased

from a little village of a hundred houses or so to a great cotton-spinning centre, and Jesse Wynn's old pugnacity had died away a good deal with the general improvement in the condition of the working classes. He still occasionally spent his Sunday mornings listening to the addresses at the Secularists' Hall, and had not failed to impress his own ideas about religion on the boy; but since they had grown up round Eppy, they had lost the bitterness which comes from opposition, and were no longer aggressive, but part of his ordinary habit of mind.

When he got home, Eppy found three or four other workmen naturalists with his father; the microscope was set up on the table, and they had been discussing the points of a rare moss one of them had just found, when the arrival of a younger man, hot from a Radical meeting, had turned the conversation from science to politics. He had been treating them to a faded version of the evening's speeches, and Jesse, in disgust, had at last broken out, —

"I'm sick o' hearing yo young folks talk, talk, talk, about liberty and injustice, and t' wickedness o' t' Tories. Yo should ha' bin a young mon when I were, and then yo'd a had summat to feight about. T' working mon nowadays has gotten better wage, and eddication, and his union, and there's ten fools now for one when I're a lad. H'd better mend hissel' and shut up callin' t' aristocracy. Oh! I'm talking, tha thinks, but I did my share i' Chartist times, and I'm ready to do it again when it's wanted. Tha says I've deserted t' cause, but wait till there's summat worth feighting for, and Jesse Wynn 'll be thereabouts."

There was a general hum of assent from the others, who had resented the introduction of politics, and the discomfited orator beat a retreat when Eppy entered.

"Tha'rt late, lad!" said his father.

"Ay, but it's t' last time. I've chucked t' theatre from to-neet."

"Hast gotten t' bag?" asked one of the others.

"Nay, there were no sacking about it. I just telled Williams I'd had enough."

"Well, I'm reet glad, Eppy," said his father. "I've said nowt, but I ne'er cared for it. I'm noan agen play-acting and music, but they're an illfavort lot as goes yon. And tha doesna want t' brass, for th'art noan married, and tha collects nowt."

The rest of the company assented with a sigh, as they thought of the books they

should like, and the cases they could buy if they only had the money.

"I've done wi' it now, ony road," responded Eppy, and passed into the back kitchen to look for a little supper. By the time he had finished the others had all dropped off, and the father and son, after a little more talk about what had happened at the theatre, said good-night and went their ways to bed.

## CHAPTER II.

It was half past twelve; the mills of Chadgate had just loosed; and the air was filled with the clatter of iron-bound clogs over the pavement, as an eager tide of shawled women and men, grimy with oil and cotton fluff, set down the long street to the river. Among them was Epicurus Wynn, large-framed and vigorous. He strode along by himself with his usual dreamy and abstracted look; but before he reached the bridge he was arrested by a hand on his arm, and turning, saw that it was the girl he had dragged out of the music hall on the previous evening. In the daylight he could form a clearer idea of her. She was tall and slight, somewhat pale and worn-looking; but you forgot to ask whether she was pretty in the presence of the intense and spiritual life that lit up her face. She was dressed like any other mill girl, in a grey shawl that covered the head and fastened under the chin, and she spoke with a directness you would not have expected from her delicate and even shrinking appearance, but which was far removed from the audacity of her class.

"What's thy name, young man? I want to pray for thee."

"I doubt it'll be ony use, but I'm called Epicurus Wynn."

"Epicurus?"

"Ay. It were my feyther's doing. He's a Secularist and had me christened after an owd philosopher, as he're fond on."

"He'll suffer for it some day. And art tha a Secularist?"

"Ay. I go wi' my feyther. I reckon tha'll do no good praying for me."

"Tha knows nowt about that. Eh, lad! come to some of our meetings! Tha's got a soul to be saved whether tha likes it or not. Come and hear the Lord's word! Has tha ever tried to live wi' Christ, and larn what he can give thee?"

She spoke roughly enough, but there was something in the exaltation of her voice that thrilled strange fibres in Eppy. He had been touched the night before,

and now he turned things over a little in his mind and slowly answered, "Th'art reet enough there, lass. I've ne'er tried religion. I'll come and hear what you've got to say. But I tell thee fairly, I'm a Secularist, and make nowt o' t' Bible. I've tow'd thee my name — what's thine?"

"Norah Kerby," she answered, looking him almost defiantly in the face. "Michael Kerby's my father."

"Eh, lass; but tha's a hard time of it, I reckon!"

Michael Kerby was a notorious character in Chadgate, a prize-fighter in his youth; he was now a kind of dog and pigeon fancier, and having worn one wife to death, was married again to a woman who was his master, and in her own way as evil as himself.

"He has given me strength for it," said Norah. "The troubles of this world are little things if they bring you to Him."

"Well, I must be going," he said now, for their ways parted; "but I'll come to-neet."

So that evening when he had finished his tea and washed himself, Eppy went off to the Salvation Army barracks, a barn-like wooden structure, not far from his old haunt, and which, indeed, had been a theatre itself till the growing prosperity of Chadgate had demanded a larger building. When he entered, it was nearly filled with a curiously mixed crowd. Round the door was a group of idle young men and girls who had come to scoff, and who rushed out at intervals with an explosion of laughs and shouts. Young people, too, mainly predominated on the bare benches, the boys sheepish, the girls very wakeful, with a set look on their faces that was meant to indicate devotion and enthusiasm. Here and there was a comfortable looking dame, who liked her religion strong; but there was also a fair leaven of middle-aged folks, weary-eyed and worn, who were faithfully and earnestly striving to tread the narrow way. At the further end of the room was a small platform, with a bare handrail at the edge, and from this elevation a young man, whom Eppy knew a little, was preaching with a fierce intensity, that lost its effect from its unvarying dead-weight of emphasis. Eppy remembered him now as the leader of the little band of Salvationists in the music hall, and marvelled much, for he had not heard of this last stage in his strange career. George Howarth's boyhood had been embittered by a slight lameness, which cut him off from the sports and companionship of other

boys of his age. His strong nature had turned in upon itself, and though he had been forced to leave school for the mill at a very early age, he had toiled at night schools and evening classes, till he had at last obtained a place as usher in a private school in London. But he very soon found the life intolerable; the boys mocked his accent, the other masters alternately sneered at him and patronized him, which he resented still more, and finally, after one outburst of passionate temper, he was dismissed without any prospect, or, indeed, desire, of another such situation. He came back to Chadgate hopeless, and resumed his work at the mill, a soured man, who saw nothing but injustice in the world, everywhere the wicked man flourishing, and he himself condemned to a life he had once risen above. Almost at once he sank into gloomy dissipation, from which he had been rescued by the Salvation Army, to throw the whole bitter strength of his nature into their religion, with its hard dogmas and fierce anticipations of a future retribution.

Eppy's attention wandered; he found little in the discourse that appealed to him in any way; and he was soon lost in remembrances of other very different scenes — concerts and plays he had enjoyed in that room in old days. But his interest was fixed when Norah Kerby came on to the platform to speak. She advanced to the railing without a trace of self-consciousness, her bonnet hung from her arm, so showing a loosely coiled mass of black hair, which only increased the fragility of her appearance. Entirely absorbed in her message, she at once began to speak, —

“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.”

We need hardly continue; it was not her words, it was the far-away look in her great eyes which seemed to fill with a vision not granted to the rest, the appealing conviction in her voice that thrilled Eppy like a strain of profoundest melody, and made him think that after all there might be something in religion to which his father was blind, as he was deaf to the music, where he himself found his keenest delight. And when at the close she asked that the peace of God and the blessing of Christ might descend on one soul who had come among them that night, and entreated their prayers for the brother who was still outside the fold, he was touched by a sense of an all-embracing love that he had never known before, for

sincere and deep as was the affection between his father and himself, it was stolidly unemotional, and knew no tenderness of word or deed. As they walked home together, he promised Norah to come again, and after a while became a regular frequenter of the meetings. But he grew no nearer to getting religion; he would be carried away by the spell of Norah's preaching, but when that was over, his placid temperament, cautious from early training, found no satisfaction in the turgid doctrines of the Army. What he did come for was Norah herself, and he went about with her till it was generally said that “Eppy Wynn and yon Salvation lass o' Kerby's were keeping company.”

They talked little of love or the future, but a very tender understanding was growing up between them, only marred by Norah's anxiety that Eppy should enrol himself in their ranks and his reluctance to satisfy her by any such pious fiction. However, it seemed such a little thing compared with her love, that he was drifting in that direction, when he was arrested by his father. They had just been taking tea together, and Eppy was getting ready to go out, when his father said, —

“Th'art going a good deal to them meetings nowadays. Art bound to turn Salvationist?”

“Nay, I can't say as I am.”

“It's yon lass o' Kerby's, then, th'art after?”

“Ay. I were going to tell thee when I got a quiet chance. We've made it up wi' one another.”

“I've heard tell o' what were going on. I could ha' wished she coom of a better stock, but a man mun do for hissel' i' these things. She seems a likely lass for aught I know.”

“I'll be bringing her to see thee some day.”

“Ay, do. Mebbe she'll larn as an owd Secularist isn't t' devvil hissel'. But what art tha boun' to do. T' Army'll noan let you go in a hurry, and thee a Secularist. Art tha going to let 'em convert thee?”

“I've noan thowt much about it. Mebbe I shall; it'll noan matter much t' once we're wed.”

“Tha'll noan be Jesse Wynn's lad if tha does. Tha'll be telling a downright lee, and that isn't t' road wi' Secularists, and I doubt wi' Salvationists either. If tha does, tha'll ha' trouble to the end o' thy days, ay, and deserve it too. Thee be straight wi' thyself and t' lass too, and t' Salvation Army can go where it likes, but tha'll be o' reet.”

"Well, I reckon there's summat i' what tha says; I'll be thinking about it."

As Eppy walked off he considered his position, and it became abundantly clear to him that he must tell no lies about his beliefs, whatever trouble and pain might ensue.

### CHAPTER III.

It was well that Eppy had been roused by his father's questionings, for that night a decision was forced upon him, and without any faltering he was able to take the course approved by his better judgment. For some time George Howarth had been painfully watching the companionship of Norah and Eppy; he had never explicitly told himself that he loved her, but he had always considered there was a peculiar tie between Norah and himself, as being set apart from the rest by their sorrows, who alike sought in religion refuge from the evil of the world. And was this divine soul, who seemed to him little lower than one of the angels, was she to be entrusted to an open scoffer, a blind and self-satisfied denier of God? With his whole strength he would combat this last daring scheme of the devil's and preserve so precious a being for Christ's work upon earth. He had little hope somehow of success, still less did he expect to gain anything for himself; the world had come to seem a strife mostly given over to the Evil One, where the reward was not promised for victory, but for battle at all. His early forebodings met with little response from the others, who only saw in Eppy a likely addition to the flock; while some warnings he had ventured to address to Norah herself had been treated with clear-sighted indignation that laid bare to him his jealousy. But Eppy had been coming regularly to their meetings for a couple of months, and was still unwilling to profess himself a convert, indeed, had several times declined to join them when directly invited, so that Howarth found little difficulty in persuading the other officials that he should be forced publicly to decide for or against them. They could not do without Norah, for to her preaching they owed much of their success, but they could not imagine Eppy leaving her, and they tasted in anticipation the triumph that would be theirs, when the son of that notorious atheist Jesse Wynn, should openly join them. The little community had a kind of private meeting every Friday, to discuss their personal affairs; that evening it had been whispered about that Eppy Wynn was to be compelled to declare

himself, so that when the ordinary business was over every one waited in their seats. There was a slight pause of silent expectation and then one of the older members rose to speak, for Howarth had thought it better that he himself should appear in the matter as little as possible. He was a fluent windbag of a man, who was somewhat jealous of the success of Norah's preaching, and would not at heart have been sorry to see her go.

"It has fallen upon me as spokesman for the officers of the Salvation Army here stationed at Chadgate to perform a disagreeable duty. But we have all something of that sort to do, and it is the Lord's will that we should not go about to escape it. 'See that ye refuse not him who speaketh.' Folks are saying, Epicurus Wynn, as you are keeping company wi' Norah Kerby, that's an officer i' this Army and given up to carrying the banner of the Lord; while from all as we hear you are no better than one of the lost, an atheist and a freethinker. Now, in the Army o' the Lord there's no place for facing both ways, will tha come and wash in his blood and be saved, or will tha go forth into the outer darkness. Norah Kerby mun ha' nowt to do wi' Secularists and that sort, so tha mun either join us or go."

Norah started up indignantly: "Thee mind thy own business, Thomas Fletcher, and meddle noan wi' other folks. As long as I do my work right for t' Army, what's tha got to do wi' me and Epicurus Wynn?" Eppy, too, said, "I come here and listen to your preaching, I live a quiet life and say nowt agen yo. Thee bother noan." A little excited talking and whispering had begun, for opinions were divided, but it settled down again to intense stillness, when Howarth reluctantly got up, finding that his interference was necessary, so much had Fletcher created sympathy with the lovers. As he walked down the platform he caught a glance of swift indignation from Norah, but it only inspired him to his task with a sad dignity, that in his Master's cause he should be misinterpreted by her for whom he was most earnestly striving.

"Brothers and sisters! Captain Fletcher has not spoken perhaps the wisest words, but it is a difficult matter for us all to-night, and we must bear with one another. Norah Kerby—you are one of the Lord's chosen servants, whom he has blessed abundantly with the means of salvation, will you now turn back from the work? Remember that in his hands you have been an instrument for leading many



into the right way, will you forsake him now to follow after vain desires? Epicurus Wynn! Come in unto us and we will rejoice over you; accept Christ, and great shall be your reward both here and hereafter! Come and save your soul, ay, and hers too! The choice lies before you, one or the other, for he that is not with us is against us!"

He spoke slowly and painfully, with an obvious struggle that lent a weighty earnestness to all his words, so that every one followed breathlessly and waited the issue in awestruck silence. To some devout natures there, the stillness seemed only man's hush, while the great adversaries fought out their ancient battle over a soul that was present with them, and in all sincerity they cast their unspoken prayers into the scale. Norah sat with her face buried in her hands; long before she had learnt the bitter lesson that in renunciation of self lay the only true peace; must she then deny herself this new joy that had clothed her life with such passionate beauty; her heart revolted from the cruelty of it all, but the still voice seemed to plead within, "Deny all and follow me!"

At last Eppy rose: "Tha's asked me a straight question, George Howarth, and tha shall have a straight answer. I'd a been fain to come here and listen to what you have to say, but I cannot be a joined member. I'll tell you all fairly, I make little more o' religion now than t' first time I came. And if I mun go, I mun go. But I's ne'er give up Norah Kerby for any Salvation Army! Good-neet, friends!" and he stolidly marched down the hall.

His action relieved the tension and an instant clamor arose; a few calling on him to remain, but some were already denouncing him, and the general feeling was strong against him. He reached the door and turned once more to look at Norah, when she sprang up: "You've turned him out and I'm going too! His ways shall be my ways."

Before any one could attempt to withstand her, she had passed through them all and joined him. Out into the night they went together, alone and content.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was Saturday, and work was over at noon, so Eppy went off as soon as he could to take Norah for a walk. She met him at the corner of the street where she lived, timidly happy, with a truant feeling of snatching a forbidden joy, for her Saturday afternoons had hith-

erto been spent with the Salvation Army. Eppy knew well what a sacrifice she had made for him, and strove hard to so wrap her round with tenderness that she should forget her loss. He was never demonstrative, but there was a placid light of love in his looks, a pleased watchfulness in little things, that placed her in a charmed atmosphere of affection, as sweet as it was unwonted to Norah. They climbed the long road behind the town, and wandered away among the solitary moors; great sweeps of brown grass and heather, broken by green patches of rushes, luxuriating round some bright little pool of water. But that day all the desolation was lost in the sunshine, and as they walked on and on, the wide spaces and the stillness only drew them more closely together and enfolded them more completely in the presence of each other's love. They paused at last, and sat down where the crest of the hill broke into weather-beaten crags. The broad plain of Lancashire lay before them, but towns and factories were lost in the golden afternoon haze, only pierced here and there by the gleam of a distant sheet of water.

For some time they were silent; then Eppy began to sing old north-country ballads with his full bass voice. Tenderly he dwelt on the airs that he knew so well, till the music and the love and the quiet afternoon seemed all fused in one passionate feeling. It loosened all Norah's pent-up emotions, her soul went longing through the misty distances before her, till the intense delight turned to tears, and she clung to him sobbing,—

"Oh! Eppy, Eppy! I'm too happy! I'm sore afraid I'm setting too much on myself. It can't last!"

He comforted her tenderly. "Eh, lass! Th'art fretting thyself' over much. Tha's had a weary life so far, but we'll mend all that. If thy God made us, he made the happiness for us too. As long as we love one another we need trouble noan about aught else." And he kissed her and soothed her till she was quiet again. After a while he got out the basket they had brought, and they had their little meal together with smiles and contentment. Then they walked on again, and got back to Chadgate in the dusk, Eppy serene and confident in the future, and she, too, trusting wholly in him, and putting away her vague fears of the transience of all earthly joys. On Sunday, Eppy went for her early in the morning; they had another walk together, and came back to have their dinner and spend the rest of the day

with his father. Eppy had been a little troubled about this meeting between Norah and his father, but his fears were set at rest once he saw them together, for they were both too genuine and too human to care much about differences of opinion, and Jesse Wynn's heart warmed to the fragile girl who had suffered so much and striven so nobly, and who had now given up for his son's sake all that had been most precious in her life. And if Eppy had loved his father before, his affection took a warmer turn as he watched the old man tenderly busying himself about Norah, and waiting upon her with a grave politeness, that he learned from the sincerity of his own well-meaning. Norah was very soon at home, and insisted on helping them with their housework, gently rallying them on their man's contrivances, and so identifying herself with the place that Eppy's heart went out to the day when she should be established there for good. He played his violin and sang for them; his father brought out the choicest treasures of his collection, and in the evening was moved to tell them something of Eppy's mother, she whom he had loved so well and lost so early, who had long since left him but a memory that still summed up the best he had known upon earth. Thus the evening wore away in quiet happiness, so that Norah's wayworn spirit found for once a peaceful haven of rest. She forgot the troubles that were past, forgot her vague mistrust of the future, forgot her painful vision of the path of sorrows, in the encircling sweetness of the present.

## CHAPTER V.

NORAH awoke the next morning in a dull and heavy mood, the inevitable reaction of her emotional nature from the happiness of the night before. The world seemed very grey and cold as she went off to the mill, and there she was unable to forget herself in her work, but only grew more and more oppressed by the weary monotony of the labor and the noise and clatter around her. And when on her way back at noon she did not find Eppy at his usual corner, waiting to walk the rest of the way with her, the tears almost came with the sudden forlorn feeling that rushed on her. At home things bore heavily on her burdened spirit. Their dinner was seldom anything else than a scene of squalid discomfort, and that morning Michael Kerby had been drinking, and was sullenly quarrelling with his wife, who had managed with difficulty to extricate

him from the public-house. In the midst of it all, the door opened, and a small and grimy youth pushed his head in, and enquired if Norah Kerby lived there. Norah rose and went to the door, and received from him a soiled little note.

"It's fro' Eppicurius Wynn, as works at Langley's."

She opened it eagerly, not without some bitter remarks from her stepmother, and read with dismay:—

"I've had to go away sudden this morning to Birmingham with some machinery. It's a job as none of t' others can tackle, and Langley said as there were nobbut me for it and I mun go. I'm fair sad at heart to leave thee just now, but keep up, lass, and if tha wants ought just go up to my father's. I've telled him to keep an eye on thee, and he'll be looking thee up afore long. I reckon I'll be back by Saturday, but I'll be sending thee my address to-night, so as tha can write and let me know how th'art getting on.

"Thy loving

"EPPY."

It was almost too much, and but for the presence of the others Norah could not have restrained her tears. As it was she sat silent, and gave herself up entirely to the bitter heartache of loneliness that had taken possession of her. She went through her afternoon's work in a dazed, mechanical way, and came home again with nothing else to do than brood over her trouble, for she had no longer the Army to go to, and there was no Eppy to take her away and comfort her, so she sat alone and desolate in the house, weaving sorrow-laden dreams of the future. She tried to read, but to no purpose. Her only books were the Bible and a few religious works, and for the first time she could find no comfort in them; she seemed to have put away these things for Eppy's love—they spoke only of renunciation and the vanity of all earthly desires. At last, when it was getting late, Mrs. Kerby returned, dragging in her husband, who by this time had drunk himself into a besotted condition, that was oblivious of all things. She herself had been drinking, and was rating him furiously for his behavior, but as he sprawled on the settle, neither caring nor hearing what she said, her temper took another turn, and, folding her arms, she began to rock furiously in her chair, and bemoan herself of her husband and everything connected with her. The rapid rocking, the incessant, moaning flow of reproaches, soon became an intol-

erable torture to Norah's sensitive mood, so that at last she rose, and laying her hand gently on her stepmother's shoulder, asked if she could do anything for her. This changed the current of Mrs. Kerby's wrath; she had at last something to deal with that was capable of feeling; she struck Norah fiercely in the face, and started up with a torrent of abuse and foul language. Norah shrank shuddering into a corner, while her stepmother poured out her accumulated hatred for the girl, whose quiet ways had long been a silent reproach to the rest of the household. At last the infuriated woman, worked up to a pitch of madness by the effects of drink and passion, rushed again at the unoffending girl, and drove her with blows and execrations from the house. None of the neighbors were aroused—quarrels were only too frequent at the Kerby's to be worth attending to—and Norah found herself alone in the street without a home for the night. It was getting dark too, and the chill wind was just turning to rain, but it was with a sense of relief, almost of gladness, that she turned away, and sped through the deserted streets, hatless and shawless as she was, to Jesse Wynn's. There she was confident of finding both shelter and comfort, so that her heart turned almost sick with dismay when she found the house all dark and empty. She tried the door, but it was locked. She knocked again and again, till it was clear that no one was within. The only thing to do was to wait about till he returned. But the weary minutes seemed interminable; would he never come back? Sometimes she crouched into the doorway for shelter, sometimes she wandered up and down the dark street to get warm, beaten by the wind and the rain, but hardly heeding it in the desolate feeling of being utterly forsaken that had crept over her. For Jesse Wynn had not thought that Norah would need him so soon, and had gone off for a crack with an old collector friend, where he was staying later and later, little dreaming that the occasion had come which both he and Eppy had dreaded. At last twelve o'clock struck, and as each note came floating on the wind the very bitterness of despair settled down on Norah; she gave up all hopes of his return, and tried to think what was left for her to do. She remembered two old sisters, members of the Salvation Army, who she knew would take her in for the love they had always borne her. Slowly and sadly she turned away, for to leave that house seemed like parting

with Eppy and his love, and dragged wearily across the town to her friends, almost too numbed and helpless to be able to arouse them. They forgot their surprise at her miserable condition in their sorrow and pity, and would not let her talk, but comforted her and made much of her, and after a while, when she had managed to eat something and grow a little warmer, they got her to bed. The last thing one of them said was,—

"Don't fret, lass! Tha mun take it all as sent from the Lord to lead thee back to him."

Norah was too exhausted to sleep, but tossed wearily through the long night, turning over the terrible question as to whether or not the words that she had last heard were true. Had she not been following the imaginings of her own heart and forsaken the Lord, and had he not sent this trouble upon her in very kindness, to lead her back into the right way? The great temptation had come to her as to many another, and she had now to decide, not as before on the passionate impulse of the moment, but during the solemn hours that remained before the day, whether she would cling to her own desires or leave all and follow him. She remembered the young man with great possessions who turned away exceedingly sorrowful; but what was his sorrow to her's, who was bidden to cast away, not riches, but love? So the night wore away in the conflict, but the conviction ever deepened that she must practise the lesson she had been learning her whole life through; in self-renunciation alone lay peace—there alone could she find firm ground amidst the confused whirl of feelings that beset her. So when one of the sisters came to see her in the grey dawning, she said,—

"I have given it all up, and I'm coming back to you;" and then, utterly worn out, fell into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

When she awoke she was too worn and bruised, both in body and spirit, to do anything but lie there in languor, touchingly grateful for every little attention that was paid her. The sisters—two simple and devout women, who had grown to regard Norah almost as a prophetess come on earth again—hastened to inform the Army of her return. One or two of the officers, who loved her too well to wish her any more suffering, thought in their hearts that she had been tried enough, and would have been content to let her marry Eppy, but they were borne down by George Howarth's vehement opinion. He

saw nothing but the direct interposition of Providence in Jesse Wynn's absence on the preceding night. Norah must be preserved for the service of God, for what was her present pain compared with the loss of her soul? It was a hard doctrine they felt for the sorely burdened girl, but they consented to do their utmost to keep her to her determination, and to prevent Eppy winning her back. It was also agreed that she should not return to Michael Kerby's, but continue to live with the sisters, and then Howarth went to talk it over with Norah.

It was evening when he arrived, and she was sitting up, too weary to think, and content to be soothed by the love and tenderness of those around her. She could not help a little shudder as he came in; he reminded her too keenly of the struggle to come. The peace and rest were only for a time—to-morrow or the next day she would be well again, and with the renewal of the old desires would come the old strife. She was prepared to take up her burden; need he be so anxious to bind it on at once? One of the sisters, who had some idea of what was coming, sat with Norah and held her hand, feeling that she would be thankful for even this mute sympathy. They talked a while on indifferent matters, and then Howarth turned to his purpose, speaking with pained directness, that left no doubt of his sincerity and sorrow.

"It makes my heart sad to see thee like this, Norah, but for thy soul's sake I'm glad. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Norah Kerby, I, who am not worthy, am become the Lord's messenger charged to tell you that you take his yoke upon you. It's a bitter task for thee, but he will give you strength. Think of those that have trodden the strait path before you—at the end is the peace of God that passeth all understanding."

There was silence for a little while. Norah was still too weak to fully appreciate what lay before her, and it was very coldly, with no rapture of self-denial, and yet with no longings towards the past, that she spoke at last,—

"I shall do my best. But it'll be hard—hard! You must bear with me sometimes."

Nothing else was said, and George Howarth left the room awed by the humility of that beautiful soul. His was a painful religion, but in his heart he arraigned his Master for laying so sore a burden on one who so little needed such a trial.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE next day a vague report reached Jesse Wynn that Mrs. Kerby had turned Norah out of the house, and with much distress he guessed she must have come and found him absent. In the evening he went to the Kerby's, but beyond finding that Norah had indeed gone, his enquiries resulted in nothing but abuse of himself and his son. Nor could he hear of her from any one else, till at last he met George Howarth, who he suspected would know all about her. He went straight to the point.

"Some o' yo Salvation folk have got hold o' Norah Kerby?"

"Well?"

"Nobbut that I want to see her, that's all."

"You can't."

"Can't? This is a free country, I reckon. She's noan o' thine. She's going to marry my lad Eppy."

"Jesse Wynn, you have grown old in iniquity, and trained up your son to follow in the same paths; know that Norah Kerby is a servant of the Lord's, and consorts no more with atheists and unbelievers."

"Sithee, George Howarth, I'm an owd mon now, as tha says, that's done thee mony a good turn i' thy time, and knows more about thee and thy ways than tha thinks. It isn't for the likes o' thee to be calling me names. I know thy sort likes to be little God Almighty's and manage other folk's business for them, but who art tha to come between a lad and a lass as loves one another?"

"Who am I? A humble instrument of God's will."

"Humble be damned! Let's ha' no more o' that cant. I know thee, George Howarth, for t' proudest toad as ever trod these streets, ay, and one o' t' blackest-hearted too. But tha may go thy ways; tha'll find tha's made a mistake this time!"

With all his old indignation against the professors of religion rekindled, and angry too that he should have given them such an opportunity for their schemes, Jesse Wynn went home and wrote Eppy a brief account of what had happened, entreating him to get back as soon as possible, for only he could set things right again.

It was several days before Eppy could finish his work, but as soon as he returned he sought out George Howarth. They stood silent a minute or two when they met, for each felt the struggle had begun

in earnest, and braced himself to win the first move in the game. Then Eppy spoke, —

"Tha knows what I'm come for?"

"Yes."

"Art tha going to tell me where Norah Kerby is?"

"No."

Eppy's anger blazed out at last. "Remember, she's mine and not thine! After what tha's been through tha'rt noan fit to touch her hand, let alone come between her and me!"

The taunt struck home, but though for half a minute Howarth hardly managed to contain his passion, he rose above it.

"For my sins I shall have to answer to my Maker, not to you."

Eppy felt that he had made a mistake and given his adversary an advantage, so he cooled down again and went on quietly,

"And does tha think tha can go on like this? If there's any keeping her shut up, there's a newspaper and police as'll see to it. Tha may as well make up thy mind to one thing — I'll see yon lass and have it out wj' her, if I have to fetch her out o' one of your meetings. Tha knows well enough that she'll bother noan about thee nor t' Army neither if she wants to speak to me."

Howarth gloomily recognized that this was true, and that it would perhaps be better to concede a point, and let him see Norah now while she was fresh in her self-devotion. So he thought a little, then looked up and said, —

"Come here to-morrow night and you shall see her. But don't suppose there's any compulsion from me or any one else; it's God's doing, who is not willing to lose one of his elect."

"God and t' devil seem much alike i' thy religion!" was all Eppy said as he went away.

When Norah was told, she refused to let any one be with her when Eppy came. She felt strong enough to need no protection against herself, and a third person would only hinder a perfect understanding between them. It was not that she had lost her love, but "put away self" had been the one guiding line to which she had been able to cling during the strained thinking of the past week, and the very hunger of her desire for Eppy only made its renunciation seem more necessary.

She had been reading the Bible to calm her agitation when he came in, and at the first sight of him she passed silently through the great struggle. She wavered only a moment, and his cause was lost be-

fore he said a word. He came to her with outstretched hands.

"Eh! I'm fain to see thee again, No rah! What's this they're telling me about thee?"

"Eppy," she said, putting her hands on his shoulder and looking him wistfully in the face, "tha must learn to do without me."

"Nay, lass, I can't do that! What's set thee against me?"

"I were wrong ever to think of marry- ing thee. I'm the Lord's servant and must follow him."

"If tha loves me tha can follow the Lord without leaving me."

"Tha knows I love thee, and always shall. But, Eppy, marryings and givings in marriage are not for me. I've the sins of others to take on me besides my own."

"I can't do without thee, lass!" he almost cried; "tha's let them overper- suade thee to this. Tha can't mean to punish me so because I were out o' t' road t' other night."

"Nay, Eppy, it's naught as tha's done, nor anything that's been said. It's God himself has shown me the right way." They stood silent for a little while and looked at one another, then she began again: "Eppy, Eppy! if tha could only learn his righteousness, I could be happy forever and ask no more i' this world!"

"Leaving me's noan t' road to make me believe. I can make naught of a God that puts this trouble between us."

"It's for the good of us both, Eppy; the good of us both! It's shown me where my duty is."

"I cannot see it, lass! If tha loves me, tha's a duty to me and thysel'. I shall never give thee up, Norah. Tha's told me tha loves me!"

His passion mastered him, and he took her gently in his arms. She rested there a moment, forgetting everything, but it was only for an instant, and she suddenly tore herself away.

"Eppy, tha must go," and her face seemed lit up with the exaltation of her purpose. "I am not for thee — I have given myself to God."

He looked at her a little, as if to realize the extent of his loss, then turned away without another word and left the room.

#### CHAPTER VII.

NORAH had won her victory, but it left her dazed and stricken, so that she escaped at once from every one and tried to find forgetfulness in sleep. The next day or two were the same, the glow had faded

away, and she was full of regrets and resentments at the sacrifice she had forced upon herself, overshadowed, too, by a terrible doubt, that it had all been in vain, and that Eppy was right when he rejected so cruel a God. But on the third day she roused herself, went back to her work, and threw herself into the cause of the Army with new eagerness; if she had given herself to God, as she had said, let her then be about her master's business, and she would have no time for these weaknesses. The majority of the Salvationists felt a vulgar self-satisfaction at her return, and congratulated themselves that such activity had been saved for the cause; but a few, whose love made them more keensighted, saw how she was wearing herself away, and that she would not be able to stand the strain unless it were lightened before long. Amongst them was George Howarth, who grew daily more gloomy. Norah was further from him than ever, for she seemed to mistrust him the more for the part he had played in separating her from Eppy; he had saved her soul indeed, but likely enough at the cost of her life, and involuntarily he accused his God of a cruelty no religion could explain. Meanwhile Norah was preaching with a passion and fervor she had never attained before; the Army flourished exceedingly, for people came from far and near to hear this slight girl, who seemed almost to have withdrawn herself from earth, so much did the spiritual radiance within shine through its earthly dress. Every night a little band of converts would come to enrol themselves, strong men trembling and sobbing with their awakening, wild profligates and hardened women, who heard in Norah the very voice of God. Once in the full tide of her inspiration, she caught sight of Eppy's earnest, wistful face at the back; she faltered a moment and almost broke down, but rose above herself again, and never more entirely than on that evening did she draw her hearers with her to the heights and depths of her emotion, as she reasoned with them of righteousness and judgment to come. She had conquered once again, but at a terrible cost; the next day she was really ill, and though she was about again almost at once, it was with lessened power, that she strove to make up for by more unremitting exertions. Eppy could not help coming to hear her, though he hated the Salvation Army as the cause of all his misery; it was the only way of seeing Norah, and at times the longing, only to look upon her face, was too much for him. To ordinary ob-

servers he was not changed, a little more silent perhaps, a little more engrossed in his work, and less interested than usual in the things around him, while you might have detected a new and mournful tenderness in the way he caressed his dog or lifted up a child who had fallen in the street. He would forget himself among his machinery during the day, though now and then he would throw himself back and open his arms with a hidden sigh, as the memory returned of what he had lost, and at night he would dream for hours over his violin and only arouse himself for a chat with his father. Jesse Wynn was very sad at heart, and watched over his son with womanly tenderness; he felt painfully how impotent he was, and while he admired the way Eppy bore up, something of his old bitterness against religion came back, when he thought of its effect on these two young lives.

One Sunday night they were talking together, when the door opened and a girl entered, whom Eppy remembered as belonging to the Salvation Army.

"Does Epicurus Wynn live here?"

"Ay. What then?"

"Th'art wanted."

"What for?" he enquired.

"Norah Kerby wants thee; she's dying!" and the girl burst into tears. Both men started up at once, Eppy went to put on his coat, he just shook hands with his father, for neither of them could say anything, and went out with firm set face to meet the end. On their way through the town, the girl managed between her sobs to tell him a little of what had taken place. Norah had been ailing for some time, and on the Tuesday before had broken down entirely, so that they had at last become alarmed and sent for a doctor. As soon as he saw her, he had turned savagely on them and demanded why he had not been called before, for it was evident to him that he was powerless, and that she could not live many weeks. The end was coming sooner than even he had expected; her intense spirit had fretted through its frail tenement, and once she had given way she failed rapidly, for it was only by mere force of will that she had kept up so long. That evening she felt death near at hand and had asked to see Eppy again. She lay propped up in bed, and the bare, cold room took a new haggardness from the pallor of her face. It was the same face Eppy had always loved, but the lines were bitten deeper, the high forehead seemed more prominent, and the eyes moved and flashed with an added brilliancy. Eppy

could say nothing when he entered, but fell on his knees at the bedside, overborne by a great wave of passionate feeling; she also was too weak and distressed to speak, but dumbly tried to comfort him by stroking his hair with her thin hand.

"Don't sorrow, lad, for me," she said at length. "There's no more trouble for me now; it's thee that's left behind in the world that's got it all to bear." Her words loosened the load that seemed crushing Eppy, and he broke down entirely into a fit of tears that only died down into great inarticulate sobs and heavings. He kissed her once or twice, but he had few words for his grief; silent at all times, she would understand him best now when he said nothing. He told the people round her that he meant to watch with her through the night, and they respected the depth of his affliction and left the two together. She was too enfeebled to talk, and always clasping Eppy's hand slept by snatches through most of the night, but now and then she would say a few words.

"I think they might have let us love one another. I fear I were wrong, Eppy, and tha wert right. There's room in the heart for both man's love and God's love."

These were the last words she said; the solemn light of dawn had just touched her face, when she looked again at Eppy, and in that look the end came, and the eager, wearied soul found rest at last.

It was a little while after this that George Howarth entered the room; his great affliction had burnt away all anger from Eppy's mind, he only rose and pointed at the still, silent form. Howarth made no protestations, but turned away, and Eppy was alone once more.

A. D. HALL.

From Temple Bar.

#### HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

WHEN the English are challenged by the French to mention one of their letter-writers who can be ranked with Madame de Sevigné, Voltaire, and many others, they have but to mention Horace Walpole's name in order to command respect. It would be strange, indeed, if Walpole's writings in English did not give pleasure to a Frenchman who was acquainted with the language. His style is surcharged with gallicisms. Walpole's turn of mind was more French than English. Despite his faults of manner and diction, the English reader cannot help admiring his

writings. They are original, and that is a merit of the first class; they are most readable, and that covers a multitude of blemishes. Nearly everything may be pardoned to the writer who is always entertaining. When instructive in addition, as Walpole is very often, he has a title to absolution.

The student of English literature can neither overlook Walpole, nor treat him as a person of little consequence. He has a marked individuality. If not a great man in the strict sense of the term, he had lived among those who were in the first rank, and he reflected some of their light. His was a complex character which it is easier to criticise than to comprehend. He exhibited in his person a strange compound of foppery and shrewdness, of excessive vanity and of indubitable good sense. He ridiculed and sneered at the follies of his countrymen, and he was the most affected and conceited Englishman of note in his day.

Two volumes of selections from Walpole's letters, selected and edited by Mr. C. D. Yonge, were recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Their perusal will doubtless make many turn to Peter Cunningham's complete edition of them, for such a letter-writer as Walpole soon excites in the reader of a few letters a longing for more. It is sufficient to begin reading them, and whoever does so will not require the advice, excellent though it be, which Sydney Smith gave to his friend Edward Davenport, in 1820: "Read, if you have not read, all Horace Walpole's letters, wherever you can find them; the best wit ever published in the shape of letters." Even his nonsense is more pleasing than the sense of many ponderous writers. His sparkle may sometimes be mere artifice, yet it is always exhilarating; and if his comments are frequently prejudiced and unfair, he is always suggestive and often amusing.

Horace Walpole was a man of whom it may be said, in colloquial phrase, that he was a difficult person to get on with. Sir Walter Scott said that his temper was "precarious." He was generally in ecstasies with his last new friend, and he was ready to quarrel with him whom he had known for a time. As a man and letter-writer, Walpole has no parallel in the literary annals of England. Macaulay was unusually happy when he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*: "We expect to see fresh Humes and fresh Burkes before we again fall in with that peculiar combination of moral and intellectual qualities to

which the writings of Walpole owe their extraordinary popularity." The article in which these words occur appeared in October, 1833.

Fifteen years earlier an article on Walpole had appeared in the same review which was more instructive and critical than that by Macaulay, who made Walpole a peg on which to hang an essay upon the times in which he lived and upon the men who were then conspicuous and powerful. The earlier reviewer dissects Walpole more skilfully than the later. Macaulay asks: "What then is the charm, the irresistible charm of Walpole's writings?" and he answers that it lies in his art "of amusing without exciting." The same explanation might be given of a harlequin in a pantomime, or of a juggler at a fair. The case is not improved when Macaulay proceeds:—

If we were to adopt the classification, not a very accurate classification, which Akenside has given of the pleasures of the imagination, we should say, that with the Sublime and Beautiful Walpole had nothing to do, but that the third province, the Odd, was his peculiar domain.

This explanation, which explains nothing and serves to show that the higher criticism was not Macaulay's forte, is followed by the remark, to which no other exception can be taken than that it is commonplace: "Walpole's letters are generally considered as his best performances, and, we think, with reason."

Mr. Leslie Stephen has justly pointed out how prone Macaulay was to conclude that a transcendent letter-writer like Walpole, or an incomparable biographer like Boswell, must be at least half a fool. If Macaulay's secret heart could have been laid bare, it might have been seen that he was doubtful whether Milton, the author of the greatest epic, or Bunyan, the author of the finest allegory in our language, could be in the full possession of his faculties. It is easy to say that a great captain or a great author was an inspired madman; but after this has been said, the question as to the constituents of the greatness of either remains unanswered.

The *Edinburgh* reviewer, who wrote in 1818, though not admiring Walpole more than Macaulay did, was much more acute than he in perceiving and setting forth Walpole's peculiar excellences. He sums up Walpole's merits in a phrase when he styles him "the very prince of gossips." This reviewer was not blind to Walpole's failings, though he rather exaggerated

them when he declared: "If such a man had had a voice in the management of the flood, he would have suffered no creeping thing to enter the ark but himself; and would have floated about the waters for forty days in lonely magnificence." While desiring to be monarch in his own domain, Walpole would not have been perfectly happy in solitude, for, if he liked anything more than himself, it was to be admired and envied by others.

Nothing seems more improbable than that Sir Robert Walpole was the father of his youngest son, Horace, and nothing does Horace more credit than his filial piety. It may be said that Horace Walpole owed everything that he valued in life to his father, but many sons have been under equally strong obligations to their parents without acknowledging or repaying them.

When Macaulay pompously wrote about "the Odd" being Walpole's special domain, he missed an explanation of his peculiarities which could be accepted and defended. The truth is that there was a twist in Walpole's character, that he was what may be called an oddity, and that, when he seemed to be overflowing with affectation, he was acting quite naturally. His constitution and early training had the chief share in making him what he became in after life. He was a delicate child; he was over-indulged in youth, and he became a whimsical, peevish, and capricious man. Late in life he jotted down a few reminiscences for the amusement, as he said, of Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry, and nothing is more instructive in them than the following passage relating to his early years:—

As I was the youngest by eleven years of Sir Robert Walpole's children by his first wife, and was extremely weak and delicate, as you see me still, though with no constitutional complaint till I had the gout over forty, and as my two sisters were consumptive, and died of consumption, the supposed necessary care of me (and I have overheard persons saying, "that child cannot possibly live") so engrossed the attention of my mother, that compassion and tenderness soon became extreme fondness; and as the infinite good nature of my father never thwarted any of his children, he suffered me to be too much indulged, and permitted her to gratify the first vehement inclination that ever I expressed, and which, as I have never since felt any enthusiasm for royal persons, I must suppose that the female attendants in the family must have put it into my head, *to long to see the king.*

The boy saw the king; but, as court etiquette would not admit of this being done



openly, the interview took place in private and in the evening.

The harsh things which have been written about Walpole by Croker and Macaulay, who for once were in perfect agreement, seem to have originated in their disappointment with the man as he was and in their inability to make allowances for what they did not like in him. Sir Horace Mann was more solemn and decorous than Walpole; yet if Mann had been as good a letter-writer, would his greater respectability have made his letters better worth reading? It is true there is little heart in Walpole's letters, and that, as Croker wrote, he was "much more anxious for effect than truth." Nor can the still bitterer words of Croker be pronounced wholly inapplicable: "Walpole is as sour and misanthropic as Swift; when he seems to be playing, kitten-like, with a subject, his scratch is venomous, and even when he is good-humored, he is never good-natured." It is true, also, that few, if any, acts of real generosity can be placed to Walpole's credit, and Chatterton's greatest folly was to expect to find in him a liberal patron. Walpole did not consider it his business to encourage art or literature in any other way than by driving hard bargains with artists and printing some pieces by himself and others at his private press. He held that the public was the only patron whose aid the artist or the author had a right to invoke.

Walpole was no hypocrite, except when making a parade of being a republican, and his failings were inherent in his nature. His letters are excellent reading because he was so fantastic and imperfect.

Had he been a pattern of all the conventional virtues, his writings might have had a closer resemblance to tracts, and they would have long since been forgotten. Moreover, there is much in Walpole which deserves commiseration rather than blame. Madness was hereditary in his family, and he once intimated his consciousness of having inherited the taint. Notwithstanding his faults, he was a fascinating writer, and though he disclaimed having any title to literary fame, it is indisputable, as Mr. Leslie Stephen puts it, that the history of England during a large part of the eighteenth century "is simply a synonym for the works of Horace Walpole."

I purpose confining myself at present to the consideration of Walpole's letters. Though all his works deserve notice, yet his letters are far superior to anything else from his pen, and they have a vitality which ensures their living as long as the

best literary productions of the eighteenth century. He protested a little too strongly against being regarded as an accomplished letter-writer, and, with a mock modesty which deceived nobody, he apologized for always writing in a hurry, and saying whatever came into his head. He professed to have learnt the epistolary art from studying the letters of his friend Gray and those of Madame de Sevigné. This is pure hypocrisy. Before reading those of either, Walpole had formed a style of his own. Being a skilled writer, Walpole had the further advantage over many contemporaries, whose letters are capital reading, in having leisure for keeping up an extensive correspondence, and abundant opportunities for gathering gossip. He knew everybody who was worth knowing, and he had admission behind the scenes in literature and politics.

It is unquestionable that Gray wrote charming letters, but it is ridiculous to suppose that Walpole owed anything to him as a letter-writer. Their styles were different, and an illustration will best show how little they had in common as descriptive writers. Here is a passage in which Gray tells his mother of an incident which happened when he and Walpole crossed the Alps:—

The sixth day we began to go up several of these mountains; and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough: Mr. Walpole had a little fat, black spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise side. We were at times in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice; it was noonday, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood side (which was as steep upwards as the other side was downwards), out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute; we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do anything to save the dog.

Walpole thus writes about the same incident to his friend Richard West:—

The day before, I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary an one, that it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel of King Charles's breed; but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory by the throat, and, before we could possibly prevent

it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postilion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the more extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad sunshine. It was shocking to see anything one loved run away with to so horrid a death.

The foregoing extracts have a double interest. In the first place, they exhibit an entire difference in manner between the two writers; in the second, they show how two observers, who are credited with accuracy, might differ as to details which are not wholly unimportant. There is a marked discrepancy, for instance, between the time fixed by each at which the accident occurred; the one giving it as noon-day; the other at two o'clock in the afternoon.

One other illustration will confirm the differences between the two men as letter-writers, and will exemplify the absurdity of accepting Walpole's remark as true that Gray was one of his masters of style as a letter-writer.

Writing from Florence to his mother, Gray says, after telling her that gaiety will begin with the carnival:—

In the mean time it is impossible to want entertainment; the famous gallery, alone, is an amusement for months; we commonly pass two or three hours every morning in it, and one has perfect leisure to consider all its beauties. You know it contains many hundred antique statues, such as the whole world cannot match, besides the vast collection of paintings, medals and precious stones such as no other prince was ever master of; in short, all that the rich and powerful house of Medicis has in so many years got together. And besides this city abounds with so many palaces and churches, that you can hardly place yourself anywhere without having some fine one in view, or at least some statue or fountain, magnificently adorned; these undoubtedly are far more numerous than Genoa can pretend to; yet, in its general appearance, I cannot think that Florence equals it in beauty.

Walpole's letter to Richard West from Florence is in a very different strain from Gray's, his friend and fellow-traveller:—

I don't know what volumes I may send you from Rome; from Florence I have little inclination to send you any. I see several things that please me calmly, but *à force d'en avoir vu*, I have left off screaming "Lord this!" and "Lord that!" To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than anything I have seen since. I recollect the joy I used to propose if I could but once see the Great Duke's gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I should into St.

Paul's. The statues are a congregation of good sort of people, that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The further I travel the less I wonder at anything: a few days reconcile one to a new spot, or an unseen custom; and men are so much the same everywhere, that one scarce perceives any change of situation. . . . The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is, that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great follies, great faults; but then they are so national, that they cease to be striking. In England, tempers vary so excessively, that almost every one's faults are exclusive to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the first is changeable and makes us queer; the latter permits our queernesses to operate as they please. If you could avoid contracting this queerness, it must certainly be the most entertaining to live in England, where such a variety of incidents continually amuse. The incidents of a week in London would furnish all Italy with news for a twelvemonth.

Two of the strings touched upon in the foregoing passage are harped upon in later ones. One of them is the weather, which is never treated in a commonplace vein, while the various references to it betray Walpole's longing for the South. He called himself "a universal man," but he was so to the extent of being most at home when out of his own country. He seldom made any pretence of patriotism. When asked on one occasion why he did not love his country, he replied, "I should love my country exceedingly if it were not for my countrymen." Out of his many references to the weather, I select the following for quotation. Writing to Sir Horace Mann on the 19th of May, 1771, he says:—

I believe if we did not read Virgil at school, we should never have invented names for the distinctions of seasons. Somebody said lately that the winter was come over to pass the spring in England, but, though well said, still it was an air.

Again:—

I go but little abroad, for, as I told Mrs. Hamilton, our climate is delightful *when framed and glazed*, that is, beautiful through a window. . . . Our climate requires to be roasted and boiled as much as our meat. Why do you think we have more coal mines than all the world, but because we have more fogs, damps, and rains?

The following sentence shows that in Walpole's lifetime the summers were not uniformly better than the winters: "The way to ensure summer in England is to have it framed and glazed in a comfortable

room." This remark was made of the summer of 1773; that of 1784 was not more balmy, judging from Walpole's comment: "The month of June, according to custom immemorial, is as cold as Christmas. I had a fire last night, and all my rosebuds, I believe, would have been very glad to sit by it." I may pause to point out that the concluding words of the last sentence are in Walpole's fanciful and often very happy manner. Perhaps he erred by striving to say common things in an uncommon way, and some of his conceits are childish. Yet he frequently succeeds in being both pointed and fresh in phrase, and this is a reason why much of his writing is charming. One of his best remarks about the weather is borrowed from Quin, who, being asked if he had ever seen so bad a winter, replied: "Yes, just such an one last summer." The last extract on this head is taken from a letter which was written earlier than some of the others, being addressed to George Montagu on the 15th of June, 1768:—

The deluge began here but on Monday last, and then rained nearly eight-and-forty hours without intermission. My poor hay has not a dry thread to its back. In short, every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason, it is because we will affect to have a summer, and have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we any such thing as a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry, *This is a bad summer!* as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal.

The second noteworthy point in the passage quoted above, besides that relating to the climate of England, is that on the madness of Englishmen. Walpole was always ready to record any piece of eccentricity, and when he did describe a person whose conduct was decidedly queer, such as Lord Pembroke, he made a remark which is as applicable now as when it was penned: "Lord Pembroke was one of the lucky English madmen who get people to say, that whatever extravagance they commit, 'Oh! it is his way.'" He records of him that "Lord Chesterfield directed a letter to the late Lord Pembroke, who was always swim-

ming, 'To the Earl of Pembroke, in the Thames, over against Whitehall.'"

The piquancy of Walpole's correspondence is chiefly due to the personality which pervades it. Not less conspicuous is the writer's fondness for saying unpleasant things about public men, and about the acquaintances with whom he had quarrelled. He revelled in a piece of scandal. He was always ready to believe the worst of any person unless the person were dead, and then, out of contradiction, he would elaborate a "historic doubt" as to whether the person whose wickedness had been taken for granted were so bad as he or she had been painted.

It is unfortunate, but true, that the man who depicts his contemporaries as patterns of virtue will attract fewer readers than he who always vilifies them. Ordinary people are pleased to learn that those in high station are erring mortals, and the great folks among whom Walpole moved are as ready as those moving in another sphere to speak evil of each other. And when those upon whom Walpole lavished his praise are considered, all rational persons must desire to be ranked among those whom he denounces. Macaulay put the case very well when he wrote: "If we are to trust this discerning judge of human nature, England in his time contained little sense and no virtue, except what was distributed between himself, Lord Waldegrave, and Marshal Conway." Both of these men were mediocrities of the purest water; the first had an equable temper, the second was very handsome; Lord Waldegrave had been governor of George III. when Prince of Wales; Conway had been secretary of state and had attained to the rank of field marshal; but neither the good temper of the one and good looks of the other, nor the positions held by each, give either any claim to remembrance. The best that can be said of Conway was said recently, and it is to the effect that he was a better soldier than a general, and a better general than a statesman. While Walpole reserves his praise for these two men, his censure falls heavily upon Chatham and Charles Townshend, upon Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and Earl Temple, upon Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, and many others whose names shine in the annals of the eighteenth century. Among the notable men who were the butts of his sarcasms none was spared less than the Duke of Newcastle. The duke had committed what in Walpole's eyes was the unpardonable sin of opposing his father, and it must be admitted that the revenge

has been terrible and complete. It is scarcely possible to think of the duke in any other light than that in which Walpole places him. He had serious faults, but, after reading Walpole's many statements about him, it is difficult to believe that he had any virtues. Yet the writer who should compile a work on the Duke of Newcastle, after the manner of Walpole's "Historic Doubts on Richard III.," would have no difficulty in making out a fairly good case for the duke.

It is not easy, however, for any writer to undo the effects of Walpole's ridicule. He made a laughing-stock of the duke, and the man against whom the laugh is persistently turned cannot regain respect. Moreover, there is a large substratum of truth in what is said of the duke. After reading Walpole's sparkling yet stinging sentences, it is as hard to regard the Duke of Newcastle as a serious statesman as it is to consider the clown in a pantomime a model of propriety. I shall bring together the passages which make up the picture of the duke as imaged in Walpole's letters. Before doing so I may note that other writers take a view not differing from his. Thus Lord Harvey, comparing Sir Robert Walpole with the Duke of Newcastle in 1735, says: "We have one minister that does everything with the same seeming ease and tranquillity as if he were doing nothing; we have another that does nothing in the same hurry and agitation as if he did everything." Writing to George Montagu in 1745, Walpole states that he is prepared for anything

when the disposition of the drama is in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle—those hands that are always groping and sprawling, and fluttering and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person. But there is no describing him but as M. Courcelle, a French prisoner, did t'other day: "*Je ne sais pas,*" dit-il, "*je ne saurais m'exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonage!*" If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains, always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him.

I need not do more than mention in passing the well-known passage in which the duke is represented as being astounded to learn that Cape Breton is an island, and expressing his purpose to go at once to the king and tell him the strange news. This ignorance in a secretary of state might easily be paralleled, a secretary for India in recent days being as puzzled by questions as to places in India as the

Duke of Newcastle was about places in Canada.

When Lord Lovat was executed, Walpole represents the duke as not knowing what orders to give about burying the body, and that, "as he is always at least as much frightened at doing right as at doing wrong, he was three days before he got courage enough to order the burying in the Tower."

At the death of George II., the duke was first lord of the treasury, and the administration of which he was the head, and in which Pitt was the chief personage, united, according to Walpole,

and have notified their resolution of governing as before: not but the Duke of Newcastle cried for the old master, desponded for himself, protested he would retire, consulted everybody whose interest it was to advise him to stay, and has accepted to-day [31st October, 1760], thrusting the dregs of his ridiculous life into a young court, which will at least be saved from the imputation of childishness, by being governed by folly of seventy years' growth.

It was of this administration that Walpole wrote without any exaggeration, "Pitt *does* everything, the Duke of Newcastle *gives* everything." Shortly after writing what precedes, he said, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann: "Somebody said t'other day, 'Yet sure the Duke of Newcastle does not want parts?' 'No,' replied Lord Talbot, 'for he has done without them for forty years.'"

The account of the funeral of George II. is a good specimen of Walpole's descriptive style, and is a contribution to his picture of the duke whom he despised:—

The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted by his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a scent-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or who was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes

with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and, turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the cold of the marble.

This duke is represented in as ludicrous a light at the coronation of George III. and Queen Charlotte as he was at the burial of George II. A dressing-room had been provided behind the altar for the queen. When fatigued she retired to it, and found the Duke of Newcastle seated there.

The duke's official life came to a close in May, 1762, after he had been secretary of state for nearly thirty years and premier for ten, and the event is thus chronicled in a letter to Sir Horace Mann:—

Anybody would wait five weeks for a letter if it was to tell them that the Government was turned topsy-turvy. Not that it is set upon its head now; it has only lost an old tooth that had bit all the world. The Duke of Newcastle resigned this morning! [26th May, 1762.] Finding at last, to his great surprise, that he had not so much power under this king as he had under his great-grandfather and grandfather, he is retiring, meditating, I suppose, a plan for being a Prime Minister again under this king's son. Of four-and-twenty bishops that he had made, but one (Cornwallis) expects this restoration; all the rest, hoping to arrive at Canterbury before that aera, took care not to be at his Grace's last levée.

Walpole may seem to be unjust to Newcastle, yet his picture of him singularly tallies with that drawn by Smollett, and there is no greater puzzle in our history than how that duke remained in office so long and succeeded in thwarting men who were intellectually his superiors. Till a fuller explanation is supplied, that given by Macaulay may be accepted. It is to the effect that Newcastle was eaten up with ambition and was greedy of power; that, "under the disguise of levity, he was false beyond all example of political falsehood. All the able men of his time ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, and a child who never knew his own mind for an hour together; and he overreached them all round."

In noticing the weaknesses of his contemporaries, Walpole may have thought that he was doing posterity a service. The rule he acted upon may be gathered from a letter to Lord Hertford, then ambassador at Paris, in which he writes:—

They tell me that Mr. Hume has had sight of King James's Journal; I wish I could see

all the trifling passages that he will not deign to admit into history. I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskin and put on their slippers, because I do not care sixpence for what they would be thought but for what they are.

Being ready to chronicle any event however trivial, Walpole's correspondence contains a completer picture of the time: in which he lived than a more fastidious writer might have drawn. The following passage, to quote but one out of many illustrates this; another writer would have thought the subject vulgar or unimportant. Writing in 1742 to Sir Horace Mann, he says:—

There has lately been the most shocking scene of murder imaginable. A parcel of drunken constables took it into their heads to put the laws in execution against disorderly persons, and so took up every woman they met, till they had collected five or six-and-twenty, all of whom they thrust into St. Martin's round-house, where they kept them all night with doors and windows closed. The poor creatures, who could not stir or breathe screamed as long as they had any breath left begging at least for water. One poor wretch said she was worth eightpence, and would gladly give it for a draught of water: but in vain! So well did they keep them there that in the morning four were found stifled to death, two died soon after, and a dozen more are in a shocking way. In short, it is horrible to think what the poor creatures suffered several of them were beggars who, from having no lodging, were necessarily found in the street, and others honest laboring women.

Even worse than this shocking story is the fact that William Bird, the keeper of the round-house, was acquitted of wilful murder.

Many happy sayings are scattered throughout Walpole's correspondence. For instance, he tells Sir Horace Mann "Your friend Doddington is so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue." He thought "*Good Erasmus's honest mean* was alternate time-serving." He wrote to the Rev. Henry Zouch: "Had William III. been an author, perhaps I might have been a little ungentle to him too. I am not dupe enough to think that any one wins a crown for the sake of the people." He told Sir David Dalrymple that "though memoirs written nearest to the time are likely to be the truest, those published nearest it are generally the falsest." Of Rousseau he wrote: "Sure he has writ more sense and more nonsense than ever any man did of both;" and of Voltaire, that "he loves all anecdotes that never happened, because they prove the

manners of the times." There is as much appositeness in these days as there was in Walpole's, of the following remark: "When an author writes clearly, he is imitated; and when obscurely, he is admired." It is as indisputable now as it was when Walpole wrote the phrase, "Truth's kingdom is not of this world." He was the author of a thorough Irish bull: "Our partialities are very strong, especially on the side of aversions."

Now and then the changes in daily speech attracted Walpole's notice and blame. In 1776 he wrote to Mason: "The Duchess of Kingston lay at home — or in chaste modern phrase *slept* there." Again, in a letter to Conway: "I kept him to sup, *sleep* in the modern phrase, and breakfast here this morning." His reflections are sometimes very just, being drawn, like the following one, from experience: "Old friends are the great blessing of one's latter years — half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking." When confined to the house with gout and rheumatism, he humorously describes himself as "a chaos of moral reflections."

He has left on record this pregnant result of Sir Robert Walpole's experience of life: "Few men should ever be ministers, for it lets them see too much of the badness of mankind."

One of the finest tributes ever paid to Sir Robert Walpole came from the pen of Horace. It is highly creditable to the latter, not only on account of its filial piety but of the evident sincerity of the reference to himself. It was penned in a letter to Sir Horace Mann in October, 1773, when Walpole had been engaged in arranging the affairs of his spendthrift and insane nephew, the third Earl of Orford. Before undertaking that task, he had written to the Earl of Strafford saying how difficult he conceived it to be; adding, as everything was reduced to chaos, a beginning had been made, "for the first geniuses of this age hold that the best method of governing this world is to throw it into disorder." His words to Sir Horace Mann are:—

My administration [of the estate] is an epitome of greater scenes; and, happily, I enter upon it at an age when every passion is cooled. I shall be inexcusable if I do anything but right. My father alone was capable of acting on one great plan of honesty from the beginning of his life to the end. He could forever wage war with knaves and malice, and preserve his temper; could know men and yet

feel for them; could smite when opposed, and be gentle after triumph. He was steady without being eager, and successful without being vain. He forgot the faults of others, and his own merits; and was as incapable of fear as of doing wrong. Oh, how unlike him I am! How passionate, timid, and vain-glorious! How incapable of copying him, even in a diminutive sphere! In short, I have full as much to correct in myself as to control in others; and I must look into my own breast as often as into bills and accounts.

"Mine is a life of letter-writing," is Horace Walpole's comment on his own career. He wrote letters during half a century, and not one of them is dull reading. When unable to hold a pen he dictated. His last letter was addressed to the Countess of Ossory on the 15th of January, 1797, he being then on the brink of the illness which ended in his death six weeks later at the age of eighty. He protested in it against his "idle notes" being shown, and says that he cannot be expected to produce anything worth reading "when so old and reduced to dictate."

Though Walpole felt that the end was near, he was reluctant to acknowledge the fact. Yet in his case, as in the cases of all who are finishing their course, the last farewells had to be spoken, and the necessity for saying them had to be admitted at last. One of the most pathetic sentences in all his writings is to be found in his last published letter, where it is written:—

At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about four-score nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me about once a year, to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family; and then can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls, and bats and balls.

Horace Walpole was a delicate child, and he lived to the age of eighty; he was a man whose public appearances attracted little notice in the century during which he lived, and yet few men have better reason to be remembered. He railed against aiming at literary fame, and he has attained the first place in the ranks of English letter-writers. Men who made a greater figure during his lifetime cannot compete with him now. His popularity increases as the years pass away. He has become conspicuous in English history. Sir Robert Walpole rendered substantial services to this country, yet these attract less notice than the letters of his youngest boy, and the fame of the father is not more lasting than that of the son. Few contributions to English literature

are so likely to survive the changes of taste and the caprices of fashion as Horace Walpole's letters, and those works which live in it are immortal.

W. FRASER RAE.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE NATURALIST ON THE PAMPAS.

DURING recent years we have heard much about the great and rapid changes now going on in the plants and animals of all the temperate regions of the globe colonized by Europeans. These changes, if taken merely as evidence of material progress, must be a matter of rejoicing to those who are satisfied, and more than satisfied, with our system of civilization — that is, with our method of outwitting nature by the removal of all checks on the undue increase of our own species. To one who finds a charm in things as they exist in the unconquered provinces of nature's dominions, and who, not being over-anxious to reach the end of his journey, is content to perform it on horseback, or in a wagon drawn by bullocks, it is permissible to lament the altered aspect of the earth's surface, together with the disappearance of numberless noble and beautiful forms, both of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. For he cannot find it in his heart to love the forms by which they are replaced; these are cultivated and domesticated, and have only become useful to man at the cost of that grace and spirit which freedom and wildness give. In numbers they are many — twenty-five millions of sheep in this district, fifty millions in that, a hundred millions in a third — but how few are the species left in place of those destroyed! and when the owner of many sheep and much wheat desires variety — for he possesses this instinctive desire, albeit it is in conflict with and overborne by the perverted instinct of destruction — what is there left to him beyond his very own, except the weeds that spring up in his fields under all skies, ringing him round with old-world, monotonous forms, as tenacious of their undesired union with him as the rats and cockroaches that inhabit his house?

We hear most frequently of North America, New Zealand, and Australia in this connection; but nowhere on the globe has civilization "written strange defecures" more markedly than on that great area of level country called by English

writers *the Pampas*, but by the Spanish more appropriately *La Pampa* — from the Quichua word signifying open space or country — since it forms for the most part one continuous plain, extending on its eastern border from the river Paraná, in latitude 32°, to the Patagonian formation on the river Colorado, and comprising about two hundred thousand square miles of humid, grassy country.

This district has been colonized by Europeans since the middle of the sixteenth century; but down to within a very few years ago immigration was on too limited a scale to make any very great change; and, speaking only of the pampean country, the conquered territory was a long, thinly settled strip, purely pastoral, and the Indians, with their primitive mode of warfare, were able to keep back the invaders from the greater portion of their ancestral hunting-grounds. Not twenty years ago a ride of two hundred miles, starting from the capital city, Buenos Ayres, was enough to place one well beyond the furthest south-western frontier outpost. In 1879 the Argentine government determined to rid the country of the aborigines, or, at all events, to break their hostile and predatory spirit once for all; with the result that the entire area of the grassy pampas, together with a great portion of the sterile pampas and Patagonia, has been made available to the emigrant. There is no longer anything to deter the starvelings of the Old World from possessing themselves of this new land of promise, flowing, like Australia, with milk and tallow, if not with honey; any emaculated migrant from a Genoese or Neapolitan slum is now competent to "fight the wilderness" out there, with his eight-shilling fowling-piece and the implements of his trade. The barbarians no longer exist to frighten his soul with dreadful war cries; they have moved away to another more remote and shadowy region, called in their own language *Alhuemaphá*, and not known to geographers. For the results so long and ardently wished for have swiftly followed on General Rosas's military expedition; and the changes witnessed during the last decade on the pampas exceed in magnitude those which had been previously effected by three centuries of occupation.

In view of this wave of change now rapidly sweeping away the old order, with whatever beauty and grace it possessed, it seems not inopportune at the present moment to give a rapid sketch, from the field-naturalist's point of view, of the great

plain, as it existed before the agencies introduced by European colonists had done their work, and as it still exists in its remoter parts.

The humid, grassy, pampean country extends, roughly speaking, half-way from the Atlantic Ocean and the Plata and Paraná Rivers to the Andes, and passes gradually into the "monte formation," or *sterile pampa*—a sandy, more or less barren district, producing a dry, harsh, ligneous vegetation, principally thorny bushes and low trees, of which the *chañar* (*Gurliaca decorticans*) is the most common; hence the name of "Chañar-steppe" used by some writers; and this formation extends southwards down into Patagonia. Philosophers have not yet been able to explain why the pampas, with a humid climate, and a soil exceedingly rich, have produced nothing but grass, while the dry, sterile territories on their north, west, and south borders have an aborescent vegetation. Darwin's conjecture that the extreme violence of the *pampero*, or south-west wind, prevented trees from growing, is proved to have been ill-founded by the introduction of the *Eucalyptus globulus*; for this noble tree attains to an extraordinary height on the pampas, and exhibits there a luxuriance of foliage never seen in Australia.

To this level area—my "parish of Selborne," or, at all events, a goodly portion of it—with the sea on one hand, and on the other the practically infinite expanse of grassy desert—another sea, not "in vast fluctuations fixed," but in comparative calm—I should like to conduct the reader in imagination; a country all the easier to be imagined on account of the absence of mountains, woods, lakes, and rivers. There is, indeed, little to be imagined—not even a sense of vastness; and Darwin, touching on this point, in the "Journal of a Naturalist," aptly says:—

At sea, a person's eye being six feet above the surface of the water, his horizon is two miles and four-fifths distant. In like manner, the more level the plain, the more nearly does the horizon approach within these narrow limits; and this, in my opinion, entirely destroys the grandeur which one would have imagined that a vast plain would have possessed.

I remember my first experience of a hill, after having been always shut within "these narrow limits." It was one of the range of sierras near Cape Corrientes, and not above eight hundred feet high; yet, when I had gained the summit, I was amazed at the vastness of the earth, as it

appeared to me from that modest elevation. Persons born and bred on the pampas, when they first visit a mountainous district, frequently experience a sensation as of "a ball in the throat," which seems to prevent free respiration.

In most places the rich, dry soil is occupied by a coarse grass, three or four feet high, growing in large tussocks, and all the year round of a deep green; a few slender herbs and trefoils, with long, twining stems, maintain a frail existence among the tussocks; but the strong grass crowds out most plants, and scarcely a flower relieves its uniform everlasting verdure. There are patches, and sometimes large areas, where it does not grow, and these are carpeted by small, creeping herbs of a livelier green, and are gay in spring with flowers, chiefly of the composite and papilionaceous orders; and verbenas, scarlet, purple, rose, and white. On moist, or marshy grounds there are also several lilies, yellow, white, and red, and two or three flags, and various other small flowers; but altogether the flora of the pampas is the poorest in species of any fertile district on the globe. On moist, clayey ground flourishes the stately pampa-grass (*Gynenium argenteum*), the spears of which often attain a height of eight or nine feet. I have ridden through many leagues of this grass with the feathery spikes as high as my head, and often higher. It would be impossible for me to give anything like an adequate idea of the exquisite loveliness, at certain times and seasons, of this queen of grasses, the chief glory of the solitary pampa. Every one is familiar with it in cultivation; but the garden-plant has a sadly decaying, draggled look at all times, and, to my mind, is often positively ugly with its dense withering mass of coarse leaves, drooping on the ground, and bundle of spikes, always of the same dead white or dirty cream-color. Now color—the various ethereal tints that give a blush to its cloud-like purity—is one of the chief beauties of this grass on its native soil; and travellers who have galloped across the pampas at a season of the year when the spikes are dead, and white as paper or parchment, have certainly missed its greatest charm. The plant is social, and in some places where scarcely any other kind exists it covers large areas with a sea of fleecy-white plumes; and in late summer and in autumn the tints are seen, varying from the most delicate rose, tender and illusive as the blush on the white under-plumage of some of the gulls, to purple and violaceous. At no time does



it look so perfect as in the evening, before and after sunset, when the softened light imparts a mistiness to the crowding plumes, and the traveller cannot help fancying that the tints, which then seem richest, are caught from the level rays of the sun, or reflected from the colored vapors of the afterglow.

The last occasion on which I saw the pampa-grass in its full beauty was at the close of a bright day in March, ending in one of those perfect sunsets seen only in the wilderness, where no lines of house or hedge mar the enchanting disorder of nature, and the earth and sky tints are in harmony. I had been travelling all day with one companion, and for two hours we had ridden through the matchless grass, which spread away for miles on every side, the myriads of white spears, touched with varied color, blending in the distance and appearing almost like the surface of a cloud. Hearing a swishing sound behind us we turned sharply round, and saw, not forty yards away in our rear, a party of five mounted Indians, coming swiftly towards us; but at the very moment we saw them their animals came to a dead halt, and at the same instant the five riders leaped up, and stood erect on their horses' backs. Satisfied that they had no intention of attacking us, and were only out looking for strayed horses, we continued watching them for some time, as they stood gazing away over the plain in different directions, motionless and silent, like bronze men on strange, horse-shaped pedestals of dark stone: so dark in their copper skins and long, black hair, against the far-off, ethereal sky, flushed with amber light; and at their feet, and all around, the cloud of white and faintly blushing plumes. That farewell scene was printed very vividly on my memory, but cannot be shown to another, nor could it be even if a Ruskin's pen or a Turner's pencil were mine; for the flight of the sea-mew is not more impossible to us than the power to picture forth the image of nature in our souls, when she reveals herself in one of those "special moments" which have "special grace," and where her wild beauty has never been spoiled by man.

At other hours and seasons the general aspect of the plain is monotonous, and in spite of the unobstructed view, and the unfailing verdure and sunshine, somewhat melancholy, although never sombre; and doubtless the depressed and melancholy feeling that the pampa inspires in those who are unfamiliar with it is due in a great measure to the paucity of life, and to the

profound silence. The wind, as may well be imagined on that extensive level area, is seldom at rest, and there, as in the forest, it is a "bard of many breathings," and the strings it breathes upon give out an endless variety of sorrowful sounds, from the sharp, fitful sibilations of the dry, wiry grasses on the barren places, to the long, mysterious moans that swell and die in the tall, polished rushes of the marsh. It is also curious to note that with a few exceptions the resident birds are very silent, comparatively, even those belonging to groups which elsewhere are highly loquacious. The reason of this is not far to seek. In woods and thickets, where birds most abound, they are continually losing sight of each other, and are only prevented from scattering by calling often; while the muffling effect on sound of the close foliage, to which may be added a spirit of emulation where many voices are heard, incites most species, especially those that are social, to exert their voices to the utmost pitch in singing, calling, and screaming. On the open pampas, birds, which are not compelled to live concealed on the surface, can see each other at long distances, and perpetual calling is not needful; moreover, in that still atmosphere sound travels far. As a rule their voices are strangely subdued; nature's silence has infected them, and they have become silent by habit. This is not the case with aquatic species, which are nearly all migrants from noisier regions, and mass themselves in lagoons and marshes, where they are all loquacious together. It is also noteworthy that the subdued bird-voices, some of which are exceedingly sweet and expressive, and the notes of many of the insects and batrachians, have a great resemblance, and seem to be in accord with the æolian tones of the wind in reeds and grasses; a stranger to the pampas, even a naturalist accustomed to a different fauna, will often find it hard to distinguish between bird, frog, and insect voices.

The mammal-fauna is poor in species, and with the single exception of the well-known vizcacha (*Lagostomus trichodactylus*), there is not one of which it can truly be said that it is in any special way the product of the pampas, or, in other words, that its instincts are better suited to the conditions of the pampas than to those of other districts. As a fact, this large rodent inhabits a vast extent of country, north, west, and south of the true pampas, but nowhere is he so thoroughly on his native heath as on the great grassy plain.

There, to some extent, he even makes his own conditions, like the beaver. He lives in a small community of twenty to thirty members, and in a village of deep, chambered burrows, all with their pit-like entrances closely grouped together; and as the village endures forever, or for an indefinite time, the earth being constantly brought up forms a mound thirty or forty feet in diameter; and this protects the habitation from floods on low or level ground. Again, he is not swift of foot, and all rapacious beasts are his enemies. He also loves to feed on tender, succulent herbs and grasses, to seek for which he would have to go far afield among the giant grass, where his watchful foes are lying in wait to seize him. He saves himself from this danger by making a clearing all round his abode, on which a smooth turf is formed. Here the animals feed and have their evening pastimes in comparative security; for when an enemy approaches, he is easily seen; the note of alarm is sounded, and the whole company scuttles away to their refuge. In districts having a different soil and vegetation, as in Patagonia, the vizcacha's curious, unique instincts are of no special advantage, which makes it seem probable that they have been formed on the pampas.

How marvellous a thing it seems that the two species of mammals—the beaver and the vizcacha—that most nearly simulate men's intelligent actions in their social organizing instincts, and their habitations, which are made to endure, should belong to an order so low down as the rodents! And in the case of the latter species, it adds to the marvel when we find that the vizcacha, according to Waterhouse, is the lowest of the order in its marsupial affinities.

The vizcacha is the most common rodent on the pampas, and the rodent order is represented by the largest number of species. The finest is the so-called Patagonian hare—*Dolichotis*—a beautiful animal twice as large as a hare, with ears shorter and more rounded, and legs relatively much longer. The fur is grey and chestnut brown. It is diurnal in its habits, lives in kennels, and is usually met with in pairs, or small flocks. It is better suited to a sterile country like Patagonia than to the grassy, humid plain. Nevertheless it was formerly found throughout the whole of the pampas; but in a country where the wisdom of a Sir William Harcourt was never needed to restrain its increase, this king of the rodentia is now nearly extinct.

A common rodent is the *coypú* (*Myopotamus*) a brown animal with bright red incisors; a rat in shape, and as large as an otter. It is aquatic, and lives in holes in the banks, and where there are no banks it makes a platform nest among the rushes. Of an evening they are all out swimming and playing in the water, conversing together in their strange tones, which sound like the moans and cries of wounded and suffering men; and among them the mother-coypú is seen with her progeny, numbering eight or nine, with as many on her back as she can accommodate, while the others swim after her, crying for a ride.

With reference to this animal, which, as we have seen, is prolific, a strange thing once happened in Buenos Ayres. The coypú was much more abundant fifty years ago than now, and its skin, which has a fine fur under the long, coarse hair, was largely exported to Europe. About that time the dictator Rosas issued a decree which made the killing of a coypú a criminal offence. The result was that the animals increased and multiplied exceedingly, and, abandoning their aquatic habits, they became terrestrial and migratory, and swarmed everywhere in search of food. Suddenly a mysterious malady fell on them, from which they quickly perished, and became almost extinct.

What a blessed thing it would be for poor, rabbit-worried Australia if a similar plague should visit that country, and fall on the right animal! On the other hand, what a calamity if the infection, widespread, incurable, and swift as the wind in its course, should attack the too-numerous sheep! And who knows what mysterious, unheard-of retributions that revengeful deity, Nature, may not be meditating in her secret heart for the loss of her wild four-footed children slain by settlers, and the spoiling of her ancient beautiful order!

A small pampa rodent worthy of notice is the *Cavia australis*, called *cut* in the vernacular from its voice; a timid, social, mouse-colored little creature, with a low, gurgling language, like running, babbling waters; in habits resembling its pied relation the guinea-pig. It loves to run on clean ground, and on the pampas makes little rat-roads all about its hiding-place, which little roads tell a story to the fox, and such like; therefore the little cavy's habits, and the habits of all cavies, I fancy, are not so well suited to this humid, grassy region as to other districts, with sterile ground to run and play upon, and thickets in which to hide.

A more interesting animal is the *Ctenomys Magellanica*, a little less than the rat in size, with a shorter tail, pale grey fur, and red incisors. It is called *tuco-tuco* from its voice, and *oculto* from its habits; for it is a dweller underground, and requires a loose, sandy soil in which, like the mole, it may *swim* beneath the surface. Consequently the pampa, with its heavy, moist mould, is not the tuco's proper place; nevertheless, wherever there is a stretch of sandy soil, or a range of dunes, there it is found living; not seen, but heard; for all day long and all night sounds its voice, resonant and loud, like a succession of blows from a hammer; as if a company of gnomes were toiling far down underfoot, beating on their anvils, first with strong, measured strokes, then with lighter and faster, and with a swing and rhythm as if the little men were beating in time to some rude chant unheard above the surface. How came these isolated colonies of a species so subterranean in habits, and requiring a sandy soil to move in, so far from their proper district, that sterile country from which they are separated by wide, unsuitable areas? They cannot perform long overland journeys like the rat. Perhaps the dunes have travelled, carrying their little cattle with them.

Chiefs among the carnivores are the two cat-monarchs of South America: the jaguar and puma. Whatever may be their relative positions elsewhere, on the pampas the puma is mightiest, being much more abundant and better able to thrive than its spotted rival. Versatile in its preying habits, its presence on the pampa is not surprising; but probably only an extreme abundance of large mammalian prey, which has not existed in recent times, could have tempted an animal of the river and forest loving habits of the jaguar to colonize this cold, treeless, and comparatively waterless desert. There are two other important cats. The grass-cat, not unlike the wild cat of Europe in its robust form and dark color, but a larger, more powerful animal, inexpressibly savage in disposition. The second, *Felis Geoffroyi*, is a larger and more beautiful animal, colored like a leopard; it is called wood-cat, and, as the name would seem to indicate, is an intruder from wooded districts north of the pampas.

There are two canine animals in the pampa. One is Azara's beautiful grey, fox-like dog, purely a fox in habits, and common everywhere. The other is far more interesting and extremely rare; it is called *aguardá*, its nearest ally being the *aguardá-guasú*, the *Canis jubatus* or

maned wolf of naturalists, and found north of the pampean district. The *aguardá* is smaller and has no mane; it is like the dingo in size, but slimmer and with a sharper nose, and has a much brighter red color. At night when camping out I have heard its dismal screams, but the screamer was sought in vain; and from the gauchos of the frontier I could only learn that it is a harmless, shy, solitary animal, and ever flies to remoter wilds from its destroyer man. They offered me a skin; what more could I want? Simple souls! it was no more to me than the skin of a dead dog, with long, bright red hair. Those who love dead animals may have them in any number by digging with a spade in that vast sepulchre of the pampas, where perished the hosts of antiquity. I love the living that are above the earth. How small a remnant these are in South America we know, and now they are yearly becoming more precious as they dwindle away.

The pestiferous skunk is universal; and there are two quaint-looking weasels, intensely black in color, and grey on the back and flat crown. One, the *Galictis barbara*, is a large, bold animal that hunts in companies; and when these long-bodied creatures sit up erect, glaring with beady eyes, grinning and chattering at the passer-by, they look like little friars in black robes and grey cowls. But the expression on their round faces is malignant and blood-thirsty beyond anything in nature, and it would perhaps be more decent to liken them to devils rather than to humans.

On the pampas there is, strictly speaking, only one ruminant, the *Cervus campestris*, which is common. The most curious thing about this animal is that the male emits a rank, musky odor, so powerful that when the wind blows from it the effluvium comes in nauseating gusts to the nostrils from a distance exceeding two miles. It is really astonishing that only one small native ruminant should now be found on this immense grassy area so admirably suited to herbivorous quadrupeds, and a portion of which at the present moment affords sufficient pasture to eighty millions of sheep, cattle, and horses. In La Plata the author of "The Mammoth and the Flood" will find few to quarrel with his doctrine.

Of edentates there are four. The giant armadillo does not range so far, and the delicate little pink fairy armadillo, the truncated *Chlamyphorus*, is a dweller in the sand-dunes of Mendoza, and has never colonized the grassy pampas. The

*Tatusia hybrida*, called "little mule" from the length of its ears, and the *Dasypus tricinctus*, which, when disturbed, rolls itself into a ball, the wedge-shaped head and wedge-shaped tail admirably fitting into the deep-cut shell side by side, and the *quirquincho* (*Dasypus minutus*), all inhabit the pampa. They are diurnal, and feed exclusively on insects, chiefly ants. Wherever the country becomes settled, these three disappear, owing to the dullness of their senses, especially that of sight, and to their diurnal habits, which were of advantage to them and enabled them to survive when rapacious animals, which are mostly nocturnal, were their only enemies. The fourth, and most important, is the hairy armadillo, with habits which are in strange contrast to those of its perishing congeners, and which seem to mock many hard-and-fast rules concerning animal life. It is omnivorous, and will thrive on anything from grass to flesh, found dead and in all stages of decay, or captured by means of its own strategy. Furthermore, its habits change to suit its conditions; thus, where nocturnal raptors are its enemies, it is diurnal; but where man appears as a chief persecutor, it becomes nocturnal. It is much hunted for its flesh, dogs being trained for the purpose; yet it actually becomes more abundant as population increases in any district, and, if versatility in habits or adaptiveness can be taken as a measure of intelligence, this poor armadillo, a survival of the past, and so old on the earth as to have existed contemporaneously with the giant glyptodon, is the superior of the large-brained cats and canines.

To finish with the mammalia, there are two interesting opossums, both of the genus *Didelphys*, but in habits as wide apart as cat from otter. One of these marsupials appears so much at home on the plains that I almost regret having said that the vizcacha alone gives us the idea of being in its habits the *product* of the pampas. This animal — *Didelphys auritus* — has a long, slender, wedge-shaped head and body, admirably adapted for pushing through the thick grass and rushes; for it is both terrestrial and aquatic, and therefore well suited to inhabit low, level plains liable to be flooded. On dry land its habits are similar to those of a weasel; in lagoons, where it dives and swims with great ease, it constructs a globular nest suspended from the rushes. The fur is soft and of a rich yellow, reddish above, and on the sides and under surface varying in some parts to orange, and in others

exhibiting beautiful copper and terra-cotta tints. These lovely tints and the metallic lustre soon fade from the fur, otherwise this animal would be much sought after in the interests of those who love to decorate themselves with the spoils of beautiful dead animals — beasts or birds. The other opossum is the black and white *Didelphys Asaræ*; and it is indeed strange to find this animal on the pampas, although its presence there is not so mysterious as that of the tuco-tuco. It shuffles along slowly and awkwardly on the ground, but it is a great traveller nevertheless. Tschudi met it mountaineering on the Andes at an enormous altitude, and, true to its lawless nature, it confronted me in Patagonia, where the books say no marsupial dwells. In every way it is adapted to an arboreal life, yet it is everywhere found on the level country, far removed from the conditions which one would imagine to be necessary to its existence. For how many thousands of years has this marsupial been a dweller on the plain, all its best faculties unexercised, its beautiful, grasping hands pressed to the ground, and its prehensile tail dragged like an idle rope behind it! Yet, if one is brought to a tree, it will take to it as readily as a duck to water, or an armadillo to earth, climbing up the trunk and about the branches with a monkey-like agility. How reluctant Nature seems in some cases to undo her own work! How long she will allow a specialized organ, with the correlated instinct, to rest without use, yet ready to flash forth on the instant, bright and keen-edged, as in the ancient days of strife ages past, before peace came to dwell on earth!

The avi-fauna of the pampa is relatively much richer than the mammal-fauna, owing to the large number of aquatic species, most of which are migratory with their "breeding" or "subsistence-areas" on the pampas. In more senses than one they constitute a "floating population," and their habits have in no way been modified by the conditions of the country. The order, including storks, ibises, herons, spoonbills, and flamingoes, counts about eighteen species; and the most noteworthy birds in it are two great ibises, nearly as large as turkeys, with mighty, resonant voices. The duck order is very rich, numbering at least twenty species, including two beautiful upland geese, winter visitors from Magellanic lands, and two swans, the lovely black-necked, and the pure white with rosy bill. Of rails, or ralline birds, there are ten or twelve, rang-

ing from a small, spotted creature no bigger than a thrush to some large, majestic forms. One is the *courlan*, called "crazy widow" from its mourning plumage and long, melancholy screams, which on still evenings may be heard a league away. Another is the graceful, variegated *ipicaha*, fond of social gatherings, where the birds perform a dance and make the desolate marshes resound with their insane, human-like voices. A smaller kind, *Porphyriops*, has a night-cry like a burst of shrill, hysterical laughter, and has thereby won for itself the name of "witch;" while another, *rallus*, is called "little donkey" from its braying cries. Strange, eerie voices have all these birds. Of the remaining aquatic species, the most important is the spur-winged crested screamer, a noble bird as large as a swan. Yet its favorite pastime is to soar upwards until it loses itself to sight in the blue ether, whence it pours forth its resounding choral notes, which reach the distant earth clarified, and with a rhythmic swell and fall as of chiming bells. It also sings by night, "counting the hours," the gauchos say, and where they have congregated together in tens of thousands the mighty roar of their combined voices produces an astonishingly grand effect.

The largest aquatic order is that of the *Limicola* — snipes, plover, and their allies — which has about twenty-five species. The vociferous, spur-winged lapwing and the beautiful black and white stilt, and a true snipe and a painted snipe, are, strictly speaking, the only residents; and it is astonishing to find that, of the five-and-twenty species, at least thirteen are visitors from North America, several of them having their breeding-places high up in the Arctic regions. This is one of those facts concerning the annual migration of birds which almost stagger belief; for among them are species with widely different habits, upland, marsh, and seashore birds, and in their great bi-annual journey they pass through a variety of climates, and visit many countries where the conditions seem suited to their requirements. Nevertheless, in September, and even as early as August, they begin to arrive on the pampas, the golden plover often still wearing his black nuptial dress; singly and in pairs, in small flocks, and in clouds they come — curlew, godwit, plover, tatter, tringa — piping the wild notes to which the Greenlander listened in June, now to the gaucho herdsman on the green plains of La Plata, then to the wild Indian in his remote village, and soon, further south, to

the houseless guanaco-hunter in the grey wilderness of Patagonia.

Here is a puzzle for ornithologists. In summer on the pampas we have a godwit (*Limosa Hudsonica*); in March it goes north to breed; later in the season flocks of the same species arrive from the south to winter on the pampas. And besides this godwit, there are several other North American species, which have colonies in the southern hemisphere, and a reversed migration and breeding season. Why do these southern birds winter so far south? Do they really breed in Patagonia? If so, their migration is an extremely limited one compared with that of the northern birds — seven or eight hundred miles, on the outside, in one case, against almost as many thousands of miles in the other. Considering that some species which migrate as far south as Patagonia breed in the Arctic regions as far north as latitude 82°, and probably higher still, it would be strange indeed if none of the birds which winter in Patagonia and on the pampas were summer visitors to that great austral continent, which has an area twice as large as that of Europe and a climate milder than the arctic one. The migrants would have about six hundred miles of sea to cross from Tierra del Fuego; but we know that the golden plover and other species, which sometimes touch at the Bermudas when travelling, fly much further than that without resting. The fact that a common Argentine titlark, a non-migrant and a weak flier, has been met with at the South Shetland Islands, close to the antarctic continent, shows that the journey may be easily accomplished by birds with strong flight; and that even the winter climate of that unknown land is not too severe to allow an accidental colonist, like this small, delicate bird, to survive. The godwit already mentioned has been observed in flocks at the Falkland Islands in May, that is, three months after the same species had taken its autumnal departure from the neighboring mainland. Can it be believed that these late visitors to the Falklands were breeders in Patagonia, and had migrated east to winter in so bleak a region? It is far more probable that they came from the south. Officers of sailing ships beating round Cape Horn might be able to settle this question definitely by looking out, and listening at night, for flights of birds, travelling north from about the first week in January to the end of February; and in September and October travelling south. Probably not fewer than a dozen species of the

plover order are breeders on the great austral continent; also other aquatic birds — ducks and geese; and many passerine birds, chiefly of the tyrant family.

Should the projected Australian expedition to the South Polar regions ever be carried to a successful issue, there will probably be important results for ornithology, in spite of the astounding theory which has found a recent advocate in Canon Tristram, that all life originated at the North Pole, whence it spread over the globe, but never succeeded in crossing the deep sea surrounding the antarctic continent, which has consequently remained till now desolate — “a giant ash (and ice) of death.” Nor is it unlikely that animals of a higher class than birds exist there; and the discovery of new mammals, differing in type from those we know, would certainly be glad tidings to most students of nature.

Land birds on the pampas are few in species and in numbers; and this may be accounted for by the absence of trees and other elevations on which birds prefer to roost and nest; and by the scarcity of food. Insects are few in dry situations; and the large perennial grasses, which occupy most of the ground, yield a miserable yearly harvest of a few minute seeds; so that this district is a poor one both for soft and hard billed birds. Hawks of several genera, in moderate numbers, are there, but generally keep to the marshes. Eagles and vultures are somewhat unworthily represented by carrion-hawks (*Polyborinae*); the lordly *carancho*, almost eagle-like in size, black and crested, with a very large, pale blue, hooked beak — his battle-axe; and his humble follower and jackal, the brown and harrier-like *chimango*. These nest on the ground, are versatile in their habits, carrion-eaters, and also killers on their own account, and, like wild dogs, sometimes hunt in bands, which gives them an advantage. They are the unfailing attendants of all flesh-hunters, human or feline; and also furiously pursue and persecute all eagles and true vultures that venture on that great sea of grass, to wander thereafter, forever lost and harried, “the Hagars and Ishmaels of their kind.”

The owls are few and all of wide-ranging species. The most common is the burrowing owl, found in both Americas. Not a retiring owl this, but all day long, in cold and in heat, it stands exposed at the mouth of its kennel, or on the vizcacha's mound, staring at the passer-by with an expression

of grave surprise and reprehension in its round yellow eyes; male and female invariably together, standing stiff and erect, almost touching — of all birds that pair for life the most Darby and Joan like.

Of the remaining land-birds, numbering about forty species, a few that are most attractive on account of their beauty, engaging habits, or large size, may be mentioned here. On the southern portion of the pampas the military starling (*Sturnella*) is found, and looks like the European starling, with the added beauty of a scarlet breast; among resident pampas birds the only one with a touch of brilliant coloring. It has a pleasing, careless song, uttered on the wing, and in winter congregates in great flocks, and travels slowly over the plains. When thus travelling the birds observe a kind of order, and the flock feeding along the ground shows a very extended front — a representation in bird-life of “the thin red line” — and advances by the hindmost birds constantly flying over the others and alighting in the front ranks.

Among the tyrant-birds are several species of the beautiful wing-banded genus, snow-white in color, with black on the wings and tail; these are extremely graceful birds, and strong fliers, and in desert places, where man seldom intrudes, they gather to follow the traveller, calling to each other with low, whistling notes, and in the distance look like white flowers as they perch on the topmost stems of the tall, bending grasses.

The most characteristic pampean birds are the *tinamous* — called partridges in the vernacular — the rufous tinamou, large as a fowl, and the spotted tinamou, which is about the size of the English partridge. Their habits are identical; both lay eggs of a beautiful wine-purple color, and in both species the young acquire the adult plumage and power of flight when very small, and fly better than the adults. They have small heads, slender, curved beaks, unfeathered legs and feet, and are tailless; and the plumage is deep yellowish, marked with black and brown above. They live concealed, skulking like rails through the tall grass, fly reluctantly, and when driven up, their flight is exceedingly noisy and violent, the bird soon exhausting itself. They are solitary, but many live in proximity, frequently calling to each other with soft, plaintive voices. The evening call-notes of the larger bird are flute-like in character, and singularly sweet and expressive.

The last figure to be introduced into this sketch — which is *not* a catalogue — is that of the *rhea*.

*Glyptodon*, *Toxodon*, *Myloodon*, *Megatherium* have passed away, leaving no descendants, and only pigmy representatives; but among the feathered inhabitants of the pampa the grand archaic ostrich of America survives from a time when there were also giants among the avians. Vain as such efforts usually are, one cannot help trying to imagine something of the past history of this majestic bird, before man came to lead the long chase now about to end so mournfully. Its fleetness, great staying powers, and beautiful strategy when hunted, make it seem probable that it was not without pursuers, other than the felines, among its ancient enemies, long-winded and tenacious of their quarry; and these were perhaps of a type still represented by the wolf, or hound-like *aguará* and *aguará-guazú*. It might be supposed that when almost all the larger forms, both mammal and bird, were overtaken by destruction, and when the existing *rhea* was on the verge of extinction, these long-legged swift canines changed their habits and lost their bold spirit, degenerating at last into hunters of small birds and mammals, on which they are said to live.

The *rhea* possesses a unique habit, which is a puzzle to us, although it probably once had some significance — namely, that of running, when hunted, with one wing raised vertically, like a great sail — a veritable “ship of the wilderness.” In every way it is adapted to the conditions of the pampas in a far greater degree than other pampean birds, only excepting the rufous and spotted tinamous. Its commanding stature gives it a wide horizon; and its dim, pale, bluish-grey color assimilates to that of the haze, and renders it invisible at even a moderate distance. Its large form fades out of sight mysteriously, and the hunter strains his eyes in vain to distinguish it on the blue expanse. Its figure and carriage have a quaint majestic grace, somewhat unavian in character, and peculiar to itself. There are few more strangely fascinating sights in nature than that of the old black-necked cock bird, standing with raised, agitated wings among the tall, plumed grasses, and calling together his scattered hens with hollow boomings and long, mysterious suspirations, as if a wind blowing high up in the void sky had found a voice. *Rhea*-hunting with the bolas, on a horse possessing both speed and endurance, and

trained to follow the bird in all his quick doublings, is unquestionably one of the most fascinating forms of sport ever invented by man. The quarry has even more than that fair chance of escape, without which all sport degenerates into mere butchery, unworthy of rational beings. Moreover, in this unique method of hunting the ostrich the capture depends on a preparedness for all the shifts and sudden changes of course practised by the bird when closely followed, which is like instinct or intuition, and finally, in a dexterity in casting the bolas at the right moment, with a certain aim, which no amount of practice can give to those who are not to the manner born.

This “wild mirth of the desert,” which the gaucho has known for the last three centuries, is now passing away, for the *rhea*'s fleetness can no longer avail him. He may scorn the horse and his rider, what time he lifts himself up, but the cowardly murderous methods of science, and a systematic war of extermination, have left him no chance. And with the *rhea* go the flamingo, antique and splendid; and the swans in their bridal plumage; and the tinamous — sweet and mournful melodists of the eventide; and the noble crested screamer, that clarion-voiced watch-bird of the night in the wilderness. These, and the other large avians, together with the finest of the mammalia, will shortly be lost to the pampas as utterly as the great bustard is to England, and as the wild turkey and bison and many other species will shortly be lost to North America. What a wail there would be in the world if a sudden destruction were to fall on the accumulated art-treasures of the National Gallery, and the marbles in the British Museum, and the contents of the King's Library — the old prints and mediæval illuminations! And these are only the work of human hands and brains — impressions of individual genius on perishable material, and immortal only in the sense that the silken cocoon of the dead moth is so, because they continue to exist and shine when the artist's hand and brain are dust; and man has the long day of life before him in which to do again things like these, and better than these, if there is any truth in evolution. But the forms of life in the two higher vertebrate classes are nature's most perfect work; and the life of even a single species is of incalculably greater value to mankind, for what it teaches and would continue to teach, than all the chiselled marbles and painted canvases the world contains; though

doubtless there are many persons who are devoted to art, but blind to some things greater than art, who will set me down as a Philistine for saying so. And, above all others, we should protect and hold sacred those types, nature's masterpieces, which are first singled out for destruction on account of their size, or splendor, or rarity, and that false, detestable glory which is accorded to their most successful slayers. In ancient times the spirit of life shone brightest in these; and when others that shared the earth with them were taken by death they were left, being more worthy of perpetuation. Like immortal flowers they have drifted down to us on the ocean of time, and their strangeness and beauty bring to our imaginations a dream and a picture of that unknown world, immeasurably far removed, where man was not; and when they perish, something of gladness goes out from nature, and the sunshine loses something of its brightness. Nor does their loss affect us and our times only. The species now being exterminated, not only in South America but everywhere else on the globe, are, so far as we know, untouched by decadence. They are links in a chain, and branches on the tree of life, with their roots in a past inconceivably remote; and but for our action they would continue to flourish, reaching outward to an equally distant future, blossoming into higher and more beautiful forms, and gladdening innumerable generations of our descendants. But we think nothing of all this; we must give full scope to our passion for taking life, though by so doing we "ruin the great work of time;" not in the sense in which the poet used those words, but in one truer, and wider, and infinitely sadder. Only when this sporting rage has spent itself, when there are no longer any animals of the larger kinds remaining, the loss we are now inflicting on this our heritage, in which we have a life-interest only, will be rightly appreciated. It is hardly to be supposed or hoped that posterity will feel satisfied with our monographs of extinct species, and the few crumbling bones and faded feathers which may possibly survive half-a-dozen centuries in some happily placed museum. On the contrary, such dreary mementoes will only serve to add poignancy to their grief; and if they remember us at all, it will only be to hate our memory and our age — this enlightened, scientific, humanitarian age, which should have for a motto: "Let us slay all noble and beautiful things, for to-morrow we die."

W. H. HUDSON.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES.

II.

SOME GREAT BEAUTIES AND SOCIAL CELEBRITIES.

*Publisher of Maga.* You suggested last month that I should continue my questions, and enable you to recall the most interesting events of your life. There are a great many ideas which occur to me connected with the subjects of our last conversation. You told me much about the dandies and great ladies of your early days; were there no great beauties who attracted your attention at that time?

*Author.* Yes, certainly there were many remarkable for beauty; but I have often wondered whether the pre-eminently beautiful women are rarer than they were in the time of Horace Walpole, who tells us that when the Miss Gunninges passed through Doncaster the street was full of an admiring crowd at early dawn to see them start for the North; and you remember that George III. ordered an officer's guard to protect one of them, Lady Coventry, from being pressed upon by the people when she walked in the Mall. We see nothing of such excitement in these days. The costumes of that time may have had something to do with this. Each class had its own style of dress; the laced bodices, brocaded petticoats, bright stockings, and German hoops of the upper classes, may have aided to attract attention. Now and then at the date you mention — in my time — some paragon of beauty, independent of rank and attractive dress, was occasionally to be seen. I remember a friend telling me Miss Maclean was so beautiful that whenever she appeared in Edinburgh, where she resided, a crowd collected; on one occasion when he accompanied her to a shop in Princes Street, police had to be sent for to clear the way; and when that evening she entered the theatre, the audience stood up in homage to her charms. I can recall one person who came up to this standard of perfection. I was with her in Paris, and walking in the Champs Elysées was one of the most unpleasant processes I ever went through. It was almost impossible to move, from the crowds of admirers rushing by, and then turning back to look at her. At last we took to a *fiacre*, and escaped this unwelcome demonstration. This charming person did not live long, and left a daughter who has inherited much of her mother's beauty and grace, and is "La Reine des Fêtes" at Cannes.



A very interesting circumstance occurred in connection with this lady when she was in Scotland—and it proves what a poet Landseer was. She was on a visit to the Duchess of Bedford, somewhere in Inverness-shire. There was a large party in the house, amongst others Sir Edwin Landseer. One day there was a picnic in the forest, and it so happened Landseer was left behind with this graceful lady on the summit of a hill which the rest of the party were descending. She was leaning against a grey pony. Landseer was at once struck with the beauty of the picture; the wild crags, purple heather, the charming figure with the pony in relief against the sky-line, was such a combination as an artist might well love to paint. He invited her to remain a few minutes in the same attitude while he sketched her; it was a very slight sketch, but one of his loveliest. He led the pony down the steep brae, and the great artist ever retained the most vivid impression of that twilight walk, a dream of the fairest of women, and indeed only a dream, for a few months after this a slight cold brought on that fatal heritage of our climate, consumption, and the beautiful vision faded away. There was subsequently a sale of all her personal effects, including the grey pony, which Landseer bought in memory of that memorable afternoon. As he had no use for it, it was turned out and carefully tended, and no one was permitted to use it.\*

*Maga.* That was indeed true poetic sentiment!

*A.* Landseer was a poet, at least he saw everything from a poetic point of view. The names he gave his pictures were proofs of his poetic nature. His two famous pictures, "Peace" and "War:" in "Peace" the sheep nibbling the grass which had grown into the mouth of the cannon—in "War" the wounded soldier lying beside it. The two dogs "Pride and Humility;" the "Children of the Mist," the deer on the grey mountain-side, with the mists of the dark, silent lake rising around them. There was a truth about Landseer's paintings no other painter of animals has ever equalled; in fact, his

heart was in his work. The most charming collection of his works was at Redleaf near Penshurst. He resided there every year, and I understood that all the pictures he painted there were left to his friend the proprietor.

*Maga.* Besides this beautiful lady you mention, there must have been others, if not so remarkable, at any rate possessed of great attractions.

*A.* You recall to me the coronation, when the foreigners who crowded London on that occasion were astonished at the galaxy of beauty and grace which shone in the Abbey, more especially surrounding the queen. I came up from Eton for the night, and it was certainly very striking, and impressed me vividly. I recall now the gallant, chivalrous appearance of Lord Alfred Paget, who headed the procession on a charger that caroled and curveted in the most admirable *haute école* style. It is always some individual in a pageant which clings to the memory. Then came the great Scottish duke—to whom Lord Brougham might have applied his phrase, "very duke of very duke"—the popular, graceful "bold Buccleuch," who was the observed of all. I remember the enthusiastic welcome given to Marshal Soult, who, after all his campaigns, had never met the Duke of Wellington until he entered the hall of Apsley House, when he found himself in front of Canova's statue of the great emperor, who stands there with the globe in his hand. It was referring to this statue the eminent sculptor replied to the duke, who remarked that the globe was too small in proportion to the statue, "Vous savez, monseigneur, que l'Angleterre n'est pas comprise!" However, you asked me about the beauties of the days of my youth, and I am telling you the incidents of the coronation, so divergent are recollections! There were at this time three sisters, fairest among the fairest, who, I imagine, might have competed in beauty with the Gunning family, and in other qualities have greatly excelled them; for they, from their grandfather, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, inherited with the Sheridan beauty all the Sheridan genius—the beauty of the Lindleys and the genius of Richard Brinsley Sheridan being alike unequalled. The three sisters were Lady Seymour, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton, who afford the brightest proofs of the transmission of hereditary qualities. The very name of Sheridan is associated with the highest personal and intellectual gifts. If Sheridan, as Moore has expressed it, was

\* It was from this same hilltop, on a subsequent occasion, that the owner, a great chieftain, pointed out to me a farm-steading: "In that house," he said, "were born four sons of a tenant-farmer, who rose to be Sir Charles Malcolm, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Peregrine Malcolm, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, all eminent in their respective professions. This was the result of the Scotch parochial system of education, which was the admiration of all countries, and which we have exchanged for school boards!"

The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,

The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master  
of all,—

Miss Lindley was equally remarkable for the grace and charm of womanhood. The grandchildren possessed the united gifts which won all hearts. No one who ever met Lady Dufferin could forget her rare combination of grace, beauty, and wit. Of Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Shelley writes: "I never met a woman so perfectly charming, with so variable but always beautiful an expression, with the ebb and flow of the eloquent blood in her cheek." But the succession of merit and excellence does not stop here. We have in the present Lord Dufferin a proof of the inheritance of the highest qualities of talent; and that charm of manner which is no little set-off to the highest intellectual qualities, is still transmitted to the present generation. The fame of Richard Brinsley Sheridan will survive as long as the name so dear to all exists.

*Maga.* Was not Lady Seymour the queen of beauty at the Eglinton tournament?

*A.* The Eglinton tournament was before my time; but I heard so much about it, I feel as if I had been present at it. Lady Seymour was, as you say, the queen of beauty, and by every report appeared in all her glory, radiantly beautiful. I cannot tell you what a sensation that tournament made—not only at the time of its celebration, but long afterwards. At this time a certain halo of poetry and romance surrounded society; the railway had not exercised its levelling influence on all around. Lord Eglinton was himself the very type of chivalry, and in the tournament he gratified not merely his own taste but the spirit of the age. It was only recently that ladies wore the *manche à le* Caradoc, because Colonel Caradoc\*—"le beau Caradoc," as he was called—had been wounded at the siege of Antwerp, and for some months appeared with the sleeve of his coat cut open and tied with ribbons; and the ladies had their sleeves slashed in a similar manner. Thus the courtly grace and chivalrous spirit which still survived gave to the tournament an interest far beyond a mere pageant, not only with the upper but with all classes of society. There are at Eglinton Castle two volumes of applications for tickets of

\* We shall meet with Colonel Caradoc as Lord Howden at Paris and Madrid.

admission from very distant parts, which prove how it was appreciated far and wide. Lord Eglinton told me that when he first thought of it, he fully expected that the cost would not exceed £2,000; it ended in an expenditure of £30,000 to £40,000. However, we will not talk of the tournament, of which you must have heard enough, and of which I can only give you reports. The curious part of it is, that Lord Eglinton gained so much popularity by it—for certainly in the Lowlands of Scotland no one was more popular. Until the tournament he was only known as a genial, frank, open-hearted nobleman; but after this event he was regarded as one of the leading political men of the day, and was certainly in the confidence of Lord Derby, who sent him to Ireland, when, as lord lieutenant, he achieved a great success. His warm-hearted nature sympathized with the generous qualities of the Irish nation; he moved amongst and entered into the lives and interests of all classes. Lord Eglinton was a proof how much heart can do in attracting all sorts and conditions of men; for although he seemed, when he entered on his high office, to gain those qualifications which are especially required for its due fulfilment, he was not a highly gifted man, nor in his early youth had he devoted much time to serious occupation; yet he surprised those who knew him best by his admirable speeches, the clearness of his judgment, and his power of work. These strata of merit in his nature were entirely unknown even to himself; the circumstances of his position called them forth, and this position he certainly owed to the tournament without which he might never have been selected from a number of his compeers for so high a post.

*Maga.* Were you often at Eglinton Castle?

*A.* Yes, constantly. Next to Drumlanrig, it was the great house of reception in Scotland. Every degree of merit or renown might claim welcome there; and had not only their claims allowed, but the welcome was unlimited—unstinted. I have known guests remain weeks, even months, and show no inclination to leave, which was trying enough to the patience and gentle nature of their host and hostess. There was, as might be anticipated, an evil attending this exuberant hospitality; it led to excessive hero-worship. Simple, kind, and unassuming as Lord Eglinton was, he could not avoid the atmosphere of incense that was burned at his shrine. The effect of this was some-

times amusing. It was an article of the castle faith that no one could beat his lordship at billiards, rackets, or tennis — indeed at any game. A young officer — one of the Mundy family — arrived there, and, in ignorance of the Eglinton infallibility doctrine, had the audacity to offer to play his host at billiards, and to announce his superior skill by giving Lord Eglinton so many points. The general indignation was intense, especially amongst those *habitués* who never left the castle, and who, if they were ever called away for a day or two, locked up their rooms. Those offered to prove their belief in their host's superior skill by backing him for large amounts. In the evening we adjourned to the billiard-room, and the great match commenced. It was evident from the first strokes that Lord Eglinton, who was really a very good player, had found his superior. There was a calm confidence about the new-comer that was very exasperating; he seemed so perfectly at his ease; there was a smile on his countenance that would have entirely disconcerted a less gentle nature than Eglinton's. As the game went on and the result was foreseen, the excitement of the Eglintonians could scarcely be suppressed, — it almost amounted to a tempest of indignation. The game ended, and the young guardsman collected his bets. However, we all looked forward to the morrow; the racket-court would recover the honors of the day, and the losses of the previous evening were to be retrieved. But meanwhile the successful rival was regarded with eyes of jealousy and treated with scant courtesy by many of the backers of the castle against the world — not by our host, who, with his perfect tact, only showed more than usual warmth and kindness in his greeting. I was much interested in this specimen of the gay *flour-des-poix* of the day; he was the beau-ideal of a Lord Foppington. After the billiards, I went to his room, where I saw all his equipment, worthy of a dandy of the last century. Amongst other articles was a long box for his neckties, of which he had several dozen. I asked him why he required so many, and he explained that he never wore a white tie twice. "Do you ever wear a washed tie?" he asked me in the young-exquisite style. The next day the racket-court became the centre of attraction. Here there was a large gathering of spectators, for all the establishment were present. Alas for the courtiers! the result was the same as at billiards. Lord Eglinton had no chance

against his youthful antagonist. At last even his lordship looked disappointed and annoyed. As for his supporters, they seemed to consider themselves shamefully treated, that any one should dare to snatch the laurel from their patron's brow; and they were not appeased when the victor offered to run a race or ride a race against any one present. No one took his bet, so he was left alone in his glory. I was one of the few guests who took a kindly view of this young original. The only time I ever saw Lord Eglinton annoyed was when the Prince of Parma complained that he had not been treated with proper respect by this young gentleman.

*Maga.* Which Prince of Parma was that?

*A.* The son of the prince who abdicated when this duke became sovereign prince (he had married Mademoiselle, sister of the Comte de Chambord). He professed to dislike all etiquette, and yet was easily put out if his position was not fully recognized. He was very proud of his ancestral connection with the royal blood of Scotland, and always maintained that his claim to the throne was nearer than the Duke of Modena's. I don't know how that is, but it was a subject on which he was never tired of talking. He was by way of being a great sportsman, yet when he hunted with the Duke of Buccleuch at Bowhill, he requested a groom might accompany him to break down the fences, as he dismounted at every obstacle. The groom was worn out before the end of the day, and expressed the hope that he might never ride with a Royal Highness again. It is strange he should have been so bad a rider, for his father was very fond of horses, and kept a magnificent stud. There were from two to three hundred horses at Parma. The prince was very interesting on the subject, and told us the stables were put into the perfection of order by Ward, the Yorkshire stable-boy. His was a remarkable career.

*Maga.* You mean the famous Baron Ward?

*A.* Precisely; one of the cleverest diplomatists, financiers, and ministers of the day. The duke told us the baron's history. The prince said his father used to visit the stables every morning to inspect the horses. On one occasion his attention was called to some horses which had arrived from England the previous week. The stables at that time were not in good order, and he overheard some one say, "We would not stand this kind of thing in Yorkshire." The prince turned round

quickly, and saw young Ward. "Was it you who spoke?" he asked.

"Well, I did say something, your Royal Highness."

"What's your name?"

"Ward, please your Highness. I arrived with horses last week for your Royal Highness."

"You said, 'We would not stand this in Yorkshire'?"

"That's about it, your Royal Highness," replied Ward, tugging away at his forelock.

"What do you mean?"

"Only, please your Royal Highness, in Yorkshire I think we know how to keep horses."

The prince turned away; but shortly after, Ward was appointed the prince's personal groom, whose place it was always to ride with him. When they were out of the town, the duke would order Ward to draw near him, and ask him every kind of question regarding the management of horses and stables; and one day, to the astonishment of all the establishment, the young Yorkshire stable-boy was named master of the horse, but with the understanding that he was still to remain the prince's personal attendant. It may well be imagined what excitement this created in the princely establishment. The latter condition was the most exasperating to the old servants, as it proved what an influence he might acquire over the duke. Indeed, from that time he practically became the prince's adviser, and the duke was accustomed to invite his groom's views on subjects quite unconnected with the stables. The prince was a keen judge of character, and, like the emperor Alexander, had an enthusiastic admiration for England and Englishmen, and used to say, "If I wish to express in what I placed the greatest confidence, it is the word of an English gentleman."

Ward at this time had not associated with gentlemen; but after his promotion he astonished the court of Parma by the facility with which he acquired courtly manners. A short time subsequent to his appointment as master of the horse, he was attending the duke at a review of his small Italian army, for there was always a large Austrian force quite independent of the Parmesan troops. It must be admitted that the manœuvres left a great deal to be desired, and the prince invited Ward's opinion of their drill.

"I don't think much of it," was the reply.

"What do you know about military matters?" asked the duke.

"I have been in the Yeomanry six years, your Royal Highness, and have seen a good deal of soldiering in Yorkshire."

"Do you think you could make these men drill better?"

Ward replied he was sure he could; and he was, shortly after this conversation, placed at the head of the military department, where it was universally admitted he at once made reforms which resulted in great economy and efficiency. This was not sufficient; the finances of Parma were in a deplorable state, and but a short time elapsed before Ward was finance minister, when, what with reductions and reconstruction, there was a material improvement in the revenue. So here he was at the head of every department. Never was such a rise, except in the opera of "La Grande Duchesse." And strange to say, with all this he was not unpopular, although to obtain this result many so-called vested interests had to be disregarded, and great reductions made. But Ward showed so much shrewdness and practical good sense, that even the most interested in the existing order of things had to admit the justice of his administration.

Of course he was now a member of the court circle, and as such became known to all the literary and political celebrities with whom it was the pleasure of the prince to surround himself, until his court might have vied with that of Weimar in its classic days. It was not long before Ward was sent on a diplomatic mission to the court of Vienna, when he gave eminent proof of his sagacity, and was highly appreciated. The emperor created him a baron, and it was as Baron Ward he came to England as minister, when the Yorkshire groom found himself the object of general interest.

Lord Palmerston had the highest opinion of him, and thought him one of the most remarkable men of the age. He possessed the tact not to be thrown off his balance by his rapid elevation, and to retain, even if he did not cultivate, his simple, sometimes even uncouth manner. There was nothing particularly prepossessing in his appearance, only a straightforward honesty of expression which won the confidence of all with whom he came in contact. The close of his life was not so successful as its opening. When the reigning prince — the same who was at Eglinton — was assassinated in Turin, his widow, the grand duchess of Parma (Mademoiselle), imagined that Ward intended

to seize the sovereignty. There was really no reason to suppose that he even meditated such treachery, although his popularity was so great that had the attempt been made there is little question but it would have been attended with success. The duchess did not give him the chance; for no sooner had the news of the prince's death arrived, than Ward's house was surrounded with Austrian troops and all intercourse with the town refused him. Subsequently he was banished the territory, and had to claim the protection of Austria, where he was made most welcome. I forget whether he ever had any office under the Austrian government, but his opinion was very highly valued, and he was treated with the greatest consideration. But the change was too great, from the wide authority he had exercised at Parma. He was another proof of the proverb, "When the house is roofed in, then the grave opens," for he fell into a state of dejection, and did not long survive his exile.

The prince of Parma maintained great state in his small principality, and by the aid of the Austrians, very despotic authority. His little army was entirely under his own military code. His punishment of the officers was at times original. One of them consisted in compelling them to carry pails of water from one well to another, three or four hundred yards distant. He insisted that the entire absence of any useful purpose in this disagreeable task added greatly to its unpleasantness, in which he was not far wrong. His practical jokes did not add to the dignity or comfort of his court. I was present at a grand ball, when he ordered a large plate of strong mustard sandwiches to be handed round with his compliments at supper-time to the most dignified of the great ladies, who coughed and gesticulated painfully when they tasted the pungent mixture.

Strange to say, that with all his extravagance and folly, he possessed deep susceptibilities. His pride in the blood of the Stuarts, and love for Scotland, were rooted in his nature. "Give me but one hour of Scotland," expressed something more than mere sentiment with him. The Comte de Vallombrosa — the title by which the abdicated duke was known — was with his son after he had been struck by the assassin's knife, and he told a friend of mine that almost the last words of the poor prince referred to Scotland, — to the happy days he had passed and the many dear friends he had there. It was a sad

ending to a very active, exciting life. At that time it was little foreseen that those principalities which had so long preserved their independence would have been absorbed in what Lord Palmerston called "a geographical impossibility," — a united Italy.

*Maga.* What a loss Lord Eglinton was! He was well known to *Maga*, and at his death he received from us the rare tribute of an "In Memoriam." We wrote of him as one who had conciliated the deep affections of the people. Honor was his polar star, and no consideration could induce him to move one step to the right hand or to the left from what he felt was the path of duty. Such was the high esteem in which his character was universally held, and so sincere the admiration which his high qualities inspired, that he was without exception the most popular nobleman in Scotland; and even those whose views were most diametrically opposed to his, acknowledged his merit. In such terms wrote *Maga* in 1861; and now in 1890, after a generation has passed away, his memory is still dear to all classes in the Lowlands of Scotland.

*A.* It is true there are men who, from personal qualities, can never be replaced. As the minister who succeeded Mr. Franklin at the court of the Tuileries said to Louis XV., "I come to succeed Mr. Franklin; no one can replace him." Another important personage who was all-powerful in the Lowlands, was the late Duke of Hamilton. He was the duke Lord Brougham styled, "Very duke of very duke." He inherited in some measure his father's grandeeship of manner for never was such a *magnifico* as the tenth duke, the ambassador to the court of Russia in the time of the empress Catherine. When I knew him he was very old, but held himself straight as any grenadier. He always dressed in a military laced undress coat, tights, and Hessian boots. When he showed any visitor over Hamilton Palace, he insisted on opening every door himself, and then made the lowest obeisance to each lady who passed him. I have seen him walk down a long drive bareheaded in a pouring rain while conducting a lady to her carriage. At the time of his son's — the late duke's — marriage to the Princess Marie of Baden, his satisfaction and pride were unbounded. He arranged a triumphal progress from the borders of the county to Hamilton Palace in honor of her Serene Highness; and to commemorate what he considered a national event, a series of pictures were

published, in all of which the duke is himself the prominent figure. Well, after all, this was very harmless vanity, and it was a great happiness for him to see his son married — a son who combined the dignity of the father with the beauty of the mother, for the Duchess of Hamilton was the lovely daughter and heiress of Beckford of Font-hill, that most eccentric and brilliant possessor of boundless wealth, the author of "Vathek." The Beckford library formed one of the most interesting features of that treasure-house, Hamilton Palace — alas! all dispersed now, *quanto mutatum*; the halls that knew those admirable collections of all that was of most value in art, refinement, and taste, shall know them not again. The "blindness to the future" is never more "kindly exemplified" than in these days, when self in its lowest sense of the word rules supreme, and the self-denial of one generation is sacrificed to the self-indulgence of its successor.

*Maga.* I have always understood that the late Duke of Hamilton preferred Arran to Hamilton Palace.

*A.* I think he did; but he kept up a princely establishment at Hamilton; he was in every act the *grand seigneur* he looked. Lady Jersey always spoke of his wonderful resemblance to Lord Byron. No doubt he was deeply impressed with the importance of his position, and especially with his being next of kin to the throne of Scotland. The head of the house of Hamilton was really in a *quasi* royal position without any aid from a princess of Baden. At Arran every visitor to the castle received a token, which, when shown, enabled him to pass all over the island, taking carriages, stopping at hotels, incurring any expenditure, without spending a sixpence. As at Eglinton, it frequently happened that visitors, especially foreigners, took advantage of this unbounded hospitality, and never would leave. The list of visitors to Hamilton Palace was a long and distinguished one. The duke and duchess delighted to show their princely residence with its art treasures to foreigners, and those of any consideration who visited England were invited to Hamilton. I remember well the sensation one of the most important visitors made; it was the empress Eugenie, after the death of her sister, the Duchesse d'Albe. There was something most tragical in all the circumstances connected with the sadly premature end of this charming young person, which explained the profound melancholy of the empress Eugenie, without the gossip and

scandal of the Tuileries *entourage*. It occurred in August, 1860. The emperor and empress were on their way to Algiers, where the news of her sister's death had preceded her. As soon as the imperial yacht anchored, the emperor was informed of the sad event, but at such a time it was not thought well to announce it to the empress; she was only told that the duchess was seriously unwell. Even then she wished to return at once without even landing; but this was quite impossible. The whole city was *en fête*; the Arab chiefs and their tribes had come from the uttermost parts of the country; the greatest excitement prevailed; and the emperor was compelled to ask the empress to conquer her feelings, and with a sad heart to enter into all these festivities. The grand receptions over, the imperial yacht sailed, and then the empress was told the truth. The passage was delayed by bad weather, and on her arrival at St. Cloud the empress learnt that her loved sister was already buried.

The Duchesse d'Albe was older than the empress, and only thirty-five at the time of her death, — equally remarkable as her sister for beauty, but of quite a different character. Both the sisters combined the stately grace of the Spanish with the gentle frankness of the English nature. There had been more than ordinary sympathy and affection between the sisters; and the empress, after her loss, fell into a state of deep depression, and a tour in Scotland was projected, where, it was hoped, she would not be subjected to any necessity for representation or grand ceremonial. The Duchess of Hamilton's connection with the emperor, led to the visit I mention, when I was one of the very few friends invited. The moment it was announced that the empress was to pass the day at the palace, the excitement was quite extraordinary. To my surprise, on my arrival at Motherwell I found not only the station blocked with people, but a dense crowd all the way from Motherwell to Hamilton Palace. The one anxiety was to obtain a glimpse of the empress. On driving up to the door I found the whole establishment *en grande tenue*. On entering the drawing-room, there stood the empress, with a large suite, all in the deepest mourning. There were not more than four or five visitors. Scarcely a word was said, and the effect was very melancholy; neither did the subsequent repast conduce to cheerfulness. The great dining-room had been darkened; although it was only three o'clock, the lights were

subdued; so the repast was a very funereal one. The whole scene was suited to the empress's frame of mind; she talked very little, and afterwards in conversation with her *entourage*, it was impossible to gain any information. In fact, there was an air of profound mystery in the whole proceeding. By the time the dinner, or rather luncheon, was over (and it lasted two hours), the crowd of people in the park was immense. It seemed as if the whole county had collected to stare and wonder, not at any grand procession or military display, but simply at a graceful lady in deep mourning, who wore such a thick veil that not a feature was discernible; nor was the interest confined to the county of Lanark. I was much amused at a friend, who saw my name as one of the few guests on that occasion, writing to say that, if I would only tell him *le mot de l'énigme*—what I had learned of the secret history of this journey—he would promise to repeat to me the two most confidential secrets which had been recently confided to him. The secret, however, as far as I was concerned, was *nil*—like the knife-grinder's story, there was none to tell. So I lost the confidential anecdotes.

Among the foreigners I recall a very distinguished artist, who afforded us much entertainment—M. Gudin, the great marine painter. Some of his sea-pieces were wonderful in their power and conception. I remember one at Hamilton House; there was nothing but the wide sea, the floating wreck of a mast, with a sea-bird upon it—nothing more. But it filled the mind with an indescribable sense of loneliness,—the waste of ocean; the lurid sky and dark masses of clouds; the solitary spar, which told its own tale; the wild bird which found a resting-place on the lonely wreck,—it was a picture which always fascinated me, and conveyed a far deeper sense of awe than the famous shipwreck of the *Medusa* in the Louvre, or the scene of the battle raging wild and strong. Companionship even in death seems to mitigate the horrors of the scene; the loneliness of what Rousseau called the melancholy ocean, as depicted by Gudin, was almost painful.

Gudin was not, however, himself of a melancholy mood; on the contrary, he was one of the liveliest of Frenchmen. A great Anglomaniac, it was delightful to see him equipped for *le sport*. His shooting-costume was a little better adapted for the Palais Royal arcades than for our moors. I went out shooting with him one day, when he allowed all the birds to

escape. At last he wounded a hare, which, however, was able to limp away. Gudin's excitement was intense; in vain he tried to get another shot. At last he threw down his gun, to the amusement of the whole party, ran after the hare, and at last fairly outran his poor victim, caught it within his arms, and returned triumphant. He set a high value on his paintings. One of the guests, who was rather notorious for getting amateur work out of artists, told Gudin he much wished to possess some slight record of the great master.

"Charmé, charmé, mon cher," said Gudin; and the next day gave him a sketch in oils the size of a sheet of note-paper—a sunset at sea. Except that it was by Gudin I would not have given £10 for it. The face of the connoisseur was quite a study when he learned that Gudin valued it at fifteen hundred francs (£60).

The last time I met Gudin was in the lobby of the House of Commons. I was told that a distinguished foreigner wished to see me. When I went out I saw quite a crowd round a man whose coat was covered with decorations, crosses, stars, and ribbons. To my astonishment and that of the surrounders, he rushed up to me and threw his arms round my neck, "Comme je suis charmé de vous voir, mon cher!" I became the hero of the lobby. When I released myself from his embrace, and his attentions were transferred to some other acquaintance, every one rushed forward to hear who this distinguished individual was. He was supposed to be a great warrior, or at least a royal or ducal highness; and the revulsion of feeling was great when they learned the lavishly decorated individual was a marine painter. Gudin played a part in the Revolution of 1848 in Paris; he was one of Lamartine's faithful followers, a kind of body-guard who never left him. During one month he slept under the dining-room table, for there was no accommodation in Lamartine's house; *similia similibus*, there was one affinity between Lamartine and Gudin—intense vanity.

Another illustrious personage who paid frequent visits to Hamilton was the queen of Holland. She was one of the many notables who preferred Scotland to her own country; and yet she possessed a charming residence near the Hague—La Maison de Bois. She was better informed on our public affairs than most members of either House of Parliament; and she was perfectly astonished when she mentioned a member, and I had to confess that I did not know the names of half the House, of

which I had been so many years a member. The customs of her court were curious. Once I visited the Hague. As soon as I arrived, an aide-de-camp brought me an invitation to dine that day at six o'clock. The Maison de Bois is so styled as the drive to it is through a beautiful wood. The house itself is in no way remarkable, except for its very unusual English comfort look. The dinner was a very short performance; an hour saw us out of the room, and I was told we were not expected to remain, but to return at nine o'clock. This seemed a very inconvenient arrangement; but I conformed to it, and nine o'clock found me again *en route*. The evening party was on a much larger scale, and we all stood in a circle while the queen passed round; suddenly in the midst of this function the doors were thrown open, and a little man in a splendid livery, a kind of miniature cathedral Swiss, carrying a large halberd, appeared; he was followed by four attendants, two with baskets full of bottles of champagne — the others carried trays, with long, old-fashioned glasses. He stopped opposite each guest, struck the *parquet* with his halberd, made a low obeisance, and then stood aside while a glass of champagne was poured out. This represented the festive part of the evening's entertainment. Then followed several games of commerce, and at eleven we left. This invitation was renewed every other day; but agreeable and intellectual royal society tires at last, especially when it entails most inconvenient hours, and I did not make a prolonged stay at the Hague.

The diplomatists were especially welcome at Hamilton. The Great Eltchi, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Ponsonby, Count Apponyi, etc., found themselves in congenial society. It is needless to speak of Lord Stratford as a remarkable man. His excelling power, his influence, are testified to in every page of Kinglake. His indomitable will was shown even in his daily life. A party of young men, we started from Hamilton to walk to Bothwell, about five miles distant. Lord Stratford wished to see the old castle, and proposed to join us. It was a long walk for a veteran of seventy-four, but he stepped out as briskly as the youngest. It was evident as we approached the park that he was very tired, and I suggested when we reached the lodge gate that he should return. "Certainly not. I shall touch the ruins with my hands. I always carry out my intentions." And he did so. He would put his hands on the

crumbling walls, — cared little for the ruins, and still less for the beautiful view of the rushing Clyde as it sweeps round the base of the rock. His eagerness was to return, and he showed the same energy to the last. He was very proud of his connection with Mr. Canning. His vanity had nothing of the lower class of personal egotism. Gratified as he was when Mr. Gladstone recommended him for the Garter, he accepted it as a recognition of a life's work devoted to his country, for his one idea was the greatness of England. The lines written on his death were most appropriate:—

Thou third great Canning, stand among our  
best  
And noblest, now thy long day's work has  
ceased;  
Here silent in our Minster of the West,  
Who wert the voice of England in the East.

The second Canning alluded to was the viceroy of India, one of the galaxy of illustrious men the companions of Mr. Gladstone at Oxford.

*Maga.* Lord Stratford, I suppose, had at this time retired from diplomacy?

*A.* This was just after his retirement. And after such a crowded life, he missed active work; although in his life, recently published, he seems to have always sighed for England. But when he did retire he found himself quite out of touch with the new society. This was not the case with Lord Ponsonby, who could adapt himself to all sorts and conditions of men. Lord Ponsonby had never the same influence as the Great Eltchi, but his name was very powerful at the Porte. As I have mentioned, he was at one time troubled by the presence of Mr. Urquhart, who by his Orientalism eclipsed the ambassador; but when Urquhart was recalled, Lord Ponsonby attained, by his social qualities, almost as great weight as Lord Stratford by his strength of character. Lord Ponsonby, I have heard his contemporaries say, was the handsomest man of his time; and I recall a book by a very well-known and very clever lady, who mentions that her attention was attracted to a gentleman in deep mourning, who at a certain hour rode down South Audley Street, in which she resided, on his way to the Park; how his singular beauty fascinated her, and how she waited daily to see him pass long before she became acquainted with him as Lord Ponsonby. It is rarely, indeed, that a man's life is preserved by his beauty, for it is a quality more likely to lose than to save; but it was the case with Lord



Ponsonby. He told me the anecdote himself as far as the risk of life which he ran, but he left others to inform me of the cause of his rescue. He was not twenty when he passed through Paris in 1791. War had not been declared, but there was a strong feeling against England. At that time the lamps were hung across the streets — hence the cry "*A la lanterne.*" When any unhappy victim was taken, the process of hanging him was a very simple one. Lord Ponsonby, walking in the Rue St. Honoré, was so unfortunate as to fall in with the mob, who seized him with the cry, "*Voilà un agent de Pitt! un sacré Anglais! à la lanterne!*" The lamp was taken down, the cords placed round his neck, and he was actually hanging in the air, when the women, who played such a prominent part throughout the Revolution, rushed forward and cut the cords. "*C'est un trop joli garçon pour être pendu,*" was the cry. He fell on the pavement, and was immediately carried off by his protectors and carefully tended. All these circumstances, I repeat, with the exception of the cause of the interference of the women, were told me by Lord Ponsonby; and he proceeded to give an account of his sensations on returning to consciousness. He could not have been actually suspended in mid-air more than a few seconds, and yet in that brief space of time all the events of his past life passed through his mind. It is true that his life to that date had not been a very eventful one, being only nineteen years of age, but every past sensation was renewed in all its freshness. It is also remarkable that he did not at the time experience any sensation of fear; while, he added, his was an essentially nervous temperament. This remarkable mental power of calling up the past in moments of suspended animation, I have heard frequently mentioned. One was the case of Count Zichy, in the Revolution of 1848, in Vienna. He was caught by the savage mob, hung like Lord Ponsonby in the middle of the street, when his own regiment of dragoons charged down and cut the cords as he was swinging in the air. He fell to the ground and was supposed to be dead; but his recovery was a very different matter from Lord Ponsonby's, for he suffered agonies, and for ten days had four men constantly with him. He described exactly the same sensations as Lord Ponsonby; the scroll of what was a much longer life was unrolled, even the smallest detail rushed back on his memory; he had the same fearlessness at the moment, but he felt all the horror

of the agony when the danger was past. Another instance that I recall was in connection with the famous Hamilton railway accident in Canada. The train was running at a rapid pace down a steep incline to the river, when suddenly it was observed, by all those standing outside, that the bridge over the river was broken down. It was evident to the passengers that a terrible catastrophe was inevitable. Amid shrieks and cries of alarm all the brakes were applied, but the descent was too steep to render them of any avail. At last the train leaped into the abyss of rushing waters. My informant was in the last car, and he said that from the time when the carriage was dragged over until the final crash was only a few seconds, and it seemed an eternity, and all his life passed before him. A most interesting little book called "*Admiral Beaufort's Experiences of Drowning,*" bears testimony to this seemingly universal experience in sudden danger. "*Thought succeeded thought,*" says the admiral, "*with a rapidity that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation, — the event that had just taken place, the effect it would have on my family, and a thousand circumstances associated with home, travelling backward in time in retrograde succession.*" All this proves that duration of life does not depend on hours, but on the number of impressions conveyed to the brain. Thus a monotonous life passes like a dream, whereas a crowded life of exciting events seems very prolonged. Let a man turn globe-trotter and "*survey mankind*" for only a few months "*from China to Peru;*" he will be inclined to ask on his return, "*Stands Scotland where she did?*" the changes of scene will have been so strongly reflected on his mind. But to return to Lord Ponsonby, whose career was a very interesting one, and who, by tact and perfection of manner, achieved those successes in diplomatic life which are frequently attained, as in the case of Lord Stratford, by the "*power of thought and magic of the mind,*" — the one gained his objects by love, the other conquered by fear. Lord Ponsonby was a charming *raconteur*, had an excellent memory, was very epigrammatic. He said, "*After a long life passed in diplomacy, I come to the conclusion that the great advantage an ambassador has in social life is, that at dinner-parties he in general is handed the liver wing of the chicken!*"

Hamilton Palace, which is rather a

gloomy, stately pile, with its black marble stair, was in the late duke's time the scene of many a joyous festivity; *fête* succeeded *fête*, and the town of Hamilton was enlivened by the constant succession of visitors. Then there were occasional grand functions. One I remember afforded the guests much amusement. There was to be a review of the Lanarkshire militia, when the commander of the forces in Scotland was General Viscount Melville. He was a strict disciplinarian, an excellent soldier, but most particular as to detail; it was said he could detect a missing button on a private's coat. He was the inspecting officer. The review was to take place in the park of the palace. Luncheon was prepared for the whole county. A large party were invited in honor of Lord Melville, who arrived at the palace the previous day to meet Lord B——, the colonel of the militia regiment. There were few people so popular as Lord B——. His geniality equalled his hospitality, and his residence was a house widely known and highly considered; but he was very forgetful, and despised all those military details which Lord Melville considered to be of the first importance — so much so, that at dinner the general expressed himself very strongly as to the attention the colonel should give the next day to the equipment of the corps, and, above all, to his own personal appearance. "Trust to me," said Lord B——; "you will see how well I shall turn out to-morrow." However, it was evident that the commander-in-chief was full of doubt; nor were his apprehensions unfounded. The next day was beautiful. Crowds assembled in the park and at the entrance of the palace; but the regiment arrived without its colonel. Lord Melville was purple with rage. There we all waited half an hour. At last appeared the colonel, and in the most motley guise — no cocked-hat, his sash slung rather than tied round his waist, his trousers, without straps, half-way up his legs. He jogged along in perfect indifference as to his appearance. Lord Melville was too overcome with indignation to speak when Lord B—— said, "Well, general, I hope you think me all right to-day."

Low-muttered anathemas were the only reply to this salutation. However, the review proceeded, but very slowly, for the colonel had to read the word of command from a paper which he did not even try to conceal. Lord Melville dashed about in a frenzy. At length the last manœuvre and final blow came.

The regiment formed square. "Make

ready, present, fire!" was the word of command. Not a sound but the click of the locks.

"Colonel, what does this mean?" shouted the general.

"They have no powder," replied the colonel.

"No powder, colonel, for a field-day!"

"The fact is, general, sometimes the horses don't stand fire; mine is very fidgety, and I thought it just as well the review should go off without an accident."

Lord Melville's disgust was too deep for utterance; his sorrowful countenance was more effective than his usual volleys of excited language. Thus ended the grand review. But Lord B—— returned home feeling persuaded that it had been a great success, for the general's anger was too great for utterance.

The duke was an excellent reel-dancer; there were few who could compete with him in agility and endurance. I remember at Nice when he was dancing a reel, to the great surprise of the Nizzards, a grand lady of the old *régime* being quite scandalized at what she considered a most savage exhibition. "Ils sont des sauvages comme les Irlandais: bientôt on va danser le Irish jig," as she pronounced the name of the Irish jig. The Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Athole would dance against each other until they almost sank exhausted. The Duke of Athole was another grand representative of a noble Highland family. Like the Duke of Hamilton, he was taken away prematurely, and was deeply lamented. He had a disease which was certain to end fatally; but it afforded him time before his death to call on every tenant, and his farewell was so cheerful that it bore testimony to his perfect peace of mind. A touching incident occurred at the last. It was recounted in the daily papers how the queen visited Blair-Athole to bid the final adieu to the chief of one of Scotland's noblest clans. She had returned to the station, where a great crowd was collected, but which, in sympathy with the solemnity of the occasion, maintained perfect silence. The train was about to start, when there was a shout of "Stop! stop!" and a brougham was seen driving rapidly from the castle. Out of it, wrapped in flannels, staggered the duke, came to the door of the royal saloon, knelt to kiss the queen's hand, waved his cap, called out "Three cheers for the queen!" re-entered his carriage, and never left the castle again.

Arran was a delightful abode. The duke much preferred it to Hamilton, which

is so surrounded by coal-pits. Brodick — not a large house — possessed charms quite unequalled by any other residence. They were happy days he passed in that grand insular feudal residence, where every cottar regarded the duke as their friend and protector. He was abused because he would not permit Brodick to be turned into a modern watering-place, to be crammed with loafers and tourists. But those who really appreciated the Highland life, artists and true lovers of scenery, were ever welcome to Brodick, where the family lived, dispensing a feudal hospitality. The death of the late Duke of Hamilton in 1863 was felt far and wide; and the suddenness of the accident which led to his loss added to the great sorrow. The duke had left Scotland for the Continent in perfect health. In Paris he slipped on one of those dangerous highly polished stairs which are so common in French houses, and had a concussion of the brain. He was taken to his hotel, the Bristol. A messenger was at once sent to inform the emperor. So soon as the sad intelligence reached St. Cloud, the empress went to nurse him. He lingered many days, and no *sœur de charité* could have afforded more comfort, and attended him more lovingly, than that kind-hearted lady. She never left him until the sad end, realizing in its noblest sense the grand old Douglas motto, "Tender and true."

Now I dare say, for the present, you have heard enough of social recollections; next month we will talk of politics.

From The Spectator.

#### BUNYAN'S USE OF VERSE.

A DISCOVERY of the original edition, — the edition of 1686, — of Bunyan's "Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children," which has just been republished in fac-simile by Mr. Elliot Stock, has recalled attention to his verse, of which there is plenty (usually of a rather poor quality) scattered through his great allegory. As a rule, when the pilgrims in "The Pilgrim's Progress" break out into verse, they more frequently than not flatten down what had been far more effectively and imaginatively said in prose. For example, take the death of Faithful in Vanity Fair. Here is the story of it in prose: "They therefore brought him out to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with

knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end. Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude, a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had despatched him) was taken up in it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate." And then comes the verse: —

Brave Faithful, bravely done in word and deed,

Judge, witnesses, and jury, have instead  
Of overcoming thee, but shown their rage:  
When they are dead, thou'lt live from age to age.

Well Faithful thou hast faithfully profest  
Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest  
When faithless ones with all their vain delights

Are crying out under their hellish plights.  
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive,  
For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

Every one will prefer, we suppose, the simpler and more imaginative prose, to the verse whose rhymes appear to be intended to make up for strength and nobility of expression. And this is not unfrequently the case with those who are attracted by rhyme, but have not yet entered into its significance, its capacity for giving a richer and deeper meaning to the thought. They are satisfied with the mere recurrent clash on the ear, and fancy that even poor speech with this rhythm and this sonorous ending to set it off, is more satisfying than adequate speech not thus chiselled into a kind of conventional symmetry. Indeed, there are certain imaginative writers of high power, — Browning is one of these, and there is a trace of the same feeling in Bunyan, — whom rhythm and rhyme seem to excite rather than an exercise of inventiveness in grotesque conceptions or a display of wit, than to an expression of a deeper tone of feeling. As regards the display of wit, indeed, Dryden and Pope, and the whole satiric school, undoubtedly use rhyme more to point the edge of wit than to elevate the tone of feeling; and perhaps they have succeeded better with the use of rhyme and rhythm for this lower purpose, than any but the very greatest poets have ever succeeded in using it for the higher purpose of expressing the varying moods of pathos, the upward flight of a soaring imagination, or the high passion of a willing suffering. But besides the exquisite finish

which rhythm and rhyme have so often given to the sting of irony and the sharp antithesis of wit, they have not unfrequently been used as a mode of expressing that half-scornful inventiveness in which men who can play with words too much delight themselves. Browning, as we have said, habitually uses it for this purpose,—to carve verbal gurgoyles, grotesque figures of speech which would not have any effect without the adjuncts of rhythm and the emphasis of rhyme. And this little volume of Bunyan's verse seems to us to show that in some degree he found the same sort of pleasure in the manipulation of his verse; that he delighted in some of the grotesque effects which he could easily multiply by its means; and that, instead of using it generally for the purpose of deepening the spiritual note, or enriching the whole tone of feeling, he used it not unfrequently to give the emphasis of quaintness to what he wished to say. For instance, take this from his "Meditations upon the Candle:"

But candles in the wind are apt to flare,  
And Christians in a tempest to despair,  
The flame also with smoak attended is;  
And in our holy lives there's much amiss.  
Sometimes a thief will candle-light annoy;  
And lusts do seek our graces to destroy.  
What brackish is will make a candle sputter,  
'Twixt sin and grace there's oft a heavy clutter.

Or take this out of the meditation "Of the Fatted Swine:"—

But Hogg, why look'st so big? Why dost so flounce?  
So snort and fling away? dost now renounce  
Subjection to thy Lord, 'cause he has fed thee?  
Thou art yet but a Hogg, of such he bred thee.  
Lay by thy snorting, do not look so big,  
What was thy Predecessor but a Pig?

That shows, we think, and the long piece on "The Sinner and the Spider" shows still more effectively that Bunyan delighted in the grotesque effects which rhyme may be made to produce even more frequently than in its harmonies or beauties. In the piece we have just mentioned, he makes the spider press upon the sinner, by setting before him the spider's dealings with the fly, the various wiles of the devil:—

I hide myself when I for flies do wait:  
So doth the Devil when he lays his bait.  
If I do fear the losing of my prey,  
I stir me, and more snares upon her lay.  
This way, and that, her Wings and Legs I tye,  
That sure as she is catcht, so she must dye.

But if I see she's like to get away,  
Then with my Venom I her Journey stay,  
All which my ways the Devil imitates,  
To catch men, 'cause he their Salvation hates.

Evidently enough the swing of the rhythm and the clang of the rhyme is used in such verses as these, not in the least to give beauty or to express depth of feeling, but rather to clench a homely lesson, or to throw out a glaring color against a dark background.

But though nine times out of ten this is the use which Bunyan makes of verse, it is clear that he had perceived also that it might express a deep sense of beauty as nothing else could express it, and might flow from a depth of feeling, and indicate that it had flowed from a depth of feeling, which prose would be very inadequate to suggest. Take this, for instance, "Upon the Sun's Reflection upon the Clouds in a Fair Morning:"—

Look yonder! ah methinks mine eyes do see  
Clouds edged with silver as fine garments be.  
They look as if they saw that golden face  
That makes black clouds most beautiful with  
grace.

Unto the Saints sweet incense in their prayer,  
These smoaky curdled clouds I do compare:  
For as these clouds seem edged or laced with  
gold,  
Their Prayers return with blessings manifold.

That has the ring in it of true passion, and here, again, is a poem which seems to us simply exquisite, "Of the Child with the Bird at the Bush:"—

My little Bird, how canst thou sit;  
And sing amidst so many Thorns!  
Let me but hold upon thee get;  
My Love with Honour thee adorns.  
Thou art at present little worth;  
Five farthings none will give for thee.  
But prethee little Bird come forth,  
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is Sun-shine to day,  
To-morrow Birds will have a Storm;  
My pretty one, come thou away,  
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,  
When darkness is thy covering,  
At day's thy dangers great by Kites,  
How canst thou then sit there and sing?

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,  
'Tis Worms and Trash which thou dost eat;  
Thy present state I pity do,  
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white Bread and Milk,  
And Suger-plumbs, if them thou crave;  
I'll cover thee with finest Silk,  
That from the cold I may thee save.

My Father's Palace shall be thine,  
Yea in it thou shalt sit and sing;  
My little Bird, if thou'lt be mine,  
The whole year round shall be thy Spring.

I'll teach thee all the Notes at Court;  
 Unthought of Musick thou shalt play;  
 And all that thither do resort,  
 Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.

I'll keep thee safe from Cat and Cur,  
 No manner o'harm shall come to thee;  
 Yea, I will be thy Succourer,  
 My Bosom shall thy Cabbin be.  
 But lo, behold, the Bird is gone;  
 These Charmings would not make her yield:  
 The Child's left at the Bush alone,  
 The Bird flies yonder o'er the Field.

There is tenderness of the most childlike and innocent kind in that. It is the genuine interpretation of the child's feeling, and not only the genuine but the most imaginative interpretation of it. Wordsworth himself could not have said anything with truer ecstasy than, —

My little Bird, if thou'lt be mine,  
 The whole year round shall be thy Spring.

Many a lover of Wordsworth would have said that no poet but Wordsworth could have written that, though it was written and published more than a hundred years before him.

It seems strange that any one with such an imagination as Bunyan's, who had really felt, as he must have felt, the power of verse to express true passion, should have habitually used it more as a child uses a tin trumpet, to make people hear in spite of their wish to be deaf, than as a musician does a rare instrument from which he can draw exquisite melody and the richest harmonies. It is like a nightingale attempting to imitate the jay, for a poet who can produce such a poem as "The Child with the Bird at the Bush" to write such pieces as that on "The Post-Boy," "Upon the Whipping of a Top," or "Upon the Sight of a Pound of Candles Falling to the Ground." Indeed, Bunyan has described fairly enough in his strange doggerel what he himself makes us feel, in the piece "Upon an Instrument of Musick in an Unskilful Hand": —

Suppose a Viol, Cittern, Lute, or Harp,  
 Committed unto him that wanteth Skill;  
 Can he by Strokes, suppose them flat or sharp,

The Ear of him that hears with Musick fill?

No, no, he can do little else than scrape,  
 Or put all out of tune, or break a string:  
 Or make thereon a mutt'ring like an Ape,  
 Or like one which can neither say nor sing.

We wonder what the temptation is for a writer who has no "unskilful hand" when he chooses to use it, to bring mutterings of this kind out of an instrument which he can at other times use so effectively. It would seem that for some men of very

high imaginations, gurgoyles have a singular fascination, though we venture to say that gurgoyles, whether in sculpture or in poetry, never really satisfy the imagination, which apparently, however, they have the power to agitate and provoke.

From The Athenæum.

BABBAGE'S CALCULATING ENGINES.\*

WE are indebted for this valuable volume to Mr. Babbage's son, General Babbage, to whom his father in his will left his calculating machines and all belonging to them. He informs us in his preface that his object has been to bring together the information scattered in various places regarding these machines, and to make it available for those interested in the subject. A very systematic arrangement under such circumstances was not easy, and the book is unavoidably somewhat deficient in this respect; but a good table of contents and numerous references go far to make up the defect.

There are few, indeed, who have not heard or read something about Mr. Babbage's wonderful machines, but many misapprehensions prevail as to their real history. This, on the authority of the book before us, may be sketched briefly as follows. In 1823 Mr. Babbage, at the request of the government, undertook to superintend the construction of an engine for calculating and printing tables by means of *differences*. To this task he devoted his whole time and energies for many years, refusing in the mean time other sources of profitable occupation, amongst which was an office of about 2,500*l.* a year. The undertaking, however, proved much more costly than Mr. Babbage had anticipated, the amount, while the machine was still unfinished, reaching the high figure of 17,000*l.* This sum was expended solely on the materials and in payment of the workmen — not one shilling of it was received by the inventor; a fact admitted by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons in March, 1843. In 1833 the construction of this engine was suspended through dissatisfaction with the workmen. The interruption, which, it was hoped, would be only temporary, lasted, and meanwhile Mr. Babbage, in his enforced idleness, discovered the principle of a new calculator of much greater power

\* Babbage's Calculating Engines: a Collection of Papers relating to them, their History and Construction. (Spon.)

and wider application, which he called the "analytical engine." Mr. Babbage communicated this discovery to the government, leaving it to decide whether the unfinished engine should be completed, or whether it would throw it altogether aside, and commission him to superintend the construction of his new or "analytical engine." Here some misunderstandings seem to have arisen which it is not easy fully to unravel. Matters dragged on; several changes of government took place, and year after year the inventor's hopes were deferred. At last Sir Robert Peel and the chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Goulburn, wrote to Mr. Babbage that they had reluctantly come to the decision not to complete the "difference engine" on account of the probable expense; and they concluded by expressing a hope that by the government placing the machine as already constructed entirely at his own disposal it might in some degree assist him in his future exertions in the cause of science. Mr. Babbage acknowledged the receipt of this letter, thanking the government for its offer, but under the circumstances declining to accept it. Thus finally terminated an engagement which had existed nearly twenty years.

In 1852 Mr. Babbage, acting on the advice of the Earl of Rosse, president of the Royal Society, addressed a letter to the prime minister, Lord Derby, offering to superintend the construction of a new "difference engine" for the government, which he represented as "an instrument of greater power as well as of greater simplicity than that formerly commenced." The prime minister consulted his chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Disraeli, who gave it as his opinion that

Mr. Babbage's projects appear to be so indefinitely expensive, the ultimate success so problematical, and the expenditure certainly so large and so utterly incapable of being calculated, that the Government would not be justified in taking upon itself any further liability.

Commenting upon this decision, which was founded upon the three objections that (1) the project seemed indefinitely expensive, (2) the ultimate success problematical, and (3) the expenditure utterly incapable of being calculated, Mr. Babbage said:—

With regard to the "indefinite expense," Lord Rosse had proposed to refer this question to the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, who would have given his opinion after a careful examination of the

drawings and notations. These had not been seen by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, if seen by him, would not have been comprehended. The objection that its success was "problematical" may refer either to its mechanical construction or to its mathematical principles. Who, possessing one grain of common sense, could look upon the unrivalled workmanship of the then existing portion of the Difference Engine No. 1, and doubt whether a simplified form of the same engine could be constructed? As to any doubt of its mathematical principles, this was excusable in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was himself too practically acquainted with the fallibility of his own figures, over which the severe duties of his office had stultified his brilliant imagination. Far other figures are dear to him—those of speech, in which it cannot be denied he is indeed pre-eminently . . .

As to the impossibility of ascertaining the expenditure, this merges into the first objection; but a poetical brain ~~must be pardoned~~ when it repeats or amplifies. I will recall to the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer what Lord Rosse really proposed, namely, that the Government should take the opinion of the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers upon the question, whether a contract could be made for constructing the difference engine, and, if so, for what sum. But this very plan proposed by Lord Rosse and refused by Lord Derby, for the construction of the *English* difference engine, was adopted some few years after by another administration for the *Swedish* difference engine. Messrs. Donkin, the eminent engineers, made an *estimate* and a *contract* was in consequence executed to construct for Government a facsimile of the *Swedish* difference engine, which is now in use in the department of the Registrar-General at Somerset House. There were far greater difficulties in the production of that machine than in the one the drawings of which I had offered to the Government. . . . If the Chancellor of the Exchequer had read my letter to Lord Derby he would have found the opinion of the Committee of the Royal Society expressed in these words: "They consider the former [the abstract mathematical principle] as not only sufficiently clear in itself, but as already admitted and acted on by the Council in their former proceedings. The latter [its public utility] they consider as obvious to every one who considers the immense advantage of accurate numerical tables in all matters of calculation, especially in those which relate to astronomy and navigation." (Report of the Royal Society, Feb. 12th, 1829.)

The inventor of the Swedish machine alluded to by Mr. Babbage in the preceding extract was M. Scheütz, a printer of Stockholm, whose attention had been drawn to the subject by reading an article on Babbage's difference engine in the *Edinburgh Review*. When he brought his invention to England he expected to en-

counter jealousy and opposition from Babbage, and was, therefore, agreeably surprised to receive from him, on the contrary, warm encouragement and generous assistance. After indicating, in the "Proceedings of Civil Engineers," May, 1856, the points of resemblance and the points of difference between his own machine and that of the Swede, Babbage said, speaking of the latter:—

He has always avowed, in the most open and honorable manner, the origin of his idea; but his finished work contains proofs of great originality, and shows that little beyond the principle could have been borrowed from my previous work.

Mr. Babbage spent altogether upon his machines and on scientific works connected with them upwards of 20,000*l.* out of his own fortune. In the midst of difficulties which arose while he was carrying on costly experiments with a view to the construction of his "analytical machine" he consulted his aged mother. Her reply is touching. "My dear son," she said,

you have advanced far in the accomplishment of a great object, which is worthy of your ambition. You are capable of completing it. My advice is—pursue it, even if it should oblige you to live on bread and cheese.

This advice stimulated the flagging perseverance of the despondent inventor, and improvements and simplifications succeeded each other rapidly, till at last the machine attained a perfection which would be incredible if we had not irrefragable evidence in support of it. The main principle is identical with that of the Jacquard loom, which, as is well known, can by means of pricked pasteboard cards weave upon its produce any shape or pattern that the ingenuity of man may devise. The following words of the inventor will give some idea of the marvellous powers of his analytical engine:—

I explained [in answer to inquiries from Prof. MacCullagh] that the tables to be used must, of course, be computed and punched on cards by the machine, in which case they would undoubtedly be correct. I then added that when the machine wanted a tabular number, say the logarithm of a given number, it would ring a bell and then stop itself. On this, the attendant would look at a certain part of the machine, and find that it wanted the logarithm of a given number, say of 2303. The attendant would then go to the drawer containing the pasteboard cards representing its table of logarithms. From amongst these he would take the required logarithm card, and place it in the machine. Upon this the engine would first ascertain whether the assistant had or had not given it the correct logarithm of the number; if so, it would use it and continue its work. But if the engine found the attendant had given it a wrong logarithm, it would then ring a louder bell, and stop itself. On the attendant again examining the engine, he would observe the words "wrong tabular number," and then discover that he really had given the wrong logarithm, and of course he would have to replace it by the right one.

It is true that the preceding words refer to a theoretical machine, whose full capabilities have not yet been put to the proof by actual experiment; but those who may feel sceptical as to the results predicted by its inventor should read the report of the committee of eminent men appointed to examine the subject, and printed in the "Proceedings of the British Association," 1878. They should also consult the paper read by Major General H. P. Babbage at the meeting of the same association at Bath last year (September 12th, 1888), and printed, along with the report just spoken of, in the volume to which we now invite our readers' attention. Should any one feel tempted to study the matter with a view to practical realization of Mr. Babbage's project, he will find much to help him in the book in the way of drawings and explanations.

**THE MOVING STONE OF BUENOS AYRES.**—The remarkable geographical phenomenon of the moving stone of Buenos Ayres is situated on the mountain of Tandil in the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres. It is called the moving stone, and is famous throughout South America. This enormous rock appears to be sustained on its base by an invisible axis, and has an oscillating movement from east to west to and from the mountain, the power of a single man being sufficient to put it in motion. It measures twenty-four

feet in height, ninety feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth. It represents a volume of over five thousand cubic feet, and its approximate weight, as calculated, is twenty-five tons. Its figure is that of an irregular cone, and the base on which it rests has also the form of a cone which has a diameter of about ten inches. When the wind blows from the south-east the movable stone sways, rises, and falls after the manner of the branch of a great tree.

La Ilustracion Española.

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## CONTENTS.

I. DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND, . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . .	579
II. HIS UNCLE AND HER GRANDMOTHER. Conclusion, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	596
III. THE LAND AND ITS OWNERS IN PAST TIMES, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i> . . .	610
IV. "MOTHERS" — ACCORDING TO ENGLISH NOVELISTS, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	621
V. AFTERTHOUGHTS, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	626
VI GREEK SETTLEMENTS AND JEWISH COLO- NIES IN ASIA MINOR, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	636
VII. GENERAL GORDON AND EMIN PASHA, . . . . .	<i>London Times,</i> . . . . .	639
POETRY.		
WINTER, . . . . .	578   <i>HELVELLYN,</i> . . . . .	578
UNDER THE OAK, . . . . .	578	
MISCELLANY, . . . . .		640

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## WINTER.

The following "Song in the Old Style" is from "Sketches of Rural Life and other Poems," by Francis Lucas (Macmillan): —

WHEN hungry fowl go roosting soon,  
And nightly shines the crystal moon  
O'er silent rills,  
And icy winds their bugles blow  
And crisping sheet the powdery snow  
Out o'er the hills;  
Then merrily, merrily trim the fire,  
Merrily troll about the bowl,  
And merrily sing to your heart's desire,  
For to solace the winter's lack  
There's nothing so good as song and sack;  
So merrily, merrily trim the fire.

When barns at early eve are fast,  
And woodmen from the darkling waste  
Their wallets bear,  
And teams are housed by lanthorn light,  
And fold-yards littered down at night  
With special care;  
Then merrily, merrily trim the fire,  
Merrily troll about the bowl,  
And merrily sing to your heart's desire,  
For to solace the winter's lack,  
There's nothing so good as song and sack;  
So merrily, merrily trim the fire.

## UNDER THE OAK.

SOFT the wind-blow and sunshine  
In this garden which is mine;  
Scarce a hundred yards in girth,  
Yet a part of all the earth!  
World for carpet, roof of skies,  
Walls of Nature's tapestries,  
Naught between the sun and me  
Save the curtain of a tree.

Here as 'neath the oak I sit,  
Whisperings come out of it;  
Summer fancies, half desires,  
Breaths that fan forgotten fires,  
Trembling little waifs of song,  
Seeking words to make them strong,  
Life that dies without a sorrow,  
Butterflies of no to-morrow,  
Odors of a bygone day,  
All the sweets that will not stay,  
All the sweets that never cloy,  
Unembodied souls of joy,  
Sing and flutter, flash and go,  
With a ceaseless interflow;  
Till at last some happier seed,  
Finds the rest its brothers need,  
Strikes a root and grows and climbs,  
Buds in words and flowers in rhymes.

Who shall tell me how it came!  
Was it in this winnowed flane,  
Golden-dripping through the leaves  
Like the grain of heavenly sheaves?  
From the voice of throstle clear  
Was it filtered through the ear?

Came it thus, or did it come  
Borne upon the wild bee's hum,  
That a moment buzzed around  
With a circle charmed of sound?  
Or did Zephyr in a dell  
Steal it with a scent as well  
From some hidden flower-bell,  
To instil its life in me  
With a subtle chemistry?

Little knew I, but a sense  
Solemn, delicate, intense,  
Filled my spirit with a bliss  
Sweeter, holier, than a kiss —  
Liquid, radiant, unthought,  
That at once all being brought  
Into rarer harmony,  
Beast and bird, and sun and tree,  
Air and perfume, God and me.

Just as one whose birthright lost,  
Wonder-struck and passion-tost,  
After many a loveless day  
Sails at length into a bay  
Where he thinks his bones to lay, }  
Finds indeed an end to strife,  
Not in dying, but in life,  
Friends and kindred, birthright, all,  
With dear love for coronal.

So at length I seemed at home  
Underneath that distant dome,  
Where the spirit holds at ease  
Frank communion with the trees;  
Comrade of the boundless wind,  
Linked in universal mind  
With all things which live or are,  
From the daisy to the star,  
Part for once of Nature's plan,  
Not the lonely exile — Man.  
COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## HELVELLYN.

To heaven uplifted, throne on throne, behold  
A sea of surging mountains, far and near;  
Wave upon wave, the encircling heights  
appear  
Forever fixed, forever onward rolled!  
See in the tranquil valleys as of old  
Shimmer the sylvan lakes to Wordsworth  
dear,  
Ulleswater, Coniston, and Windermere —  
With many an upland tarn the hills unfold.  
Helvellyn, round thy cruel crest the swallows  
wheel  
And shriek for glee. To-day we too would  
feel  
The joy of living. Soon life's path once  
more  
Shall lead us downward to the vale below —  
O waves that onward roll, ere yet we go,  
Your mystic influence on our souls outpour.  
SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND.\*

SWITZERLAND is to Englishmen the best explored country and the least known State of modern Europe. Yet the commonwealth which is the oldest of European republics and all but the youngest of European democracies deserves the study of philosophic thinkers as much as any empire, or realm, or republic of the civilized world.

Sir Francis Adams and Mr. C. D. Cunningham have supplied the means by which to dispel English ignorance about Swiss politics. The design of their "Swiss Confederation" may be fairly attributed to the late Sir Francis Adams. The credit of its execution must be shared between the two literary partners. To appreciative criticism falls the duty (tinged by the recent death of Sir Francis Adams with sadness) of impressing on the not over-receptive intellect of the intelligent reader the importance of a book which may possibly not obtain immediately from the general public all the attention it merits.

For Adams's "Swiss Confederation" lacks some qualities which insure literary success. It is not written to maintain any political dogma or paradox. It does not aim at giving anecdotes of Swiss life. It pretends to no special charm of style. The treatise has indeed been compared to a blue-book; the comparison is apt and just, for Adams's "Swiss Confederation" is written with the sole object of conveying in plain language to all persons whom it may concern the knowledge of plain facts. We should, however, ourselves prefer to describe the treatise as Adams's last memorandum on the affairs of Switzerland. It is a memorandum addressed not to the Foreign Office, but to the British nation, and thoughtful Englishmen will be the losers if they do not peruse it with care. For the memorandum displays, with a little of the dryness, all the merits — and they are great — which belong to

the best official literature. It is written without bias. It aims wholly at giving information. It teems with facts. The facts it contains are gathered from life. Simplicity, freedom from affectation, and directness mark every line of a book which, because it is written by a man who is not thinking of himself, reflects all the best qualities of its author. Sir Francis was neither by disposition nor by training a theorist. He knew the world in which he moved and of which he wrote, and wrote, therefore, with his eye fixed upon the facts before him. He possessed great advantages for the acquisition of information. The representative of Great Britain to the Swiss Republic must always command respect, and, from the relation between the two countries, can never excite enmity. If there existed at any time difficulty in maintaining friendly intercourse between two States formed by nature for friendship, our late minister was admirably fitted for making apparent to Switzerland the good-will of England. Sound sense, kindness, and intelligent sociability are qualities which aid not a little in the transaction of affairs. They are characteristics which, from the days of Herodotus down to those of Arthur Young, have well served inquirers into the condition of foreign countries. A stranger to Bern learnt more about the reality of Swiss politics from conversation with Sir Francis's friends at the minister's dinner table than the most industrious of students could gain from days of labor in a library.

Adams's first-hand knowledge of Switzerland gives to his book a freshness and reality not always to be found in the writings of men who in profundity of thought and in the graces of style are his admitted superiors. In most respects it were gross injustice to our author to compare Adams's "Swiss Confederation" with Maine's "Popular Government." But it is the simple truth to assert that the late minister at Bern displays in every word he writes about Switzerland a kind of knowledge not possessed by the most original and charming of English jurists. From a few facts known to him about Swiss institutions Sir Henry Maine drew far-reaching

\* 1. *The Swiss Confederation*. By Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams, K.C.M.G., C.B., late her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Bern, and C. D. Cunningham. 8vo. London: 1889.

2. *Das Staatsrecht der Schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft*. Bearbeitet von Dr. A. von Orelli. Aarau: 1875.

inferences, sometimes of great importance and always of great interest. But the author of "Popular Government" writes of Swiss affairs as of a subject known to him from reading and from meditation. And a critic may justly say that, to Maine, Switzerland is rather too much the country of the referendum. Adams, on the other hand, writes of Swiss politics as of things which he has, so to speak, touched and grasped. When he describes the Swiss Council of State he deals with no mere institution known to him by report. He has before his memory definite Swiss statesmen — Dubs, or Ruchonnet, or Droz — with whom he has transacted business or been on terms of intimacy. He knows the Council in the same way in which many of us know a college common room or a board of railway directors. Switzerland, in short, is to him a country where he has lived and which he knows so well that he realizes how little he knows about it. "Switzerland," he has been heard to say, "is the most difficult country in the world to understand. One canton differs as much from another as if each were a different country. I understand the Japanese" — Sir Francis had been minister in Japan — "better than I do the Swiss." Hence he supplies to his readers a kind of instruction not to be found in Maine's pages. We yield to no man in veneration for the thinker whose keen intellectual insight and beauty of literary expression revived English interest in the problems of jurisprudence. What we do assert is that at the basis of sound political speculation must lie first-hand knowledge of political facts and institutions, and that while Maine's inferences sometimes outrun the limits of his knowledge, Sir Francis Adams has supplied just that kind of knowledge which would have been invaluable to such a thinker as Maine. No man, we may add, would have prized it more highly; for no man would have turned Adams's facts to such good account as the author of "Ancient Law." Meanwhile the best service which a critic can render to his readers is to bring to the study of Sir Francis Adams's last memorandum something, if that be possible, of

the open-eyed intelligence which characterizes the best work of Sir Henry Maine.

Democracy in Switzerland has turned out a complete success.

This is the all-important conclusion forced by Sir Francis Adams on the notice of Englishmen. Under very peculiar circumstances Swiss statesmanship has solved problems which perplex most European States. In Switzerland national defence is secured (as far as any small State can secure it) by the maintenance of a large, a cheap, and effective force which displays much of the discipline, and brings on the country none of the evils, of a standing army; every citizen is a soldier, and every soldier is a citizen.\* National finances are prosperous and the country is not overburdened by a national debt; † education has permeated every class, and Zürich has achieved results which may excite the envy of Birmingham or of Boston. Among a people traditionally disposed to lawlessness complete liberty has been made compatible with order, and theological animosities, which for centuries have been the special bane of the confederacy, have been assuaged, or removed, by the healing influence of religious freedom and equality. The good fortune or the wisdom of the Swiss has accomplished other results which many nations have found, or find, all but impossible of attainment. Small and often hostile States have been fused into a nation. The transition from a condition of feudal inequality, far more oppressive than the *ancien régime* of France, to the system of equal rights and equal laws, which befits a modern industrial society, has been ac-

\* Adams, chap. xi., pp. 140-61.

† The public debt of the republic amounted, on January 1, 1889, to 30,572,000 francs [1,222,880*l.*], at 3½ per cent. The interest amounts to 1,070,000 francs [42,800*l.*], and the sinking fund to 690,000 francs [27,960*l.*]. As a set-off against the debt there exists a so-called "federal fortune," or property belonging to the State, valued at over 66,483,000 francs [2,659,300*l.*] (1888). The various cantons of Switzerland have their own local administrations and their own budgets of revenue and expenditure. Most of them have also public debts, but not of a large amount, and abundantly covered, in every instance, by cantonal property, chiefly in land. At the end of 1888 the aggregate debts of all the cantons amounted to about 12,000,000*l.* (*Stateman's Year-Book*, 1889, p. 518.)

complished without bringing on the country one tithe of the horrors which were the price of French emancipation from the tyranny of privilege, and without exposing Switzerland to those alternations between revolutionary violence and reactionary oppression which for a century have harassed the people of France. Switzerland has closed the era of revolution. Perils indeed impend over the confederacy, but they spring from external causes; they are due to the certain power and possible unscrupulosity of the gigantic military States which are the curse of modern Europe.

A circumstance which enhances the impressiveness of the triumphs gained by popular government in Switzerland is that they are not due to any of the providential privileges (such as the possession of unlimited territory or the impossibility of foreign intervention) which have fostered the prosperity of the United States.

Every obstacle which taxes the resources of statesmanship has stood in the path of Swiss unity and of Swiss welfare.

Switzerland is among the least fertile of European lands; she is surrounded by hostile powers. Her population is less than the population of Belgium, of the Netherlands, or of Sweden. In mere numbers Switzerland falls below Scotland or Ireland; for the Swiss amount to about two million nine hundred thousand persons, whilst the population of Scotland is in round numbers three million seven hundred thousand, and of Ireland five million one hundred thousand. Yet Switzerland, from a body of citizens less in number than the inhabitants of London or of Lancashire, is forced to support for the maintenance of national independence an army of two hundred thousand men; this force may be called petty if compared with the hosts of the German Empire or of the French Republic, but it is enormous if measured by the resources of the confederacy.

Switzerland further, though a small country, contains all those sources of division which have dismembered greater States. The Swiss are from one point of view not so much a nation as a league of twenty-two nations. Not until historically

recent times have they obtained a common national name. They possess no common language. German, French, and Italian are each in official use, and the public recognition of three tongues recalls the danger that the attractions of race or speech may detach some of its members from the Confederation and draw them towards one of the large neighboring nations.

Diversities of race have been intensified by, for they partially coincide with, differences of religion, and the bitterness of theological animosity has been more intense and has lived on longer in Switzerland than in any other European country. It sounds paradoxical to call the struggle with the Sonderbund the last of the wars of religion. The paradox, however, contains an element of truth. The Sonderbund marked the final stage of the irrepressible and secular conflict between Protestant and Catholic. Nor are the Swiss free from that disease of modern States the memory of traditional feuds. The forest cantons can recall the time when, as leaders of the Catholics, they maintained a kind of supremacy, for it was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that the two most powerful Protestant cantons gained the upper hand. The recollection, moreover, of contests stimulated by theological hatred does not form anything like the whole of the bitter reminiscences which the Swiss people inherit from the past. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were in Switzerland ages of social and political inequality and occasionally of gross and cruel oppression. The *ancien régime* should be studied by those who want to understand its bad side, as it existed, not in France, but in Bern or in Zürich, or in Lucerne. In 1787 the whole government of Bern was engrossed by sixty-nine families, and a year or two later French *émigrés* found that from no aristocracy did they receive such cordial sympathy as from the Bernese oligarchs. These facts tell their own tale. They amply explain the meaning and causes of such movements as the peasant war in 1653, the conspiracy of Davel in 1723, or the petition for the most ordinary rights of citizens presented by the Zürich country folk in 1795 and pun-

ished by their masters of the city as treason and rebellion.\*

The French Revolution, while it gave a fatal blow to aristocratic privilege, increased the sources of Swiss discord; for the foundation of the Helvetic Republic, being an attempt to introduce by foreign aid a political unity inconsistent with the spirit of Swiss nationality, delayed the natural progress of the country towards union. And if the Act of Mediation — that wisest of Napoleon's attempts at constitution-making — gave Switzerland the best constitution which the country had as yet enjoyed, it made the Swiss dependent on France, and by thus outraging national dignity paved the way for the restoration by the allied powers of reactionary and oligarchical governments. Hence there is not a part of Switzerland where large portions of the population cannot, if they choose, recall past wrongs. The country remembers the tyranny of the towns; the citizens of Vaud can recall the despotism of Bern; the Italian Swiss may nourish traditions of the time when they suffered from the rapacity of governors sent them by cantons to whose authority they were subject; and if the country folks have historical grievances against the cities the inhabitants of the cities may remember that civic authority was not so long ago the privilege of an oligarchy. Social exclusiveness still recalls the age of political domination, and, in Bern at least, old families which have ceased in the field of politics to enjoy privilege or to exercise authority hold themselves aloof from statesmen who cannot claim old descent, and affect as much disdain for the officials of the confederacy as the Faubourg St. Germain for the president and ministers of the French Republic.

Nor are the difficulties of popular government smoothed away by the prevalence among Swiss citizens of any traditional reverence for law. Many of the institutions of the country still betray to the eyes of an intelligent critic that in Switzerland, as in most small republics, the principle of the division of powers, which is the essential basis for the supremacy of law, has never been fully recognized; both the cantonal constitutions and the federal constitution display a tendency to confound executive or legislative with judicial functions. In the writings, further, of two of the most eminent among the men of letters

who have turned their attention to Swiss politics may be found evidence of a certain lawlessness in the character of the Swiss. Malet du Pan gained from his acquaintance with the revolutionary movements which disturbed Geneva the experience by which to anticipate the course of revolution in France, and Tocqueville noted some fifty years ago the dangers to Swiss democracy which might arise from Swiss lawlessness.\*

Behind every other obstacle to the maintenance of legal order lies the national tendency towards the exaggeration of local sentiment. Every federal government involves a division of sovereignty between the confederacy and the States; but in Switzerland each of the cantons has been, and still in feeling is, something like a separate nation. Cantonal unity is itself too great a restraint on the spirit of subdivision to suit the Swiss character. Cantons have broken into half-cantons. Appenzell divides into Inner Appenzell and Outer Appenzell; Unterwald consists of Upper Unterwald and Lower Unterwald. Basle country breaks away from Basle town. Local divisions within each canton have each their distinctive character. It is no great exaggeration to assert that each canton is a confederacy of communes. Federalism, which in the United States is the result of an historical accident, is in Switzerland the necessary consequence of historical development. America, it has been said, is a nation which under stress of circumstances has adopted the form of a federal State. Switzerland is a federation which under stress of circumstances has developed into a nation.

Swiss democracy has, then, met, and triumphed over, all the obstacles to national unity arising from differences of race, from religious discord, from historical animosities, and from the difficulty inherent in federalism of reconciling national authority with State rights. In 1847 the Sonderbund brought upon Switzerland the perils which fourteen years later secession brought upon the American Union. Continental statesmen believed that the time had come when foreign intervention might complete the ruin worked by civil discord. Bold would have been the prophet who, on November 4, 1847, when the Diet decreed the dissolution of the Sonderbund, had predicted that the unity of Switzerland would outlast the authority of the Orleanist monarchy; but

\* As to the condition of Switzerland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries see especially Vuillemin, "Histoire de la Confédération Suisse," ii., pp. 177-284.

\* See A. de Tocqueville, *CŒuvres Complètes*, viii., pp. 455-7.

1848, which exiled Louis Philippe and gave France a transitory republic, founded in Switzerland a national government as stable as any in Europe; the Swiss constitution is the one fabric which does honor to the constitution-makers of the year of revolutions.

For profitable criticism of the Swiss constitution it is of primary importance to realize the singularity of the complete success achieved by democracy in Switzerland. It is worth while, therefore, to regard the matter from a general point of view.

Popular government — we use the term with the convenient elasticity given to it by Maine — is apt to be defective in one at least, and it may be in both, of two qualities, namely, ability and stability. On this matter we may consult both American and French experience.

America abounds in talent, in energy, and in resource. The citizens of the Union are a nation of inventors. They are the patentees of the modern world; they promise to be its leaders in the path of scientific discovery; they enjoy institutions of which some are an invaluable inheritance brought by their forefathers from England, and others were framed a century ago by the most skilful of political architects. But the most partial of critics would hesitate to assert that the citizens of America in the management either of national policy or of State business exhibit anything like pre-eminent ability. Whoever reads Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" — the most friendly account of the United States which has ever been written — will be forced to the conclusion that, but for the talent of the people and the fortunate circumstances of the country, the American system of government would be known to all the world as a portentous failure. No one can conceive that the nobodies or mediocrities who have been the usual occupants of the White House represent in any fair degree the political talent of the country. This conclusion is made the more certain when the critic notes that in certain fields of public life the cleverness and the inventiveness of Americans make themselves manifest. The "machine" is not the creation of a stupid people, but the party mechanism which bears witness to the smartness of American citizens also gives testimony to the defectiveness of American institutions. The machine promotes party objects and private interests at the expense of the nation; it deprives the State of the advantages derivable from the

dedication to the public service of high character and high ability.

France was for long the centre of intellectual movement throughout Europe. A century of revolutions has, it is true, been as unfavorable to the development of genius as to the maintenance of morality. But it were childishness to fancy that French intelligence is dead, or to deny that France possesses an unexhausted fund of capacity. National calamity, indeed, has in many directions stimulated the spirit of serious and scientific study, and France may, it is likely enough, resume the intellectual leadership of the civilized world. The capacity and character, however, of French public men sink year by year. The permanent administration, indeed, of the country supplies a body of administrators whose talent masks the pettiness, the corruption, or the stupidity of presidents, ministers, and deputies. But the administrative system is the inheritance, not the creation, of French democracy. The politicians whom universal suffrage brings to the front at Paris are as little likely to create or to improve any great institution as ever were any party of respectable nonentities guided by reckless adventurers. The bare chance of Boulanger's triumph convicts his opponents of incapacity. When, sixty years ago, the folly of Charles X. was hurrying the Bourbons to their downfall, France teemed with statesmen and orators. Compare 1830 with 1890, and you have the proof that in France popular government has not created political ability.

From the experience of the Restoration and of the reign of Louis Philippe a thinker may infer that popular government, under the peculiar form of constitutional monarchy, draws the ability of the country into the service of the State. Whether this conclusion be sound admits of doubt. In any case the alleged advantage is purchased at a great price. The party system, whereof the strangeness is concealed from modern Englishmen only by the force of habit, leads, it has been well said, to this result: the sixteen cleverest men in Parliament are set to govern the country, whilst the sixteen next cleverest men are employed in hindering the work of government; the talents which should be enlisted in the service of the nation neutralize each other and are rendered almost useless. Under the modern system, moreover, of Parliamentary warfare the weapons of attack are stronger than the means of defence. Politics are turned into a game. The excitement at-

tracts men of talent, but the game is played at the expense of the country; the cost is the perpetuation of political weakness and instability.

The stability of a government includes two things — first, security against revolutionary changes in the constitution, and, secondly, consistency in the policy of the State and in the conduct of the administration. A government is not really stable which does not enjoy at once constitutional stability and administrative stability.

In America the foundations of the commonwealth are as firmly fixed as in any country in the world, and the constitution gives to the non-parliamentary executive an independence not possessed by the ministries of France or of England. But the short tenure of office which in practice is allotted to the president and his ministers, the changes of policy which may result from a thousand votes being cast at New York in favor of, say, a republican instead of a democratic president, the impossibility of forming a permanent civil service, are all circumstances incompatible with the stable and consistent course of administration. The United States have hitherto stood in such a fortunate position that their only wise foreign policy was to have no foreign policy at all. But candid observers may well doubt whether the American administrative system, or want of system, could exist for a year within a European State without involving the country in desperate dangers.

In France popular government has attained neither kind of stability. Within little more than forty years the country has tried a constitutional monarchy, a presidential republic, a democratic empire, and a parliamentary republic. Each change has been the work of violence; each revolution has been carried out against the wish of the vast majority of a people whose one desire is to avoid disturbance and suffering. Revolutionary eras, it may be said, do not fairly represent the habitual condition of France. The observation is not without truth. Let us look, then, at the pacific period covered by the reign of Louis Philippe. The constitution was, indeed, though with difficulty, protected from violent overthrow, but the party system undermined the stability of the executive. Few of our readers, we suspect, realize the constancy of ministerial changes between 1830 and 1848. The ministry of August 4, 1830, the ministry of November 3, 1830, the ministry of March 2, 1832, the ministry of October

11, 1832, the ministry of three days, the cabinets of Mortier, of Broglie, of Thiers, of Molé, of Soult, are forgotten. Englishmen, if they think about the subject at all, remember only Guizot's tenure of power from 1840 to 1848. They forget that the cabinets of Louis Philippe held office for an average period of not two years apiece; they forget that the catastrophe of February 24 was the result, not less of popular impatience at Guizot's long exercise of authority, than of the fatal tendency of the fully developed party system to shake the foundations of the constitution.

Turn now to Switzerland. The Swiss executive, of which we shall say more later, is an elective council or ministry of seven persons. No man can doubt its ability. It transacts a mass of business such as falls to few cabinets. It guides the policy of a State eternally menaced by foreign complications; it preserves harmony throughout a confederacy made up of twenty-two cantons, each jealous of one another and sympathizing only in common jealousy of the federal power. In these tasks the Swiss Council succeeds. Peace and prosperity prevail throughout Switzerland. This is strong proof that the confederacy is served by ministers of marked ability and of sterling character.\*

It is not to be expected that the Federal Assembly should, as regards talent, equal the small cabinet made up of the Assembly's ablest members; a country which numbers not much more than half the population of the state of New York cannot, from the nature of things, produce a parliament of statesmen. But the Assembly is filled with men of sense, of respectability, and of honesty, and compares favorably with the legislatures of larger countries. Let the Swiss Parliament be placed side by side with the Congress of the United States, where five per cent. of the members take bribes in hard cash, and fifteen to twenty per cent. are open to any form of corruption less palpable than the receipt of money; † or with the senators and representatives of New York, who at Albany pass "such a witches' Sabbath of jobbing, bribing, thieving, and prostitution of legislative power to private interest as the world has seldom seen." If it be said that we must seek for contrasts from the countries of Europe, let the Swiss Assembly of States and the National Council be compared with French legislatures. The

\* See Adams, pp. 64, 65.

† See Bryce, *American Commonwealth*, II., p. 324.

charges, indeed, of factiousness and corruption brought against French representative assemblies may be in many cases slanders. They are, however, by no means new. No picture of the republican National Assembly can be darker than the picture drawn in 1841 of the Orleanist Chamber of Deputies.

Elle [la chambre] possède de fait le pouvoir suprême, inhérent à celui de voter l'impôt. Mais ce pouvoir, au lieu de tourner au bien de tous, n'est pour elle qu'un objet de trafic, parce qu'elle est le centre où aboutissent toutes les corruptions. A quelques rares exceptions près, quel est le député qui songe à autre chose qu'à faire ou à refaire sa fortune, à revendre les électeurs qui lui ont vendu eux-mêmes le pays? Qu'est-ce que la chambre? un grand bazar, où chacun livre sa conscience, ou ce qu'il donne pour telle, en échange d'une place, d'un emploi, d'un avancement pour soi et les siens, de quelqu'une, enfin, de ces faveurs qui toutes se résolvent en argent! \*

These are the words of La Mennais. They may savor of rhetoric and passion. The point worth notice is that in 1841 thousands of Frenchmen believed them to be the language of truth, and that in 1890 thousands of Frenchmen bring against the National Assembly of the republic all the accusations hurled by La Mennais against the Parliament of Louis Philippe. There is no reason to think that a single sensible inhabitant of Switzerland believes the members of the Federal Assembly to be chargeable with the vices imputed, whether justly or not, to American or French legislatures.

The Swiss Parliament, moreover, gives the strongest proof of its own wisdom which can be demanded from any legislative body. It maintains in office a practically permanent executive, which in point of stability stands in the most salient contrast not only with the ephemeral ministries of France, but also with the short-lived cabinets of England. No American president, it should be added, has ever held office for as long a period as have many members of the Swiss Council. Of the stability of the Swiss constitution it is almost needless to speak. It is as firmly established a government as any on the Continent. It is capable of change, and in fact underwent elaborate revision—mainly with a view to increase the authority of the federal power—in 1874. But revision requires the deliberate sanction of the Swiss people, and the constitution of the confederacy, which exactly

meets the wants and the habits of the Swiss, is as well guarded from sudden attack, carried out either by violence or by hasty legislation, as is any constitution in the world, unless it be the constitution of the United States. Popular government, in short, does in Switzerland display both ability and stability.

Why has the striking success of Swiss democracy failed to attract the attention of thinkers? The question is worth an answer. The failure is due to causes which, though they lie on the surface, deserve attention.

Prosperity, in the case of nations as of men, is uninteresting, and the land of tourists, of guides, and of innkeepers—the “playground of Europe”—is the most prosperous of countries. It is because France has not prospered that every one reads modern French history; if the States-General had firmly established a settled plan of liberty, the domestic annals of France, since 1789, might have been as unexciting as the home affairs of England, during the century which followed the Revolution of 1688. Nor even during the period of conflict were the Swiss leaders the men to enlist widespread sympathy. They knew how to found a constitution which might outlast the hasty creations of 1848, but they were poor revolutionary dramatists. They could not create the surprises which French statesmanship has never failed to produce. They could not provide that series of tragic or pathetic scenes which marked each act of the Italian revolutionary drama. The triumphant suppression of the Sonderbund was a more remarkable feat of arms than the unsuccessful defence of Rome. But the name of Dufour, is unknown outside Switzerland; Garibaldi is the saint of European democracy. Swiss history is barren of great men and confutes the creed of hero-worship. The small commonwealths which have coalesced into a nation were, unlike all other small republics, neither adorned by heroes nor oppressed by tyrants. The city of Calvin stands alone, but the men whose names are the glory of Geneva—and Geneva did not till quite recent days belong to the confederacy—were either, like Calvin himself, foreigners, or else were, like Rousseau, Necker, Clavière, or Malet du Pan, associated by their careers with more important lands than Switzerland. Bigness passes with the world for greatness. It is, after all, the smallness of Switzerland which has diverted the attention of the public from Swiss institutions.

\* Grégoire, *Histoire de France*, ii., pp. 220, 221.



Publicists of intelligence perceive that the interest of a political organism is independent of its size, and that England, or the United States, may learn much from the experience of a country smaller than one American State. But the complexity of the Swiss constitution has made the study thereof difficult, whilst the fact that the constitution of Switzerland is neither, like the French Republic, a modern creation, nor, like the United Kingdom, the result of long and uninterrupted historical development, perplexes students, who sorely need that guidance through the annals of Switzerland which Mr. Freeman has so long promised, and which can be provided by Mr. Freeman alone. A cursory examination, moreover, of Swiss federalism suggests the idea that the Confederation is a mere copy of the American Union. In Switzerland, as in America, you have a federation in which the authority of the central government is artfully balanced against the sovereignty of the several federated States. In both countries you have a president of the republic, in both you find a senate representing the States and a lower chamber representing the people. In both a federal court exercises, if not identical, yet analogous functions. In each country democracy has reached its final development. The smaller republic copies the features of the great American commonwealth. Why, it may be asked, study a miniature copy when you can with more profit examine the traits of the full-sized original? The answer is that Swiss constitutionalists, though profiting by the experience of the United States, were no servile imitators. Their work is as noticeable on account of its essential unlikeness as on account of its superficial similarity to the constitution of the United States. The resemblance is in many instances merely nominal. The president of the Confederation, for example, is merely the annually appointed chairman of a board, and bears as little resemblance to an American president as to an English premier. Democracy in Switzerland has reached a stage beyond that which it has attained in America. Add to this that it is where Swiss statesmen have followed Transatlantic precedents that their success is most doubtful. The Swiss Senate is as distinctly the least as the American Senate is the most successful among the institutions of the two republics. It is when Swiss statesmanship has displayed most originality that it has been most successful and is most full of instruction.

To any inquirer even moderately versed in the comparative study of constitutions a thoughtful perusal of Sir Francis Adams's work, combined with a knowledge of such authorities as Orelli's admirable "Staatsrecht der Schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft," or Dubs's popular exposition of the public law of the Swiss Confederation, will show that the most original among the federal institutions of Switzerland are the Council of State and the referendum. Our aim in the remainder of this article is to fix our readers' almost exclusive attention upon the nature and working of these institutions. They are closely connected together; they give to Swiss democratic federalism its peculiar color.

Many other subjects suggested by Sir Francis Adams's pages are, it is true, of equal if not of greater importance. The cantonal governments and the communes deserve separate investigation. The communal life, indeed, of Switzerland and the character of the population, especially of the German portion thereof, are essential conditions for the success of the Swiss experiment in democratic government. But they are not the means by which this success is achieved. Switzerland has always possessed communes and cantons. The German-Swiss have from time immemorial been accustomed to self-government; but Switzerland, in spite of these advantages, has been distracted by civil and religious discord. Her present peace and unity are due, as far as national prosperity is ever in reality caused by forms of government, to the Swiss constitution, which has achieved all that the best framed of politics can achieve — namely, the giving free scope to the energy and ability of the nation. Of Swiss constitutionalism the Council and the referendum are the corner stones.

1. *The Council.* — The annually elected chairman of the Federal Council is officially styled president of the Confederation; but there exists in reality no official of the Swiss Republic occupying a position like that held by President Carnot or President Harrison. The Council consists of seven members, each of whom presides over a special department of the administration — *e.g.*, foreign affairs or finance. The councillors may for convenience be called ministers, and the Council a cabinet. But there exists in Switzerland no council or committee resembling the ministry or Cabinet either of France or of England.

Four noticeable characteristics distin-

guish the Swiss Council from the executives of other popularly governed countries, and, when examined, prove that Switzerland has invented a scheme of administration which is marked by singular originality and differs as much from the presidential system of the United States as from the Cabinet system of the United Kingdom.

First, as already intimated, no member of the Council occupies the position either of an American president or of an English prime minister. The president of the Confederation, who is elected by the Federal Assembly from among the members of the Council for one year only, and cannot be re-elected for more than one year in succession, receives a slightly larger salary and occupies a higher rank than any of his colleagues. He is, however, in reality nothing but the chairman of the Council, and does not, except from the influence of personal character, exercise as much authority over the councillors as does the chairman of a company over his board of directors.

Secondly, the Council is elected by the Federal Assembly at the Assembly's first meeting for a fixed term of three years. As each Federal Assembly, or, as the Americans would say, each Congress, is elected for a period of three years in the month of October, and the Council is elected at the first session of the Assembly in the following November, it follows that the Council continues in office from the moment of its election until the first meeting of the Federal Assembly. For the election of the Council, of the so-called president of the Confederacy for the year, and of some other officers, the chambers of the Federal Assembly, *i.e.*, the Council of the State (or Senate) and the National Council (or Chamber of Deputies or Representatives), sit and vote together as one body. The members of the Council are in general, though not invariably, elected from among the members of the Federal Assembly, or from among the outgoing councillors. Membership of the Council is inconsistent with the holding of a seat in the Assembly. But the councillors have a right to speak in either chamber and to take part in its debates. They have, of course, not the right to vote on divisions.

The Council is elected, as already stated, for a term of three years. Critics, therefore, impressed with a traditional belief in democratic fickleness, or observers of the mutability which weakens the ministries of France, or even of England,

would naturally assume that the Swiss councillors, in fact, held office for no longer than three years at a time. The assumption, plausible though it be, is baseless. The members of the Council are not only re-eligible, but are usually re-elected.

There have been hitherto only two instances of a member willing to serve not being re-elected, but from time to time some naturally resign, one for a more lucrative post, another to become head of a diplomatic mission, another from a desire to retire into private life.

A councillor in any case is, unlike an English or a French minister, absolutely certain of holding office for at least three years, for

Thirdly, the Council, though elected by the Assembly, cannot, according to either the theory, or the practice, of the constitution, be dismissed from office by the Assembly. Nor, on the other hand, can the Council dissolve the Assembly.

Fourthly, the Council "is not a purely party government; it is rather an executive committee for the management of business than a real executive power, such as exists in other countries." This fourth characteristic, which we have purposely expressed in the language of Sir Francis Adams, requires some further explanation. In the words "a committee for the management of business" lies the explanation of all the main peculiarities in the nature and in the position of the Council. It is a board of experienced men appointed by the Assembly to carry on the business of the nation; and it is appointed, speaking generally, on business principles. What Englishmen fail to perceive when they criticise their own institutions, though they see it plainly when censuring the institutions of America, is the fundamental opposition between the party system and the business system of management. On the party system men are placed in power because they are party leaders, *i.e.*, because they can manage men, not because they can manage business. The party system tends, at any rate where the scheme of cabinet government exists, to enforce the collective responsibility of the cabinet. The party system also generates an opposition, "whose business it is to oppose," or, in other words, to hinder the efficient transaction of public affairs. The party system, lastly, absolutely requires a change of executive when the policy or the proposals of the executive meet with the disapproval of the persons, whether members of Parliament or electors, by

whom the executive is appointed. The business method of management is utterly different. Where ministers are appointed, whether by an absolute monarch or by an assembly, mainly as agents who may carry on the work of the country, they are, or may be, appointed for capacity in business — for skill, that is to say, in administration. With ideas of business the notion of the collective responsibility of the executive is inconsistent. Departmental takes the place of general responsibility. Hence a ministry of affairs may be made of experts who, on many points, are not in full agreement with each other; for the proper management of business does not require that a minister who has made — say, to an Assembly — a proposal which the Assembly rejects should thereupon resign office. Still less does it require that because, say, the minister of education produces a bill which the Assembly cannot approve, the whole ministry should retire from power. If a manager proposes to his employer a scheme which the master disapproves, the head of the firm rejects the proposal, but he does not in general dismiss the manager. Still less does any sane merchant discharge all his clerks because he rejects plans proposed to him by the head clerk. Now, the rules which fix the position and action of the Council are, on the whole, based on the requirements of the business system rather than of the party system of government. The Council are not the leaders so much as the experienced agents of the Swiss people. The councillors are selected for capacity. Hence the continuance in office of men recommended, at any rate, by the possession of experience. Hence the absence of any rule that the councillors need absolutely agree, or pretend to agree, as to every proposal made by the Council. As in every board for the management of affairs, the minority practically gives way to the majority. But it may well happen that members of the Council oppose one another in debate.

The most remarkable sight is that which occurs where a debate arises in either Chamber upon a question where the difference of opinion of members of the Federal Council is very marked, and it has happened that two of the body have risen in succession to support dissimilar views. The debate once over, no particular friction results between the two colleagues; both victor and vanquished may spend the evening at the same café, continue their discussion amicably or not at all, and they will sit serenely together on the morrow in Cabinet Council as if nothing particular had happened.

To the same cause it is due that the Council never is permanently at variance with the Assembly, and never retires on account of a Parliamentary defeat.

. . . Collisions between the Federal Council and the Federal Assembly do not exist. If any measure proposed by the former is rejected by both Chambers, or by one, and thus does not become valid, the Federal Council, as seen in the preceding chapter, accepts the rejection; it asks for no vote of confidence, nor does anything ensue in the shape of what we should call a ministerial crisis. Similarly, there is no question of a dissolution of the Chambers when the people reject measures passed by them. The Federal authorities, whether legislative or executive, being chosen for a fixed term, remain at their posts during that term. (P. 60.)

When a minister failed, in 1882, to carry a measure relating to education, there was no question of his giving in his resignation; and a Swiss paper, "opposed to him in politics, remarked that it was lucky the parliamentary system did not exist in Switzerland, as otherwise there would have been an immediate resignation of a capable, honest, and devoted administrator."

A moment's examination of what is meant by the allegation, that "the parliamentary system does not exist in Switzerland," will enable us to see more truly than did perhaps the Swiss critic the real points of resemblance and difference between the Swiss scheme of government by council and the system either of presidential or of cabinet government. In any country where there exists an elective legislature or parliament the relation between the executive and the legislature may be of two totally different characters. The executive may be a non-parliamentary government — that is, a person or body of persons standing totally outside the legislature, and owing to the legislature neither its creation nor its continuance in power. The best known type of such a non-parliamentary executive is the American president, and another example of it may be found in the government of the German Empire. Wherever such an executive exists several other phenomena coexist with it. The legislature legislates, but it does not govern. There exists some authority in the State which supports the executive, and exercises power at least equal to that of the legislature, and probably greater. The American president represents the true sovereign of America — namely, the American people — at least as truly as do the Houses of Congress.

The consequence is that an extra-parliamentary executive possesses a kind of strength and independence not to be found in governments depending for their existence on the will of a legislature. But such an executive is likely, or certain, to come into collision with the legislative body; the history of the United States or of the French Republic of 1848 sufficiently proves the truth of this statement.

The executive, on the other hand, may be a parliamentary government, *i.e.*, a person or body of persons belonging to the legislature, and created as well as continued in power by the will of Parliament. The best developed type of such a parliamentary executive is, of course, the English Cabinet. If another example be wanted, it may be found in the so-called presidential government of the existing French Republic. This illustration is instructive. The founders of the constitution meant that the president should be independent of the legislature. The fall of President Grévy, which involved a constitutional revolution, shows that the founders of the republic have failed in attaining their object. The president, who was meant to wield independent authority, is the servant of the Assembly; for by the Assembly he is not only appointed, but may be displaced. The government of France has become a parliamentary executive, and in France, as in every country where such an executive exists, two further results ensue. The legislature governs as well as legislates; there exists no acknowledged authority in the State with power equal to that of the legislative body. Monsieur Carnot and Lord Salisbury alike govern by the grace of Parliament, and represent a parliamentary majority. Such a parliamentary executive avoids conflicts with the legislature, but it can boast of no real independence, for its actions waver in accordance with the will or the whims of the party which predominates in the National Assembly or Parliament.

The authors of the Swiss constitution attempted to create an executive which should be in harmony with the legislature, but not be dependent upon it — that is, a government which should to a certain extent combine the characteristics of the presidential system with the characteristics of the cabinet system. The statement that parliamentary government does not exist in Switzerland means that this endeavor has succeeded, that the executive acts in general harmony with parliament, but possesses a real independence,

and that the legislature, while it legislates, does not govern. The statement is to a great extent true.

The Swiss Council, as compared with the presidential government of America, may be called a parliamentary executive, for it is elected by the Federal Assembly, and looks to the Assembly for re-election. The Council as compared with an English Cabinet may be called a non-parliamentary executive, for it cannot be dismissed by the Assembly, nor does rejection of the Council's proposals by the Assembly make it impossible to carry on the work of administration. In another most important respect the Council differs both from an American president and from an English Cabinet. The Council to a great extent represents the nation; a president or a cabinet each must represent not the nation but a party. For the completion of this comparison or contrast it must in fairness be added that while the American and the English systems each permit the rise of some leader whose authority with the country makes him a temporary dictator, the Swiss system keeps the executive government permanently in commission. Under the constitution of the Confederation no place is left for authoritative leadership. Switzerland does not provide a sphere for the powers of men such as were Walpole, or Chatham, or Washington, or Lincoln. Switzerland does not foster the production of either Heaven-sent ministers or saviours of society.

To an English inquirer the peculiarities of the Swiss Council suggest at once two questions. How, in the first place, does the system work? The answer is simple. The system works admirably. Of this we may adduce two proofs.

The first is that the confederacy prospers, and that its prosperity depends upon the successful performance by the Council of multifarious and arduous duties. The existence, indeed, of cantonal governments relieves the central power from duties which overburden an English Cabinet. But State rights and State jealousies impose upon the Council tasks unknown to a French or to an English ministry. In any case its labors are heavy. The Council, unprovided with any standing army, is responsible for the general maintenance of order. The Council conducts the whole federal administration. The Council proposes legislation to the Federal Assembly, and apparently drafts every "bill," to use an English expression, which is submitted to the legislature. If, for example, the Assembly, on the proposal of a private

member, passes a resolution in favor of some legislative innovation, it is for the Council to reduce the proposed change to the form of a law. The Council takes in hand all schemes of constitutional revision. The Council conducts the whole foreign policy of the State; if Germany or France complain because refugees are not expelled, it is for the Council at the same time to maintain the dignity of the confederacy and to satisfy the exigencies of a powerful neighbor. The Council is under the constitution often forced to determine questions which are rather judicial than political, and, in a way which foreigners can hardly understand, exercises in some matters, as, for instance, in the case of the complaints brought both by and against the Salvation Army, a jurisdiction concurrent with that of the federal court. The decrees of the court itself are enforceable not by the officers of the tribunal but by the Council, and the Council must enforce them through the agency of the often jealous and refractory cantonal authorities. It is, indeed, in dealing with the cantons that the skill and the difficulties of the Council are chiefly apparent. The Council must see that no provision of a cantonal constitution which violates the constitution of the confederacy is sanctioned. The Council must insist that the cantons observe the federal laws. But the Council must not excite unnecessary conflicts between the cantons and the federal power. That Switzerland is prosperous and contented, and that the same councillors are re-elected from one triennial period to another, shows, then, that the Council performs complicated tasks with extraordinary success.

The second proof of the same fact is to be found in the language of Sir Francis Adams.

The members of the Federal Council, we will venture to affirm, yield to no other government in Europe in devotion to their country, in incessant hard work for a poor salary, and in thorough honesty and incorruptibility. A diplomatist who knew them well and appreciated their good qualities aptly remarked that they reminded him of a characteristic industry of their own country—of watch-making—for, having to deal with very minute and intricate affairs, their attention is unremittingly engaged by the most delicate mechanism of government, by the wheels within wheels of Federal and cantonal attributes, by the most careful balancing of relations between contending sects and Churches, and by endeavors to preserve the proper counterpoise between two (French and German), not to say three (the third being Italian), nationalities.

Their task is thus essentially one of constant vigilance and careful supervision. (P. 64.)

This is the evidence of an unbiassed witness who testifies to facts of which he has accurate knowledge.

How, in the second place, is it possible that in Switzerland men of character and capacity should be able, without loss of self-respect, to retain office, though the measures they propose to the legislature have been rejected by the Assembly, or, as may be the case, by the people? This is an inquiry which perplexes an Englishman. In England, as he knows, the ministry is virtually elected by Parliament, and no Cabinet could retain office for a week if a Parliament which it could not dissolve rejected the government's chief bills. The Swiss Council or Cabinet is, he learns, elected by the Federal Assembly, or, in other words, by the Swiss parliament; the Council has, further, no power of dissolving the Assembly. How, then, he asks, is it possible for the Council to maintain office when the measures it proposes are rejected? The answer can be gained only by studying the best known and the least understood of Swiss institutions. The position of the Council depends on the legislative authority of the Swiss people.

2. *The Referendum.*—This term—utterly foreign to English constitutionalism—means “the reference to all vote-possessing citizens, either of the Confederation or of a canton, of laws and resolutions framed by their representatives,”\* and denotes a constitutional arrangement which governs the whole working of Swiss democracy. Under the federal constitution the referendum plays a twofold part. It forms, in the first place, an essential portion of the machinery for the revision of the constitution. Such revision always takes place by means of a law regularly passed by the two houses of the Assembly. If the two houses agree on their scheme of revision, or, as Englishmen would say, on a “Reform Bill,” then the bill is made the subject of a referendum, and is submitted to the Swiss people for their rejection or approval. If the bill is accepted by the majority both of the citizens voting and of the cantons, it becomes law; if not, it falls to the ground. But the course of procedure may be a little more complicated. If the two houses disagree, or if fifty thousand citizens de-

\* Adams, pp. 76-87; Orelli, *Das Staatsrecht der Schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft*, pp. 83-8 and 79, 80.

mand a revision of the constitution, then the question whether there shall be a revision or not is put to the people. If the majority of the voters answer in the negative the matter is ended; if the majority answer in the affirmative, then there is a new election of both houses for the taking in hand of a revision of the constitution, or, as we should say, the passing of a reform bill.\* The measure itself is, thereupon, prepared by the Council, and submitted by it to the houses. When the bill has passed the houses it is laid before the people, and becomes law or not according as it is or is not accepted by a majority both of the citizens voting and of the cantons. The referendum, when employed to effect a constitutional reform, is what the Swiss call an "obligatory" referendum; in other words, the express assent of the Swiss people is necessary for the passing of any law modifying any of the articles of the constitution, and English readers must be reminded that these one hundred and twenty-one articles contain a multitude of general principles which are not in their own nature constitutional, as, for example, the article which absolutely prohibits the establishment of gambling houses.†

The referendum, in the second place, may be necessary for the validity of any law whatever passed by the Assembly; for since 1874 any such law must, on demand being duly made within the proper time by thirty thousand voters, be submitted for ratification or rejection to the Swiss people, and unless ratified by a majority of persons voting does not come into force. The referendum is in this case what the Swiss call "facultative" or "optional" *i.e.*, it must be employed if required by the proper number of citizens, but not otherwise. It is rarely demanded. From 1874 to 1884, of ninety-nine laws which had passed the Assembly seventeen only were the subject of a referendum. Of these seventeen thirteen were vetoed by the people.

The word "vetoed" is suggestive; it recalls the striking analogy between the referendum of democratic Switzerland and the miscalled veto of an English king. When Elizabeth, or James I., or William III., refused assent to a bill which had passed the Houses of Parliament, the sovereign acted in just the same manner in which the citizens of Switzerland now act when they refuse their sanction to a re-

form bill, or it may be to an ordinary bill, which has been passed by the National Assembly. For the analogy between the royal veto and the popular referendum is much more than formal. When the English king was the most influential member of the sovereign legislature, he naturally, in common with each House of Parliament, approved or rejected bills submitted to him for his consideration, and, if he were a ruler of high character, exercised his right in accordance with his opinion as to the feeling and the interest of the nation. Under the Swiss democracy the electors are the sovereign power; they, as did the kings of England, think that laws ought to be prepared and approved by a parliament; but they, like an English monarch\* of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, claim to be part of the legislature, and to reject any proposed measure, at any rate when it affects the foundations of the State. Where democracy is king the referendum is the royal veto. This is an analogy which should never be absent from the minds of Englishmen, for there is more than one circumstance which makes it difficult for them to estimate fairly the character and effects of the most noteworthy among Swiss institutions.

The referendum is discredited in English eyes by its apparent likeness to a French *plébiscite*. The character of the sham appeal to a popular vote by which revolutionary and imperial tyranny has fraudulently obtained the moral consecration of the *vox populi* can even now hardly be better described than in the language of Thiers:—

J'admets la différence qu'il y a entre un article de la Charte et un article de loi; mais cela ne fait pas que je croie au pouvoir constituant. Le pouvoir constituant a existé, je le sais; il a existé à plusieurs époques de notre histoire; mais, permettez-moi de vous le dire, s'il était le vrai souverain il aurait joué par lui-même un triste rôle. En effet il a été, dans les assemblées primaires, à la suite des factions; sous le Consulat et sous l'Empire, il a été au service d'un grand homme; il avait alors la forme d'un sénat conservateur qui, à un signal donné par cet homme, faisait toutes les constitutions qu'on lui demandait. Sous la Restauration, il a pris une autre forme; il s'est caché sous l'article xiv de la Charte; c'était le pouvoir d'octroyer la Charte et de la modifier. . . . Je ne respecte donc pas le pouvoir constituant.†

\* Elizabeth in the Parliament of 1597 assented to forty-three bills, public and private, and rejected forty-eight, that had passed both Houses (1 "Parliamentary History," p. 905; and see Hearn, "Government of England," 2nd ed. p. 60).

† Grégoire, Histoire de France, ii., p. 298.

\* Constitution Fédérale, art. 120.

† Ibid., art. 35.

Forty-nine years have passed since these words were spoken; the experience of nearly half a century has illustrated and confirmed their truth.

If the referendum were a plébiscite it would merit nothing but unqualified condemnation. But the Swiss reference to the people is no plébiscite; it has nothing of a revolutionary character; it is as regular and normal a proceeding as the sending of a bill from the Commons to the Lords. The people to whose judgment a reform or a law is submitted have had the fullest opportunity of following the discussions to which it has given rise. They know, or can know, all that has been urged by its advocates and by its opponents. A proposed constitutional change must have excited general attention; a special enactment provides for the bringing of every law on which a referendum may be required to the knowledge of the cantons and the communes.\* The government cannot either intimidate or corrupt the citizens; the popular vote is taken with perfect freedom. That the voters act without constraint is proved by the main charge which critics or reformers bring against the referendum, which is that the Swiss people reject improvements or innovations approved by the Federal Assembly.

To the few Englishmen, again, who have glanced at the writings of Swiss democrats the idea naturally occurs that the referendum is merely the practical outcome of most dubious political theories. Deductions supposed to be drawn from the dogma of the sovereignty of the people excite in the mind of an English thinker a prejudice against the arrangements which they are intended to recommend. Herzog or Curti may influence their Swiss disciples, but their pamphlets suggest to English critics that the referendum is defensible only by arguments which display all the unsoundness, but none of the ingenuity, of Rousseau's fallacies.

Whoever would free himself from prejudice must remember that the institution under criticism is the natural growth of Swiss constitutionalism. In the face of vigorous opposition it has, during the last fifty years, spread from canton to canton. Since 1848 it has been part of the federal constitution, and under the revision of 1874 it has received further development. The referendum, it should be noted, though introduced by democrats, is sup-

ported by Conservatives. It "has struck root and expanded wherever it has been introduced, and no serious politician of any party would now think of attempting its abolition. The Conservatives, who violently opposed its introduction, became its earnest supporters when they found that it undoubtedly acted as a drag upon hasty and radical law-making."\*

Criticism is neither censure nor apology.

Steady, independent minds, when they have an object of so serious a concern to mankind as government under their contemplation, will disdain to assume the part of satirists and disclaimers. They will judge of human institutions as they do of human characters. They will sort out the good from the evil, which is mixed in mortal institutions as it is in mortal men.†

To a critic who follows these precepts of Burke's it will easily become apparent that the latest of democratic inventions is an institution marked by patent defects which are balanced, at any rate in the case of Switzerland, by equally real, though less obvious, merits.

The referendum is open to two grave objections. The first objection is that the reference of parliamentary legislation to a popular vote is, on the face of the matter, a reference from the judgment of the instructed to the opinion of the uninstructed — from knowledge to ignorance. A legislature must be worse constituted than is the Federal Assembly if it does not contain members whose education and intellectual capacity are far higher than the education and the intelligence of the ordinary elector. It is *a priori* improbable that the judgment of the Swiss people should be sounder than the judgment of the Swiss people's chosen representatives. If a popular vote be needed to correct the errors of a parliament, the natural inference is, not that the electors are specially wise, but that the parliament is specially foolish. If in Switzerland the referendum be a public benefit, this fact will suggest to most Englishmen that the Swiss Federal Assembly is badly chosen. The *a priori* conclusion that the people are not so wise as their Parliamentary representatives is, it may be suggested, confirmed by the historical experience of England. Parliament supported "revolution principles" when a popular vote would have

\* Adams, pp. 77, 78. Something like the referendum exists in some of the States of America, and the principle on which it depends has crept into some portions of British legislation.

† Reflections on the Revolution in France.

\* See B. Moses, *Federal Government in Switzerland*, pp. 117-20.

restored the Stuarts. The Septennial Act saved England from a reaction. The reform of the calendar, the gradual spread of religious toleration, Catholic emancipation, are events each of which marks a step in the path of progress taken by the wisdom of Parliament in opposition to the prejudices of the English people. Even to-day the referendum might in England be fatal to the maintenance of wise sanitary legislation.

The point of this objection to every method of appeal from parliament to the populace cannot be got rid of. It may, however, to a certain extent be blunted by the consideration that to attack the referendum is to attack democratic government. The line of argument which tells against the referendum proves that where the people are, as a mass, far less highly educated than the class to whose leadership they in fact submit there is little wisdom in handing over sovereignty to the people. But it does not — conclusively at least — show that where a democracy exists and the representative assembly does, in truth, obey the behests of the electors, direct reference of legislative proposals to the decision of the electorate is of necessity an evil. No British Parliament could at the present day enact statutes, however wise, which ran counter to the wish of a decided majority among the British people; but Parliament may easily mistake the vociferation of a faction for the voice of the country, and hesitate at the adoption of measures, which, if adopted, would command the unhesitating support of the nation.

The second objection is that the referendum undermines the influence of the legislature. The partial truth of this assertion admits of no denial. An assembly, the decisions whereof are liable to reversal, cannot possess the authority of a sovereign parliament, and debates which are decisive lose their importance. Where, as in Switzerland, a parliamentary vote may be overridden by a popular veto, parliamentary debates cannot be carried on with the same energy or vivacity as in France or in England. It is vain to suppose that you can possess at the same time inconsistent advantages. England has at times gained much from the sovereignty of Parliament. Switzerland may derive considerable benefit from the direct participation of the Swiss people in federal legislation. But it is impossible to combine all the advantages of parliamentary government, as it exists in England, with all the advan-

tages of fully developed popular government as it exists in Switzerland. If the authority of Parliament must be maintained at the highest possible point, then Parliament must be supreme, and the decrees of Parliament must be final. If, on the other hand, it be desirable that the people should act as legislators, then the authority of Parliament, and with it the importance of Parliamentary debates, must suffer diminution. This becomes clear as day if we recur to the analogy between the referendum and the veto. To revive the obsolete prerogative of the crown would be of necessity to diminish the weight of Parliament. When Elizabeth rejected more than half the bills which had been passed by the Houses statesmen thought more of convincing or conciliating the queen than of securing the approval of a Parliamentary majority. Discussion in the closet was more important than debate in the House of Commons. Whether the veto be pronounced by the crown or by the people the effect must in one respect be the same. Parliamentary statesmanship is discouraged, and statesmen court, not the representative assembly, but the sovereign king or the sovereign democracy.

All this is true. Still it is, we must remember, not quite the whole truth. Just as the management of Parliament was of importance even when the veto was a reality, so in Switzerland the legislature plays a leading part, even though parliamentary authority is diminished by the existence of the referendum. Debates at Bern do more than convince the representatives of the people; they also affect the judgment of the citizens. Knowledge that a law passed by the legislature will be submitted to a popular vote may sometimes give additional reality to legislative debate. The most successful of English advocates has contrasted the reality of a counsel's address to a jury with the unreality of an orator's speeches in Parliament. He meant to persuade, and did persuade or mislead, juries; he never dreamt that his ingenuity would turn the vote of a single M.P. Hence arguments which will never affect the conduct of sworn partisans may conceivably tell on the votes of citizens not bound over to party allegiance. A sham debate before the Federal Assembly may be a real appeal to the sense of the Swiss people. Nor in England itself does Parliamentary discussion possess its ancient importance. We have introduced into our constitution the spirit, though not as yet the form, of the referendum.



The celebrated Swiss institution is, however, indisputably opposed to that highest form of representative government under which the nation *bona fide* entrusts the management of affairs to the best educated and most intelligent of the citizens. Whether this form now exists, either in England or elsewhere, is open to question. But, be this as it may, the error of English criticism on the Swiss constitution lies not in an over-estimate of the faults, but in an under-estimate of the merits which, under the circumstances of Switzerland, may be justly attributed to the most original creation of the Swiss democracy.

These virtues are twofold. The referendum, in the first place, is both a democratic and a conservative institution. This constitutes its great recommendation in the eyes of thinkers who recognize the necessity of loyally accepting the principles of democracy, and, at the same time, wish to give to a democratic polity that stability which has been the special merit of the best monarchical or aristocratic polities. An appeal to the people is, on the very face of it, a democratic arrangement.

Every argument and every sentiment which tells in favor of a wide extension of the suffrage also favors the reference of fundamental changes in the constitution to a popular vote. Much may be justly urged against the moral or intellectual decisiveness of the *vox populi*; but in the field of political speculation the main thing to be considered is not so much the speculative worth, as the actual authority, of the person, or class, to whom political power is to be committed. When faith in the divine right of kings gave to the commands of a monarch a weight not attached to a parliamentary vote, statesmen and patriots, while attempting to restrain the abuses of the prerogative, wisely acquiesced in the authority of the crown, and strove to employ the dignity of the king for the benefit of the State. In modern Europe the voice of the people, as a matter of fact, commands reverence. Enlightened statesmanship, therefore, consists in using this faith in the supremacy of the majority for the promotion of good government. One way in which this faith may be thus employed is to make it lend moral strength to law, and be a check upon sudden changes either of policy or of legislation. The referendum, as it exists in Switzerland, produces precisely these desired results. The fundamental laws of the land are sanctioned by popular consent;

they cannot be lightly changed, yet their unchangeableness can produce no popular complaint. The charges against the referendum are, in this point of view, its best apology. The referendum, it is said, obstructs reforms. So be it. The referendum, then, must also hinder sudden innovation. The arguments, in short, no less for than against the maintenance of a strong second chamber, apply with double force as well for as against the constituting the people a sort of third chamber, and securing to the citizens that share in legislation which in England used to belong to the crown. A popular veto possesses a strength which cannot belong to a second chamber. If the English Peers or the French Senate reject an alleged reform, the rejection itself excites anger, and becomes an argument in support of the very measure which it was meant to prevent or delay. If the French Senate oppose a scheme of revision, the scheme is extended so as to include the abolition of the Senate. If the Swiss people refuse to revise the constitution no irritation ensues, and no one dreams of arguing that the Swiss people ought to lose the popular veto.

The referendum, whenever fairly applied, has turned out a conservative force. This is in itself a gain, nor can the rejection of even salutary measures be in all cases counted an evil. The advisability, or rather the practicability, of a given line of policy depends in many, though not in all, cases on the sentiment with which it will be received by the mass of the citizens. It were possible to find acts of Parliament which, had they been submitted to the popular vote, either would never have passed or would never have been repealed. Inconsiderate reform is the parent of disgraceful reaction. The existence of the referendum brings into view a consideration which escapes partisans. There are many matters which become party questions, but are not popular questions. An historian may doubt whether between 1850 and 1866 there existed in England any genuine demand for Parliamentary reform. A direct appeal to the electors might have shown that no change was ardently desired. At the present moment both the advocates of denominational education and the advocates of secular education might discover, were it possible to ascertain the genuine feeling of Englishmen, that thousands of parents are profoundly indifferent to the controversies by which they are conventionally supposed to be warmly excited. An appeal to the

people may, in short, be the death blow to factitious agitation carried on in the name, but without the sanction, of the democracy.

Here we come across the second merit of the referendum. It checks the growth of the party system. The fact that the articles of the constitution cannot be changed without the assent of the Swiss people extinguishes much of the petty management, the intrigue, and the compromise which in England marks the passing of every important act of Parliament. Whoever studies the history either of the great Reform Act of 1832, or of the subsequent legislation by which it has been amended, will be forced to admit that some of the most vital provisions of the existing English constitution owe their introduction neither to the foresight of statesmen nor to the wishes of the people, but to the skill or the art of Parliamentary leaders, whose immediate object was to secure a momentary party success. The referendum, however, does much more than diminish the importance of parliamentary adroitness. It strikes at the root of modern parliamentary government, because it makes it possible for statesmen to retain office without discredit, though unable to carry particular measures of which they advocate the adoption. The idea which pervades the system of government by Parliament as it exists in England, or in France, is that the support of a parliamentary majority is the necessary condition for the continued existence of a cabinet. Ministers who hold office when this condition is not fulfilled occupy a position absolutely unbearable to men of common self-respect. They are responsible for the government of the country, whilst compelled to obey the behests of an opposition whose very object it is to make it impossible for the ministry to govern the country with credit. In Switzerland, on the other hand, the theory and the practice of the constitution make the Swiss people the real sovereign. Hence the Council or ministry may with credit serve the people, even though some of the Council's proposals are negatived by a popular veto. Thus, to recur to an example given by Sir Francis Adams, the Council in 1882 proposed what we should call an Education Act, which, though passed by the Assembly, was rejected by the people. Neither the Council nor the member primarily responsible for the proposal felt bound to resign, or suffered moral injury by retaining office. The sovereign of the country — the Swiss peo-

ple — had declined to approve a proposal made by competent public servants whom the sovereign had no wish to dismiss. The Council stood towards the people in the very relation in which the servants of Queen Elizabeth stood towards the crown. No one supposed that difference of opinion between the queen and a secretary of state made the secretary's retirement either a matter of decency or a matter of duty. She might well reject his advice while wishing to retain him in her service.

That laws of primary importance are referred to the decisive arbitrament of a popular vote, enables the Swiss Council to retain office with dignity even after it has become clear that a whole line of policy advocated by the Council will not be accepted by the country. Under the parliamentary system, indeed, a time arrives when a statesman who has long struggled in favor of a particular policy must acknowledge that his views have been decisively rejected by the nation, and that he ought not any longer to sacrifice all chance of serving his country for the sake of a policy which the country has refused to adopt. No sane critic blames Sir Robert Peel for having after 1832 acquiesced in the Reform Act, and there are few critics who would now censure Lord Derby for having after 1852 accepted free trade. But the acquiescence of a parliamentary statesman in a policy he has opposed generally lays him open to some charge of inconsistency, and he himself, no less than others, may reasonably hesitate to decide what is the moment at which the time has arrived for honorable acquiescence in defeat without disgraceful surrender of principle. The referendum, or even the possibility of the referendum, greatly clears the path of men anxious to serve the country, and anxious also not to compromise their principles; for the appeal to the people enables statesmen honestly to assert that certain questions are for the time removed out of the field of practical politics. A proposition, for example, is made to increase the power of the federal government. The proposal on reference to the popular vote is decisively rejected. There is nothing either immoral or undignified in the position of a minister who acquiesces in the people's decision. He does not retain office by pretending to think the people right; he maintains that the people's decision is a mistake, but he retains office because the sovereign wishes him to retain it, because he can faithfully discharge his duties, and because the

question of increasing the federal power has received its decision.

This at any rate is the view of their duties taken by Swiss ministers. Hence, as already intimated, the admirable stability of the federal executive is more or less directly due to the existence of the referendum. This stability is no doubt gained at a considerable cost, for it involves some diminution in the authority of the Federal Assembly. What to the Swiss people be the balance of loss and gain is a question deserving the attentive consideration of thinkers occupied in the study of modern democracy. Whatever be on this matter the ultimate verdict of impartial criticism, one thing is clear. The Swiss Confederation presents a peculiar type of democratic government, as different from the parliamentary democracy of France and of England as from the presidential democracy of the United States. In Switzerland, as in every country where popular government exists, a representative legislature, or parliament, forms a most important part of the constitution. But this parliament is not, like the parliament of England or of France, the master of the executive. It is not, like the Congress of the United States, an authority so unconnected with the administration as to be quite as often the rival or opponent as the ally or supporter of the president. At a time when the novel term "parliamentarism" is coming into vogue, thinkers, who are well aware that Swiss federalism can, from the nature of things, never present a model for the reform of English institutions, may yet study with interest and instruction the constitution of the Swiss democracy. For in Switzerland, and in Switzerland alone, representative government has hitherto escaped both from the evils of the party mechanism which corrupts the politics of the American republic, and from the equal evils of that transformation of parliamentary government into government by Parliament which threatens, in England no less than in France, to undermine the stability and destroy the authority of the national executive.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HIS UNCLE AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER VII.

A GRAVE.

WHEN Paula recovered consciousness, she was lying on the church bench, with

Veronica kneeling beside her and chafing her hands. The solitary torch was still burning, but the coffin was closed, and the sexton was fixing the screw-nails back in their places.

Paula never remembered how she reached home again that night, for she was in high delirium before morning, and for many days and weeks unable to recognize her surroundings. The brain fever which was the result of the shock, kept her hovering between life and death for long; and even when the crisis was over and the fever had gone, her weakness was such as to leave it doubtful whether she would have strength to rally. At last there came a morning when, waking out of a deep and dreamless slumber, she opened her eyes and recognized Veronica sitting near the bed.

"Where am I?" she faintly asked. "Oh, I remember now!" she added, her brow contracting as with a painful recollection.

"Drink this soup," put in Veronica, whose invariable system it was always to stifle agitating subjects by opportune gastronomic suggestions.

When Paula had swallowed a few spoonfuls of strong beef-tea, she tried to sit up in bed. There was a curious unreal feeling about her, as though she were not quite sure of her own identity. Her fingers looked so long and white and transparent,—not at all like the fingers she remembered having before. Her head, too, felt strangely light. She put up one hand to feel her hair. What had become of the thick brown plaits that used to hang down below her waist? Her head was now like that of a boy, covered with short locks.

It was past the middle of March before Paula was able to go out again. At first she was so weak as only to be able to take a few turns in the little front garden, leaning on Veronica's arm; but her strength grew daily, and one morning when the sun was shining and the birds were singing, Alphonse Béchard looked in at the garden gate, and asked Paula whether she did not feel able to take a little walk with him.

Paula had never been alone with Alphonse since that memorable New Year's day when she had left his question unanswered; but she did not think of this as she took his arm and stepped on to the road. All that had happened previously to that dreadful scene in the church seemed so far removed as to have lost all sense of reality.

The secret of what had taken place that

night had remained a secret, for no one had any interest in revealing the truth, least of all the sexton, who, knowing that his situation depended on the silence of all parties concerned, had pathetically entreated Veronica not to ruin a poor man by betrayal, promising her as a bribe an extra-deep, roomy grave whenever her time should come to join the great majority. But even without this inducement Veronica had no thought of gossiping; and being for long firmly persuaded that the Evil One in person had taken the place of her defunct mistress in order to punish the sacrilegious act, she deemed that the less said about these proceedings the better.

Dr. Béchard alone, when summoned to Paula's bedside, had been puzzled by the violence and suddenness of her attack. Grief for a beloved relative, however deep, hardly seemed to account for the wild ravings, nor the terror-struck manner in which she would bury her face in the pillows, as though to shut out some horrible vision.

Even now that her recovery was an established fact, there were many things about the patient which troubled and perplexed the old physician. She was not the same girl she had been before her illness; was subject to sudden and inexplicable fits of moodiness, and her temper had become strangely unequal.

In Dr. Béchard's experience these symptoms were not unusual in young girls of Paula's age, and he had often seen such cases cured by a very common specific. He thought the time had come for making use of that specific now, for which reason he had instructed Alphonse to take Paula for a walk on that sunny March day.

"*Carpe diem,\** my son," he said. "Do you not know that *in calamitate mortalium animi molles sunt?*" †

Paula, dazzled by the sunshine, the air, and the general brightness, had taken no heed of where they were going. She stopped with a start on realizing that they had reached the cemetery, and that Alphonse had opened the little iron gate.

"In here? You want to go in here?" she asked, almost with alarm in her voice.

"Yes," said Alphonse pleadingly. "I wish to show you something."

"But—I am tired," she said faintly; "I want to go home."

"We can sit down on the bench over

\* "Make use of the day." — HORACE.

† "In misfortune the souls of mortals are soft." — TACITUS.

there," he said, taking hold of her reluctant hand and drawing her inside.

No more word was spoken between them till they stopped in front of the old laburnum, where a little apart from the other graves was a comparatively new mound, upon which fresh blades of grass were beginning to spring up. A white marble urn adorned the headstone, with this inscription beneath:—

TO THE BEST OF GRANDMOTHERS,  
MADELEINE RAYMOND,  
FROM  
HER INCONSOLABLE GRANDDAUGHTER  
PAULA.

And also these lines:—

Stay, gentle stranger; grudge not, pausing  
here,

To pay to sensibility a tear;  
Beneath this humble stone is laid to rest  
A woman, noblest of her sex and best,  
So true, so kind, benevolent and mild;  
To frown not knowing, when she spoke she  
smiled;

Her tender heart could never witness pain,  
To her no beggar stretched a hand in vain.  
Now gone to heaven her reward to reap—  
We at her grave are left behind to weep.

Alphonse Béchard had spent some time and labor in devising this inscription, and felt rather proud of his work. He thought that Paula would be pleased, perhaps touched, by his forethought, which would pave the way for what he had to say. Though not a young man of very vivid imagination, he had in his mind sketched out the details of the dialogue between them. She would thank him, of course, for what he had done, and in a voice trembling with emotion would read his verses — which really were not so bad, he flattered himself. There would be tears in her eyes perhaps, and then he would take her hand in his, and ask her to give him the right always to tend that grave, always to dry the tears that fell from those eyes. It was all quite clear in his mind, nothing could be neater or more appropriate.

Paula had drawn near the stone, and was reading the inscription. She took a long time to do so, Alphonse thought, for such an intelligent girl. Presently she turned round and in a hard, metallic voice, without a trace of softness, she said, —

"Who wrote that inscription?"

"I did," said Alphonse.

"You did? You dared to do so?"

"I — I thought it would please you," he stammered.

If he had thought to please her, he was not left in error long.

"But it is all a lie!" she cried out vehemently.

"What is a lie?"

"The best of grandmothers! the inconsolable granddaughter! and all—all the rest of it. Not a word is true."

"I dare say it is not rightly worded," said the much-bewildered young man. "You know I am not clever, and have never attempted to make a verse in my life before. You yourself would be far better able to do justice to the virtues of your excellent grandmother, and I am not quite satisfied myself with the rhymes *mild* and *smiled*. I am sure you can suggest something better. You will correct the lines for me, will you not?" he concluded, mindful of his intended programme, and trying to take hold of her hand.

She wrenched it away from him.

"I want no verses, I want no inscription," she said ungraciously; "I only want this false, lying stone to be taken away," and with her delicate white hands, still thin and transparent with illness, she tugged away at the granite block, as if her feeble strength could have overthrown it.

"Why do you not help me?" she cried out at last, panting, recognizing the futility of her efforts. "Do you not see that it makes me sick to see that inscription here?"

Alphonse stood silent, debating within himself whether he had not better go and fetch his father, his own medical experience being as yet too limited to enable him to deal with such complicated cases. True, his father had always told him that "*Varium et mutabile semper femina*;"\* but this behavior seemed to outstep even the bounds of feminine caprice. Paula must be ill; there could be no doubt of that; this walk had been too much for her. It was the only possible explanation of this strange petulance, so unlike her usual sweet temper.

Before he had thought of anything to say, however, a revulsion of feeling had come over Paula. She sat down on a neighboring tombstone and began to cry.

"How unkind, how ungrateful you must think me, Monsieur Alphonse!" she said tearfully.

Alphonse, dimly conscious of some such thought, hastened to disclaim.

"Indeed, indeed, I am not ungrateful," she said brokenly. "I know that you meant to please me, and it is not your fault if —"

\* "Woman is ever irresolute and changeable." — VIRGIL.

"If I have failed," said Alphonse gently, and rather sadly.

"I have a great trouble, a great grief," went on Paula, pressing her hands against her heart, "and that is what is making me unkind and unjust towards every one."

"And can you not tell me your trouble?"

Paula hesitated for a minute, and just then the old sexton, who had been pottering about with a spade in his hand, drew near, and in passing gave her an anxious, pleading look which effectually checked the words rising to her lips.

"I can tell it to no one," she said, shaking her head. "I have promised —"

"And you will not let me help you? You know that I would give anything to be able to serve you."

Paula was silent for some minutes, her eyes fixed on the ground, as though pursuing some train of thought, before she looked up and said, —

"Yes, there is one thing you could do for me."

"What is it?" asked Alphonse eagerly.

"I want to ascertain the names and addresses of all the persons who died at San Pino in December."

"The names and addresses of all the people who died at San Pino in December!" repeated Alphonse in utter stupefaction, beginning to recapitulate all he had learnt about mental diseases. Decidedly Paula must be going out of her mind.

"Yes," she repeated more calmly and collectedly. "I want to find out what other people died at San Pino about the same time as poor grandmamma, and which of them were sent home to be buried."

"But what good will that do you, Mademoiselle Paula?" asked Alphonse, more than ever at sea as to the inexplicable workings of the female mind.

"I have already said that I cannot tell you," said Paula frowning, and with a slight return of her former petulance.

"And how on earth am I to find out what you want?" asked poor Alphonse plaintively.

"I have not the slightest notion," loftily replied his goddess, rising from the tombstone in order to intimate that she had had enough of the conversation. "You offered to help me, and I told you how; I thought that everything was easy for a man. Oh that I were a man instead of a weak, helpless girl!"

That same evening Alphonse Béchard

informed his parents that pressing business of a private nature would necessitate his absence for some days; and before a week had elapsed, Paula had received the information she desired.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## BRUNO VON KETTENBURG.

BRUNO VON KETTENBURG was a young man, like a good many other young men, equally devoid of very shining virtues as of very black vices. Innate and unconscious good taste, rather than any very elevated principles, had hitherto kept him clear of the vulgar pitfalls into which so many of his companions lapsed, and if he had never yet performed any noble or glorious action, neither had he ever committed a base or dastardly one.

The only son of a sister of General Donnerfels, who had estranged herself from her family by a poor marriage, Bruno had never known the value of family ties. His father having perished in the campaign of '66, was soon followed by the broken-hearted widow, who, on her deathbed, penned a pathetic letter recommending her orphan son to the generous heart of his only remaining relation, General, then Colonel, Donnerfels.

Eleanore Kettenburg should have known better than to proffer such a futile and fantastical request. But that she had grown somewhat weak and light-headed since her husband's death, she would have remembered that her brother's heart was an unknown quantity, a fabulous animal, quite as unreal as a cherub or a sea-serpent.

Colonel Donnerfels on receiving his dying sister's letter behaved just as might have been supposed by any rational person having the slightest knowledge of his character. He put the letter into the waste-paper basket, and continued to bully his officers and maltreat his soldiers as hitherto, undisturbed by any thought of the orphan nephew who had been intrusted to his care.

By all logical deductions, therefore, Bruno Kettenburg should have died of hunger and neglect before he had reached the age of twelve — only that Providence forsakes not those whom it intends to live. A small legacy, which came to him opportunely from a relation of his father, provided his daily bread; and friends of the deceased, heartily ready to assist with good advice so long as it cost them nothing, put him in the way of completing his studies, and entering the diplomatic ser-

vice at the age of twenty-two. Since that time, now some four years ago, he had led a life of careless enjoyment; for if his purse was light in comparison to that of many of his comrades, so was his heart light as well. Now and then, indeed, an unlucky night at cards, or an unpleasantly long bill from a Jew, would arouse him to the passing reflection that his slender capital could not last forever; but he usually dismissed these thoughts with a careless shrug, and never lost either sleep or appetite on their account. Least of all had he ever speculated on the possibility of a fortune coming to him from his mother's brother; such an idea, when taken in conjunction with that unanswered deathbed letter, would have seemed too wildly improbable.

It was therefore with a sensation not far removed from stupefaction that Bruno Kettenburg, then serving as third secretary at the German Legation at Madrid, received the news that his late uncle, General Donnerfels, having died intestate, the whole of the very considerable property had reverted unconditionally to himself.

We sometimes hear of people who go mad with joy at unexpected good fortune; Bruno Kettenburg, however, did not belong to that class of individuals, so after some ten minutes' wondering and staring at the paper that had brought the news, he recovered his mental balance, and promptly demonstrated his perfect sanity by ordering a princely champagne supper, as the most fitting mode of celebrating this lucky turn of fortune's wheel.

At this festive banquet, to which were bidden, besides the comrades he was leaving and the *élite* of the *jeunesse dorée* of Madrid, sundry ravishing señoras, with languishing eyes and pomegranate lips, the praises of General Donnerfels rang out loudly and heartily for the first time on record. A treasure, a prince, a pearl of uncles, he was pronounced to be amid the clink of glasses and the music of silvery laughter; thus opportunely to have died and left such a handsome fortune to such a promising nephew! To die in the nick of time, — that was the only good of rich old uncles. Why had not each of them such a delightfully accommodating relative? murmured more than one pair of pomegranate lips to the lucky hero of the evening.

Easy grace and unassailable good-nature had always made Bruno Kettenburg a favorite with the other sex as well as with his own. Many a languishing glance and

many a radiant smile had been bestowed on him before, when he was a humble and insignificant under-secretary; yet it could not help striking him that to-night these entrancing glances and bewitching smiles were more frequent than ever they had been before. Was it only the effect of the champagne, dispensed with such princely lavishness, or was it something else?

Bruno Kettenburg did not seek to analyze the causes, for he was impatient to be gone to see his new kingdom, to taste the joys of possession. Every day he lingered here seemed to him a day lost, and the necessary delay of waiting till his dismissal was confirmed and his substitute had arrived, was intolerably irksome.

With cheerful alacrity he went through the parting ceremonies, joyous and heart-whole, as he turned his back on the southern city.

Towards the end of March Bruno Kettenburg had reached the Castle of Donnerfels, henceforth to be his home. A massive fortress of the true old German style, with the indispensable moat, draw-bridge, and dungeon every orthodox mediæval castle is bound in honor to possess, standing amid broad lands and forests of its own. A trifle gloomy, a trifle sombre perhaps, some people might have thought it; but to Bruno, who had never thought or dreamt of possessing such a home, everything seemed painted in rose-color just at first.

The excitement and interest of going over his own woods and fields, of counting his own cattle, of making acquaintance with his own peasants, were quite sufficient to outlast the first fortnight, and to prevent him missing anything else; but after the first keen edge of novelty had gone off, when he had explored every nook in the grim old building, had ascertained the character of every dog in the kennels, and had tried the temper of every horse in the stables, Bruno Kettenburg became dimly aware of a desire for some other companionship, for some one to whom he could impart his ideas and projects. He had not deemed it seemly to call upon any of his country neighbors as yet, for, being a *diplomate*, he was of course not ignorant of the code of etiquette. At Madrid he had been free to rejoice openly at the unexpected inheritance; but here, at Donnerfels, it was incumbent on him to keep up a certain show of mourning even for an old uncle for whom he had entertained neither affection nor respect. Neither did any of the coun-

try neighbors think of calling upon him, for Donnerfels had fallen into bad repute, and for over half a century been eschewed and avoided as an ogre's castle. Nobody knew anything about this man to be sure, but being the nephew of his uncle, there was no particular reason to believe any good of him.

There were plenty servants about the place, to whom, *faute de mieux*, he might have talked, but they had all a strange, scared manner whenever addressed by their new master, whom they used suspiciously to eye from a distance, as though not yet quite sure whether this cheerful, light-hearted-looking young man were not, after all, a wild beast in disguise. The only exception among the domestics was old Walther, the gamekeeper and forester, an ancient family retainer, whose occupation, involving close acquaintanceship with wolves and wild boars, had probably steeled the nerves to a greater extent; he alone was able to meet this offshoot of the terrible Donnerfels race with something like equanimity. But Walther was no longer young, and it is hard for a lively young man of five-and-twenty to be reduced to the sole companionship of a gamekeeper of sixty-eight.

One evening in April the new master of Donnerfels was sitting alone, after his dinner, in the library. He had selected this room as being less chillingly majestic than any of the other apartments on the ground-floor of the castle, and had ordered a fire to be lit in the large, green-tiled chimney-place, merely by way of companionship, for it was a balmy spring evening, and he had left the window open in order to enjoy the last beams of the setting sun and the note of a blackbird perched somewhere in the ivy outside.

The room which Bruno Kettenburg had selected as sitting-room might best be described as a military library, for no works but those treating of the science of war could be found ranged in the spacious oak bookcases running round three sides of the room. Not in the books alone had the martial tastes of the late master of Donnerfels found expression; some valuable but repulsive-looking battle-scenes embellished the wall on either side of the fireplace; old German cutlasses and battle-axes were grouped above the mantelpiece; sharp, vicious-looking spears performed the office of curtain-rods, and a couple of armchairs had been constructed on the socles of two old cannons, dating from the Thirty Years' War.

Bruno Kettenburg was feeling more than usually solitary that evening, as he lounged in the roomy armchair, which in its day had helped to send so many poor fellows into eternity. He was not thinking of that, however, as he gazed dreamily into the fire, and thoughtfully puffed his cigar; he was not a young man much given to abstract reflections, and the chair — cushioned with faded tapestry — was comfortable enough to make him forget its original character. He was merely thinking what a pity it was that the second armchair should be unoccupied. If only some pleasant acquaintance would drop in and fill the vacant battle-piece for the evening; some congenial comrade, some good fellow who would beguile the time with anecdotes and *bons-mots*; some one with brains in his head with whom he could exchange ideas; or better still — as the blackbird's voice outside dropped into yet more insinuating softness — if that lonely armchair would perpetually be filled by a charming female figure, young and fresh and cheerful, who would always be there near him — ready to share each passing thought and humor. Some one to talk and laugh with him; to agree with his plans, or perchance sometimes to disagree.

Bruno Kettenburg knocked off the ashes from the cigar, and passed his hand over his forehead. He was trying to recall to memory all the charming women he had met in the last half-dozen years, and endeavoring to adapt each in turn to the post. He had known many fair, clever, and agreeable women, more than one of whom he would have welcomed as pleasant company for a day or two; but as yet he had met with no one woman whom he would have cared to see every day of his life. No — none of those he had known seemed to fit in naturally to the picture his fancy was weaving; and spite of all efforts, the features of the woman who was to fill the second armchair would remain provokingly undefined.

## CHAPTER IX.

## "THE ILLUSTRATED ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE."

TWILIGHT had already closed in, and Bruno Kettenburg was beginning to wonder whether he might, without forfeiting the respect of his attendants, go to bed at nine o'clock, when a footman entered the room.

"Please, Herr Baron, there is some one outside."

"Very well, let him come in," said Bruno readily, presuming that Walther had stepped over from the lodge to speak of some arrangements regarding the pheasants, or the new fir plantations. "Has he brought the fox-traps up with him?"

"But — but," replied the footman, who, like other domestics at Schloss Donnerfels, had acquired a habit of stammering, "it is not Walther."

"Then who is the man, in the name of wonder?"

"But it is not — not a man," with a perceptible increase of stammer.

"Not a man! Then is it a ghost or a bogie, that you stand there staring like a fool? Whichever or whatever it is, let it in, for any society would be welcome to-night."

"It is a lady," said the footman, dropping his voice to a discreet whisper.

"A lady!" ejaculated Bruno. "Impossible!"

"I suppose I had better tell her to go?" suggested the obsequious lackey, mistaking surprise for indignation. "I told her already that she must be mistaken, for Walther says that no lady has ever passed the castle-gates these last fifty years."

"Tell her to go! What a notion! Show her in here directly. Were she as ugly as sin and as old as Methusalem, she shall be as welcome as flowers in May."

A minute later the door opened to admit the stranger. She was neither as ugly as sin nor as old as Methusalem, being in fact a remarkably pretty young girl, scarcely emerged from childhood. She wore a coarse straw hat trimmed with a plain black ribbon, and was clad in deepest mourning.

She came in in a nervous, hurried manner, and then stopped short within the circle of light cast by the glowing fire.

Bruno Kettenburg had risen to receive her, but, startled out of his usual *savoir vivre* at sight of a visitor so different from what he had been expecting, no easy introductory phrase rose to his lips. She spoke first, in a clear, childish voice, —

"You are the nephew of General Donnerfels, are you not?"

"I am," said Bruno, having recovered his self-possession. "Will you not sit down and tell me how I can serve you?" and he waved his hand towards the second armchair, about which he had been weaving such fantastical visions but a few minutes ago.

"I do not know — I have not much



time," she said hurriedly. "I have only come here to fetch my grandmother."

"Your grandmother!"

"Yes; Madame Raymond, my grandmother," said the girl a little impatiently. "My name is Paula Raymond, and I have come a long way — from Z——, in Switzerland."

"Surely there must be some mistake," exclaimed Bruno. "You must have been misinformed. No lady of that name lives here, or has ever been here, to my knowledge."

"Yes, she is here. I know it for certain, — I have the proofs. That is to say, her body is here, — I forgot to mention that she is dead. She is buried here."

"Impossible!" cried Bruno, more and more mystified. "There are no graves here but those of the family of Donnerfels."

"Yes, that is just it," went on the girl excitedly; "only the graves of the family. You believe your uncle, General Donnerfels, to be buried here, do you not?"

"Believe? Why, of course he is buried here."

"And he died in December last?"

"Yes, he died in December at San Pino in Italy. His body was sent here for interment," assented Bruno, still not perceiving the drift of these singular questions.

"Then, don't you see? it is all quite clear!" cried Paula, clasping her hands against her breast, as was her habit whenever very much in earnest about anything. "Do you not understand?"

"Understand what?"

"That he is not your uncle at all."

"Not my uncle? Why, of course he was my uncle — my mother's only brother. Why should you think he is not my uncle?" and as he spoke, all sorts of vague possibilities flashed through Bruno's mind. This girl, who seemed so strangely excited, had she come here to contest his inheritance? Was she a claimant for the estate? Perhaps an unacknowledged relation of General Donnerfels? He drew himself up a little stiffly as he added: "I can assure you that the estate has been legally proved to be my very own. Why on earth should you imagine that General Donnerfels was not my uncle?"

"Because he — I mean it — is my grandmother."

Bruno, having no answer ready to such an extraordinary statement, was silent, his face assuming an expression as devoid of intelligence as it is possible for a promising young *diplomate* to wear.

"Oh, why, why will you not understand me?" cried Paula, in an agony of impatience. "Do you not see that my grandmother was buried here instead of your uncle? They both died at San Pino on the same day, and the coffins were exchanged by mistake. He is buried at Z——; I have seen him," and she gave a little shudder; "and she is here — you cannot deny it. Tell me how and when was her funeral?"

A lightning-like flash of understanding now passed over the young *attaché's* face, and he turned aside to disguise some other feeling or emotion that was seeking to find expression in his dancing blue eyes and the twitching lines about the corners of his mouth. He seized upon a newspaper which lay on a table close by.

"How and when was the funeral? you wish to know, Mademoiselle. Why here is the full account of it in the *Illustrated Army and Navy Gazette*," and with enforced gravity he began to read aloud: —

"The mortal remains of this valiant and distinguished officer were conveyed to the family burying-place at Castle Donnerfels, on the 5th of January, escorted by the second regiment of heavy Cuirassiers, a detachment of artillery, consisting of six cannons, and the 60th infantry regiment, whose band preceded the funeral *cortège*, playing the Dead March from Saul. Numerous other military deputations appeared to do the last honors to this invincible hero, of whom it may truly be said that he steeped the earth with the blood of Germany's foes —"

"Poor, dear granny, who never could bear to see even a fly killed!" said Paula, holding up her handkerchief.

But Bruno had got into the spirit of the reading, and went on unheeding: —

"Even his Majesty himself deigned to send a gigantic wreath of laurels, to be laid on the coffin, bearing this inscription:

Arma virumque cano."\*

Paula merely groaned as Bruno proceeded: —

"After an eloquent funeral oration, pronounced by the military chaplain, in which he expatiated at length on the martial qualities of the deceased, and of the loss to Germany involved by his death; after in turn comparing him to Napoleon, Cæsar, and Alexander the Great" ("Nero or Caligula would have been nearer the mark, I think," interpolated Bruno, *sotto voce*) "the coffin was lowered into the

\* "Arms and the man I sing." — VIRGIL.

earth, and the soldiers discharged a thundering volley ——”

“Poor, *poor*, POOR grandmamma!” interrupted Paula, looking up for a moment. “How frightened she would have been! She never could hear even a pistol shot without screaming.”

“‘A thundering volley,’” repeated Bruno with emphasis, “‘over the mortal remains of this iron defender of the Fatherland.’ Here is the picture—you can see it yourself—of the soldiers firing over the body of my uncle—no, your grandmother!”

He held out the paper towards her, then, unable to restrain himself longer, sat down deliberately and burst into a long, violent, and uncontrollable fit of laughter, so intense as to be positively painful. If his life had depended upon it, Bruno Kettenburg could not have preserved his gravity a moment longer, so irresistibly was his fancy tickled at the notion of a harmless old woman having been consigned to earth with all this military pomp.

Paula took the paper from his hand, and stared at it blankly for a moment, then, letting it drop to the ground, she covered her face with both hands, and broke into hysterical weeping, quite as violent and uncontrollable in its way as was Bruno’s laughter.

It was a peculiar sight: these two young people, each leaning back in one of the tapestried armchairs, convulsed by such widely opposite emotions, and between them, lying on the carpet, the picture of a sort of thunder-and-lightning scene, the centrepiece of which was a gigantic black coffin, over which interminable lines of soldiers, each man exactly like the other, were discharging their muskets; while in the background half-a-dozen monstrous cannons were repeating the process in aggravated fashion.

No sooner had Bruno realized that Paula was crying, than he came to his senses with a start.

“What a heartless brute I am!” he exclaimed energetically, kneeling down beside her, and taking hold of one of her hands; “believe me, I did not mean to be unfeeling, and I never thought, I never dreamt, that this would have such an effect upon you. You see I never knew my uncle, and could not be expected to care much for him; and so I forgot that you might feel differently about your grandmother.”

“She was everything to me,” gasped Paula between her sobs; “so good, so kind, so self-sacrificing ever since I was

quite a little child. She was all the father and mother I ever had.”

“I was an ass not to think of it,” said Bruno, with great conviction; “but you will forgive me, mademoiselle—oh, say you will forgive me? I never had any one to—to care for me in that way, so that is why I did not understand just at first. Forgive me—forgive me!”

He was still holding her hand, and his blue eyes were looking up at hers with such a genuine expression of humble contrition, that she could not but forgive him. She allowed herself to be pacified, and by-and-by her sobs died away, though a tear still hung on her eyelashes, and the hand which he held had not ceased trembling.

Paula Raymond was taller and slighter than she had been before her illness, the features had gained delicacy and the eyes depth. Her straw hat had fallen off with the brusque movement with which she had thrown herself back in the cushioned armchair, leaving her head uncovered, and showing a pair of wistful brown eyes and tremulously sensitive lips set in a pale oval face framed in by short, curly rings of hair, soft and dark. There was a pathetic air of past illness and sorrow about her, and Bruno Kettenburg thought her very beautiful as she lay back against the faded tapestry, the black stuff of her plain merino dress still heaving slightly with the emotion of a little while ago.

“You must have some tea,” said Bruno, rising and ringing a bell, when Paula had somewhat regained her composure. “You look so pale—you are worn out after that long journey, and no wonder.”

“Oh, but I cannot,” said Paula, hesitating. “It must be very late already, and Veronica is waiting for me in the carriage outside.”

“Veronica?”

“Yes, our old servant. She came with me from Switzerland. She did not at all like this journey, because, you see, she has never travelled before, but she had to give in at last. No one else but she and the sexton know of the mistake. We are going to sleep at the inn in the village to-night.”

“You shall go as soon as you have had some refreshment. Do not refuse me, please. You are my first, my very first guest at Castle Donnerfels; and it would seem like a bad omen if you were to go away without having broken bread with me.”

She could not refuse; and under the influence of hot, fragrant tea, accompany-

ing more solid refreshment, became calm and was able to give a collected account of the circumstances which had led to her journey hither. It was too late to-day to visit the tomb, which, as Bruno explained, lay at the other end of the park; but he would come to-morrow early, very early, and fetch her.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE TEDIOUS GERMAN LAW.

AFTER Paula had driven away with her old attendant, Bruno Kettenburg walked back to the library, and stood there staring at the big armchair where Paula had sat. He gazed down at it with an expression of such intense scrutiny as though he hoped or expected to find something concealed in its cushions; some reflection, perhaps, of the girlish apparition which had seemed to have been the natural sequence of his fireside musings.

Early next morning he appeared at the door of the village inn to fulfil his promise of conducting Paula to her grandmother's grave, and felt distinctly disappointed on being told that the young lady was still asleep. How long seemed the time while he waited, pacing up and down the village street! and how tasteless the cigars he smoked!

"At last!" he exclaimed, flinging away his manilla as Paula made her appearance. She had slept well after her journey, and was visibly rested and refreshed. Seen thus in the morning light she lost none of her attraction, being of the age and complexion to which the sunshine is friend, not enemy.

"If you are not too tired we might walk," said Bruno; "it is not very far—only just across the park."

Paula gladly assented; after having spent three days and nights in trains and diligences, the prospect of a walk this lovely spring morning could only be welcome.

The entrance to the park at Donnerfels lay scarcely a hundred yards from the village. It was surrounded on all sides by a massive stone wall. Two large bloodhounds sprang out barking as they reached the gate, and Paula drew back in alarm. She could not be induced to enter till Bruno had ordered the lodge-keeper to have the dogs chained up.

"What is the matter?" he asked a little later, seeing Paula stop short. She had caught sight of a large placard on a tree to this effect: "*Intruders found within*

*the grounds of Donnerfels will be punished with the utmost extremity of the law.*"

"Oh, is it that which alarmed you? Merely another of my uncle's amiable eccentricities. You had better steel your nerves, for our whole walk will be a succession of such gentle surprises."

And so it proved. At every ten paces some dreadful warning or threat was visible; half the trees in the park had been transformed into heralds of woe and disaster, informing the luckless intruder that every step he took was fraught with danger to life, limb, or liberty.

"*Dogs shot,*" announced a pine-tree of sombre and scowling mien.

"*Beware of man-traps!*" suggested a belt of dark laurels near the castle.

"*Corporal punishment inflicted on children caught bird-nesting,*" proclaimed a tall birch-tree of uncompromising appearance, which looked as though prepared to put into execution the punishments it advertised.

"*Trespassers prosecuted,*" was chanted over and over again, by alternate choruses of ash, beech, oak, and lime.

How the intruders thus horribly to be castigated were to effect an entrance into the park, unless provided with balloons, was, however, not very evident, the whole park wall being ornamented with broken glass, and tipped by an array of iron spikes which glittered in the sunshine like the teeth of an ogre.

"How can you walk here with any peace or comfort?" said Paula, when they had gone a little way. Driving through the park last night in the dark, these details had escaped her notice.

"Because of these exhilarating advertisements?" said Bruno, laughing. "Why, really, they never struck me in that light before; but now that you mention it, I am sure you are right. They shall be removed directly if they disturb your peace. Here goes!" as with his walking-stick he demolished a swinging tablet suspended from a young beech-tree just breaking into tender green foliage.

The rest of the walk gained a pleasant excitement, akin to the joys of hunting, by the discovery and annihilation of every such enemy of the peace. Last night Paula had hardly looked at Bruno with any attention; now for the first time it struck her that he was a decidedly good-looking young man, with honest blue German eyes, hair just dark enough to escape the reproach of being called fair, and an almost boyish vivacity of manner under-

lying the easy polish which marks the man of the world. She was more than once betrayed into a genuine laugh at Bruno's ineffectual attempt to attack some particularly inaccessible foe, perched high out of reach on a branch or pole. By the time they had traversed the park, her eyes were shining and her cheeks glowing with pleasure and exercise. Bruno had looked at her more than once with covert admiration, and was quite sorry when the object of their walk was reached, and there was no more excuse for loitering. A turn in the path had suddenly brought them in sight of a tall bronze obelisk standing majestic and alone between the trees, and serving as pedestal for a black marble bust of heroic proportions and exceedingly unpleasant appearance—the base of the monument being framed in by a double row of cannon-balls. Three sides of the obelisk were decorated with martial emblems executed in bas-relief; on the fourth side, under the name of the defunct, this inscription:—

In him that rests beneath was Nature's plan  
To show to earth the image of a MAN.  
For him had feeble arts of peace no charms;  
His joy the battle-smoke, the clash of arms;  
To hear the trumpet bray, the cannon roar,  
To wade triumphant in a flood of gore.  
Here doth he seek his first and last repose,  
His laurels watered with the blood of foes.

"Here we are," said Bruno, as they reached the spot.

"Oh, here!" said Paula, with a little start; perhaps conscious that she had not been thinking exclusively of her beloved grandmother during the walk.

"Yes; my uncle left instructions that he was to be buried here alone. Even in death he had no taste for society, it seems. The rest of the family lie elsewhere."

Paula shuddered as she gazed up at the black marble bust, a masterpiece of the sculptor's art, which, with appalling vividness, brought out the formidable characteristics of the great man whose tomb it was supposed to adorn. It was a speaking likeness of General Donnerfels.

"Just so—just so he looked that night in the church!" she murmured, clutching hold of Bruno's arm. She dared not again raise her eyes to that terrible image, and the prayer she said over her grandmother's grave was short and agitated.

"I must take poor granny home at once," she said to Bruno, when he had reconducted her back to the village inn; "there is a train which leaves at five

o'clock; please let—it—be ready to go with me then."

Bruno turned aside to hide a smile of amusement at Paula's simplicity. Apparently she fancied that to exhume the remains—whether genuine or false—of an illustrious warrior was matter as easy as to uproot a plant of mignonette.

"I am afraid it cannot be to-day, nor yet to-morrow," he said gently; "you see the matter will involve a lot of complications; a legal statement of the circumstances of the case will have to be drawn up, with a petition to the Military High Court of Justice to have the matter sifted by competent authorities. You will very likely have to resign yourself to spend a whole week here."

Bruno Kettenburg knew very well that that was no matter which could be accomplished in one week, or even in two, at the rate such things were done in Germany; but he did not wish to alarm Paula at the outset.

"A whole week!" she said in dismay; "why, I had expected to be home long before."

"Is the prospect of spending a week here so very dreadful? You require some rest after your long journey, and could not have started back at once at any rate. Let me take you out for a drive this afternoon in the pony-carriage, and then we can discuss the matter more fully. We shall need to go very carefully to work, as, of course, it is best to avoid gossip in the neighborhood."

Paula saw the sense of his suggestion, and made no objection to the projected drive.

And they did drive out together, not only that afternoon, but on many successive other days as well. They drove through dense forests, where hares and rabbits, scuttling away over last year's dead leaves, disappeared into the brushwood, where sprouting ferns were beginning to uncoil their feathery fronds; through rural lanes over-bowered by blossoming hawthorn; past banks all golden and purple with great clumps of violet and primrose; through meadows where the young lambs were frisking in delirious enjoyment of the novelty of existence. Bruno seemed bent on making Paula thoroughly acquainted with the environs of Donnerfels, and had always some new point of interest to propose as object for a drive whenever he appeared before the village inn with the little basket pony-

carriage drawn by two fleet-stepping grey ponies.

Conversation flowed easily and naturally on all these occasions, and each successive drive seemed to mark another step in their acquaintance. Soon Paula ceased inquiring whether the legal documents would be ready to-morrow, and the perfidious young *diplomate* always contrived to shift away the talk from the real object of Paula's journey hither. He did not consciously mean to deceive Paula in thus procrastinating her errand; but every evening it seemed a little harder to make up his mind to lose this charming companion who had dropped from the skies to enliven his solitude, therefore every morning he told himself anew that another day's delay could be of no importance. After a week had gone by, and another one begun, Paula was quite surprised, and a little startled, to find how quickly time had flown.

"Confess that our country is pretty," said Bruno one afternoon, as he drew up at the top of a hill commanding a fine view of the Castle of Donnerfels, lit up by the orange sunset.

"Pretty! it is lovely!" she answered heartily. Brought up in a narrow Swiss valley, everything she saw here was a new revelation.

"Then why are you in such a hurry to leave it?" for Paula, in prey to occasional twinges of remorse, caused by a guilty sense of unacknowledged enjoyment, had just let fall some allusion to her departure.

"You forget why I came here," she said gravely. "I cannot feel as if poor, dear granny were resting peacefully in this place, with that dreadful bust above her. She always spoke of being buried under the laburnum-tree, with forget-me-nots planted round."

Next day Bruno informed Paula that he would not be able to take her for a drive, as he had some business to transact with his forester, but he did not explain himself more closely on the subject, and Paula was surprised at her own disappointment at this change in the daily programme. Towards evening she told Veronica to come out with her, as she wished to pay a visit to her grandmother's grave. She had not been there for several days, and her conscience smote her.

As they approached the spot, they met two gardeners coming away with a watering-can and some empty flower-pots.

"I never saw such a crazy thing in my life," said the one. "Now if it had been

evergreens, I'm not saying, though even that would have been too good for the old devil — thistles and briars, that is what the old sinner deserves."

The other man shrugged his shoulders compassionately.

"All the Donnerfels family are mad, and this one appears to be no saner than the others; but his madness is of a more harmless sort, I'm thinking."

They broke off at sight of Paula, who had scarcely time to reflect on the purport of their words, for on approaching the grave she became instantly aware of a considerable change in its appearance.

The bronze obelisk was there still, but the bust had been taken down from its pedestal, and was standing a little way off with its face against a tree, as though it had been put there in disgrace. Round the base of the monument, between the cannon-balls, ran a double row of forget-me-nots, quite lately planted; and a rather dejected-looking young laburnum-tree, evidently just torn from its parent soil, had been introduced at one side of the grave.

As Paula came forward, Bruno emerged from behind the obelisk with a rather sheepish expression. Judging from the appearance of his hands and knees, he had been engaged in trying to make the forget-me-nots assume more natural attitudes.

"What have you been doing here?" exclaimed Paula in surprise.

"Oh, nothing — nothing very particular," he stammered with a blush. "Only you said something yesterday about a laburnum-tree and forget-me-nots — and so I thought — I fancied that you — no — your grandmother, would be — more, more — comfortable with these things planted about her."

"Thank you," said Paula, holding out her hand, and hardly knowing whether she felt more inclined to laugh or to cry, — Bruno Kettenburg, who, like most young diplomates, was rather careful about his attire, presented such a very comical appearance with his besmeared hands and mud-stained trousers.

Veronica meanwhile had discreetly moved a little way off, and was closely inspecting the black marble bust with an expression of pious horror.

"I don't understand much about flowers," went on Bruno, "and Walther said it was madness to transplant a laburnum at the end of April; but perhaps it will get healthier by-and-by."

"Perhaps," said Paula absently. She was thinking of another scene near another

grave, which another young man had decorated in order to please her. The coincidence could not fail to strike her. She had not shown herself very grateful to Alphonse Béchard that day; perhaps that was the reason why she resolved to be more gracious to Bruno Kettenburg.

"It is very — very kind of you," she resumed, with a little tremble in her voice, "to have thought of this — to have taken so much trouble to gratify a fancy; and as to the laburnum-tree being unhealthy, I dare say it will last as long as I am here. Soon I shall be gone, and then it will not matter, you know."

"No, to be sure," returned Bruno with sudden gloom; "nothing will matter when you are gone. But," he added hastily, and a little guiltily, "you cannot possibly think of going yet. The papers are not nearly ready; there is ever so much more to be done, and you have no idea how slow such legal transactions are in our country."

No, of course, Paula could have no idea of the dilatoriness of German law; and how should she have guessed that as yet the poor law had been given no chance of refuting its bad reputation?

## CHAPTER XI.

## A DECISION.

THOUGH Veronica had been ostensibly absorbed in contemplation of the bust of General Donnerfels, she was neither a blind nor a stupid old woman, and on the day after that conversation near the obelisk, she rather surprised her young mistress by suddenly inquiring, in a somewhat acid tone of voice, —

"Well, mam'selle, and how long is this sort of thing to go on?"

"What sort of thing?" asked Paula, startled, standing still by the window where she had been gazing dreamily across at the Donnerfels park.

"Why, how long are we to be kept waiting here for the blessed body of your sainted grandmother? Lord rest her soul!"

"I cannot tell," returned Paula placidly; "you know, Veronica, that Baron Kettenburg told us that these legal matters are very lengthy always."

"And how long," went on Veronica dryly, "do you mean to go on driving about the country with this young German baron?"

"What do you mean, Veronica?" asked Paula, quickly turning from the window.

"Just this, mam'selle," said the old

woman emphatically, "that people will say you are staying on here because of him."

Paula flushed crimson all over face and neck.

"People are wrong — you know it, Veronica. I only came here for poor grandmamma. I did not even know Baron Kettenburg before; I had never heard his name."

"But now you do know him," went on Veronica pitilessly; "so why stay on here for no good and possibly for harm? You will have to go away at last, and every day you stay here will only make it harder. It is my opinion that the matter might have been managed long ago."

Paula had covered her face with both hands, and was silent for a long time. When she spoke at last, it was in a wretched, starved little voice, from which all the youth and gladness seemed to have fled.

"Perhaps you are right, Veronica, — we must go away. I shall tell him so at once."

"Would to heaven we had never left Z——!" said Veronica more softly; "my heart misgave me all along about this outlandish journey. You will gain nothing but a heartache from this I am sorely fearing, my deary. Would that the mistake had never been found out!"

That same afternoon Paula spoke to Bruno Kettenburg. Shortly and decidedly she announced her intention of leaving Donnerfels within twenty-four hours.

"I cannot stay any longer — indeed I cannot — do not ask me" — she said excitedly. "I have stayed too long already. Where are those papers to which you said I must sign my name? When that is done, I can start at once — at once. Everything else can be transacted by letter. How foolish I was not to have thought of that before! Where is the paper?" and she stretched out her hand as though she imagined his pockets to be full of legal documents.

Bruno, taken aback by her impetuosity, and guiltily conscious that he had not as yet taken the slightest step in the matter, grew visibly embarrassed.

"The papers — oh yes — they are not — not quite ready yet; but you shall have them to-morrow morning — on my honor you shall."

"Then I can start to-morrow afternoon?" said Paula anxiously.

"If you absolutely insist on it; but will nothing induce you to reconsider your decision?" he asked wistfully.

"Nothing," said Paula firmly. "I must go. There is a very serious reason for it."

Just as he was about to leave the room Bruno turned back.

"By the by, I shall require to have the certificate of Madame Raymond's death and interment, in order to enter the dates correctly."

Paula rose and took an old morocco pocket-book from her travelling-bag; she pushed it into his hand.

"Take it — take it — you will find in it all the papers you need. There is also here the letter in which my poor grandmother expressed her wish to be buried at home — perhaps you may require that too."

Next morning Bruno came over from the castle with a very grave face, and a large paper roll under his arm. Veronica, outside in the passage, was engaged in packing Paula's box.

"Perhaps you would not mind stepping over to the castle in order to sign the paper?" he said. "You see your signature will have to be witnessed, and it is surely better that two of my own servants should do so rather than any of the village people. I have told the housekeeper and Walther to be in readiness. The matter must remain as private as possible till after — you are gone."

As they walked across the park, Bruno proceeded to explain to Paula the purport of the document he carried. It was very lengthy and detailed, — a statement made out in her name, addressed to the Military High Court of Justice, relating the circumstances of the case and her conviction that an exchange of coffins had taken place last December at the San Pino railway station, and requesting that a *post-mortem* examination might be instituted in order to establish the truth of what she advanced. No mention was made, of course, of the incident in the church at Z —, as Paula had pledged her word not to betray the sexton; but sufficient circumstantial evidence was brought forward to warrant a judicial inquiry into the matter, as to whether the body reposing in the grave of his Excellency Field-Marshal Baron Donnerfels were in reality what it professed to be.

It was all set forth as clearly and lucidly as possible, for Bruno Kettenburg had not worked in the diplomatic service in vain, and his style was strong, concise, and logical. Disdaining the assistance of a notary, he had sat up all night into the small hours of the morning working out the details of the document. There remained absolutely

nothing more to do but for Paula to put her name at the bottom of the last page and have it witnessed. The whole matter would not take five minutes, and then she would be free to go — this very afternoon, if such were her will.

All this Bruno Kettenburg explained to her very carefully. There was a visible change in his manner since yesterday, and he did not look at her as he spoke. Neither did he make any further attempt at persuading her to postpone her departure.

They went into the library, the same room where Paula had sat and cried on the evening of her arrival. She felt inclined to cry again to-day, but it was not for the same reason.

Bruno had placed an inkstand in readiness, and was selecting a pen from off his desk. Apparently it took a long time to choose one, for he remained bending over the desk for several minutes. At last he looked up, and as he did so, Paula could not help noticing that his face was very pale. She rose to take the pen from his hand.

"Stay," he said, with a studied assumption of carelessness. "Before I call in the servants, I must restore your property. Here is the pocket-book, with all the papers intact. I have made extracts from such as were necessary."

He spoke with more emphasis than the subject seemed to demand, and something in his expression troubled Paula strangely.

"Thank you for letting me see that letter," he went on in a low voice; "it has helped me to understand everything."

"To understand what?"

"Why you are so anxious to return to Z —. If I had known that before, believe me I never would have disturbed you by my importunities in pressing you to stay."

He tried to speak calmly, even sarcastically, but there was an anxious light in his eye which all his diplomatic training could not suppress.

Paula, not comprehending, merely smiled rather nervously.

"I must go away some time or other, you know, and I have been here a whole fortnight already. I never dreamt of staying here so long. Give me the paper, please; and she began drawing off her right glove to be ready to sign.

"You shall have it directly," said Bruno, holding it out of her reach. "Do not grudge me a few minutes longer, since it is the last — the very last time. To-mor-

row, at this hour, you will be far away; and I —" He broke off.

"And you?" she asked involuntarily.

"Oh, I shall drive in to town with this valuable document," he said, with a short, harsh laugh, "and shall lay the matter before the authorities. You can trust me to hurry on the case to the best of my ability — now; and it shall not be my fault if this day month the mortal spoil of my beloved uncle be not restored to its ancestral home."

He took a few agitated turns in the room before proceeding.

"Of course the matter will be widely talked about — after your departure. It will be no longer possible to keep it a secret once the document is in legal hands. There will be accounts of it and illustrations all over the country, no doubt. The comic papers will get hold of this exhilarating topic of an old lady having been exchanged for a general officer, and they will certainly make the most of it."

"That will be very unpleasant for you, I fear," said Paula compassionately.

"Very," agreed Bruno grimly. "But there is no help for it, you see. It will be very unpleasant indeed, all the talk and the merriment this incident will give rise to. It is inevitable. I saw the comic side of it myself that first evening you came, but I cannot see it now. I shall be made to look and to feel like a fool, I know; but that need not affect you — you will be far away."

"Yes," said Paula faintly. "I am sorry; but you know that I cannot act otherwise. You read my grandmother's letter; surely I am bound to respect the wishes expressed in it?"

"Yes, of course. A laburnum-tree, and forget-me-nots, and Alphonse Béchard, — that was, I think the sum-total of your grandmother's wishes. The two first items I have already offered you; the third, unfortunately, it is not in my power to supply."

"What do you mean?" cried Paula, starting as though bitten by an adder. In giving that letter to Bruno Kettenburg yesterday, she had in her excitement totally forgotten the mention of Alphonse Béchard contained in it, and the unavoidable construction which it involved. "Who told you his name? What do you know about Alphonse Béchard?"

"I only know that you are to marry him. Madame Raymond's letter says so distinctly; and that is naturally the reason why you are so impatient to go back to Z—."

"Never!" she said vehemently. "Grandmamma never meant — would never have forced me to marry any one who —" she checked herself.

"Then you are not engaged to him?"

"No," said Paula more soberly, feeling rather ashamed of the impetuous denial into which she had been betrayed. After all, what did it signify whether Baron Kettenburg imagined that she was going to marry Dr. Béchard's son or not?

He, however, seemed to see the matter in another light.

"You are not engaged to him! — you are not going to marry him!" he cried out joyfully. "Then why are you in such a hurry about signing this paper? Why sign it to-day? Why — why sign it at all?" he asked, coming up quite close to her, and looking deeply into her eyes.

"What do you mean?" asked Paula, in a voice all but inaudible.

"What do I mean, Paula? what do I mean? Surely it is not difficult to understand? Is there not a far simpler way of carrying out Madame Raymond's injunctions? She wished to be buried at home, you say, and so she will be, if Donnerfels becomes your home. The forget-me-nots are here, and the laburnum growing over your grandmother's grave, — and here also there is a man — a man who loves you — though his name does not happen to be Alphonse Béchard, — why should you ever go away? Why should the world ever know of the mistake? It was not a mistake at all — believe me, Paula — it was a special arrangement of Providence to bring us together!"

Still Paula was silent; the revelation of Bruno's love, which had burst out with such impetuous passion, had come upon her so bewilderingly as, for the moment, to deprive her of all power of rational expression.

Bruno was yet holding the pen in his hand. Seeing her stand silent he had suddenly grown calm again.

"It is for you to decide, Paula," he said now, very gravely; "by one stroke of writing you can fix my destiny and your own. Here is the pen — shall I call in the witnesses?"

He dipped the pen in ink, and held it out towards Paula. His action seemed to have restored to her the power of independent motion. She did not take the pen, she did not even seem to see it, but grasped the bulky legal document instead. She said no word, she made no sign; but in the next minute the beautifully transcribed pages, over which Bruno had sat



working into the grey morning dawn, lay scattered on the carpet in a hundred pieces.

## CHAPTER XII.

## CONCLUSION.

PAULA RAYMOND and Bruno Kettenburg have now been married for several years, and are general favorites in the neighborhood. Their numerous friends are hospitably entertained at Castle Donnerfels, and no beggar is ever suffered to go away unrelieved from its door. Mau-traps and blood-hounds are things of the past, and the intensely martial character of the castle and its surroundings has been modified and relieved by the genial taste of a young and happy couple who understand how to value and enjoy their life.

Paula's merits are extolled to the skies by all who know her. She must be an angel indeed, they say, for her goodness of heart extends even to that godless old reprobate, her husband's late uncle. His grave, as often as May comes round, shows a gorgeous display of turquoise-blue forget-me-nots, which by this time have quite succeeded in smothering the double row of cannon-balls encircling the base of the pedestal. A flourishing laburnum stands by the obelisk, its spreading branches casting already such deep shadow that only a very close scrutiny can still enable us to read the last words of the epitaph:—

Here doth he seek his first and last repose,  
His laurels watered with the blood of foes.

The bust of General Donnerfels has never been replaced on its pedestal, and when questioned on the subject, Bruno Kettenburg invariably replies that he has sent it to be altered, as he does not consider the likeness to be a good one. He is still apparently in search of a sculptor able to do justice to the sublime ferocity of his late uncle's expression.

"That is impossible, unless the artist fetch his model straight from the infernal regions," remarked an old acquaintance of the defunct, who no doubt is right. Nature does not fashion such types as General Donnerfels in duplicates.

It is a curious but incontestable fact, that in this world people are never estimated exactly according to their deserts, and that we are always held to be either better or worse than we are in reality, according to the lights of the beholders. Thus, while in the neighborhood of Donnerfels Paula's virtues are magnified and

enhanced, elsewhere her conduct is open to a very different interpretation.

A striking contrast to the well-kept tomb at Donnerfels is a neglected grave in the Z— churchyard, smothered in briars and nettles, which Dr. Béchard never passes without a disapproving shake of the head.

TO THE BEST OF GRANDMOTHERS,  
MADELINE RAYMOND,  
FROM  
HER INCONSOLABLE GRANDDAUGHTER  
PAULA,

he reads, and goes on musing. "Incon-solable granddaughter indeed! but *Littera non erubescunt*.\* How many lies are carved in stone! She can have no heart at all. I am glad Alphonse did not marry her. Never should I have deemed Paula Raymond so ungrateful to the memory of the kind old lady who so tenderly had watched over her childhood. Only three short years ago she sobbingly declared that to tend her darling granny's grave would be the object of her life. I used always to deny the truth of the axiom—

Verba puellarum foliis leviora caducis  
Inrita, qua visum est, ventus et unda ferunt; †  
but Ovid is right after all—he is indeed!"

\* "Letters do not blush." — CICERO.

† "Woman's word is lighter than a fallen leaf; wind and weather carry it where they list." — OVID.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE LAND AND ITS OWNERS IN PAST  
TIMES.

(AD POPULUM.)

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

SOME weeks ago I undertook to deliver a lecture in the theatre of the Midland and Birmingham Institute on "The Land and its Owners in Past Times." It would have been ridiculous to read an academic treatise on such a subject to an audience of a thousand people, at any rate upon a week-day, and accordingly I took my chance and trusted to find in the inspi-riting presence of such an assembly the words that might fairly express my mean-ing. Practised orators acquire the accom-plishment of saying in an hour what they wish to say on any theme they set them-selves to discourse upon; but for myself I have never acquired this knack or art, and when I had exhausted my time, I brought my oration to a close with the

conviction that I had bungled sadly. Since then a brisk correspondence has been going on in the newspapers about the very subject which I was venturous enough to deal with, and it has been represented to me that there are some — perhaps not a few — who would be glad of such a popular view of the subject under discussion as I endeavored to lay before my Birmingham audience.

It might or might not be easier to deal with a question of this kind by attempting a scholastic and severe handling of the whole matter; but, other considerations apart, my experience has taught me that the generality of fairly educated people learn most of those who assume that their readers or hearers know least.

A specialist is not always the best instructor even on his own subject; he is apt to forget that he was himself at one time a beginner, and apt to take it for granted that everybody knows this or that. In the following pages I assume no special knowledge on the part of whosoever may attend to me. Here are some facts that everybody does *not* know, which everybody would be the better for knowing, which some will be glad to know, and which some who pose as teachers of new things do not seem to know, and yet ought to know better than any one else. As to the discussion that has been going on between the giants who soar into the higher regions of speculation, and do battle for and against such academic subtleties as rough-and-ready politicians cannot away with that is no concern of mine. When a man presumes to address the many rather than the few, he must avoid transcendentalism if he expects to be listened to. It is dangerous swimming in a fathomless ocean when the monsters of the deep are showing themselves on the surface.

Let my readers, then, imagine themselves in the great hall of the Midland Institute on any evening they please. To them enters the popular lecturer, who may be supposed to speak as follows:—

As I stand up upon this platform my feet are planted upon the carpet which is spread upon the boards; these rest upon joists and beams; they upon something else; but at the foundation of all, at the bottom of all, there remains the *land* on which the whole building reposes.

I presume I may take the liberty of asking to whom does this land belong? And I am not likely to be wrong in assuming that the carpet and the furniture and the

building and the land all belong to one and the same owner or owners—to wit, the Society or Corporation of the Midland and Birmingham Institute. So far so good.

But there are two more questions which I must take leave to ask before I can get on, and they are (1) How did the society become possessed of the land? and (2) What was the nature of the possession acquired?

I. This question is soon answered, and yet the answer is not without its suggestiveness. The land, I suppose, was bought by the society from some previous owner. That means that the land is now a salable commodity—and a commodity sometimes owned by a single person, sometimes by a society or a corporation; that is, sometimes held in severalty and sometimes in common. We may go on to add that the land may be cut up into very minute portions and sold by the yard, or it may be sold, as you may express it, by wholesale; and when sold the enjoyment of this commodity or the use of it may belong to a single landlord or to a community of owners.

And yet it is a fact, which is a great deal more certain than many so-called facts can be said to be, that there was a time, not so very long ago, when the land of this country was not to be bought or sold for money as it is now, and when it was not divisible at a man's pleasure, *i.e.*, in no sense to be *sold retail*.

II. But what is the nature of the possession acquired by the present owners of this piece of land? If I take my handkerchief out of my pocket I show you something which certainly belongs to me; I bought it and paid for it. If I please I may—as *I can*—toss it into the fire and reduce it to ashes in a few moments; in fact, destroy it, practically get rid of it, annihilate it. So with the gold chain at my buttonhole; I might, if I could, serve it in the same way, but practically I *cannot* utterly destroy it, for gold is a very indestructible substance, and though I may hammer it into gold-leaf or beat it into dust, the gold practically remains unchanged, only the form of the gold alters. But with regard to the land I neither may nor can destroy it, nor can I deal with it as if it were a private chattel. I *cannot* destroy it, I *may* not quite serve it as if it were wholly and exclusively mine.

This, however, is but the beginning of our difficulties. Observe, I can measure and weigh this rag of linen or this golden chain; it is so wide, so long, so thick, it

weighs so much. But can I get the dimensions of this land as easily? Can I get them at all? We say that a man buys so many acres or so many square yards of land. That is the length and the breadth of it. How about the depth of it? May I, if I choose and if I can, may I build an Eiffel Tower upon it, say two thousand feet high this time, and this time not of iron but of brick or stone? Clearly not! Because if I did so I should inevitably interfere with my neighbors' rights of enjoyment of *their* land. I may not shut out the light of heaven from them, nor interfere with their claim to the free current of the air that is our life; for my neighbors who own their land claim all that is *above* it as far as the stars in an infinite column *upwards*; and for a like reason I may not go digging away to the centre of the world so as to prejudice their rights *below* the surface — for when we say we own this or that patch of land, we mean that our ownership reaches to the zenith above and down to the centre below. And yet so inextricably are our rights entangled that we are all more or less limited in our ownership; and with the land which belongs to him no man can say in all strictness that he can deal as if it were absolutely and personally his own. So that the old distinction between real property and personal property is based upon fact and truth. For what men make, what they produce by personal toil or skill, that is personal property, *i.e.*, it owes its very existence to human effort and human intelligence. But what, according to the old cosmogonies, man did not make, but which, rather, man was *made* of — the good old mother earth — that is *not* personal, but antecedent to human personality; for man could not exist without the land, though the land could do very well without man.

So far, you observe, we have got to this: that when we talk of being owners of a certain tract of land, we mean that we are owners of a certain superficial area with appurtenances thereto belonging, such appurtenances extending to the heavens above and to the depths below, but that our title to those appurtenances is limited. There is a point at which we are sure to be stopped if we so invade the column of air above us that other owners of land are wronged by our vaulting ambition; and there is another point at which we shall be sure to be stopped if, by dipping down to the depths below us we injure the subterranean appurtenances of our neighbors on this side or on that.

But this is not all. You say that the land on which this building stands belongs to this society or corporation. Suppose that one fine morning one of those horrible men of science, who are never tired of discovering something, were to announce that under this floor at a certain depth there ran a seam of the richest coal, which if it were worked for a year or two would produce untold wealth, and suffice to build a dozen such halls as this, and still leave a vast surplus to pay off all your debts and relieve you of all fear of paying rates for another century at least. I presume the temptation would be irresistible to let this hall take its chance. You would have a shaft sunk in a few weeks or months, and down you would go burrowing into the bowels of the earth in search of the hidden treasure. That is to say, you would do this *if you might*. You will do this if you *may*. But may you? "This land belongs to the corporation," say you; "therefore yes!" But we have seen that for all your claim of right you may *not* go as high as the Tower of Babel if you are mad enough to conceive the whim of climbing up to the moon. Your neighbors will cry out. "The winds of heaven and the moving air are not yours to obstruct and play your tricks with; the blessed sunlight is not yours that you may leave us in darkness and rob us of our ancient lights. The upward appurtenances of your plot of land are common property. If you stretch your rights too far, they cease to be your rights and become our wrongs."

That is intelligible enough as far as your *upward* appurtenances are concerned. But when we come to claim, what I venture to call, our *downward* appurtenances, these things are not so simple and plain. We have assumed that this society bought this land. Who did they buy it of? When did they buy it? Under what conditions? With what reservations?

Leaving other questions on one side, let me ask, Did the former possessor of this landed estate — in selling this portion of his property — did he reserve the mineral rights? If he did, then all the coal of Newcastle may be packed close and deep under this floor, and yet the corporation of Birmingham may not touch it. It belongs to some previous owner of the land, and a lordly treasure-house it may be; but it is all his, it is *not yours*, however much you might like to have it. I said "some previous owner." And here comes in another of those anomalies which make every step in the study of this subject bristle with difficulties. For if it were

only coal that was to be found, the coal would belong to the first owner of the soil who reserved the mineral rights, and he might be a man who purchased the landed estate one day and sold it the next. But if it should turn out that this hall were built upon a gold mine, the gold would belong to the crown.

Do you see what we have come to? This parcel of land on which we are at this moment standing seems to belong to no *one* person or corporation absolutely. No one owns it to such an extent as to be able to deal with it as if it were a personal chattel. The owner is stopped if he goes too high, and he is stopped if he goes too low. In other words, we may say that this land is after all *held in joint proprietorship*. The neighbors have rights in it; the overlord who reserved his minerals has rights in it; the crown has a claim upon it, if there are precious metals below the surface; and it may be, for all I know, that there are other persons who, so to speak, may claim to have a finger in the pie, and who, in a sense which I will not at this point stop to explain, may have something to say in the way of claiming a proprietary interest in it. And yet I can hardly be wrong in assuming that this hall is built upon freehold land, as it is called, and that the fee, as it is called, belongs to this society.

I shall have to get away from Birmingham soon, but I cannot quite leave it yet, for it is necessary that I should carry you back to a time eight hundred years ago. It is just about eight hundred years ago that a survey was made of Birmingham and its neighborhood, among other places, and the record of this survey still exists, and may be read by any one who has learnt the trick of deciphering it. The record does not tell us *very* much, not, of course, as much as we should like to know, but it does tell us something. We find that at Birmingham about the year 1089 there was a certain William, son of Ansculf, who owned a landed estate at Birmingham. He had, I suppose, inherited it from his father; for Ansculf himself had been a great man in his day, and had done good service in the wars. He seems to have been a considerable personage, whose ancestors had lived in a great castle at a place called Pinkeny or Pinchingi, near Amiens; and when William the Conqueror was gathering his host about him to win the crown of England, and with it the land of England, Ansculf, seeing that William was the right man to follow and serve, threw in his lot with the great

leader, and brought his retainers along with him; and I suppose he had his share in the fighting, and he got his share of the spoil. Then he died, not, however, until he had been very well paid for his services. His son William followed in his father's steps, and when the Warwickshire folk set themselves against the Conqueror, and gave him some little trouble, the son of Ansculf, I take it, stood by his leader; and then, I think, he too got his reward. But there was an Englishman named Ulwin, who was a small gentleman in his way, living at this time in Warwickshire, who it appears was not gifted with foresight and worldly wisdom — he was of the school of Mrs. Partington, and apt to entertain conscientious objections to the Atlantic Ocean — and when the great tide of conquest moved his way, he set himself to stem it. Ulwin had what we now call *an estate* of no great importance *at Birmingham*, with a house upon it, such as it was. He had half-a-dozen or so of people, who were more or less dependent upon him, living on the estate, and a wood, or patch of forest, part and parcel of the said estate, or let us call it his *lordship*. William the Conqueror made short work of the wretched Warwickshire folk who stood in his way; he found out who they were, what their names were, what their lands were, and all about them that he cared to know, and he put his hand upon that land and all that appertained to it, and, making very little difficulty about the transfer, he gave it piecemeal to his supporters, the men who had stood by him in the struggle. "Who is this Ulwin?" quoth the Conqueror. "An insolent little upstart rebel it seems, giving himself airs by reason of his trumpety lordship and his half-a-dozen ragamuffin tenants, and his few dirty acres, and his woods where the swine munch the mast. Such a man is to be cleared out of the way. As for his land, be it enacted that from henceforth his land, or his lordship if he likes, is no longer the possession of this Ulwin, but that it belongs to the son of Ansculf and his seed forever!" Thereupon the son of Ansculf became Lord Birmingham. In a sense it belonged to him. In what sense it did so we shall see by-and-by.

But you will say, "Surely, this was a very high-handed proceeding. The king *could* not do this, he had no *right* to take away the poor man's land and give it away in this outrageous fashion!"

Observe how here we find ourselves slipping into another question — a question of abstract right. With that question

let me say at once that I have no concern whatever at this moment. If you object that the king *could* not do as he did, I can only point to the stubborn fact that he *did* it. If you insist further that he had no right — no *moral right* — to do it, I have only to say that you are at perfect liberty to think as you please upon that question, and that I rejoice with all my heart that you, at any rate, are not disposed to confound might with right; but, for myself, I am not lecturing on ethics, or discoursing upon the eternal obligations of the Ten Commandments. This only I know, that when that poor little gentleman, Mr. Ulwin, was dispossessed of his own, and his lordship was handed over to the son of Ansculf, people had a much weaker faith in abstract right than they have now, and a very much stronger belief in the rights which conquest conferred upon the conqueror; and when a doughty king like the great William won a territory by his strong arm and irresistible power, and none were able to stand before him and say him nay, then this conqueror had no manner of hesitation in taking what he thought fit to claim, and giving it to whom he would. Yes! even the land.

But the son of Ansculf was a very big man, and this Birmingham estate was certainly not the place he would have chosen to live in. Why didn't he sell it and get rid of it? Sell it! Well I will not go the length of saying that eight hundred years ago land was not a marketable commodity, because that would convey a wrong impression; but this I will say, that it would no more have entered into the head of the son of Ansculf in the year 1089 to hand over his little Birmingham estate to Tom, Dick, or Harry for money down, than it would have occurred to him to sell his backbone for a bank post-bill. "Well! But who did he leave all his land to?" Do you mean by will? If you do, again you are going astray, for the answer to this question brings us face to face with another fact which will, I am sure, be a surprise to many of you.

*In those days in England men could not make a will and leave their land to whom they pleased.*

If the son of Ansculf had died without heirs, his land would have gone back to the king who gave it. As it was, he had an only daughter, and all his estates went to her. But in those days buying and selling of land was a thing almost unknown, and leaving a landed estate by will was not known at all. And there was good reason for this; for by the conquest of

England, or consequent upon it, eight hundred years ago, the king became the supreme landlord; all the land of the nation, the old folkland, became his; and all private land was held of him mediately or immediately. When, therefore, we hear of a gold-mine under this hall being the property of the crown, we come upon a survival of the old theory — the land may belong to you or to me in a certain sense, but there are limits even now to our ownership. There are some things in the land which do not belong to us, some things which we may not claim as our own, even though they be found on our land. We may not dig up the gold that lies buried under our kitchens!

I said just now that after the conquest the king became the supreme landlord, and that all the land in England was held mediately or immediately of him. Well that is true and it is not true. It *is* true if we mean that the *bestowal* of all the land and all its appurtenances belonged to the king. It is *not* true if we mean that in every case the king could bestow it upon any one he pleased. For ages anterior to the conquest there had been a portion of the land of this country which had been reserved for the maintenance of a certain class in the nation, and in addition to this reserve of land there had been, speaking within limits, a reserve of a share of the appurtenances of all the other land under cultivation. The reserve lands were known as church lands, and the reserved appurtenances were known as tithes. When the Conqueror took to himself the right of dealing with the land as a whole, he acknowledged that in the bestowal of the title even his power was limited. The church lands and the tithes, he acknowledged, could only be bestowed upon a tenant for life who was a clergyman, or upon a religious corporation, which was treated as if it were in some way or other exercising the functions which the clergy could discharge.

There is an entry in the great Survey of Hants which gives us a good illustration of what I mean. The commissioners are giving the king information concerning a place which they call Stanham, and this is what they say:—

"Richer the clergyman holds the Church of this Manor, and with it two other churches near Henton, which belong to the Mother Church; and close to this church there lies a Hide of land (about 120 acres) [also held by Richer], and in addition he owns all the tithes of this township — *even the tithes of the King's*

*land.* He *did* hold this of the Bishop, he *does* hold it now of the King."

That is to say, that this reverend gentleman — Richer by name — had been presented to this living of his in the first instance by the bishop as *patron of the living*. Then came the Conquest; and the Conqueror, using his high-handed proceeding, took to himself *not* absolute possession of the land reserved — still less did he call back the appurtenance called the tithe, even though it was levied upon his own royal domain — but he took to himself the right of saying to whom the life-interest of such land and appurtenances should be granted in the case of an avoidance. And yet he tacitly acquiesced in his power of disposing of the benefice being a limited power. He could only confer the life-interest upon a clergyman. The enjoyment of such land and tithe was limited, inasmuch as the estate formed a part of the reserve of church lands.

Now you may perhaps have observed that so far I have not gone behind the date of the Conquest by the great William. I have taken this as my *terminus a quo* for many reasons, but chiefly for this most important reason — that no man holds land in this country upon a title anterior to the Conquest. The settlement of the land by William the Conqueror may be said to be practically the beginning of things; and if we go behind that we are plunged at once into the region of cloudland, of hypothesis and theory; we leave the sure standing-ground of facts.

But having in a manner carried you *back* to this point — the point beyond which we will not travel in our tracing the origin of things which concern the history of the property in land in England — let us see what we find. It is this, that eight hundred years ago we have all the land in England claimed as his own by the sovereign, and acknowledged to be his by the whole body of the landowners. Yes; the whole body of the landowners — indeed, we may say the whole nation — submitted to hold all their land of the king; all the land was, as it were, forfeited to him. Some of it — indeed, a great deal of it — he gave back to the landlords who had previously owned it; but these consented to hold their lands as *tenants* of the great Conqueror. Some of it was handed over to his brethren in arms — they too being his tenants. Some of it was reserved for the maintenance of a privileged class (the clergy), to whom it was given for their several lives, and at their death it reverted

to the king in some cases, to the landlords (who were the tenants of the king) in other cases; but this land could only be held for life by clergymen. Thus, then, all the land — speaking within certain limits — was held subject to the condition of performing certain services. In the case of the laity, the service was in the main the service of helping the king in war; in the case of the clergy, it was the service of keeping up the worship of God and performing the offices of religion.

And because this reserve of land and appurtenances had been submitted to for many centuries, and had been acquiesced in by successive generations — the non-clerical owners of the land having no thought of revolting against the old *status quo ante* — the Conqueror in this instance made no change; and thus the settlement of the land question by William may be said to have been arrived at on the theory that the real supreme landlord of all the land in the country was the king, who at his pleasure made grants of certain lordships or fiefs or manors to whom he would — these grantees becoming tenants of the king, such tenants having the right to make what they could of their lands on condition, first, that they acknowledged his sovereignty by rendering him certain tributes or "rents" for which they were liable, *or*, secondly, on condition that, being clergymen, they performed certain functions which only the clergy were qualified to discharge, and whereby the whole nation was assumed to receive a real benefit.

I have not yet done with the son of Ansculf. That vigorous and insatiable young gentleman was not going to be put off with such a poor reward as the lordship of Birmingham — a squalid little desolate hamlet with half-a-dozen huts, where the population huddled as best they could, and a score or two of lean hogs picked up a very precarious livelihood in the woods. There was a very much more considerable lordship hard by, which would bring him in a far larger revenue. In the survey this lordship is called Eston. *Now* it is called Aston, and is a suburb of Birmingham, and, I believe, contains more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; but in eight hundred years the look of some places changes a great deal, and so it has been with Aston, otherwise Eston.

This Eston lordship had formerly been one of the possessions of Edwin, Earl of the Mercians. It comprehended a large tract of arable land on which some forty

families were settled, who, among them, kept eighteen or twenty ploughs going. There was a parson to look after them, and presumably a church for him to officiate in. There was a mill for grinding the corn—a sure source of income to the lord. There were some miles of forest, and there was a certain portion of the estate which the lord had kept in his own hands, and which is technically known as land *in demesne*, with, presumably, a house upon it called the capital mansion. For some reason or other, this demesne land seems to have run out of cultivation, for at the time of the survey there was not a plough to be found upon it, though in better days it had taken six ploughs to keep it under tillage. Now it unluckily happens that when the men who drew up the survey of Warwickshire sent in their returns, they contented themselves with giving a much briefer and less minute account of the several lordships than the surveyors of Norfolk and Suffolk had felt themselves bound to forward to headquarters. The consequence is that we are compelled to fill in the void places by the help of conjecture and analogy; but we have certain data to go upon, and we are in a position roughly to form a probable estimate of what the Eston lordship was like. At a guess I should say that the whole lordship extended over at least five thousand acres. I suspect the manor-house had been burnt down, and the whole place pillaged during the late rebellion. As to the thousand acres of arable land, it was cultivated as *open fields*. There were pretty sure to be some common pasture lands on which the cattle might be turned when the corn was growing. Also, over and above the woodland or forest, there was pretty sure to be another breadth of mere waste land, scrub or heath not worth the tillage—such land as in Norfolk was called *bruary*, where nothing but briars and thorns would grow. So that we have here what I must venture to call five different kinds of land, and why I call them so will appear in the sequel: (1) The demesne land or home farm of the lord; (2) the open fields cultivated by the tenants of the manor for their own profit, but yielding an annual rent to the lord; (3) the common pasture; (4) the forest or woodland, and (5) the waste or bruery, which supplied a certain amount of fuel in the shape of turf, bracken, and brushwood for all the tenants, and cover for rabbits and other game.

It must be understood that this area bestowed upon the son of Ansculf was not a

mere aggregate of estates each held in severalty, but was *one* and indivisible. When the Conqueror took upon himself to confiscate all the land of the country, that land was divided into a large number of small territories, each of which may be described as a miniature kingdom, with something like a constitution of its own. It will suffice to call these petty kingdoms *manors*, for that is the name which they were generally known by, and I call them petty “kingdoms” because in those days people could only conceive of government as exercised by a chieftain or king or “lord,” even though this chieftain or lord might be very far from being an absolute sovereign, and though the governed class had rights which acted as powerful checks upon the dominating influence of the chief ruler. Thus in the case of this manor or lordship of Eston the demesne lands with the capital mansion upon it represented the *residency* of the lord with its *home farm*, and it was the only portion of the estate that was surrounded by a fence or inclosure. Whatever hedges or palings were to be found elsewhere within the limits of the manor they existed on sufferance or had been put up by license of the lord. If any one had dared to put up a fence without consent of the lord and without consent of the other tenants of the manor, it would have been pulled down very speedily and with very little ceremony, for the tenants too had a voice in the matter, and they too had an interest in resisting anything in the shape of invasion of their rights. And, as I have said, all had rights, and those rights were reciprocal; for as the owner of the demesne lands was the lord of the manor, so every cultivator of the soil within the limits of that manor was, in theory, the lord's man.

But when we come to speak of the open fields of the manor we come upon a condition of affairs which it is sometimes difficult for people in our time to understand. The open fields constituted a certain area of arable land within the manor which was cultivated by a body of tenants who held their several allotments by a very peculiar tenure. To begin with, these allotments or strips were scattered about in the most unmethodical way possible. It really looks as if the Conqueror when he gave away lordships to his supporters and, as we are told, took care to let none of his great lords have more than two or three of such lordships contiguous—it looks, I say, as if he had taken a hint from the wonderfully minute subdivision of lands in the manors themselves, and, seeing how such

subdivision must tend to prevent the tenants of the manor from ever becoming individually formidable to the lord, be thought him that it would be wisdom to adopt in his kingdom the same policy which answered so well in the manor, the policy of *Divide et impera*. Be that however as it may, it is certain that the open fields of the manor were cut up into a very large number of strips or patches, which were held by the tenants of the manor under a very peculiar tenure. The tenants had the right of dealing with their lands as if they were their own for a portion of the year only; but if they did not clear off their crops by a certain day, the lord in some cases, the whole body of the tenants in others, might turn their sheep or cattle into the common fields and devour whatever was left of the tenant's harvest.

On the other hand, these tenants to all intents and purposes possessed such rights over their several strips of arable land, and in many cases over enclosed meadows and gardens and houses too, that they could not be dispossessed of their holdings at the will of the lord. They were tenants indeed, but they were tenants with a very real and definite *tenant right*.

But rights imply duties. What were the duties of these tenants? Well, one of the most important of those duties was the duty of paying something in the shape of rent to the lord. In those days money was scarce — very scarce — therefore the dues rendered to the lord in exchange for the use of the lord's land were paid to a great extent in what I may as well call *kind*. The money rent was for the most part a small fraction of the payment exacted, but the other rent was at times extremely onerous.

Thus I could give you chapter and verse for one case, which is no better and no worse than hundreds of others that might easily be adduced, where one John, a tenant of the manor of Banham in Norfolk, held twenty-five acres of the lord. For this he paid *qd.* a year in money rent, but this was the least of his burdens. He had to do six days' ploughing and nine days' reaping in harvest-time for the lord. He had to do two days' work at haymaking time, and half a day's work at carrying the lord's hay. He had to do four days' carting and nine days' of job-work in the lord's demesne whensoever it suited the lord to set him on, and he had every year to bring to the lord's house two hens at Christmas, twenty eggs at Easter, and four quarters

of oats on St. Andrew's day, *i.e.*, the 30th of November. If you add up all these dues — to say nothing of a great deal else that I must not dwell on — you will find that the dues paid by the tenants in those early times were by no means light or inconsiderable. Nay, in many instances it is almost inexplicable how they were paid at all; the burdens in many instances which have come under my notice must have been almost crushing. And yet it must be remembered that there were certain alleviations of these burdens. In the first place the tenants had fixity of tenure of their land. It may be said pretty safely that in those days there was hardly anything in the shape of land laws, and the whole complex machinery of leases for a term of years was hardly known. Instead of any statute law, every manor was governed in the main by certain customs which had been handed down by tradition, and these customs it was the interest of every member of the community to keep inviolate. If any dispute arose it was settled, not by an appeal to any outside tribunal, but by bringing the cause before an assembly of the tenants — the *homagers* as they were called of the manor — and though at these assemblies or courts of the manor the lord or his steward presided, he was by no means supreme, indeed cases arose at times when the lord of the manor was actually censured for infringing upon the rights of the homage. Then, too, every tenant of the manor had rights over the waste, over any common pasture that there might be, and over the woodland in the manor.

There is a very widespread delusion among the majority of people to the effect that where a common pasture existed within the limits of an ancient manor, any one who liked, and who was an *inhabitant* of the manor, might turn out upon the common as many sheep and heads of cattle as he liked — a drove of camels or a herd of ponies. So far from that being the case, it may be said that there was no right which the tenants of a manor were more jealous of than the rights of common pasture. Not only could no one but a tenant of the manor turn even a donkey or a goose upon the common, but it was a matter of strict ordinance how many cows or sheep might be allowed to come from each holding. So, too, it was with regard to the waste or bruary. Then, too, there were very valuable rights which the tenants enjoyed, I mean the right of cutting turf for fuel, and of gathering bracken for kindling or thatching; but no one man or



any dozen of men could be allowed so to use his rights as to deprive other men of theirs, and the rights of turbarry were jealously watched by every member of the community, each having an interest in guarding all from the usurpation of any one. Lastly, in the case of the forest or woodland, the timber growing there belonged to the lord; but the tenants had in many cases the right of lopping and topping certain trees, and in my part of the world you may see many an old oak-tree that must be at least as old as the Conquest, and which for *ages* was subject to this treatment, the tenant never daring to cut the tree down, and the lord not caring to do so, but resigning it to the bills and hooks of the tenants of the manor, who hacked off the young branches when they came in handy for fuel or other purposes, and doing this in despite of the lord or by his connivance. Besides this right of lopping and topping, and certain other rights over the underwood and the fallen branches, there was a very valuable right of *pannage* in the woods, *i.e.*, the right of turning their cattle or swine into the woods to feed upon the mast or the acorns, or to browse upon the herbage; but all these rights were strictly limited. They were limited in time, for they began on one day and they ended on another day year by year, and they were limited in space, for the area over which they extended was, as I have said, clearly and sharply defined.

Such was this manor of Eston, which became the possession of William, son of Ansculf, eight centuries ago. Such was his manor or lordship, or as we should call it now his *landed estate*, which, if he rose from the dead now to take a look at, he would assuredly not recognize as even remotely resembling what he once called his own. But having got this lordship, with a great many others besides, what was he to do with it? He could not *live* there, for, as we have seen, the manor-house was probably a blackened ruin. He could not sell it. Could he give it away? No, he could not even do that. For you must understand that when the Conqueror bestowed a tract of land upon a new lord, he did not only give the land to the lord, but he did more—he gave the lord to the land. The lord was answerable to the king for the land, and for the men who lived upon the land, and lived by the land. If he could make anything out of his lordship so much the better for him; but, whether or no, he was answerable for the land and its cultivators in more ways than one, and occasions might easily arise when

the grant of this or that manor (if it alone) might prove to be the gift of a horrible white elephant to the grantee. What, then, was the son of Ansculf to do with his manor of Eston? There were two courses open to him: he might keep it in his own hands and manage it himself, or he might *let it out* to somebody else—by giving that somebody else a *perpetual lease* of the manor—receiving money down or an equivalent for the grant of this lease and receiving a peppercorn rent, as we term it, in acknowledgment of his overlordship. And he might reserve to himself this or that privilege or contingent advantage which whim or his foresight might suggest desirable to retain.

The son of Ansculf did *not* keep the manor in his own hands. He made it over to an Englishman to make what he could of it, and that Englishman's name was Godmund, whose descendants, anything I know to the contrary, may be landowners in Aston or Birmingham this very day. So Godmund forthwith became the lord of the manor, and “*struck in the shoes*” of the son of Ansculf, as phrase it, though he was not the owner of the estate nor *directly* even a tenant of the king; he became what was technically known as a *mesne tenant*. When the king demanded his due on account of the manor of Eston he came upon the son of Ansculf for it, and left the son of Ansculf to settle with the mesne tenant as best he could. And when the son of Ansculf demanded his due of Godmund, Godmund had to settle for his own liabilities to the tenant-in-chief, and it must be admitted that as time went on Godmund and his successors contrived to shift such liabilities as they could upon their *sub-tenants* that is the homagers or smaller landholders of the manor.

Thus, then, as regards this manor and the same is true *mutatis mutandis* all the land in England—the truth seems to be that it was a tract of land which he had and yet it had not, *got away from the original grantor*, to wit, the sovereign. The king could not keep all the land in his own hands and farm it by an army of bailiffs. Landowners in ancient and modern times who have tried that experiment have discovered that there is only one class in the community that finds *that* a profitable speculation, and that is the class of whom one representative has become immeasurably notorious, inasmuch as he will be known to all time as the unjust steward. So the king let out his land to cert-

tenants-in-chief, whom we will call A, B, C, D.

But the tenants-in-chief were in the same position as the king; they too had more land than they could manage profitably, and they too had not unlimited confidence in the steward or bailiff class. So they did as the king did; they too sublet their manors to the mesne tenants, whom we will call a, b, c, d. These mesne tenants thus became the real lords of the manors, but between them and the land there were the sub-tenants, who were the tillers of the soil, holding their land of a, b, or c, subject to certain rents, services, or burdens, but possessed of tenant right of which they could not be deprived. We will call them 1, 2, or 3. They were virtually part owners of the soil.

Very noticeable is this point in William the Conqueror's settlement of the land question, that it made no provision for any *sub-division* of the land. The Conqueror dealt with the land by wholesale, and it is hardly too much to say that, according to his settlement, selling land by retail was impossible. The manor was the unit. The manor with its group of sub-tenants constituted a *hive*, with its drones and its workers and its *queen bee*. The tenants belonged to the land as much as and more than the land belonged to them. No one of them could alienate his land or any portion of it at his pleasure; he might cultivate it or he might run away and leave it; but if he wanted to hand it over to any one else it was at the lord's option to say him yes, or no.

But what happened if 1, or 2, or 3, or any other of the tenants of the manor, simply died and left no heirs — as they did die by the thousand in that dreadful year 1349? Then the land which had been held by these tenants came back to the lord of the manor — *escheated* to him as it was called. He got the land, but he was the poorer by the loss of the rents and services. He might, again, take the land into his own hands and farm it, but he could not absorb it into the demesne lands, for to do that would have been stoutly resisted by the tenants, for very good reasons which I will not stop to particularize; and inasmuch as the land of the tenants was, as we have seen, "scattered all over the place," to retain it would have been madness. Therefore it was almost inevitable that the lord should let it out again, sometimes on the same terms as before, sometimes upon better terms. But as often as the lord saw that here a strip or there a strip lay conveniently near

his demesne, or his woods, or his pastures, we may be pretty sure that such strips of land would be little by little tacked on to the lord's private property, and though this would not be done on a large scale, or by a *coup de main*, the process of annexation would be always going on; for the lord was, of course, a much bigger man than any of his tenants, and the tendency was always for him to become richer and more powerful and for the sub-tenants to become weaker and poorer.

That is to say, on the land, as everywhere else, the tendency was and always will be for the big man to gobble up the small man — the weakest must go to the wall — and though you may set yourselves as much as you please against this tendency, you will never be able to resist this great law of the universe. Bring any molecule you please within the orbit of a body of greater volume and density, and the attraction of the greater will infallibly tend to absorb the less into its mass. From the point of view which a small man is apt to take of things in general, I confess I am sometimes tempted to rebel against this kind of thing. I do not like the thought of being gobbled up by some great one, but I have arrived at the melancholy conviction that I cannot help it; and, moreover, I do not see how I could alter it for the better. The logic of words is often only a matter of contending fallacies, the logic of facts is irresistible. And so it could not be otherwise than that A, B, and C should tend to dominate more and more over 1, 2, and 3; for the sons of the soil — the tillers of the soil — had very little to fall back upon when things went wrong with them. Some went away to the wars; some went to seek their fortunes as pedlars or artisans; some took to crime and vice; some laid down and died, no one knew how, or when, or why; and some were hanged, and then again their land did *not* escheat to the king, but came back into the hands of the lord of the manor. The one class would be steadily, however slowly, going up, the other class would be going down.

But would not the same law hold good of the *tenants-in-chief* relatively to the mesne tenants or lords of the manors? No, not to anything like the same extent as in the former case. To begin with, the number of the mesne tenants was not a hundredth part of the number of the sub-tenants or peasant class. The lord of the manor was incomparably better clad and housed and "nourished" than his ten-

ants; he might grow fat while they starved; famine and nakedness were not in his line; they were often enough very near to *them*; disease stalked among them with a ghastly familiarity, and death came knocking at *their* doors, sometimes rather as friend than foe. For one lord of the manor who died without heirs up and down the length and breadth of England there would be a thousand of the sub-tenants who dropped out and none regarded. But if an a or b or c *did* die leaving no heirs to succeed to his lordship, what happened? Exactly what happened in the case of the death of 1, 2, or 3. The *whole estate* went back in its entirety to A, B, or C, the whole manor and all the tenants upon it, the whole *hive* and all the bees in it. That is to say, a, or b, or c, as the case might be, cease to exist, and the manor became linked to A, or B, or C without any intermediary, the rents or services remained absolutely as they were before, and so did the rights of the tenants, they stood exactly as they had stood, and things returned to the same condition that they were in before there were any mesne tenants, as the middlemen between A, B, and C, and 1, 2, and 3.

This, then, is briefly a statement of the case with regard to the tenure of land in England as it was settled eight hundred years ago. Of course great changes have come about in the lapse of centuries, but, as is usual with us in England, these changes have operated very gradually, and rarely have they been made with violence. Nay, so unwilling are we to break with the past and to tear up the old foundations, that the settlement made by the Conqueror, after all the great and many salutary changes that have come about, survives actually to our own time. Yes, the crown is still the one supreme landlord from whom all the rest in theory hold their lands. Still the land of the man who dies intestate and without heirs escheats to the lord of the manor, unless that land has been enfranchised, or to the sovereign if it no longer is part and parcel of a manor. Still the heirs of the mesne tenants or of the tenants-in-chief exact their mineral rights. Still the crown claims its royalty on gold or *flotsam* and *jetsam* on the shore. Even heriots are not quite things of the past, still less are those fines for entrance upon land held by copy of court roll. These things are survivals, but very real and active survivals; they are reminders that "though much is taken, much remains" of what we are too apt to think has utterly passed away—

reminders which come to many men as ghosts to trouble joy. Meanwhile nothing is more certain than that the ownership of the land is incomparably more free and unshackled than it was. You may alienate your land to whom you please. You may bequeath it by will according to your own whim and caprice. You may buy it by the acre or the square foot. You may sell it wholesale or retail, and even for exportation, if you could only manage to take it away. It might almost be thought that now there was no difference between "personalty" and "realty" except that the land is indestructible. All this change in the character of the ownership of the land of this country, in the power of dealing with it and the rights which assure its possession, cannot be regarded in any other light than as the result of progress and development in a condition of affairs which in the nature of things could not but change. The old order *must* change.

But if we come to trace the direction of that change we shall see that, whereas the proprietary rights of the landowner were originally limited and barred by very stringent checks, so that he was never allowed to deceive himself into the belief that his land was absolutely his own, to deal with as a chattel in the production of which he might have had a hand—now, on the contrary, we find men surprised and angry when they are told that even now they may not quite call the land their own. That is to say, proprietary rights in the land have been steadily growing in favor of the landowners for eight hundred years, and, in the opinion of some thinkers, they are not unlikely to continue to grow in the same direction.

On the other hand, there are economists of the root-and-branch order—economists who are in far too great a hurry to set things right to have any time to study history, which is always a long and laborious process, abhorrent to men who belong to the slapdash classes—and these tell us that we have gone on a great deal too fast in the wrong direction, and that the time is coming when we shall have to *nationalize the land*. For myself political theorizing is not in my line, and Utopian dreams have no charm for my mind. But what seems to me plain enough as I look facts in the face, and what may not unlikely have dawned upon others who have followed me in the foregoing retrospect, is this: that the land of this country *is*—yes, it *is* nationalized—and that the basis of the settlement by the Conqueror eight centuries ago was actually this that some

are advocating so loudly without knowing what they mean — to wit, the nationalization of the land. In an age when men hardly could conceive of a nation except as represented in the person of the sovereign, all the functions of government seemed to them to be centred in him, and all national life and greatness seemed to depend upon him. If the land was indeed to be regarded as the land of the nation, then in whom could that land be vested except in the nation's representative? The sovereign must needs become the supreme landlord. As long as, and in proportion as, that sovereign was an irresponsible ruler, and practically absolute, as long as his personal will dominated irresistibly over the nation that he ruled, again and again did he deal arbitrarily, tyrannically, despotically, and outrageously with the land of persons or corporations. I need only refer you to such a stupendous act of pillage as the plunder of the lands of the religious houses, or the innumerable examples of confiscation of the landed property of high and low.

When, on the other hand, as has happened at least once in our history, the sovereign has not only been reduced to a cipher, but the nation has determined to do without him, then similar acts of confiscation and resumption of land by the supreme landlord have been carried out; the nation in this case taking just as little heed to consult the sovereign as in the former case the sovereign took to consult the nation.

When, as in our own times, absolutism had become as much a thing of the past as chain-armor, and the nation had learnt steadily to work out its purposes and to carry out its resolves in, and with, and by the dignified and intelligent co-operation of the sovereign — the sovereign who had given up all dreams of playing the autocrat, and gloried rather in being the constitutional head of a great people — then if it has seemed good to the nation to assert its claim to be considered still the supreme landlord, there has been no timidity or hesitation in putting forward that claim, and no tyrannical and cruel disregard of national obligations expressed or implied in ancient covenants. But where it was abundantly plain that it was for the interest of the many to sacrifice the proprietary rights of the few, the nation, the sovereign of course concurring, has over and over again taken possession of large tracts of land which the private owners were not allowed to withhold, and dealing immeasurably more justly, im-

measurably more generously than king or commonwealth had done in former times, the nation has respected the vested rights of the personal proprietors by awarding reasonable compensation for the enforced determination of a long-standing contract. This has been going on among us during every session of Parliament for generations, and this will continue to go on to the end. After all, it seems that the instincts of a great nation are wiser than the dreams of philosophers, and working politicians are more to be trusted than mere thinkers when great problems have not only to be thought out, but to be worked out in the national life.

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From Temple Bar.

"MOTHERS" — ACCORDING TO ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

I HAVE received a shock — that is to say, my eyes have been opened to a fact which I consider a very unaccountable one, to say the least. This rude awakening was brought about by a chance remark of an old friend, the mother of a family of men and women who regard her with infinite admiration and loving respect.

The conversation had turned upon the works of the late Charles Dickens, whose marvellous talent of humor and pathos, it seems to me, are not sufficiently appreciated by the rising generation. For some time my old friend listened in silence to a somewhat animated discussion, and then she suddenly broke in: —

"I am not sorry to see the worship of Charles Dickens on the wane."

"But why?" I cried. "Every young man and woman might profit by the tender sermons he preaches of philanthropy and good-will."

In reply my friend made the following pungent and incontrovertible observation:

"Ah, you are not a mother."

"Granted," I responded in some surprise; "but how does that affect my opinion on the subject of Charles Dickens?"

"It affects it materially, for, having no personal grievance against him, you have entirely overlooked one of his great peculiarities. I admit his talent, but I do not like his books, and I fancy you would find — if they were only brave enough to declare such heresy against a man who, thirty years ago, was a household god — that most mothers would agree with me."

In complete bewilderment I shook my head.

"I cannot follow you," I said. "I should have thought mothers, before every one else, would recommend Dickens to their children; surely the tone of his works is in very refreshing contrast to the doubtful morality of some of our more fashionable novelists."

"Oh, certainly, I'll give the devil his due; it is not his morals I object to — it is his mothers."

"His what?"

"His mothers," my old friend responded warmly. "His own mother was an unsatisfactory example I will allow, but that is no reason why he should blacken the whole race; speaking feelingly, I say he has done us the most cruel injustice. I imagine that there is no man living who would dare to state as a serious fact that mothers are in reality a detestable and contemptible class — surely the world's history proves the contrary — and yet how has Charles Dickens treated us? Shamefully, I say. Our very pride in our children has been made ridiculous, and, according to him, when we are not demons we are fools!"

"Oh, no, no," I interrupted; "you must be mistaken."

My friend fixed me with her steady eyes.

"You are a student of Charles Dickens, are you not?"

"Certainly; I think you could scarcely mention a character of his with which I am unfamiliar."

"Very well, then, if you can point me out one mother in the whole of Dickens's novels, with any claim to education, who can be either admired or respected, I will own that I have wronged him. I am ready to admit that on the lower orders he is less severe."

Eager to prove that she misjudged my favorite, I began to search my memory. At the end of ten minutes I was still searching, but I had not spoken. The fact was, I was terribly perturbed in spirit, I was most anxious not to be worsted in the argument, for it seemed to me that a grave slur had been cast upon Charles Dickens's character; therefore to feel that I could only bring forward, as being worthy of respect, David Copperfield's childish mother, was exceedingly mortifying. George's mother in "Bleak House" I could not mention, as, although she is undoubtedly a fine old dame, she certainly has no claim to gentle breeding; while in support of my friend's grievance there marshalled such a ghastly troupe of knaves and fools — if so masculine a term as

knave is admissible in these circumstances — that I was utterly discomfited.

"My memory is at fault," I muttered myself. "I will go home and consult Dickens."

Pleading a headache, I made my excuses, but as I was leaving the room my old friend called after me, —

"If you have a headache, don't put this subject to-night. I warn you you're going to search for a needle in a bottle of hay, only" — somewhat grimly — "the needle is not there!"

I locked myself in my study and set to work. At the end of two hours, wiser and much sadder, I paused, and gazed blankly around at a formidable heap of volumes. I had selected the books haphazard, and had made a pencil note on each, with the result.

"Great Expectations." No parent of any importance. Slight character sketch of Herbert's mother (a decidedly blameable fool).

"Old Curiosity Shop." Old Mrs. Gamp (weak). Kit's mother (lower order). Mrs. Jiniwin (detestable).

"Hard Times." Mrs. Gradgrind (stupid). Bounderby's mother (lower order).

"Little Dorrit." Mrs. Clennam (capital). Mrs. Merdle and Mrs. Gowan (worldly, heartless wretches). Mrs. Peggles (nice, but very homely).

"Our Mutual Friend." Mrs. Wopsle (outrageous).

"Nicholas Nickleby." Mrs. Nickleby and Mrs. Kenwigs (lunatics). Mrs. Squint (a horror).

"Dombey and Son." Mrs. Skewton (disgrace to her sex). Alice's mother ("Good Mrs. Brown" (an ogress). Peggotty (lower orders).

"Martin Chuzzlewit." Mothers none of them, with the exception of character sketches "The Mother of the Gracchi" (a fool).

"Barnaby Rudge." Mrs. Varden (tensely objectionable). Mrs. Rudge (lower orders).

"David Copperfield." David's mother (amiable, but weak-minded). Mrs. Micawber (a caricature). Mrs. Creakle (a thing). Mrs. Steerforth (horrid). Mrs. Heep (hateful). "The old soldier" (worse).

"Bleak House." Lady Dedlock (I will, the least said, —). Mrs. Jellyhead (another culpable fool). Mrs. Pardon (an insupportable creature). Mrs. Gowan (abominable). George's mother (lower orders).

In "Oliver Twist," "Tale of Two Cities," and "Pickwick," the mother

very much in the background, and taking Mrs. Bardell as a specimen of those who do appear, perhaps it is just as well they should be.

"My friend was right," I murmured regretfully; "but I wish she had not called my attention to the fact. Why should Dickens, of all men in the world, have taken this singular stand? He whose writings are so full of tender sympathy, why should he be the one to do our English matrons such injustice?"

With a sigh I rose to replace the volumes on the shelf. As I did so, my eyes fell upon the corner of my book-case devoted to Charles Dickens's great contemporary, William Makepeace Thackeray. I stared at the books for a minute, and then, pulling them quickly from their places, I returned to my table.

For another hour I worked, and then I started up and began pacing my room. I could not make it out at all—Thackeray was nearly as bad as Dickens with respect to his mothers, and yet, despite the cynicism with which he is sometimes charged, a more gentle, kindly-hearted man than William Makepeace Thackeray never existed. And yet the mothers that his brain has evolved! Barry Lyndon's mother! Mrs. Esmond of Castlewood, in Virginia, a respectable but very objectionable little woman. Poor, unreasonable, cross Mrs. Sedley, in "Vanity Fair." Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, utterly uninteresting and disagreeable. Mrs. Gashleigh, poor Timmins's mother-in-law; and worse than all, Mrs. Mackenzie, the hateful wretch who tortures the dear, gallant old Colonel Newcome to his death.

On the other hand, we have certainly the two Mrs. Pendennis. Thackeray made a concession in giving us them, and Beatrix's mother, Rachel Esmond. Of this last, however, it must be admitted that though she is a most delightful character—more delightful, perhaps, because of her strongly marked human weaknesses—still her maternal qualities are by no means unquestionable, and I fancy it would be impossible to read the book and ignore the fact that many of Beatrix Esmond's faults reflect on her mother.

I made no further investigations that night, but I resolved that the next morning I would arise with the lark, and that I would not rest until I had discovered what treatment mothers have received at the hands of twelve of our other principal English novelists. I made out a list of authors before retiring, and I fancy it will be acknowledged to be a sufficiently com-

prehensive one: Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Bulwer Lytton, Wilkie Collins, and, taking one only from our essentially modern writers, Ouida.

I do not pretend that I am nearly so familiar with the works of these twelve writers as I am with those of Charles Dickens and Thackeray, but having now given serious attention to the subject, I should be very much surprised indeed if any one could point out to me, say half-a-dozen instances where, in a standard English novel, a mother in her maternal relation takes a really honorable, dignified position. And yet this condition of things appears to me to be extraordinary to the point of incredibility.

It was a great consolation to me, however, to be able to reinstate Charles Dickens on his pinnacle in my estimation, for, as I did not fail to point out to my old friend, why heap reproaches on his head alone, all his literary brothers and sisters being tarred with the same brush?

She was not inclined to believe this at first, but before I left her she was bound to confess my accusation against writers of fiction *en masse* was a very strong one.

To begin with Fielding. Taking "Tom Jones" and "Amelia" as representative works, where are the admirable mothers in either of these books? Distinctly nowhere.

Smollett, again, has a few ridiculous mothers, but I cannot recollect one of any prominence who is entitled to a grain of respect, whereas the mother in Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" is about as bad as she can be. To describe this hateful personage as an "assistant tormentor," who merits speedy promotion to the head of her profession, would be no more than just.

Against Oliver Goldsmith there is also a very heavy charge, and to find Goldsmith a delinquent in this respect is to me most crushing, for I regard the "Vicar of Wakefield" as the finest English novel we have; the most pure, the most tender, the most elevating in its way of any that I have read. The whole book is permeated with the very spirit of homely philosophy and gentle Christian toleration, except in regard to the treatment of one character.

Who does not love the genial, kindly vicar, in whose composition the dove and the serpent are so happily mingled? Which among us does not sympathize with and admire the two daughters; and is

there one who cannot spare a corner of their hearts even to simple, argumentative, honest Moses? George Primrose, too, is a fine fellow, and the little lads will, no doubt, grow up to be worthy members of a delightful family, men and women who have weaknesses, it is true, but lovable weaknesses except in one case, and that, of course, the mother. Why, in the name of charity, should Goldsmith have made the mother a blot on this pleasant family picture? It appears to me that the character of Mrs. Primrose is written in a distinctly different vein from the rest of the book; she is not a bad woman; if the author had treated her failings in his usual tender spirit, we should not feel the sentiment of dislike towards her that we do. I fancy that Goldsmith makes a positive effort to be ill-natured where this mother is concerned and that, having exhausted on her his venom, which after all is very innocuous, he has none left for the really bad characters in his delightful book.

Is it not true that after finishing the "Vicar of Wakefield" we have more tolerance in our minds even for the rascally squire and his confederate, Jenkinson, than we have for the woman who can reproach and taunt her repentant daughter in her misery, and who is altogether a mass of vanity and contemptible, vulgar self-conceit?

Oliver Goldsmith wrote but this one novel, but one might imagine he was desirous that every one should understand distinctly the amount of estimation he considered due to the mother in English households. In "She Stoops to Conquer," there is but one really objectionable character, for Tony has decidedly redeeming traits, and would not be half as bad as he is if he had been more fortunate in his mother; but who can discover Mrs. Hardcastle's good side? A nagging, false, ridiculous woman, neither more nor less.

Sir Walter Scott wrote upwards of thirty stories. As a rule, his heroes and heroines are parentless; there are a few fathers, however, who have some claim upon our respect, but I cannot remember one mother. I should not like to state as a fact that in this large collection mothers are altogether absent, in fact I know there are one or two mentioned, but those I can recollect are certainly not good, the mother in "The Bride of Lammermoor" for instance. I really do not believe in one solitary case Sir Walter Scott has represented a dignified maternal character; if he has, she has escaped my memory.

The seven authors that I have cited at present being all of the masculine gender, it might be inferred that I consider the reproach of injustice to our earliest and dearest friend only applicable to male writers; but the next three names on my list are those of women, and in their works mothers certainly have no greater claim upon our affections.

In Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility" the mother is an intensely foolish creature, while in depicting Elizabeth's mother, in "Pride and Prejudice," the author seems to have revelled in representing a miserable woman who has not a particle of intelligence, and is disagreeable into the bargain.

The greatest of our female authors, George Eliot, has not so much to answer for in this respect, except negatively. She does not honor mothers as a rule, it is true — but it would almost seem that that is too much to expect from any one — generally speaking, she ignores them. In two of her important novels, viz., "Romola" and "Silas Marner," if there are any mothers at all, they are very subordinate characters. In "Adam Bede" she gave promise of striking out a new path, for there are actually three mothers in this book that one can think of with pleasure — Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Poyser, and Mrs. Bede; and in "Middlemarch," again, Mrs. Garth is an altogether admirable mother. But even George Eliot could not stand the mental strain necessary to evolve a decently intelligent mother any further than this. In her other novels, where have they sunk to intellectually and morally? Mrs. Tulliver and Mrs. Deane, in "The Mill on the Floss," are hopeless creatures, very little removed from imbecility. Mrs. Transome and Mrs. Holt, in "Felix Holt, the Radical," are decidedly unfavorable specimens even of this vilified race, while Mrs. Harleth, in "Daniel Deronda," is only rendered a little more capable than Mrs. Tulliver and Mrs. Deane by education.

Charlotte Brontë again keeps on the beaten track. "Jane Eyre" contains two character sketches of mothers — Mrs. Reed and Lady Ingram — thoroughly cruel and offensive women; in "Villette" Dr. John's mother is certainly unobjectionable, though she appears to me a very weak creature from a literary point of view; in fact, whenever anybody attempts to raise the standard with regard to the maternal parent, an artistic failure is the result. In Charlotte Brontë's third important work, "Shirley," the poor maligned

mother resumes the position assigned to her by the inexorable law of custom. Caroline's mother is a degree less respectable than Lady Dedlock.

On Bulwer Lytton and Charles Reade, the onus of this wholesale misrepresentation of facts rests more lightly—to their credit be this spoken. In the long list of Lytton's novels, it is true, I can only recollect one mother of any importance, but this one, Pisistratus's mother in "The Caxtons," is a very delightful and tender creation; but Bulwer Lytton, like George Eliot, evidently felt he was on risky ground in championing a mother, and I cannot remember that he made any further effort this way.

Charles Reade, who, I think, justly considered himself an expert on the subject of womanly characteristics, gives us a charming mother in Mrs. Little (Put Yourself in His Place), but in the rest of his novels there is no mother that claims any admiration from us. Mrs. Dodd (Hard Cash) and Gerard's mother, in "The Cloister and the Hearth," are irritatingly whimsical and unreasonable—"womanly," Charles Reade would have said; the mother in "Christie Johnson" is intensely offensive, and Lady Bassett, in "A Terrible Temptation," is a downright criminal.

It seems to me, however, that Charles Reade differs from all the rest in this particular. There is no bitterness in his treatment of mothers; he recognizes their faults, but he appears to regard women from a superior altitude; he is evidently fond of them, and even the despised, condemned mother has her weaknesses reviewed in a spirit far more of sorrow than of anger. It must be confessed, though, that he makes allowances for, and patronizes women rather obtrusively.

In six of Wilkie Collins's books, "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "Man and Wife," "Poor Miss Finch," and "The Armadales," there is one mother, Mrs. Verinder (The Moonstone), and she is a nonentity. The wife of the Rev. Finch can scarcely be accounted a character, while the difficulty of dealing with Mrs. Vanstone, in "No Name," is easily done away with by killing her almost at once.

Before criticising the last on my list of novelists, Ouida, I must confess that I am not acquainted with many of her later works, but in the ten or twelve books that I have read, there is certainly not one mother with redeeming traits, and it would be difficult to imagine a more thoroughly

detestable character than Lady Dolly Vanderdecken in "Moths."

Attending a popular lecture on the Chinese and their manners and customs on one occasion, I heard it asserted that in China no woman is considered worthy of respect until she becomes a grandmother. I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this statement, but if it be true, an explanation of one of Ouida's peculiarities might be found in the supposition that she had been brought up with celestial ideas on this subject. Any way, while at her hands mothers have much to complain of, both with regard to sins of omission and commission, grandmothers, on the contrary, are treated with high honor. At this moment, without any reference to her works, I can remember three very delightful grandmothers that Ouida has given us: one in "Tricotrin," another in "In Maremma," and the third in a short story entitled "A Leaf in the Storm." This last is a very noble sketch. Why did not the author enter a protest against the conventional notion in this instance? why not have made this grand old woman a mother?

Any solution of the riddle of this singular universal avoidance of maternal virtues in fiction is, I admit, beyond me. If one's heroes and heroines were always orphans, it would be to a certain extent understandable; the fortunes of young people are decidedly more interesting to follow when they depend upon their own unaided exertions; but if that were the reason, fathers would be as much in the way as mothers, and yet fathers abound in novels; and though they are not distinguished by good qualities as a whole, still very little consideration will bring to one's mind many prominent exceptions to this rule.

No, from some perfectly inexplicable cause it cannot be denied that mothers are not interesting objects from a novelist's point of view. In real life, setting aside the obvious necessity for a mother at the start, no one would venture to dispute the immense influence, whether for good or evil, she possesses, and in strange contrast to the indifference with which her claim is regarded by novelists is the homage that is done her by painters. For many a decade mothers and children, or at least one Mother and one Child, monopolized the attention of artists, and even now mothers of all sorts and conditions, of ages varying between eighteen and ninety, are enormously popular in pictures, and will be, I fancy, as long as art exists. A young rustic mother nursing her infant, an aged woman leaning on her stalwart son's arm,



where is the gallery from which they are excluded? And how many a vigorous painter has put his whole heart and soul into this subject! In fiction, on the contrary, the strength of the writer is used in the depiction of bad mothers. If by any chance a good or an intelligent one obtrudes herself into the commencement of a novel, five hundred to one within half-a-dozen chapters the struggle on her account becomes too severe, she succumbs to some mysterious disease, and with a sigh of relief the author deposits her in the cold grave.

I have made no attempt to criticise from this point of view the vast army of novelists of the present day, but my experience of their works leads me to believe that exactly the same reproach applies to them — to Mrs. Humphrey Ward it certainly does.

Robert Elsmere's mother is characteristic, intellectual, and intensely interesting, vigorous too in health apparently at the beginning of the book; yet she is cut off in her prime before you are well into the story, and throughout the rest of this exceedingly clever book you are burdened with Mrs. Leyburn, a typical novelist's mother — weakly in physique, and deficient in heart and brains. You might reasonably have expected to be spared the infliction of Mrs. Leyburn, considering that she is rapidly failing mentally and physically when you first hear of her; but no, from repeated attacks of bronchitis she arises refreshed, and I fully believe the author intends you to understand that Mrs. Leyburn will attain a very green old age indeed.

My perplexity is increasing apace; here is another riddle which I should be glad to be able to solve. In the minds of authors it is obviously only the existing race of mothers that are objectionable; there is not one that would admit that the gentle or high-spirited maiden whose fortunes we all follow with so much interest could in her turn develop into the brainless, miserable, or wicked mother of fiction; and yet, with a little chronological license, Richardson's and Fielding's maidens are Dickens's and Thackeray's matrons. The difficulty of grasping the fact that, during a consecutive period of a couple of hundred years, the mothers have been invariably demons or fools, and the daughters angels, appears to me to be very serious.

In concluding my remarks on this puzzling question, there is one other writer whose name I must bring forward, and there is also a confession that forces itself

from me. The writer is the greatest student of human nature the world has ever known — William Shakespeare! In Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays there are five imaginary mothers only. I do not consider that Hermione and Thaisa (*Pericles*) pose as mothers. Out of these five the countess, in "All's Well that Ends Well," is the only one for whom it is possible to feel the slightest admiration. I am sure this is evident when we consider that Hamlet's mother, Lady Capulet, Tamora, and the queen in "Cymbeline" are the other four. In the historical plays, "King John," "Richard the Third" and "Coriolanus," Shakespeare cannot shirk the mothers; but Queen Constance, Queen Elinor, and the Duchess of York, are loud-voiced dames, to speak mildly; and Volumnia, while admittedly noble, is not lovable.

For my own peace of mind I shall try to accept the situation as it stands, and make no further effort to elucidate this mystery. I am the further urged to this course for this reason: I am myself a writer of fiction, and, thinking the matter over for the first time, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in my published stories there figures one good mother only. Curiously enough, she also shuffles off the mortal coil and went to her rest early in the book.

Now comes my confession. I allow I have done wrong — mothers have suffered at my hands also; I have represented them unjustly in the past, but with shame I must admit that in the future I know I shall be compelled to do likewise. I cannot help it — it is fate. I have never evolved a good mother with sufficient stamina to reach middle life yet; I am very much afraid such an effort would be beyond my powers, and I am not altogether sure that I ever mean to try to make it.

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AFTERTHOUGHTS.

ONE of the pleasantest stores of reminiscence is Switzerland, which I used to visit every autumn for years before the flood of modern tourists had reached its present height. Not a few indeed went in those early days, but they seldom had any difficulty in finding some lodgment after the day's walk. It is different now. When I was last there, in the height of the season, the pressure for places had become insufferable. People had to sleep in the

steamboats (and dream of "stewards"), on arriving at Lucerne. I was fortunate myself in getting good accommodation, while others were shut out. And I did this by sheer common sense, rather than ingenuity, genius, or coin. . . . I had written my prescription down, but now scratch it out, lest it should spoil the market for such deserving persons as your humble servant. Let my readers use their own wits in getting rooms, while others are preemptorily rejected.

The best way to enjoy Switzerland is not to "tour" about, but to stop at some mountain inn. Secure your footing there, and keep it. Take walks, make a two or three days' expedition from your mountain nest, if you please, but having once found it and lined it with your "things," stick to it. Take plenty of them and settle down. Many are moved by ancient traditional advice to discard luggage. Their eyes are not open to the changes in locomotion and transportation which have come to pass in the last twenty years. So far from deserving to be called "impedimenta," portmanteau and bag really facilitate the enjoyment of a holiday. Of course boys of all ages go through the experience of carrying a knapsack, etc., but with sensible men who want rest, "touring" with a bare change of clothes is miserable work. Moreover, you don't stay long enough in each new region to apprehend its glories. The "rest" becomes a mere camping ground, and does not deserve the name of even a sleeping place, for after a broken night (being made feverish by unaccustomed toil) you scuffle off early in the morning to speculate all day on the chance of finding a spare bed at its close. Supposing, however, that you do move about much and on foot, of all places Switzerland is one of the best for having your things sent on. The luggage post is there universal, trustworthy, and prompt.

Even in going to the higher inns, such as the Bel Alp, nothing is easier than to sling two carpet bags (brought by rail to Brieg from Charing Cross) over a horse, and with a portmanteau between them take good store of change, including some books (especially novels) into the room which you have secured, and stop there. Thus only can you digest the delicious dish of Swiss air and scenery. If you scamper round, as many do, there is no time for the true impression to sink into the mind. After the most strenuous circuit by foot and horse, whereby you visit all the "best places" in a month, there remains a sentiment of gratified perception to such as

stay at least for a little while in the same spot. What good times I have had at the Bel Alp! Moreover, thus you better value the pleasantness of "tourist" acquaintanceship. I don't wish to boast, but I flatter myself I sometimes had moral courage enough to resent pressure to climb and make expeditions, preferring rather to lounge on a grass plot, and rest with the fire of the sun above and the atmosphere of ice (that of the Great Aletch) below, when the mood came. Not that I didn't ever walk. Once I spent some twenty-eight hours in an effort to reach a high snow peak, and came back legitimately baffled, though I was conscious of a praiseworthy and most unpleasant two and a half hours on the curl of a frozen cornice some twelve thousand feet high, with a "fall" into space on either side. One was about as sharp as that which a jackdaw sees from the top of a steeple, while the other was no more than that which a tabby observes from the ridge of a high-pitched roof. Either way a "slip" would have been about three thousand feet down. Of course the view was "magnificent." I was in intellectual company, being "tied" (we were "in rope") to Mr. Frederic Harrison, but I didn't enjoy it at the time, though I was too great a coward to say so, and only (in my mind) reversed the Frenchman's remark and thought, "C'est la guerre mais c'n'est pas magnifique."

In anchoring for a week or two among the mountains, it is, if possible, best to lie just outside the fringe of local excursion streams. These flow down the valleys with short lateral "climbs," which fill mountain inns two or three hours' walk off the main track, with a perspiring, thirsty, and uproarious crowd of "foreigners" (who, by the way, are then in every sense at home), and who, if you happen not to be out for the day, deafen and obliterate you. May I be permitted to say that this is one drawback to the *Äggischhorn*, where crowds arrive for a few hours from *Viesch*, and disport themselves. It is different at the Bel Alp. There the weary may find refreshment not merely in diverting recreation and laborious exercise, but by sheer placid rest in a perfect and silent atmosphere. Once, however (in my case), this was ruffled for a little while. I had resisted pressure to join some expedition, preferring to enjoy repose by loafing about all day, doing nothing. In this last business I was helped by a distinguished living professor, and the then astronomer royal. We were silently idling, when the

professor's face grew a little longer by reason, he said, of some threatening internal disorder, and he asked me if I happened to have a little laudanum. I had, and he went with me up to my bedroom for it. Now, I possessed only two little bottles exactly alike. One was filled with the desired drug, the other with creosote, which I had brought for my wife, who had some notion of using it to allay sea-sickness. Well, before I knew what he was about, the professor had poured this into a tumbler of water, and drunk it off. Fact. There was a lot of it. He was undeterred by its making the water as white as milk, as well as by its taste, and steadily emptied the glass. I looked at him as the barbarous people did at St. Paul when he was bitten by the viper, expecting some catastrophe. What was to be done? I knew of no antidote myself, but (happy thought) went to the astronomer royal. Says I, "So-and-so has been drinking my creosote by mistake. You are the only man of science within ten hours; can you tell me what I had better do?" "Not in my department," he replied, and walked off. But the professor wasn't "took bad" after all. I watched him. He found an old newspaper, lit a cigar, and settled himself on the bench outside the inn door. I strolled out, with an anxious eye on my gentleman. Presently he said, "Your dose has done me a world of good," and when the rest of the party returned he dissipated the remnant of my apprehension by eating as hearty a dinner as the best of them. He ought (I should say) to have been at least half killed.

In turning over old diaries of touring reminiscence, I seem to realize that even in these levelling days there are yet to be found the sharpest contrasts of sensation to any one who will be at the trouble, say, to compare the commonest American with European experience. On both sides of the Atlantic you of course find some unexpected phases of liberty and prohibition, and yet they are differently mixed or arranged. In the United States, *e.g.*, there is a sort of pervading polite social supervision, whereby a stranger is occasionally set right, to his surprise, by a man who might be, but is not, a detective in plain clothes. You must not do this; you must not do that. I remember once in Sacramento taking a ticket on a Friday for New York. Now, the journey between these two cities consumes four or five days at least, and the clerk, looking at me through the square porthole of his office, said,

"Are you a minister, sir?" I replied I was. "Well," he said, "I am surprised that you should think of going by a which must travel on the Sabbath." he seemed inclined to argue the matter added, "But I come from a land of erty, England." On this he handed my ticket with an air of pity which passed over the borders of contempt. This social criticism and setting right strangers is, however, no sign of a ceited exclusiveness. In America the supreme official is curiously accessible. In England he wears double and hides in his office, but there he it was, to be seen and heard of all men well recollect a wholly unexpected but interesting interview and conversation I with President Grant, in the White House about the Mormons. I was prow around, when General Blank, whom I said, "Come in and see the president I demurred, but he took me in, and great man discussed Utah with a cigar.

The ordinary European, like myself indeed perpetually struck not merely the hospitality, but the interest or attention shown in or to such a waif as himself by kind people in the United States. This must needs arise from sheer courtesy. We are not half so civil to our countrymen when they come here as they are to us in their own land. Perhaps with extensive intercourse this minute politeness is dyed out, undue advantage having been taken of it. I shall, however, never forget more than civility of the first host I on landing at New York some two years ago. It is true that Longfellow joined us as we sat down to meat, but makes my remark all the more just. I doubt the landlord brought a bottle of best champagne freely out, because a great man spoke to us. But what might the poet do that, and afterwards (though we had no introduction whatever to him) invite my friend and myself to visit him at Boston? He simply went out of his way to be courteous, because we happened to have been for a short time his companions in commonplace travel.

Let me return to Switzerland for a moment before finishing my little say about a tourist's recollections. I am struck to look back and think of the strength as well as skill of some Alpine climbing. Once I had been out for a long day with Professor Tyndall (it was on the memorable occasion when he recovered his way which had been lost for a fortnight in an avalanche), and on our way back paused on the top of a stony ridge with

juttet out into the sea of ice. There were three or four in our party, which was supposed to be led by "Jenni," a well-known Engadine guide. "Let us race down," some one said, and away we went, easing our descent by the alpenstocks or ice axes which we carried. But the professor, tying the sleeves of his coat together, quietly stuck the handle of his axe through them over his shoulder, and "ran" straight down. This, to me, appears more remarkable than many a celebrated feat. The slope was broken, long, and steep. I noticed that even Jenni aided or relieved himself with his stick as he descended to the edge of the glacier. But — there — some of these Alpine gentlemen have got the knees of goats, and it is not unpleasant to think or believe that they really lead the world in climbing uphill. There are not many European peaks left to be "bagged" now. Nevertheless I have an outstanding engagement with my friend Mr. Whymper to make an ascent under conditions which I fancy have never been tested. We propose to climb (inside) the dome of St. Paul's some day, when we have reason to believe that only a thin cloak of fog is laid over London. He says that we shall probably be repaid by an exceptionally interesting view, since the covering of the city will entirely shut it out, and we (standing in sunshine) shall look down on a floor of yellow cloud resonant with the iron hum of a lower world, but pricked with spires and musical with their unseen chime. But we have not found a promising day yet, though there have been fogs.

In recalling many agreeable visits to Switzerland, I have often thought how profoundly unpleasant its "best" (stoniest, coldest, and most inaccessible) parts must have been to the native who loves money, but made little till the tourist came. Some talk of the home-sickness of the Swiss. Nevertheless, no people have been more ready to sell themselves to strangers in other lands, either as soldiers on the field of battle or servants in hotels. If it were not for the Alpine Club and its following, they would gladly make the Bernese Oberland into cornfields, and greedily exchange the Matterhorn for its weight in dung. As it is, they fence their picturesque chalets with mountains of muck, and by an insistent closing of their windows manage to corrupt the air they nightly breathe in the sweetest of "health resorts." For sour domestic atmosphere commend me to Norway and Switzerland. No wonder the faces of the people are mostly yellow, and often idiotic. But I must not speak evil

of Switzerland, though its best known routes are now so frequented that the appetite of the tourist for its scenery and open air is sadly marred by the fear that he may have nowhere to bestow himself at night, except perhaps in some stale saloon or goat-smelling loft over a stable. I much wonder that some sturdy tourists (rebellling against the dressiness and cost of "hotels"), do not take their *own tents*, and snap their fingers at the highland tyranny of these days. They must combine with this courage a resolute fidelity to shooting jackets, and resistance to the dinner "toilette" demands which are now too common and insistent. People have no idea how comfortable a tent may be. But perhaps the "commune" would forbid its use. For liberty don't invariably commend me to a republic. These touring afterthoughts, however, are endless. If out of England, in one direction, among the lees of a past world, memories of Rome when Garibaldi was to the fore, and of Naples when King Bomba's days were numbered, come back freshly to the mind; and in another, on a newly settled Pacific coast, I recall speculations about Californian energy, Chinese perseverance, and opium-smelling theatres.

But these are sheer holiday thoughts, and I want to realize and retouch one or two home impressions received in the "trivial round and common task" of a London parson. People, I fancy, do not always apprehend that he is sometimes usefully engaged, and that, possibly, a few of the wholesome rivulets of life have been fostered and guided by his care. They are indeed the countless lesser ties which hold society together. When Gulliver was made prisoner in Lilliput, he was so fastened down with small cords that he could not even turn on his side. And in like manner, though the multiplication of irritating restrictions may delay the enjoyment of desirable relief, the restraint of minute and wholesome social bonds may retard or stop a dangerous revolution. People see the parson busied in what they are pleased to call the petty affairs of life, and perhaps think them beneath the august claims of his office, forgetting that if the Almighty himself did not (so to speak) look after little things, such as, *e.g.*, drops of rain as well as oceans, and the commonplace application of those laws by which only a kettle can be boiled, a shirt made (involving Transatlantic labor, the oceanic voyages of big ships, and the home industry of many looms and needles), and a cabbage grown,

the world of men would be in sore straits. The true divine position is filled by him or her who is concerned in the smallest as well as the greatest things. Details govern the cosmos, and though I am as far as possible from claiming any exclusive position or influence for the clergyman, it so happens that it would be difficult to find anyone who had a greater mixture of matters to see to than he who is now a minister of what is called the Establishment. The scale may be small, but it is curiously comprehensive. Of course there are situations in which he is brought into official contact with no corporate life. He may have what is irreverently called little more than a "preaching shop," but the "rector" of a parish is compelled to be affected by as many interests as his parishioners. In many instances his office is inevitably magisterial, as when he presides (as he should) at the vestry, which looks after the civic concerns of perhaps thousands. He is the moving spirit or ultimate appeal in most parochial entertainments. He is probably the chief promoter and director of the educational, sanitary, and charitable machinery of the place. And in all this, so long as the Church is established, he has no choice. He is taken to task by some who carp at him as an arbitrary despot or insidious sacerdotalist, but (unless he shirks his work) he can't help himself. He must needs turn his mind to the worship of the sanctuary and the paving of the streets (for this is brought before him as he sits in the big vestry chair). He gives his best attention to the diocesan conference and the committee of the cricket club. He is anxious about noisy public meetings and the private visitation of the sick. He prepares sermons, and signs orders for the cleansing of some sinner's back yard. He interviews the bishop and the charitable impostor. He teaches in the old school, and inspects the newly made sewer. And the manifold ways in which he is appealed to (not by any means idly or in vain) would exceed the conjectures of those who would sneer at him as a Jack of all trades and master of none.

When I look over my meagre journal (mostly in the shape of entries in successive almanacs), the "mems" about coming duties become "memoranda" of the past, and I see a succession of what might be called respectable failures. One (I might have referred to it while writing of Switzerland) reminds me by its blotted leaves that mountain tourists should not take a stray goatherd as a guide, nor, if they

intend crossing any ice, neglect to h nails in their shoes. The diary in qu tion is smudged by reason of my pock having been filled with snow. I was st ing at Mürren, and set off with a frie rather late one day to ascend the Sch horn. It is a simple business, but as began to descend we thought we co make a short cut by crossing what is cal a "bastard" glacier, really a great pa of frozen snow, often found beneath 1 summits of low mountains. Our goath said it was quite easy, and we follow him. But we neither of us had nails our shoes, and had not gone more than dozen yards on the snow (a sloping sh of rough white ice) before we lost c footing, and began to slide down. O "guide" tried to stop me (he was son what below us) by planting his own sh feet firmly on the slippery surface, a making a tripod with his alpenstock. I stood thus somewhat like a "triangle" which garotters are flogged, and await my descent. By this time I was on r back, and descending at a great pat The check he calculated on providing w summarily made useless by my (inevitab striking his feet and staff from benea him, and going on to the bottom in a tang of goatherd, sticks, and complicated leg Fortunately there was no rock at the fo of the "bastard" glacier, but a level flo of snow. Into this we were shot, and n pockets were filled with it. Hence t diary of that year looks as if it had be dipped in water, for the snow (unappi ciated at first) presently melted like tl money of a spendthrift. The obvio moral of this mishap is, "Don't go on a mountain ice without nails in your sho and don't trust every volunteer goathe as a guide."

But let me say a word about the failur of another sort to which my diary bea different testimony. They are not s empty shells, without the flavor of evi dead fish in them; they rather, I am sur indicate things which still have to be don Much good work is a succession of expe iments and attempts. The missing of mark is no inevitable disgrace. On tl contrary, it sometimes shows that there a desirable mark to be aimed at. Impe ffection is a law of life, while disappoint ment is the companion of hope. Re progress and righteous movement oft bring pain, and the good broom stirs du They are the dead who lie still and gi no trouble. But the man who always e pects to be immediately thanked for h efforts, or at least for his honest intenti

to do what he believes to be right, lives in a state of continuous disillusion. Is he a peacemaker? Blessedness is not the immediate result of his endeavors. Both sides probably turn upon him. Now, I am not going, I hope, to be ecclesiastically tiresome, if I give an example of this from clerical experience. Years ago a very distinguished clergyman was about to be prosecuted under the Public Worship Act, which is now being used in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln. Everything was ready. The evidence of the "aggrieved parishioners" was set in order. Nothing was needed (so to speak) but the cutting of a cord. Then the whole business would have been irrevocably launched into the ocean of law. Fact. It would have been probably the most celebrated case in the whole course of similar modern ecclesiastical litigation. Now, I myself am no "Ritualist," though I honor a devoted man, with whatever name he may be ticketed, and when I heard of this ripened prosecution, this hitherto silent, but loaded battery, I was tempted to intervene, for I thought the defendant (I by no means held his views on the points in dispute) was not being treated fairly. How to begin I hardly knew. I had no legal right whatever to act, but I was acquainted with some on both sides of the line (not yet crossed), and was asked to move in the matter. I began by consulting a directory, calling a hansom, and driving to the offices of the Church Association. Arrived there, I requested an interview with their secretary, and saw him. He had the gout, one of his feet being unshod, and tilted up on a "rest." Now that I look back on that interview, I fear that I must have made him worse. I forget what I said. I know I was with him some three-quarters of an hour, during which time I hit and pleaded as hard as I could. He was most kind and courteous, showing me, in ominous documents covered with legal handwriting and phraseology (these were on the table at his elbow), that the matter had gone too far to be stopped. I stayed as long as I dared, and feeling that I could succeed only by cutting the ground from under his (poor gouty) feet, went next for the aggrieved parishioners (or enough of them) themselves. There were three. One was very tough. But at last I persuaded the other two to reconsider the matter. What did they want me to do? Well, withdraw their names from the prosecution. How? Write what I suggested. So I brought out pen and paper, and dictated a surrender, which I took to the bishop of the

diocese. Thus the whole thing collapsed, and (now comes my point) I began to hear both sides. One was naturally provoked. Neither officers nor crew like to have their ship sunk just before going into action. Divers of the others, moreover, who were let off, presently remarked that such a prosecution, "if it had only been allowed to go on," would have "worked for the good" of the Church, etc., etc. Perhaps they were right. The case would have been (unquestionably) so conspicuous, the "parties" were so well known, and then (for several reasons) so pointedly before the secular and ecclesiastical world, that this trial must have brought matters to a head one way or another. And thus, possibly, my peacemaking was a mistake. There were not wanting those on both sides to tell me so. However, anyhow, I had an honestly enjoyable (though short) bout of singlehanded impact with an iron-clad and (whatever the victory was worth) it was sent to the bottom.

Talking of the small thanks to be expected from any side when a man tries to intervene, I recall another effort. It was intended to simplify agricultural procedure, and brought no thanks. Indeed, after giving me a world of trouble, it seemingly produced no results whatever. This also illustrates the manifold nature of a parson's work. I was drawn into it by seeing (with prolonged and provoking observation) two features or aspects of agricultural distress. One was a hampering of the producer through the nature and conduct of the market he employed, and the other an undue (so I deemed it) taxing of the peasant consumer's means. I perhaps foolishly thought that something might be done, not only to improve the condition of friends and neighbors in several conditions of life, but towards the setting up of a better public action in the whole matter. I tried and failed, at least for a season. The real stumbling-block came from the "middleman," or rather the "middlemen." There is a line of these industrious gentry down which the produce of the soil is handed, so that every one of them may take a bite before it reaches the mouth of the consumer. I ventured to suggest that a band of farmers should set up shops of their own, not after a backstreet one-horse sort of fashion in the nearest little market, but openly in the largest towns of two or three contiguous counties. Moreover, seeing that the part of the country I knew best was traversed by pedlars' carts selling small goods at large prices, I urged a distribution (at first

hand) of butter, poultry, and other small produce by wheel and axle around each agricultural centre. I also suggested that a store or depot, common to as wide a district as could be tapped, should be provided close to the nearest railway station, in order to facilitate the collection of produce destined for more distant markets. Of course everybody rightly wanted "details." These I could not give, but I felt there was something (or rather a great deal) "in it." Well, we had the largest meeting of farmers that had been held for some time in those parts, with a county member in the chair, and a good show of (as I thought only local) reporters. To cut the matter short, like Solomon's "soul of the sluggard," who "desireth and hath nothing," we formed committees and failed. The air was full of middlemen. Everybody had a middleman as a father, uncle, brother, brother-in-law, or cousin. The middleman sat upon us. The county papers backed me up feebly, *i.e.*, uselessly, and the only good and full report of my address reached me at last from Canada, where a Montreal paper did the suggestion justice. My neighbors (capital fellows) looked on me as a (happily harmless) enthusiast, but they thought that I was stepping (as a parson) rather over my line when I was only showing how they might better fulfil the earliest divine injunction to "have dominion" over the earth which they tilled, and thus was preaching to them an excellent sermon. Experts in the distribution of food, including Mr. Tallerman, came from London and elsewhere to support me, but the thing passed off almost as soon as the smoke from the pipes which were smoked while we talked.

But I do not despair. We were on the right track, and some day there will be a revision of the needlessly complicated commissariat of England. Now it is almost grotesquely hampered. Even the present weights and measures which (like money) were invented for the purpose of superseding sheer barter and facilitating trade, in some places only confuse it, *e.g.*, I forget how many "pounds" go to a "stone" in different English country markets. The simplicity of life associated with this primitive state of things has nevertheless its righteous sides. Men trust one another. Their word is as good as their bond. Once when I lived in the country and did a little farming, I sold some produce to a small local trader, and on his paying me sent him (by post) a receipt for the money. He didn't exactly know what to do with it, and so brought it

back to me, countersigned by himself. He intimated moreover that those he commonly dealt with were used to believe one another. But the innocence of country mice is sometimes matched by that of such city ones as realize no conditions beyond those of brick and mortar. They don't even always apprehend that a rural friend's house is often miles distant from a telegraph office. One summer when I had left London, the *locum tenens* "in charge" of my parish "wired" the unpleasant information that a man was ill of cholera. The messenger came on horseback, and had to be paid liberally. But his horse had no sooner begun to cool than another came (in a lather), saying that, after all, it was only a case of commonplace stomach-ache. My helper was intensely urban *locum tenens*. This personage sometimes puzzles the rustic as much as rustic life puzzled my man. I heard of a friend who called on a country parson while he was taking his holiday at Scarborough, and had left a substitute in his house. "Master in?" said the caller to the page. "No, sir, but the local demon is." This youth (son of Hodge) had passed the sixth standard, and overheard conversation imperfectly.

Let me return to my train of failures. Some were, of course, shared by others at the time. I shall not soon forget an effort made by a number of clergy, most of whom are still living, to plead for concurrent endowment, when Mr. Gladstone set about disestablishing the Irish Church. A distinguished nobleman had undertaken to bring our views forward in the House of Lords, and I was charged with the delivery to him of some address we had drawn up. I went by desire to his private address. He contemplated the business warmly, and I said I would take the document to him at his public one, *i.e.*, St. Stephen's. No, he would have it at once, and eventually carried it off. Presently we were told that he had delivered his speech upon it before the reporters had settled themselves to their work. Thus our labor was, so far, lost to the world. But it was, after all, a protest rather than a hopeful plea; the thing had gone too far.

Of all prospects of promising personal support, I shall always look back upon the missed co-operation of General Gordon with most regret. He wrote to me (we had common friends), proposing to work with myself in certain social toil, of which my hands were full. I have a letter of his before me now, in which he

simply says: "I am accustomed to visit the sick poor. . . . I like visiting them and comforting them, to the degree that God the Comforter gives me the power." Then he adds: "I like to work quietly, and not to be led into the circles of fashionable religion." It was a sore disappointment to me, and loss to my needy friends, that he had no sooner settled to join me in those commonplace labors with which every parson is familiar, than he was called off to another part of the world, and England saw him no more.

Letters! I had opened a bundle containing his which had been laid by for a long time, and stopped to read some of them. What a stream of pleasant recollections began to flow as I glanced at one after another! In that same packet, as I turned it over, I came on two which I value much, one from John Brown (Rab and his friends), and another from Barnes (the Dorset poet), whose books I had been reviewing in a well-known magazine long before they were fully appreciated by the world. They are both too personal for quotation, but stir with life. The whole parcel indeed (mostly from well-known though not magnificent personages) refuses to provide extracts. How very soon (in these days) letters grow old! I sometimes fancy, however, that their own late past accounts in some measure for their accelerated age. The penny post was established in 1839, and then that pulse began to beat which has made the last fifty years big with change. What advances have been made in the political condition and procedure of the people during that period! I will not, however, be drawn into setting down a catalogue of these arrivals. Suffice it to say that in the next year *Punch* was conceived (it was born in 1841), and immediately became a contemporaneous historian of society, rapidly gathering up into itself the isolated "squib-making" "caricature-drawing" rivulets of genius which had then appeared, and becoming presently the leader (still far ahead) of a procession of (so called) "comic" papers. But *Punch* is no more radically "comic" than the penny postage. We do not, *e.g.*, "laugh" at those of its cartoons which we like most, and which we feel to be its truest utterances. Even Leech was never "funny," though he might have made a statue chuckle, and stirred those spices of humor and pathos which are happily to be found within many a sad soul. If even "in laughter the heart is sorrowful," how often has a gravely troublous mood been visited

by a touch of what Mrs. Grundy might think ill-timed, but the sufferer feels to be wholesome and welcome salt. No one of his kind and generation had that power of quickening a depressed or sulky spirit with a smile (and yet without offence) which Leech possessed.

But let that pass. The last half-century has wrought transformations in social conduct which the parson (though he may not personally be able to apprehend its fulness except by observations taken within its later half) sees to have affected his own business more perhaps than that of any surviving profession or calling. The changes I refer to are chiefly to be seen in that subdividing of obedience which accompanies a multitude of sumptuary rules. These, and the societies which display them (a post seldom passes without depositing the prospectus of some new association in my letter box), are intended in all good faith to promote righteousness, but in some instances inevitably provide fresh occasion for offence. Like the "mixed multitude" which (according to the sacred record) accompanied the Israelites out of Egypt, an insistent crowd of irregular regulations follow the leading decrees of the Divine Legislator. The moral law is hustled by a mob of importunate ceremonies. It would seem that we are relapsing into the minuteness of Mosaic economy. The social ordinances of these later days put the Ten Commandments in the shade. The negative character alone of these last seems to be retained. It is now (as of old) not "Thou shalt," but "Thou shalt not." The ancient law departs, not to make room for a message of Christian freedom and individual responsibility, but because it is smothered under a heap of modern prohibitions. They say that the soldier's "drill" is being simplified, and if so, I could wish that privates in the Church militant were as fortunate as Tommy Atkins in this respect.

The spectacle of eagerness to lay fresh sumptuary injunctions upon us (accentuated occasionally by the lamentations of a brat at seeing his father drink half a pint of ale) is, however, sometimes relieved by an incident such as the following, which I can relate from experience: I was staying with a "temperate" friend in the west of England, who one day was summoned from his luncheon to see an unexpected "deputation." On his return to the dining-room with a smile on his face, I asked him what had caused it. He explained. The leader of the party (which was a teetotal one) had urged upon him that how-



ever occasionally it might be permitted, there was no Scriptural "recommendation" of alcohol. My friend demurred, remarking that St. Paul is recorded to have written to his young friend Timothy, "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." "Oh! sir," replied the chief speaker, "excuse me, but the word is 'used,' and means external application only." Picture a party sending the wine round in a basin, and a host saying "Fill your sponges, gentlemen, let's have another dab." My friend forgot to ask whether this bidden use of wine barred the "outward" employment of water.

Let me relate another abstaining anecdote. I have many teetotal friends, and respect their practice though I reject their theories, for I believe that temperance or "balance" is the true divine law pervading the economy of the world. Anyhow, extremists are none the worse for being laughed at a little. It often makes them angry, but it helps to dissipate the atmosphere of fictitious sanctity which is apt to gather around any act of self-denial which may be as misleading as it is sincere. The small story I was thinking of is as follows: Not long ago I met an acquaintance with a rueful face and asked him what it meant. "Why this," said he, "I've been dining with Canon X——" (not treble), "and had some wine." "How so?" I replied, knowing that the dignitary in question was a distinguished teetotaler, and also a vegetarian. "Well," my friend rejoined (he didn't look it), "we had some meat." Under the circumstances I thought that this was commendable. "And some wine. He said it was foreign wine, which sounded odd. Still, I drank a glass, and *then* he said, 'It is not fermented.' That," added my friend, "was a fortnight ago. But it has fermented ever since." For nasty liquors commend me to a thirsty and inquiring total abstainer. Did you ever try a bottle of zoedone? It made me think of Thackeray's remark when he had been persuaded to gulp down a particularly large oyster. "I feel," he said, "as if I had swallowed a baby." One particular "beverage" is, they say, apt to engender rheumatism, and make the head ache without making the heart glad. Good water is the best abstaining drink. Moderate men laugh at unfermented subterfuges, and wish that prohibitory extremists would better realize effects, and estimate more correctly the value of their witness to the cause they advocate. They do not always apprehend this; e.g., when a vege-

tarian neighbor lately said to me, "My digestion is good, and I always have an excellent appetite," I couldn't help feeling that this last fruit of abstinence, at any rate, was more inevitable than praiseworthy. Perhaps his powers of assimilation would be even better for a little more varied exercise, and he himself, vexed by the social problems of the day, might not be harmed by feeling fully satisfied for once in his life.

This is an age of conferences (I dare say there is one of "mutes"), and it is to be wished that all justified their name better, for in some those only "confer" who look at facts from the same level of life. Take, e.g., a provincial "diocesan" one. There important questions of the day, social and religious, involving the condition of the people at large, and especially that of the peasant, are set down for consideration. By whom? Chiefly parsons and squires, with a sprinkling of tenant farmers. Now, I hope I shall not be supposed to undervalue the services of these gentry. They are obviously essential elements of the assemblage, and are picked, high-minded men, anxious to do right. But among the right things to be done the inclusion of Hodge in the discussion is in most cases virtually omitted. Those who are gathered together talk about him abundantly. They discuss his lodgment, education, religious instruction, and all the rest of it. But they meet and separate without ascertaining from him himself what he thinks about these things. Perhaps some model peasant is induced to be present and say a few words, whereas I should like to know the views of those who are not models, and who (so far as their opinion of the matter is concerned) are really a class apart. It may be said that it is most difficult to get at their minds. Nevertheless they have their own notions about the subjects under discussion, and if these are not elicited the conference (as a true personal interchange of convictions and wishes) either closely approaches a sham, or sends the delegates away more than ever confirmed in their own judgment. It may be urged that the opinions of the working man appear in the publications which are most popular with his class, and that there is therefore no need to bid him to a conference. The others already know what he thinks. But it may be replied that the opinions of the educated might also be gathered from the current and other literature they affect, and that therefore there is no need for them to "confer." There is, however, an undefin-

able interchange of sentiment in a "conference" which can be realized by no other means. Indeed, it is because the opinions of various classes are supposed to be well known, that their personal meeting is desirable; but no social or religious conference deserves the name when the genuine representatives of any section of society are absent. If the working man met others freely on these occasions, he might discover much that he could have learnt by no private assurance or printed channels. He might also give as well as receive. The educated have divers things to learn from the uneducated whom they glibly lecture. For instance, I am sure that a careless manager who professes to have a difficulty in making ends meet, though he has an income of some hundreds a year, might get a wrinkle from a ploughman who brings up a healthy and respectable family on twelve or fourteen shillings a week. Hodge is an authority about "thrift," and ought to be heard on this head in the discussion of social questions at every diocesan conference.

Take the Church Congress again, which is the same thing on a larger scale. For years this has been either finished up by one "working man's" meeting, or accompanied by several spread over the week. On these occasions the best popular ecclesiastical authorities are chosen to read papers or speak, and "working men," perhaps admitted by tickets given through the clergy and employers of labor, are "talked to." Their opinions are measured by the applause evoked. But the congress can never be genuine till its different sections are so far counted on a level as occasionally to change places. I should like to see the platform put sometimes at the disposal of the laborer, and the body of the hall filled with the conventional "members" of the congress. Turn about is fair play. Let the opening papers or addresses be then furnished by working men who have had time given them to put their thoughts together. I have attended several of these congresses as a "selected" speaker or reader, and I have always been haunted by the desire and hope that some day this might be done. Working men have plenty to say to one another about the matters on which others hold forth. Why can't arrangements be made for bishops, clergy, and leading educated Church laymen to sit below in turn, and hear the deliberately felt and formulated opinions of the poorer sort of people? With some honest pains on the part of the managers of its meet-

ings, the thing might be done. It would bring a fresh whiff into the traditional atmosphere of the whole business. Even the attempt would give it an air of reality which it now lacks. "Labor" conferences indicate that there need be no great eventual difficulty in getting laborers to express themselves, and a row of ecclesiastical dignitaries talked to seriously by ploughmen, carpenters, shoemakers, railway porters, and omnibus drivers might be more than a fresh spectacle in the conduct of "diocesan conferences," or so-called "congresses" of the Church. Though the voice of Demos is now heard in the land, it is his real mind about the ecclesiastical situation which the parson should be most concerned to know, and this would be felt with unique effect by means of an outspoken opening address or paper from the lips of a laborer on the platform of a congress. His stammering speech of five minutes at the tail of a meeting (however invited by the chairman) is only a lame concession to the supposed desire that he should be heard. He should take his turn at leading off, but the slowness with which many men of all views recognize his potential place in the national fabric may come to be remembered as the political puzzle of our day.

As I look back over a generation with a clerical eye, I seem to see too many beggars among my brethren. At least the world is pleased to assume that they are especially pertinacious, but if people only knew how hateful it is to ask for money, even in order to do good, they will wonder why parsons did not hail the advent of, say rate-built schools, the moment their provision was suggested. But in fact the much-abused clerical narrowness and obstinacy is mostly an honest, stubborn conscientiousness. The parson has nothing personally to gain by most of his appeals, and sometimes he does an unexpected service by his wakeful insistances, like the man who laid the Cornish ghost. We all know the old story. A clergyman bent on educational progress was invited to visit a hospitable squire, whose old house had a haunted room. He arrived very late at night, and, by the inadvertence of a new and ignorant servant, was shown into this ghost chamber, where he slept. The good squire was vexed the next morning to learn that his guest had been so disposed of, and anxiously expressed a hope that he had had a good night. "Excellent," replied the visitor; "but curiously enough some one came into my room (though I thought I had locked my

door) directly after I had put my candle out and got into bed. It was just twelve o'clock, for I heard the hour strike. (This of course was the ghost.) "Well," inquired the host, "and what did he do?" "Oh! nothing; hearing him come in, and thinking that he might be wishing to see me about the business which brought me here, I sat up and said, 'I have not the pleasure of knowing you, sir.' Then I added, 'I hope, however, that I shall have the happiness of putting your name down for a donation to my new schools.' But he only walked out." And he has not been heard of again. The forms of exorcism, however, are not always so gentle. I think of the fellow who had terrified a country parish by appearing at such unseasonable hours in white that the most courageous among his neighbors at last stoned the supposed apparition with such effect that he disclosed himself. His plea, however, was unexpected. "It is hard," he said, "that a man cannot put on a clean shirt without having such a fuss made about him."

From The Spectator.

#### GREEK SETTLEMENTS AND JEWISH COLONIES IN ASIA MINOR.

IN a quiet way, and without attracting the least attention in this country, the western half of Asia Minor has become, in the course of a single generation, the objective point of two immigration movements that can hardly fail to exercise a marked effect upon the future of that portion of the Turk's dominions. In the north, the Greeks are rapidly colonizing the historic region lying to the south-west of the Sea of Marmora, the Moslems as rapidly receding before them; and in the south, the Jews are steadily gaining a footing in the Syrian villayet, and, what is more noteworthy, are in increasing numbers regularly devoting themselves to the cultivation of the soil. Of course, the influx of these people in Asiatic Turkey is not on anything like the big scale to which the western world has become accustomed. Still, the movements referred to—notably that of the Greeks—have attained larger dimensions than is generally supposed or believed here. And as, apart from the historic interest attached to them, both have a present and practical significance, a few facts relating to the Greek settlements in the north, together with a few figures showing the progress of the

Jewish colonies in the south, gathered in the course of a personal visit to them, may not be without value just now.

Time after time, in the past five-and-twenty years, travellers, English, French, and German, have drawn attention to the decay of the Turkish communities in the north-west of Asia Minor. But the far more significant circumstance that the Greeks are everywhere taking the place of the disappearing Moslems seems somehow to have escaped notice. Excepting in the case of one German writer, better informed or more observant than the majority, not a single reference appears to have been made to the remarkable growth of the Greek element in the region of the five rivers, the ancient Xanthus. A quarter of a century ago, Carl Hermann said that in the course of another generation there would not remain a Turkish family in the country south of the Kodjaitchai, from the river to the Mediterranean Sea. And the assertion is really becoming an accomplished fact. The region is now as purely Greek as the most thoroughgoing Phil-Hellene could desire. In the district bounded on the north by the Sea of Marmora, and Lycaonia on the south, it would be impossible to find a Turkish village that is not decayed, or in process of visible decay. The sites of once prosperous hamlets are only marked by a few crumbling walls; and so perfect and utter is the decadence in many parts, that the traveller will frequently come upon Turkish burial-grounds of great extent, belonging formerly to populous places close by, but of which the very names are now forgotten by people in the vicinity. To give an instance, we may take the case of Ayasmat, near Mytilene. Thirty or forty years ago, Ayasmat was a thriving Turkish settlement, with a dense population of Moslems counted by thousands. To-day, a cemetery two miles long attests the former importance of the place, but not a single Turkish family is to be found in the neighborhood. Thirty years or so ago, the Turks of this self-same Ayasmat took Aivalyk from the Greeks settled there, drove them off, destroyed their vineyards and olive plantations, and forbade any to return under pain of death. At the present time, Aivalyk has forty thousand Greek residents without a single Turk among them, while of Ayasmat and its Moslem populace nothing remains saving the two-mile-long graveyard.

Exactly the same thing has happened, and is still happening, in other portions of this region of Asia Minor. Wherever

the traveller comes across the crumbling walls of vineyard and olive plantation that mark the presence in former times of a Turkish community, he need only go a little way to find the location of the Greek settlement that has acquired the freehold of the Ottomans, and is taking their place in the country. The land is everywhere passing into the hands of the Hellenic immigrants and natives, for they buy up village after village as the Moslems remove further and further away from contact with the encroaching infidels. In the larger towns and mercantile centres, the increase of the Greek element has been more rapid and more noticeable, of course, than in the rural districts. Hence the facts with regard to towns like Smyrna, Aidin, Brussa, and so forth are tolerably well known. But the growth of the Greeks in some of the less important places of the same district is not a little suggestive of the change that is in progress there. Twenty-five years ago, Pergamos counted a population of seventeen thousand Turks, and only a thousand or so of Greeks. In the interval, more than half the Moslems have disappeared, and their places have been taken by Hellenic immigrants, who now constitute the majority. Dikali, the port of Pergamos, was only a collection of a dozen mud huts a few years back; now it is a flourishing shipping centre, inhabited by from four thousand to five thousand Greeks, with only a stray Turk or two. The same may be said of the neighboring isles. In Chios, the Greeks were simply exterminated in 1830, and the place planted with Moslems. There are now sixty thousand Greeks there, and less than four thousand Turks. When Carl Hermann wrote a few years ago, he estimated the Greek immigrants of north-western Asia Minor at about five hundred thousand, with the same number of Turks and mountain nomads. At present the Greek settlers are nearer seven hundred and fifty thousand, while the Moslems have proportionately declined; and be it remembered this represents but the immigration and growth of a single generation. At the same rate of increase, the Hellenic colonists in this part of Asiatic Turkey will double in the course of another twenty-five or thirty years; and with a million and a half Greeks located there in place of the rapidly disappearing Moslems and mountain-folk, Lycaonia will become virtually a compact Greek colony, with Greek traditions, Greek sympathies, and, it may be depended upon, with Greek aspirations also.

The immigration of Jews in the Syrian villayet has been numerically much smaller, though relatively far more rapid, than that of the Greeks in the north of Asiatic Turkey. They are at present over thirty-five thousand in number in the ten cities for which figures are available,— Jerusalem, Saphet, Tiberias, Jaffa, Hebron, Sidon, Haifa, Acco, Sichem or Nablous, and Gaza. But this excludes the multitude forming isolated and small communities all over the country now, as well as the Jewish colonists, of whom more presently. The total, including these, will certainly exceed forty thousand,— indeed, it will be likely to approach forty-five thousand. But even the former figure shows a notable growth in a single generation, for it represents a fourfold increase, since the number of Jews in Palestine was certainly not more than from ten thousand to eleven thousand twenty-five years ago; and the immigration of Jews is likely to go on in future at a constantly augmenting rate. But the mere increase in the number of Jewish settlers in southern Syria would, in our opinion, hardly be worth notice, great as it comparatively is. The significant and noteworthy circumstance is that the Jews are beginning to cultivate the soil. The Jewish colonies there have long passed the tentative stage, and are an established success. The men show themselves capable farmers, for they do their own field-work, and their produce last year was such as to beat anything grown by the picked German settlers located near Jaffa. A list of these colonies, which are all the creation of the last ten years, taken in conjunction with the figures before given showing the increase in the number of Jewish immigrants, will enable people to form a fair idea of the proportions the movement is assuming— always remembering that it is only the growth, practically speaking, of the last decade, and that up to recently the Turkish government did all it could to hinder the formation of Jewish settlements in the south of Syria, while western Jews have also cold-shouldered them as much as they could. The first and largest of the Jewish colonies is that known as *Pethach Tikvah*— the Gate of Hope. It comprises three hundred and thirty persons, settled on fourteen thousand odd *donums* of land,— each donum is about nine hundred square metres. They include one hundred and one actual field laborers, have about one hundred and seventy head of cattle, and a suitable proportion of horses and other live stock. They own vineyards, planted

with nearly fifty thousand vines at present; and olive-gardens, containing about sixteen hundred trees, besides fruit-trees of other kinds. The next important colony is the *Zichron L'Yaacob*—Memorial of Jacob—near Samaria. It comprises ten thousand donums of land. On it are five hundred and fifty souls, of whom one hundred and sixty are field hands. They have two hundred and sixty head of cattle, and have planted up to date about thirty thousand vines. Next comes the *Rishon L'Zion*—First to Zion—a colony which is going in for viticulture on a very big scale, and with great success. The settlers here are only one hundred and sixty in number, but they have a greater proportion of adults, and nearly all are actual laborers. Their vineyards contain over five hundred thousand vines in bearing now, besides nurseries of young canes for extending the plantations. They have three thousand olive-trees, and the same number of almond-trees, and over a hundred head of cattle. The Jews in this colony have given evidence of first-rate capacity as vine-growers and farmers.

The next colony in point of size is that known as *Mazkereth Baitha*—the Memorial of the House—near Ekron. Its extent is about five thousand donums, the number of settlers one hundred and eighty-one. These go in rather extensively for mulberry-growing, with an eye, it may be presumed, to silk-culture. They have already plantations containing fifteen thousand trees, and the number is steadily being increased; and they own over one hundred and thirty head of cattle. Then follows the settlement *Rosh Pinah*—the Chief Corner-Stone—with an area of three thousand six hundred donums, and one hundred and seventy-eight colonists. These devote themselves rather largely to vine-growing, but also to other branches of mixed husbandry. So that while they possess nearly two hundred and fifty thousand vines, three thousand olive-trees, twenty-five hundred fruit-trees, and three thousand citrons, they own likewise one hundred and ten head of cattle, one hundred and fifty sheep—a rather unusual thing thereabouts—and one hundred goats. The next largest colony is that of *Gedera*, about three thousand donums in extent, with some thirty-two settlers. These have only made a start, and have recently begun planting and field-work; it is, therefore, too early to give any further details of their present condition and prospects. After this, we have the settlement *Yesod Ma'aleh*, of about twenty-four hun-

dred donums, with thirty-one colonists who have also only just succeeded in establishing themselves, and the more important colony, *Nahalath Reuben*—the heritage of Reuben. This is also one of the Jewish agricultural centres which shows signs of marked progress and capacity on the part of the people located there. It covers an area of fifteen hundred donums; but the manner in which every inch of ground is being turned over, as accounted by the thirty colonists, argues well for the skill and future prosperity of these Jewish farmers. They are in for vine-culture, but most largely for fruit-growing. They had planted up last year some thirty thousand vines, and over six thousand fruit-trees. The last of the Jewish colonies is the small settlement *Yehudieh*, where about sixty persons have located themselves on some six hundred donums of land. They are working on a small scale, but had more than a year ago already planted two thousand vines, and some two hundred and fifty trees. These are, so far, the principal settlements of the children of Israel in the land of their fathers. But individual Jewish farmers may also be found in small numbers throughout Palestine where, twenty years ago, the idea of a Jewish agriculturist or farmer would have evoked nothing but laughter. And it may be pointed out that these colonists, in their existence to no charity, for, excepting, we believe, in one case, the settlers have received no help of any kind. They are the spontaneous outcome of the desire felt by large numbers of Jews in eastern Europe to return once more to the land of their ancestors in the capacity of laborers, the only capacity in which they understand, they can ever take root in the soil. They are men of the best class of Jews—the mere circumstances of their devoting themselves to agricultural work shows that—and far different from the peddling huckster who, in the eyes of so many people in western Europe, passes for the typical Jew. They are of the tough and hard-shell type to which Judaism owes such strength and permanence as it has ever possessed, the kind of man who, having put his hand to the plough, will not lightly leave it again.

The spectacle of the Jew, after an absence of two thousand years, ploughing again the soil of Palestine, is, like the return of the Greeks to the region of the five rivers in Asia Minor, full of historical suggestiveness, on which it would be too dilate. But our object has been

to draw attention to facts and figures relating to two movements in Asiatic Turkey which, in our opinion, are not without much present interest and future significance.

From The London Times.

GENERAL GORDON AND EMIN PASHA.

AN interesting account of the way in which Emin Pasha became governor-general of the Equatorial Province is given by the Cairo correspondent of the *Times*. The story was told by Emin Pasha to Mr. Stanley, and by the latter to the *Times*' correspondent: Emin was a doctor in the Egyptian army at £25 per month when, in 1877, Mason Bey told him that he was to go to Gordon at Khartoum, and that he would probably be appointed governor of Massowa. The French consul there had asked that a governor might be appointed who spoke French; and the qualification was rare among Egyptian officials in the Soudan. He went to Khartoum; Gordon received him most kindly, and at once employed him in writing his correspondence. One day Gordon told Emin that he liked him, and asked whether he would be his secretary. Emin asked for a day to consider. The next day Emin returned as usual and wrote letters at Gordon's dictation. Suddenly Gordon said: "Well, Doctor Emin, what is your answer? Emin: I beg, pasha, that you will not be offended; I am willing to do any work you give me; but I will not be your secretary. Gordon: You will not be my secretary! Why, it is the best place in the Soudan next to the governor-general. You shall live in the palace with me. Why do you refuse? Emin: My reasons are private ones; I cannot tell them. Gordon: You must tell them to me. Emin: I would rather not do so; but I will if you order me to do so. Gordon: Then I order you to do so. Emin: Because, pasha, though I should like to serve you and though I respect you, I cannot be seen with your associates. I should have to associate with people I cannot respect — with your Arab interpreter, who is infamous; with your Greek doctor, who is notoriously guilty of malpractices; with — Gordon (angrily): You dare to say this to me? Emin: Did you not ask me? As your secretary I should be continually approached by people who would offer me bribes to secure my influence with you. Some day you would be told that I had

taken them; you would be the first to condemn me unheard — without asking me a word. I cannot be put in that position. Let me work somewhere else. Gordon: If you were offered a bribe could you not tell me at once? Emin: Would that be honest in a country where it is a universal custom? I cannot turn informer against these people. Let me go somewhere else. Gordon: Well, go."

Emin left him, but continued, as usual, to dine at his table. Gordon utterly ignored him, spoke no word, and would leave the table without speaking when the meal was finished. This, says Emin, became unbearable, and he at last demanded an explanation. He said: "You are angry because I exercise my perfect right to refuse what you offer me, and because at your express command I tell you the truth. Either give me work or let me go to my own country." Gordon said: "Well, you shall have work," and some time later asked him whether he would go to Unyoro. Emin expressed his willingness. Gordon asked him whether he knew the country, that it was in Kabba Rega's territory, and reminded him that it was a dangerous mission. Emin replied that he remembered Baker's experiences, but that he would go. Gordon told him that he should have £40 for his outfit and might apply to the stations for necessaries. Emin asked for a letter to the stations. Gordon refused, saying, "No, I will not give you letters, for then if something happens to you your people will blame me." Emin: "But still you are sending me, pasha." Gordon: "No. I will not send you officially." Emin went; his pay was £40 a month. On his return he was some time at Uganda, and then, as governor-general of the Equatorial Province, got £50 a month.

When he arrived in his new province he found it fertile and badly cultivated; so he sent to Gordon and asked him to procure him some seeds for sowing. Gordon replied, "I sent you to be a governor, not a gardener." Later he asked for a photographic apparatus which he knew was lying idle at Khartoum. Gordon replied again, "I sent you to be a governor, not a photographer;" and he returned the apparatus to Cairo. One day he was walking with Gordon from Rooli to Magumbo. They were chatting pleasantly when suddenly Gordon ceased and said, "Stop talking." Emin thought that there must be some danger, but, seeing none, attempted after a little while to resume conversation. The same command was given

more gruffly, and a third time still more so. The next day Gordon asked, "Were you surprised at my stopping your talking yesterday?" "I was a little," replied Emin. "I was praying," said Gordon, "and your conversation disturbed me. Why did you not ask the reason?" Many (says the correspondent) are the stories which Emin tells of Gordon's eccentricities. "Full of a hundred contradictions; but a just man and most pious" is his verdict.

Mr. Stanley speaks in the warmest terms of Emin Pasha, his administrative ability, his tact with native tribes, and the peculiar gentleness of his nature, which was exaggerated until it became a fault in the sole governor of a province. As long as a central government existed at Khartoum to which Emin could send officers who got beyond his control — as long as there was, in fact, a strong executive at

his back — his administration left no to be desired. It was impossible for people to avoid respecting his industry and justice and kindness, and those who have been disposed to presume upon were restrained by the fear of chastisement. But as soon as the power at Khartoum fell and Emin had to stand alone, he was wanting that physical force which must always be in reserve to render government efficient. His officers received him, intrigued against him, rebelled against him; but he never doubted their loyalty. Until they had actually made him a prisoner, he declined to doubt their loyalty and even afterwards he was assured by empty professions of penitence. In many respects (says the correspondent) he was like Gordon; but Gordon who have hanged the rebels first and have needlessly contrite afterwards.

**THE FINDING OF THE LAOCOON.** — The Laocoon may be the original statue bepraised by Pliny, but even that is open to doubt. The history of the finding of this statue was in this wise. It happened in 1506, when Raphael, a youth of three-and-twenty, was painting in Florence. In the month of June a messenger arrived in hot haste at the Vatican to tell Pope Julius II. that workmen excavating in a vineyard near St. Maria Maggiore had come upon statues. The pope turned to one of his grooms, and bid him run to his architect, Giuliano di San Gallo, to tell him to go there at once and see about it. San Gallo instantly had his horse saddled, took his young son Francisco, who relates this, on the crupper behind him, and called for Michelangelo, and away the three trotted through the hot and dusty streets, as we may imagine, in a great state of excitement. When they reached the place, they beheld that agonized face which we all know so well, and which many of us have tried to copy so often. "It is the Laocoon of Pliny!" exclaimed San Gallo. Mad with excitement, they urged on the workmen, a great hole was cleared away, and they were able to contemplate that wonderful group, certainly the finest monument of antiquity which had as yet been revealed to the modern world. After this, as Francisco says, they went home to dinner. How they must have talked! We can imagine the poor wife crying despairingly to her lord: "Dear Giuliano, do leave off talking for a moment, dinner is getting quite cold!" I should like to have been there; but this is idle. The statue was transferred to the Belvedere, and then arose

the question, was it Pliny's Laocoon copy? — a question not decided to this day. Pliny says that the statue was carved by Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus of Rhodes, out of a single block of marble. Laocoon is in five pieces, but very skillfully joined. *Magazine of Nat*

**THE EYES OF YOUNG CHILDREN.** — I have read an article on "Blindness and the Blind," in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Dr. Walter Fox refers, among other things, to the need for care being exercised with regard to the eyes of young children. The eyes are more sensitive to light in childhood than in adult life, yet a mother or nurse will expose the eyes of an infant to the glare of the sun for hours at a time. Dr. Walter Fox holds that serious evils may spring from this, and he even contends that "the greater number of the blind lose their sight from blindness during infancy." From the point of view of an oculist, he protests against the notion that children should begin to study at a very early age. He thinks that until they are between seven and nine years old the eyes are not strong enough for school work. When they do begin to learn lessons, they should have good light during their study hours, and should not be allowed to study much by artificial light before the age of ten. Books printed in small type should never be allowed in schoolrooms, much less be read by children. *Nat*

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series.  
Volume LXIX }

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD, . . . . .	<i>London Quarterly Review</i> , . . . . .	643
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part III., . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	652
III. BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER. By R. H. Hutton, . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . . . .	660
IV. THE CITY OF THE CREED, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	665
V. OLD BOSTON, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	671
VI. RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS. Part V., . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	676
VII. REAL ESTATE IN VOLCANIC REGIONS, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . . . .	688
VIII. ON SOME CHURCH SERVICES FIFTY YEARS AGO, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	700
IX. THE MYSTERY OF AFRICA, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	702

## POETRY.

SLEEP, . . . . .	642	"DONEC ASPIRET DIES, ET INCLINEN- TUR UMBRÆ," . . . . .	642
THE TRUE LOVER, . . . . .	642		

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## SLEEP.

WHILE children sleep  
They know not that their father toils;  
They know not that their mother prays —  
Bending in blessing o'er their beds,  
Imploring grace for afterdays.

While children sleep  
They never dream that others work  
That they may have their daily bread;  
When morning comes they rise and eat,  
And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep  
They do not see the shining sun —  
They do not know the gracious dew,  
In daily miracle of love,  
Is ever making all things new.

Do we not sleep?  
And know not that our Father works  
With watchful care about our way.  
He bends in blessing from above —  
His love broods o'er us day by day.

Do we not sleep?  
And never dream that others work,  
Reaping the sheaves that might be ours;  
We see not how the shadows fall,  
Which mark the swift departing hours.

Ah, still we sleep!  
Our drowsy eyes see not the light,  
See not the hands stretched out to bless,  
See not that waiting for us stands  
God's kingdom and his righteousness.  
Good Words. "DAGMAR."

## THE TRUE LOVER.

To him whose love flows on — beyond the  
shore  
Of life, whose days are full of lonelineses,  
But who within the heart's remote recesses  
Hears the bright laughter of the living world;  
To him delight is as a ringlet curled  
Around his finger for a little space,  
That, slipping, leaves him thinking of a face  
Which laughed and wept, but now shall weep  
no more.

To him there is no treason in new love  
That wrongs not any old, no faith in giving  
To wantless dead the crumbs that feed the  
living,  
Devotion none in watching wakeless sleep,  
For him his friends descend not to the deep  
Of sunless grave, but with no clouded face  
Remain to cheer the remnant of his race  
Between the green earth and the stars above.

To him indeed the world is as "a stage"  
From which there is no exit for the players,  
The scene is crowded with the dear delayers  
Whose part is over, but they do not go.  
But still he lives his part of joy or woe  
Unlearned, unacted, as the Master-will  
Dictates whose many-plotted dramas fill  
The theatre of life from age to age.

To him each year a benefactor seems  
That leaves him stores of happiness and  
sorrow;  
He neither hugs to-day nor fears to-morrow;  
He welcomes winter as he welcomes spring;  
For he has shaken hands with suffering  
And seen the wings of joy, nor does he  
scorn  
The gift of any day however born,  
In mist of tears or in the light of dreams.

To him the new is dearer for the old,  
To him the old for each new day is dearer,  
His unforgotten youth seems ever nearer,  
As though the ends of life were made to meet;  
To him the mingled cup of bitter-sweet  
Is grown familiar as his daily bread,  
And in the awful dark he rests his head  
With a hushed confidence that is not bold.

To him death seems less terrible than sleep.  
For he has seen the happiness of dying,  
And no bad dreams disturb the tranquil  
lying  
Of those who bear green grass above the  
breast;  
And if there be a waking after rest,  
He shall not wake alone, but he shall be  
With all he loves and all he longs to see;  
And if he shall not wake — he shall not weep.  
COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"DNEC ASPIRET DIES, ET INCLINENTUR  
UMBRÆ."

SHE doth but sleep; she will awake anon,  
Radiant and happy, when the night is gone;  
Smiling to greet us at the dawn of day.  
To us, the night seems long — the slow hours  
creep;  
But she — she knows not of her longer sleep,  
Nor recks at all of night, or dawn's delay.

We will not think of her, our child, as dead;  
But only waiting till the word be said,  
"Let there be light" — and darkness be no  
more.

Then, as the day breaks and the shadows flee,  
She will all rested wake, and full of glee  
Call to us, coming, as so oft before.

JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD, M.A.

Temple Bar.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.\*

THE eye of the visitor to the Duomo at Florence is arrested by a picture, which hangs on the wall at the west end of the church, of a knight in complete armor, except that, instead of helmet, he wears a cap, or *berrettone*, riding an ambling charger, a short cloak depending from his shoulders, and the *bâton* of a general in his right hand. The picture is a copy of a fresco by Paolo Uccello, painted in 1436, to perpetuate the memory of one of the ablest and most faithful servants the Florentine Republic ever had — an Englishman, one Sir John Hawkwood, a native of Essex, who, after wandering many ways and fighting many battles, closed a chequered, but not ignoble, career at Florence on March 16, 1394. With the fame of this man, whom Hallam justly calls the first real general of modern Europe, the chronicles of the fourteenth century are full, and from time to time attempts have been made, both by Englishmen and foreigners, to put together some sort of consecutive account of his life and achievements. Little, however, was, or indeed could be, effected until the labors of Ricotti, Gregorovius, Sismondi, and others had evolved something like order out of the chaos of Italian history during the fourteenth century, and the livelier interest in historical research which, as one effect of the revival of Italian national life, had opened a variety of theretofore inaccessible sources of information.

Accordingly, now, in the year of grace 1889, we have before us, as the result of the joint exertions of an Englishman and an Italian, the first real life of Sir John Hawkwood that has ever appeared.

Of the manner in which the task has been executed we, who before its appearance had occasion to examine most of the authorities for ourselves, can speak, on the whole, in terms of the highest praise. The work is accurate and scholarly, except that, by some oversight, for which we are at a loss to account, certain curious errors occur in the citation of authorities; the style, though, perhaps, a little too dif-

fuse, is clear and interesting; enough of the general history of the period is interwoven with the narrative to make Hawkwood's relation to it intelligible, though, nevertheless, the book is kept within the very moderate compass of two hundred and forty-eight octavo pages, while it derives additional value from an appendix of original documents drawn chiefly from the archives of various Italian cities and hitherto inedited. The book is thus a valuable contribution to the history of mediæval Italy; it is also of special interest to the English reader as the story of the life of an Englishman who, in an age remote from ours and amid various and startling changes of scene and circumstance, exhibited in a peculiarly striking manner some of the essential traits which in later times have come to be recognized as the special characteristics of the men of action of his race.

Sir John Hawkwood was, like many distinguished Englishmen, a younger son. His father, Gilbert Hawkwood of Hedingham Sibil, Hinckford Hundred, Essex, was a substantial tanner, residing on an estate which had been in the family since the time of King John, and had a coat of arms, trade or manufacture being, according to old English ideas, no "diminution of gentry." The date of Sir John Hawkwood's birth has not been precisely determined, but we shall probably not be far wrong if we place it in the second decade of the fourteenth century. His early life is a blank, but it is probable that, with the view of pushing his fortunes, he joined the English army in France, and served under the banner of Edward III. or the Black Prince at Crecy or Poitiers. He does not, however, emerge into history until 1359, when the war was virtually at an end, and the peace of Brétigny looming in the near future. Unable to endure inaction, Hawkwood raised a company of freebooters in Gascony, and began levying war on his own account. He sacked Pau, despoiling the clergy but sparing the laity. From Pau he marched on Avignon, then the seat of the Papacy. It so happened that at this time other bands of freebooters, driven southward by the vigorous measures then being taken by King John

\* *Giovanni Acuto. Storia d'un Condottiere.* Per G. Temple Leader e G. Marcotti. Firenze, 1889.

for the restoration of peace and order in France, were concentrating in the neighborhood of Avignon, and to these Hawkwood joined his forces. Pope Innocent VI. had none but spiritual arms to oppose to theirs, and, having exhausted the resources of ecclesiastical stage thunder, was fain to bribe them to go in peace and take service under the Marquis of Monferrato, who was then much in need of stout hearts and strong arms to help him in his struggle with his own and the Church's arch-enemies, the Visconti of Milan. The money duly paid—some sixty thousand francs, says Froissart—the free companions took their departure like men of honor, and made their way by Nice and the Riviera into Italy. The Marquis of Monferrato employed them, under the command of Albert Sterz, a German, in ravaging the Milanese. This they did with such effect that early in 1363 the Visconti made peace. The company then passed into the service of the republic of Pisa, at that time engaged in one of its innumerable petty wars with Florence, and in December Sterz was superseded by Hawkwood.

The White Company, as the force of which Hawkwood now found himself the commander was called, probably from the immaculate splendor of their arms, which were burnished to the brightness of a mirror, made a profound impression on the Florentine mind. Filippo Villani has left a lively description of their *personnel*, their equipment, and their tactics. All in the prime of life, inured to every kind of hardship in the French wars, laughing to scorn the utmost extremes of Italian heat and cold, making no distinction between night and day, brave to impetuosity, but trained by severe discipline to render implicit obedience to the word of command, they were such warriors as Italy had never known since the best days of the ancient Romans. By what strikes the modern reader as a curious anachronism, they were essentially a corps of mounted infantry. The unit of organization was "the lance"—*i.e.*, a knight and a squire, armed with a single long and heavy lance or pike, and a page to attend on them. The knight was sheathed in iron or steel from head to

foot; the squire somewhat less heavily armed; both rode powerful chargers; the page attended them on a palfrey. They appear to have fought both on horseback and on foot, but used their lances only in the latter mode, forming in close square or circle, each lance grasped by its proper knight and squire on either side, while their pages held their horses. Thus behind a hedge of level lance points, projecting like the tusks of a wild boar, they waited to receive the enemy or advanced against them slowly, and with fierce shouts and in unbreakable order. Their tactics on horseback are not described, but presumably they charged like other cavalry, using their swords to cut down the enemy. They also carried bows slung across their backs. Besides the mounted infantry, the White Company included a corps of infantry proper, armed with the long bow of yew, which they fixed upright in the ground before drawing it, and in the use of which they were extremely expert. Their mode of fighting was savage in the extreme, every sort of atrocity being ascribed to them except the torture of their prisoners, a practice in which their German *confrères* were only too apt to indulge. A company of these latter, under one Hans von Bongard, entered the Pisan service about the same time as the White Company, and was also placed under Hawkwood's command. Together the two companies mustered about nine thousand men. It would be tedious to enter into the details of the petty war which ensued. Suffice it to say that the Florentines permitted Hawkwood to advance to the gates of their city without opposing any serious resistance; that he made two attempts to force an entrance, but was beaten off with considerable loss, and that on his retreat he was deserted by the bulk of his army, corrupted by a lavish distribution of Florentine gold, and arrived in Pisa with only a few hundred of the White Company; that a Florentine army four thousand strong then marched on Pisa, and encamped at Cascina, a few miles from the city; that Hawkwood attempted to carry this camp by a *coup de main* and effected a breach in its palisades, but was eventually repulsed; that a revolution there-

upon took place in Pisa, one Giovanni dell' Agnello being elected doge of the city, and that he forthwith made peace with Florence (Aug., 1364). Upon this Hawkwood resumed his old profession of free lance, roving about Tuscany, pillaging and levying contributions. Hawkwood, however, was not without a formidable rival in Hans von Bongard, who had also found in Tuscany his happy hunting-ground, and seems to have regarded Hawkwood as a sort of trespasser. At any rate when Hawkwood, in November, made his appearance before Perugia, with the intention of taking toll of that prosperous republic, he found himself opposed by Von Bongard. Perugia, in fact, had adopted the policy of setting the barbarians to fight one another, and had hired Von Bongard to defend it. The policy, however, was hardly successful, for the companies, being equally matched, fraternized, and, swearing eternal friendship to the commune of Perugia, dined together at its expense, and billeted themselves upon it for the rest of the month.

Perugia seems to have had special attractions for Hawkwood, for we find him returning thither in the following July. This time, however, Von Bongard was true to his engagement with the republic, and fought a stubbornly contested pitched battle with Hawkwood, in which he was victorious. Hawkwood escaping with the fragments of his company into the Siense, whither Von Bongard pursued him, driving him eventually into the Maremma. Hawkwood, however, soon beat up recruits, and, joining his forces with a German company, under a certain Count John of Habsburg, and an Italian company, under Ambrogio, a bastard son of Bernabò Visconti, made another descent upon Tuscany. The havoc wrought by these bands of marauders was indescribable. Most of the Tuscan towns had exiled their feudal aristocracy, or, at any rate, deposed them from power, without organizing any civic militia. Hence they were absolutely at the mercy of any well-armed and disciplined band of brigands that happened to appear before their gates. In vain the pope excommunicated the companies, in vain he preached a crusade against them.

They laughed to scorn his brute fulminations, knowing well that he had neither money nor men to back them up. At last he conceived the bizarre idea of converting them into soldiers of the Cross, then much needed to cope with the infidel Turk, who was already in possession of Greece, and was daily become a more and more serious menace to Christendom. He applied to the Marquis of Monferrato, who, as also emperor of the East, was most nearly interested in the success of the plan, to take them into his service and carry them abroad. The plan completely failed, owing to the invincible repugnance of the freebooters, who much preferred the lucrative and easy occupation of pillaging the peaceful and emasculate natives of Tuscany to the hard knocks which were all they were ever likely to get from the infidel dogs. There is extant a curious letter from St. Catherine of Siena to Hawkwood on this subject, which, though undated, appears from internal evidence to have been written in 1374, and which shows how long the idea of converting Hawkwood lingered in that ardent mind. She addresses him as her dearest and most beloved brother in Christ Jesus, and begs him with pathetic earnestness to exchange the service of the devil for the service and cross of Christ, and leave warring upon Christians and go to war against the infidel dogs. Thereby, she adds, he will prove himself a true knight. The exhortation, we need hardly say, had no effect upon the hardened *condottiero*.

For some years prior to the date of this letter Hawkwood's life had been one of incessant activity. He had been drawn into the thick of the struggle between the clerical and anti-clerical, the Guelf and Ghibelline factions, which kept mediæval Italy in a state of all but perpetual internecine war. The heads of the anti-clerical party were at this time the Visconti of Milan. They sought by every means, lawful and unlawful, to extend their dominion or influence in the peninsula, and in particular by fomenting discord in the free cities, in order that they might have a pretext for intervening by force and setting up a nominee of their own as tyrant, or doge, or podestà, supported by a garrison from

Milan. They possessed the only standing army in Italy — an army composed chiefly of ultramontane mercenaries — German, Hungarian, English — but which also included the Italian company commanded by Ambrogio Visconti, and which may thus be regarded as the germ of Italian military organization. To counteract their growing power the pope had, in 1367, formed an alliance with the emperor and some of the principal Italian States, and in May, 1368, the emperor had invaded Lombardy with a large army. Hawkwood, who came to Milan about this time, drawn thither, perhaps, by the approaching marriage of Galeazzo Visconti's daughter Violante to Edward the Third's third son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, which was celebrated with much magnificence on the 5th of June, entered the Milanese service in the following August. The war was very languidly prosecuted, and the emperor made peace in the following spring. The Visconti, however, were bent on carrying on covert hostilities against the pope, and found their opportunity at Perugia, which had hitherto refused to acknowledge Papal suzerainty. In 1369 the pope sent an army into the Perugino to enforce what he conceived to be his rights, and the Visconti placed Hawkwood and his lances at the disposal of Perugia. He was, however, defeated near Arezzo by the Papal German levies, and taken prisoner, but forthwith ransomed by the commune of Perugia. Collecting his scattered forces, he marched on Montefiascone, where the pope then was. The pope fled to Viterbo. Hawkwood pursued, but was compelled to retreat after burning the vineyards in the neighborhood of the town. Retreating through the Pisano he encountered at Cascina a Florentine army of four thousand men under Malatucca of Reggio — Florence was then in alliance with the pope — and, though outnumbered by two to one, completely routed it, taking two thousand prisoners, much booty, and the standard of the republic (Dec. 1). He then marched to Sarzana, collected reinforcements, and returned to the Pisano, being commissioned by the Visconti to restore Giovanni dell' Agnello, who had recently been deposed by the citizens. He made an ineffectual attempt to carry the city by escalade, and then retired, burning Livorno by the way. He was next employed in an attempt to reduce Reggio, which had joined the Papal League, but was defeated under its walls by the Florentine general, Manuo Donati, who, however, died of wounds received on the field of battle.

Soon after this peace was made. Employment, however, was found for Hawkwood's restless energy in a little war which the Visconti were waging with the Marquis of Monferrato. Together with Ambrogio Visconti, he invaded the marquisate, and laid siege to Asti; but, finding himself hampered in his conduct of the operations by a council of war, whom he scornfully described as "scribes," he threw up his command and entered the Papal service. A new war between the Papal League and the Visconti soon broke out, and Hawkwood, of course, had his full share of the toils and honors of it. He inflicted a signal defeat on a superior Milanese force on the Panaro, in January, 1373, was in his turn defeated by Gian Galeazzo, son of Galeazzo Visconti, at Montechiaro, on May 8, but, rallying his forces at Gavardo, turned on the pursuing Milanese, and completely routed them, after which he retreated to Bologna. The war was now permitted to languish, and Hawkwood, sick of inaction, and unable to obtain regular pay from the pope, took once more to levying contributions in Tuscany. It was probably about this time (1374) that the letter of St. Catherine of Siena, to which we have already referred, was written. Meanwhile the exactions of Papal legates and governors, most of whom were Frenchmen, had excited the utmost discontent and indignation in the cities subject to the Papacy. Florence was veering round to the side of the Visconti, and when, in June, 1375, Hawkwood appeared before its walls with a considerable force, and threatened to burn its corn unless he were paid a handsome contribution, the republic made terms with him, paying him one hundred and thirty thousand florins of gold in return for the disclosure of a plot to betray Prato into his hands and an engagement not to molest the city for five years, except in obedience to superior orders, and granting him an annual pension of twelve hundred florins for life. From this time his allegiance to the pope seems to have been of very doubtful quality. The condottiero, to whom pay was all-important, had felt the magic of the Florentine gold, and the pope continued a bad paymaster. Events occurred which subjected his loyalty to a severe strain. Florence concluded an alliance with the Visconti, and her emissaries were soon busy in Romagna and the Bolognese organizing a general revolt against the Church. The signal was given by Città di Castello, a little town on the site of the ancient Tifernum, between

Perugia and Rimini. Hawkwood was stationed at Perugia, when, early in November, 1375, came intelligence that Città di Castello was in revolt. He was forthwith despatched to reduce the town, but before he had done so was recalled to Perugia, which had also risen. He found the governor besieged in the citadel, and, siding with the populace, compelled him to capitulate, and sent him under escort to Rimini. The rich booty thus obtained was shared by his soldiers with the populace. By way of security for his pay Hawkwood seized the castle of Castrocaro, to which the Church, now anxious to conciliate him, added the fortified towns of Bagnacavallo and Cotignola. The revolt now became general—about eighty cities and towns shaking off the Papal yoke; and Hawkwood did, and indeed could do, little to cope with it. He laid siege, however, to Granaruola. On March 20, Bologna caught the flame. Hawkwood at once raised the siege of Granaruola, and marched into the Bolognese. Arriving at Faenza, a city as yet outwardly loyal, he entered it, expelled the inhabitants, except a few of the wealthiest, whom he held to ransom, and the more attractive of the women, and then marched on Bologna, desolating the country with fire and sword. The Bolognese, however, held his two sons as hostages, and to obtain their release he conceded a truce of sixteen months. He then betook himself to Cotignola, where he strengthened the fortifications and built himself a palace. Early in the following year he was summoned to Cesena, where the populace had risen against the Breton garrison, which had been placed there by the cardinal of the Twelve Apostles, Robert of Geneva, afterwards Anti-Pope Clement VII. His instructions were brief and simple, "Blood, blood, and justice!" Hawkwood proposed to spare those who laid down their arms, but the cardinal would not hear of it, and added emphatically, "I command you." Hawkwood accordingly led his men into the town on the night of February 3, and in the course of a three days' massacre put to the sword some thousands of the inhabitants, without distinction of rank or profession, age or sex, sparing neither the infirm, nor women with child, nor children at the breast, while the cardinal rode by his side and ejaculated, "Affatto, affatto!" (Thorough, thorough). For the honor of our countryman it must, however, be added that he contrived to save a thousand of the women, and sent them under escort to Rimini, which was crowded with fugi-

tives in the utmost destitution. Cesena itself was completely looted and desolated.

This was Hawkwood's last act in the service of the Church. In April he entered the service of the Anti-papal League, Bernabò Visconti promising him one of his natural daughters, the Lady Donnina, in marriage. It is not clear whether he was then a widower, or whether the two sons mentioned in connection with the revolt of Bologna were illegitimate. The marriage was celebrated with much splendor at Milan in May. The summer and autumn passed in some desultory fighting and negotiation in Tuscany, and in March, 1378, a congress assembled at Sarzana to arrange terms of peace. Its deliberations were interrupted by the death of the pope, Gregory XI., but his successor, Urban VI., made peace in July. He was unpopular with the French cardinals, who elected Robert of Geneva as anti-pope, and a war followed. Hawkwood, meanwhile, was fighting the battle of Bernabò Visconti against the Scaligers of Verona, whose inheritance, they being illegitimate, Bernabò claimed in right of his wife Beatrice, sister of Car Signore della Scala, their father. Louis of Hungary, however, sent an army to their support, under Stephen Laczsk, Waiwode of Transylvania, by whom Hawkwood was defeated under the walls of Verona, and compelled to retreat. Bernabò Visconti then treated him as a traitor, putting a price on his head, and he retired to Bagnacavallo in the spring of 1379. Soon afterwards the Breton forces of the anti-pope were defeated at Marino by the Italian company of St. George, and he himself took refuge in Avignon. Queen Joan of Naples having taken his part, the pope, following time-honored precedents, offered her kingdom to Louis of Hungary, who commissioned his nephew, Charles of Durazzo, to conquer it. He marched through Italy, meeting with little resistance, and occupied Naples in July, 1381. The anti-pope, however, found a rival claimant in Louis, Duke of Anjou, who assembled an army in Provence, and finding as little difficulty in traversing Italy as Charles had done, arrived in Apulia in 1382. The pope forthwith secured Hawkwood's services on behalf of his nominee by arrangement with the Florentine government. The war, however, if such it can be called, was very languidly prosecuted, and Hawkwood soon marched northward, and, after a little raiding and ravaging in Tuscany, entered, in December, 1387, the service of Francesco Carrara,

Marquis of Padua, then at war with the Scaligers. He brought with him only five hundred English horse and six hundred English archers, but was placed in command of the entire Paduan army, which numbered about seventy-five hundred horse and one thousand foot. With this force he crossed the Adige at Castelbaldo in January, 1387, and advanced unopposed into the heart of the Veronese. Here, however, his army soon began to suffer severely from hunger and thirst, the enemy intercepting his supplies and poisoning the wells; and he was at length compelled to retreat, closely pursued by a Veronese army immensely superior in numbers, and including a battery of bombards, a kind of rude artillery which discharged a stone projectile about the size of a hen's egg. At Castagnaro, on the Adige, he made a stand, selecting a position between the raised bank or dyke which confined the stream within its channel and a small canal which connected the dyke with a neighboring marsh. In order to attack him it was thus necessary that the enemy should descend into the ditch, in effecting which operation they were, of course, exposed to the arrows of his men. They did so, however, and, covered by the fire from their bombards, climbed up the other side and engaged in a hand struggle with the Paduan defenders, who were already giving way, when Hawkwood, at the head of the English contingent, passed round the end of the ditch where it joined the Adige and took them in flank and rear. They fell into confusion, the Paduans charged down the slope, and the enemy were completely routed. The rout became a massacre, which was prolonged far into the night, and Padua was for a time relieved of all danger of invasion. Not for long, however. Carrara, whose service Hawkwood quitted soon after the victory, entered into an alliance with Gian Galeazzo, now, by the murder of his uncle Bernabò, sole lord of Milan, for the partitioning of the Veronese. Gian Galeazzo, Count of Virtue, as he was called, as if in irony, easily conquered the Veronese, and then invaded the Padovano. Carrara abdicated in favor of his son, Francesco Novello, and the latter was compelled by the Milanese general, Jacopo del Verme, to surrender Padua. He was taken a prisoner to Milan, but escaped thence, and fled by a circuitous route to Florence, where he at once began to intrigue for his restoration.

Hawkwood, meanwhile, had retired to the castle of Montecchio, near Cortona,

which he had recently acquired, where he was joined by Bernabò Visconti's son, Carlo. Suspecting that such a conjunction boded no good to himself, Gian Galeazzo laid a plot to destroy his nephew by procuring some poisoned figs to be sent him. This, however, Hawkwood detected in time, and put Carlo on his guard. The two then collected a considerable force, with a view to striking a blow at the Count of Virtue when opportunity should present itself. The help of Florence was, however, indispensable, and Florence hesitated to challenge so powerful an adversary. Hawkwood and Carlo accordingly, in the autumn of 1388, marched into Apulia, and placed their swords at the disposal of Queen Margaret, widow of Charles of Durazzo.

Neapolitan affairs had long been in a condition of anarchy. Both Louis and Charles were dead, but their partisans continued the struggle in the interest of their infant sons. At this time the Angevin faction was in the ascendant, and held all Naples except the Castle of Capuana, which still held out for Queen Margaret. An attempt was made in the spring of 1389 to relieve the garrison, Hawkwood, of course, taking part in it. It failed, however, and towards the end of April the governor capitulated. A year later Hawkwood was recalled to Florence, where it had at length been determined to take energetic action against the Count of Virtue, who was already threatening Bologna, and thought to be aiming at the sovereignty of Italy. Hawkwood was received by the citizens with every sign of enthusiasm, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Florentine forces, and, after taking all necessary measures for putting the city in a posture of defence, hurried to Bologna, accompanied only by a small escort. The city was held by twelve hundred lances and three thousand infantry, under Giovanni da Barbiano. The Milanese investing army, under Jacopo dal Verme, withdrew on Hawkwood's arrival, and he was thus able to employ the garrison in offensive operations in the Modenese and Reggiano. This brought Jacopo dal Verme upon the scene again. Hawkwood engaged and defeated him, near Samoggia, a few miles from Bologna, on June 21. About the same time came the news that Francesco Novello had recovered Padua, where Hawkwood joined him in the autumn at the head of a considerable force, drawn partly from Florence, partly from Bologna. In January the allies invaded the Veronese, crossing the

Adige at Castelbaldo. The plan of the campaign was to effect a junction with the Comte d'Armagnac, who was to enter the Milanese from the side of Provence with a large army of French adventurers. He was, however, unexpectedly slow in taking the field, and Hawkwood, after making two reconnaissances in force in the Veronese, returned to Padua without obtaining any tidings of him. At length came the news that D'Armagnac had entered Piedmont, and Hawkwood, about the middle of March, again crossed the Adige. He advanced almost unopposed into the heart of the Bergamasco, and there, in June, at a place called Pandino, in the district between the Adda and the Oglio, about fifteen miles from Milan, encamped and waited for news of D'Armagnac. No news, however, came, but instead Jacopo dal Verme made his appearance, with an army of about ten thousand effective combatants and a mass of militia besides. Hawkwood's army had at starting numbered twenty-two hundred lances and a considerable body of infantry, including twelve hundred crossbowmen, but was probably by this time somewhat reduced in numbers. Nevertheless, Jacopo dal Verme steadily refused to risk a pitched battle, but hovered about the camp, cutting off Hawkwood's supplies and harassing him with frequent skirmishes. Accordingly towards the end of the month Hawkwood was compelled to retreat. He made for Cremona, but halted at a place called Paterno Fasolaro, a few miles to the north of the city, where he lay for four days, affecting the utmost despair, and permitting the enemy to come close up to his lines and indulge in every kind of insult. His object was to lure them into a false security, in which he succeeded so thoroughly that Jacopo dal Verme sent him a trap with a live fox in it, by way of indicating that he had him in his toils. Hawkwood, however, with a smile, released the animal, and sent the empty trap back to the Milanese general, remarking that the animal had found his way out. On the fifth day he made a sudden sortie, by which he placed between two and three thousand of the enemy *hors de combat*, and cleared his way to the Oglio. Though closely pursued by Dal Verme, he succeeded in passing this stream, and also the Mincio, without serious loss.

There remained, however, the Adige between him and safety, and as he approached Castagnaro, the scene of his brilliant victory in 1386, he found his difficulties increase. The rivers of the great

Lombardic plain were then as now only prevented from overflowing their banks by raised dikes, and the dike of the right bank of the Adige had, whether by design or accident does not appear, been broken down in parts, so that the country about Castagnaro had become a vast lake. Meanwhile the Milanese army was pressing on Hawkwood's rear, so that he found himself in as uncomfortable a position as the Israelites of old when, with the Red Sea in their faces, they heard the sound of Pharaoh's chariot wheels behind them, while he had nothing to trust to but his own audacity and resource. To wait and give battle to the Milanese general was out of the question. Hawkwood's men were wasted by hunger and forced marches, and probably, though we have no precise information on the point, much reduced in number, and, except the little English contingent, no longer to be depended on for fighting. There was therefore but one course to take, and that an extremely hazardous one — to push on across the inundated plain. The chief difficulty was how to dispose of the infantry. Many a general would have abandoned them to their fate. Not so Hawkwood. Trusting to the strength of the mighty chargers which his cavaliers rode, he directed each of them to mount a foot soldier behind him on the croup, and, leaving the rest in the camp with flags flying and fires burning to delude the enemy into the idea that it was still occupied in force, he slipped off by night, and guiding his men by devious tracks, where he judged from his accurate knowledge of the country that the water was likely to be shallowest, arrived in the morning at Castelbaldo, not without considerable loss, but with the bulk of his army intact. Here he was safe, for the Milanese general did not venture to follow him up by such a trackless path; and indeed it was universally conceded that none but Hawkwood would have dared such a venture. Poggio Bracciolini, the Florentine historian, waxes eloquent on the entire retreat, comparing it to the most brilliant feats of the ancient Roman generals, and later writers, such as Sismondi, have been hardly less eulogistic.

Soon after Hawkwood's arrival in the Padovano, D'Armagnac was defeated and slain under the walls of Alessandria, and early in the autumn the Milanese forces invaded Tuscany. Hawkwood, however, was there before them, and, though greatly outnumbered, contrived by incessant skirmishes and Fabian tactics to wear out



the enemy, and at last compelled them to retreat, so that in the spring Florence was able to conclude an honorable peace, Padua remaining in the hands of Francesco Novello. Hawkwood was now advanced in age, probably an octogenarian, and for the rest of his life resided quietly at Florence, where he had a house called Polverosa, in the suburb of San Donato di Torre. The republic raised his pension to thirty-two hundred florins of gold, settled a jointure of one thousand florins of gold on his wife, and voted marriage portions for his three daughters of two thousand florins of gold apiece, conferred the freedom of the city upon himself and his issue male forever, saving only capacity to hold office, and gave orders for the construction of a splendid marble monument to perpetuate his memory.

Though he must have made considerable sums at various times by the exercise of his profession, he does not seem to have been, even in his later years, a very wealthy man. Most of his gains he probably spent, and his savings were chiefly invested in various estates, which he was on the point of realizing with the intention of returning to England, when the project was frustrated by his death, which terminated a short illness in the night of March 16, 1394. He was buried in the Duomo at the public expense and with the utmost pomp, all the church bells tolling for the dead, the citizens closing their shops, and many of them in deep mourning following the bier, which, draped in scarlet velvet and cloth of gold, was borne by Florentine knights amidst much waving of banners, blazing of torches and church candles, flashing of armor, and wailing of women from the Piazza dei Signori to the house of mourning, and thence to the Church of St. John the Baptist, where the body was exposed for a time. Gregorovius comments with some severity on the fact that Florence could deny a tomb to Dante, and could yet pay such honor to the memory of Hawkwood the freebooter. In truth, however, Hawkwood was very far from being a mere freebooter; was, indeed, nothing less, again to use Hallam's phrase, than the first real general of modern Europe.

As surely as Dante closes the epoch of minstrelsy and troubadour song and opens that of modern poesy, so surely does Hawkwood close the epoch of chivalry and open that of modern scientific warfare. However rude his strategy, the fact remains that he knew how to win a victory or avert a defeat by other means than mere

courage or fortitude, that in planning an attack or selecting a position for defence he seized with "vulpine astuteness" any advantage which chance or circumstance or the natural features of the country or the time of day could afford. At Cascina he first wore the enemy out by a succession of feigned attacks, and then delivered his assault when they least expected it, late in the afternoon, and at a point where the rays of the sinking sun struck and the evening breeze carried the dust full in their faces; at Castagnaro he chose with the keen eye of a general a position admirably adapted both for defence and for attack; at Paterno Fasolaro he lulled the enemy into security, and then burst upon them with the suddenness and fury of a whirlwind. These qualities, together with his masterly conduct of the entire retreat from Pandino, effectually distinguish him from the peers and paladins of the Middle Ages, and mark him out as the forerunner of the great strategists of modern times.

How long Hawkwood's remains rested in the Duomo is not clear; it is certain, however, that Lady Hawkwood entertained the idea of transferring them to England, to which end she obtained in 1395 from Richard II. a letter to the Florentine government, requesting the necessary permission. It was granted, and, as she had already realized her husband's estates, it is not improbable that she carried out her intention.

The contemporary chronicler, Minerbetti, in describing Hawkwood's funeral, mentions his "very numerous family" as taking part in the procession. As, however, he had by Donnina no more than four children—viz., one son, John, and three daughters, Janet, Catherine, and Anne—it is clear that other children of his, whether legitimate or not, must also have been present. We have seen, in connection with the revolt of Bologna, that he had then two sons, though of their subsequent history we know nothing. We also read of a daughter, named Antiocha, married as early as 1387 to Sir William Coggeshal, then resident at Milan, but who afterwards returned to Essex, and lived the life of a country gentleman on his ancestral estate of Codham Hall; of another daughter, named Fiorentina, married to a Milanese noble, Lancelotto del Mayno; and a third, Beatrice, wife of John Shelley, M.P. for Rye between 1415 and 1423, and an ancestor of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley; but who may have been the mother of these children, or whether she was Hawkwood's lawful wife, or only

his mistress, remains at present wholly uncertain.

Of his children by Donnina we know only that the two elder daughters were married in his lifetime, Janet to Brezaglia, son of Count Lodovico di Porciglia, commander of the Bolognese forces, podestà of Ferrara, and for a brief period after Hawkwood's death commander of the Florentine forces; Catherine, to Conrad Prospergh, a German condottiero, who had served under Hawkwood in his last campaign, and received the honor of knighthood from him; and that the third daughter, Anne, married after Hawkwood's death, Ambrogiuolo di Piero della Torre of Milan; while his son John came home to England, lived quietly on the ancestral estate at Hedingham Sibil, and died without male issue. The manor still retains the name of Hawkwoods, and in the parish are to be seen the ruinous remains of a cenotaph, bearing the Hawkwood arms, a falcon flying between two trees, placed there soon after the death of the great condottiero by some of his friends, but no one of the name has since achieved distinction in any line. We leave it to the speculators in heredity to determine whether Shelley may have been indebted in any measure for the ardor and passionateness, the insurgent energy of his temperament, so strangely unlike that of the race of hard-drinking, commonplace country squires from whom he sprang, to his far-off descent from the fourteenth-century free lance and his Italian wife.

Of Hawkwood's private life and character we have not the materials to form a picture. We ask in vain what sort of a husband and father he was, what were the recreations of his leisure hours, his religious opinions, his inner personal characteristics. Physically, however, if the portrait by Paolo Uccello is to be trusted — and there seems no reason to doubt its substantial fidelity — Hawkwood seems to have come near to realizing the perfect type of the warrior. Somewhat above the middle height without being exactly tall, deep-chested and broad-shouldered, his figure, as he sits erect upon his powerful charger, seems to combine in an unusual degree the qualities of agility and strength. The features are handsome, the forehead massive, the eyes large, the nose straight as a Plantagenet king's, the clean-shaven mouth and chin finely, even delicately, moulded. An anecdote related by Sacchetti gives pleasant evidence that he was not without a touch of true English humor. Some mendicant friars, it ap-

pears, presented themselves one day at his castle of Montecchio in the Aretino, and prefaced their prayer for alms with the customary "God give you peace." Hawkwood promptly replied, "God take away your alms." The friars in confusion protested that they meant no offence, to which Hawkwood rejoined, "How so, when you come to me and pray God to make me die of hunger? Know you not that I live by war, and that peace would undo me? and as I live by war, so do you live by alms; so that my answer was of a piece with your greeting." So the friars, being provided with no repartee, took their leave without their alms. Probably Hawkwood was no friend to the clergy; indeed, the condottieri generally seem to have had remarkably little respect for the Church or fear of its spiritual arms.

The castle of Montecchio mentioned by Sacchetti was situate in the Val di Chiano near Cortona, and came into Hawkwood's possession, with some minor adjacent fortresses, about 1384. Here he kept the state of a feudal baron, as he had previously done at Bagnacavallo and Cotignola in Romagna. The latter places, however, were much coveted by his neighbor, Astorre Manfredi of Faenza, with whom he was constantly engaged either in litigation or open warfare on their account. He accordingly ceded them to the Marquis of Este for sixty thousand ducats in 1381. Montecchio, however, remained in his possession until his death, and was afterwards sold by Lady Hawkwood to the Florentine government. All three places continued to be of considerable military importance for some centuries. Cotignola had been strongly fortified by Hawkwood, but of its works nothing now remains but a single circular tower, designed as a lookout. Montecchio, though ruinous, is in better preservation, and still presents an imposing and picturesque appearance, its square bastioned walls only partially dismantled, and its shattered tower, crowning a pine and olive clad hill, commanding a fine view across the Val di Chiano to Monte Amiata and Lake Trasimene. Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti tell us that its present owner is engaged in partially restoring the fortress. Let us hope that the work will be done judiciously, and that this interesting monument of mediæval military architecture may long preserve the memory of our adventurous countryman.

In the foregoing pages we have perforce confined ourselves to the most salient points in Hawkwood's career, and have

treated him almost exclusively as a man of action. There is not wanting evidence, however, that he had another side to his character — that he was not merely a man of action, but also a man of affairs. The evidence is somewhat scanty, but, nevertheless, decisive. It is clear from the chronicles that it was he that was primarily concerned in the negotiations which led to the congress of Sarzana in 1378, and in Rymer's "Fœdera" are documents, curiously overlooked by Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti, which show that during the latter part of his career he was accredited by Richard II. as ambassador to the Holy See, the republic of Florence, the kingdom of Naples, and most of the Italian States.

The same authority also furnishes us with a commission granted him by the English king in 1386 to settle the affairs of Provence, then in utter anarchy, and in which Richard as Duke of Aquitaine conceived himself to be interested. These clues have never been followed up. We have ourselves made some slight attempt in that direction, but with no result. We have not even been able to discover whether he actually went to Provence or not, nor have we found any traces of his diplomatic activities in Italy. It would seem, however, highly improbable that the archives of the principal Italian cities, if properly ransacked, should entirely fail to furnish some information on these points; and it will be reserved for some future biographer of Hawkwood to make the matter the subject of special research. Meanwhile we must be thankful to Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti for the rich present they have made us. We could wish, indeed, that clearer indications had been given from time to time of the state of Italian politics, so far as it determined or helped Hawkwood's action; that the style had been a trifle less diffuse, and that the citation of authorities were more accurate. It is curious, for example, to be referred to Muratori's "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores" for Ghirardacci's "Storia Bolognese," to Weever's "History of Essex" and to Morant's "Ancient Funeral Monuments." But these are minor matters; the text is, for the most part, substantially accurate throughout, and on the whole, the work is one of which its authors may well be proud. While we write a translation is announced, in which the minor blemishes to which we have referred will doubtless have been removed. We trust that in its English form it may have many English readers.

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BY W. E. NORRIS.  
AUTHOR OF "THIRLSBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MR. ARCHDALE IS SATISFIED.

CECIL ARCHDALE was frequently spoken of by his friends as the most fortunate man in England. They had reasons which seemed to be sufficient for calling him so, and he had, at any rate, one great advantage over the general run of fortunate men in that he fully recognized and appreciated the fact of his good fortune. All his life long he had had things very much his own way; he had never wished for anything without getting it, so that he had come to regard immunity from disappointment as a sort of prerogative, and took it for granted that he would succeed in any enterprise which he might think it worth while to undertake. No doubt this happy self-confidence had contributed not a little to his unvarying success. Handsome, pleasant-mannered, and always at his ease, he had readily made his way into the best society obtainable, wherever he had been; he had been universally liked and a good deal loved; as he had no near relations nor anybody's convenience to consult, save his own, he had wandered over many foreign lands and had derived much amusement from his cosmopolitan experiences. It is true that he had habitually lived beyond his income and that at the end of eight years he had very nearly exhausted the comfortable little fortune which he had inherited from his father; but just as this was becoming a source of anxiety to him he had turned his artistic talents to account and had achieved a reputation which would have astonished nobody more than himself, had he not felt persuaded that this was due rather to the influence of his lucky star than to his skill or industry.

Nevertheless, he was skilful. He was also industrious, in the sense that he took great pains with his work and brought exquisite accuracy to bear upon the finish of details; but in no other sense. He was constitutionally indolent; he hated to begin anything new, and his fellow-laborers produced, on an average, half-a-dozen pictures in the time that it took him to produce one. Very likely this deliberation may have enhanced the price and even the value of his handiwork; but it was not for that reason that he spent so many hours contentedly in smoking cigarettes and

doing nothing. He was very fond of doing nothing — fonder, perhaps, of that than of anything else in the world, except making love. The latter amusement is doubtless agreeable to the generality of mortals; only for most of us its delights are considerably marred by reason of the uncertainties and anxieties by which it is beset. With such drawbacks the fortunate Cecil Archdale had no acquaintance. The women with whom he fell in love invariably fell in love with him, and what was better still was that his numerous philanderings never led to serious or painful consequences. "These things die a natural death," he was wont to say. "It seems a pity that they should; but perhaps it would be a still greater pity if they didn't. I can't imagine a more awful fate than having to spend one's life with a person whom one had once adored and couldn't manage to adore any longer."

By good luck or good guidance he had steered clear of any such fate. Moreover, he had steered clear of conceit or affectation; and this was generally held to be creditable to him. If he believed himself to be irresistible, his belief had the support of a tolerably large experience. In truth he had little feeling of personal vanity in the matter; only a deeply rooted conviction that it was not his destiny to love in vain. He was perfectly sincere when he told Lady Wetherby that he had fallen desperately in love with her friend Mrs. Brett; he was also quite sure that a delicate betrayal of his sentiments to Mrs. Brett herself would do neither her nor him any harm. His passions were too ephemeral for any harm to come of them. What usually came of them was a pleasant interview or two, a few enjoyable dances, perhaps the interchange of certain phrases which were not meant to be taken too literally, and then a gradual cooling off, brought about by the discovery of a substitute.

One afternoon, soon after Lady Wetherby's dinner-party, he was reclining upon a divan in the comfortable chambers near St. James's Street where he had set up his studio, and was expatiating to a friend of his upon the charms of the lady who had captivated him.

"It isn't only that she is beautiful," he was saying; "beauty isn't really rare, and when all is said and done, it is never mere beauty of face or form that appeals to one. But Mrs. Brett is rare, distinctly rare. She is a woman of the world to her finger-tips; and yet there is something about her, I don't know how to describe

it, a sort of innocent hardihood which makes one long to —"

"To kiss her?" suggested the friend.

"Drake, you are no better than the beasts that perish! I wasn't going to say anything of that sort; I was going to say that it made one long to warn her how dangerous it is to be hardy, even though one may be as innocent as an infant. Most men — you, for instance — entirely misunderstand such women."

"I suppose you understand Mrs. Brett perfectly, don't you?"

"Not at all; I understand her very imperfectly as yet. But I have sense enough to understand that she is as good as she is charming, and that when she shows herself kindly disposed towards a humble artist it isn't because she thinks it might amuse her to get up a flirtation with him."

"In other words, it is because she has really fallen a victim to the fascinations of the humble artist. Well, I dare say she has; I have observed that they generally do. Poor Mr. Brett!"

Archdale swung his legs off the sofa, faced his interlocutor and made an impatient gesture. "I really don't see why you should pity Mr. Brett," he said. "I have made some inquiries about him, and I have heard just what I expected to hear. He is a dry, solemn, cold-hearted old lawyer; he neglects his wife, and he doesn't care a little hang whether she is happy or miserable. If you imagine that I shall ever have the honor of causing him a moment's anxiety, that is because you don't know much about either him or me. But you are hopelessly material, Drake; you haven't a particle of romance or refinement in the whole of your great, hulking carcass."

The individual addressed did not appear to resent this uncomplimentary description of himself. He only laughed and said that people afflicted with hulking carcasses could not be expected to be refined or romantic. He was a middle-aged man, tall, stout, and loosely built; his hair was turning grey at the temples; his moustache, it might be surmised, would also have been grey, had not artificial means been resorted to to obliterate the footprints of time. He looked good-natured, as indeed he was, and a practised observer would have guessed that he was not vexed by any rigid code of morality. Alfred Drake had more friends than perhaps he deserved to have. He passed for a good fellow and was not a very bad one; though it was noticeable that those whom he chose

for his friends were people who were likely to be of service to him in one way or another. Cecil Archdale, who had already been of some service to him, would, he hoped, be of service to him again. In fact, that was why he was now listening so patiently to the praises of a lady whom he neither knew nor was ambitious of knowing. By way of summing up the subject and changing it, he remarked presently, —

“Well, I won't pity Mr. Brett if you had rather I didn't; but I will make so bold as to congratulate you. It's a fine thing to be the rising artist of the day, and it isn't so bad to be young and good-looking and rich. As for me, I am resigned to being rather old and rather ugly; but I am not altogether resigned to being confoundedly poor. Therefore, my dear Archdale, I wish with all my heart that I were you.”

“Oh, I'm not rich,” said Archdale.

“Are you rich enough to lend a couple of hundred to a distressed friend for a few weeks?” inquired the other smilingly. “If you are, the distressed one would sleep comfortably to-night and would remember you in his prayers before turning in.”

Perhaps it was because he obtained without any difficulty a sum which he had not the smallest prospect of being able to repay, that Mr. Drake felt bound to make some immediate return for what he had received. For obvious reasons, he could not present his generous friend with anything expensive, but he could bestow something valuable upon him, in the shape of excellent advice, and this he did not grudge.

“Look here, Archdale,” said he, as he rose from his chair, “if I were you I'd drop these little games. You'll burn your fingers some fine day, my boy. I dare say I'm coarse and material and all the rest of it; but that's just what circumstances very often are, and a precious awkward circumstance it will be for you to have a married woman rushing in here to tell you that she has quarrelled with her husband and come to throw herself upon your protection.”

“Oh, go away!” exclaimed the young artist, laughing; “the only excuse for you is that you don't know what you are talking about.”

Mr. Drake, having obtained the object of his visit, went away willingly enough; and shortly after his departure, Archdale, in no wise disturbed by the warning which had been addressed to him, sauntered out with the intention of leaving a card

for Lady Wetherby. However, when he reached St. George's Place, he did not content himself with ringing the bell and pushing his card into the letter-box, after the unceremonious fashion affected by modern young men, but duly waited until the door was opened, and then asked whether Lady Wetherby was at home. Her ladyship, he was informed, was at home; and presently he was received with the kindness which her ladyship was accustomed to extend impartially to the just and to the unjust. He suspected that he was not altogether approved of by Lady Wetherby; but he felt sure that, by taking a little trouble, he could overcome any prejudice that she might have conceived against him, and he was desirous just now of securing her good opinion. Therefore he did not at once begin to talk about Mrs. Brett, but discussed a number of other persons in whom he was not greatly interested, and found something pleasant to say about all of them; so that eventually it was his hostess, not he, who introduced the subject upon which he wished for further information.

“I hope,” said she, “that you didn't believe what Wetherby told you the other night about Marcia Brett. Of course you were only joking when you spoke of having fallen in love with her; but it is better not to say such things even in joke, I think, and I was sorry afterwards that I had called her husband cantankerous. The poor man has been very unfortunate, and his misfortunes have soured him, and he has bad health; but I believe Marcia is just as fond of him now as she was when she married him.”

“And was she very fond of him then?”

“I don't know what other reason she could have had for accepting him. She might easily have made a more brilliant match.”

“He doesn't treat her over and above well, they say. But it's no business of mine, and I won't proclaim that I am in love with her again if you disapprove of it, Lady Wetherby. Still there is no objection to my cultivating her friendship, I presume.”

Notwithstanding the pains at which he had been to conciliate her, this young man appeared to Lady Wetherby to be forward and rather ill-bred. She imagined that she was inflicting quite a severe rebuke upon him when she replied: “I really don't think that I have the right to object to any proceeding of yours, Mr. Archdale. I should require to know you much more intimately than I do before I could

take such a liberty. I only did not wish you or anybody else to jump to mistaken conclusions about a very old friend of mine."

He rejoined, without a symptom of the shamefacedness which would have been becoming, "I assure you I haven't jumped to any conclusions at all about Mrs. Brett. As you say, one must know people intimately before one can venture upon such liberties; but I suppose there is no harm in my wishing to know her more intimately."

Lady Wetherby was not so sure of that. However, she was precluded from giving utterance to her views by the entrance of Mrs. Brett herself, who was now announced, and who, after embracing her friend, shook hands very cordially with Mr. Archdale.

Marcia was in excellent spirits that day. She was wearing a new frock which fitted her to perfection — always an exhilarating circumstance; she had just come from an afternoon assembly at which many pretty things had been said to her, and she had not seen her husband for twenty-four hours. She knew that she was looking her best, and very likely it was not displeasing to her that she should be studied under that aspect by an artist of discriminating taste.

However that may have been, she did not give the discriminating artist much chance of conversing with her. She seemed to become oblivious of his presence after she had greeted him, and half turned her back upon him while she chatted with Lady Wetherby upon topics which scarcely afforded an excuse for intervention on the part of a male listener. What did he know about the size and shape of bonnets and the all-important question of whether it was or was not true that the Princess of Wales had set her face against the introduction of those which were being worn in Paris? Nevertheless, he knew (for his eyes were sharp and his wits were quick) that Mrs. Brett's attention was not so completely taken up with these matters as to render her unconscious of his admiring gaze. It was not until Lady Wetherby asked some casual question about Willie, that her manner suddenly changed and she appeared really to forget that there was a third person in the room.

"Oh, he is flourishing," she said, "he is always flourishing. I am thankful to say. Do you know what he did this morning? He actually went and jumped his pony over the railings in Regent's Park, and a

policeman came up and made a great fuss and had to be tipped. I don't believe Willie knows what fear is!"

"Well, that is a very good thing," said Lady Wetherby good-humoredly; "but I should think he must be getting a little too much for Miss Wells, isn't he? When are you going to send him to school?"

Marcia's face fell. "Oh, I don't know," she answered; "please don't talk about it. It will break my heart when they take him away from me."

"It is a wrench, of course," Lady Wetherby agreed; but sooner or later it has to be faced. Our boy goes to a preparatory school in the autumn, and in two or three years he will be at Eton, I suppose. I hope you mean Willie to be an Etonian?"

"Yes," answered Marcia, with a sigh, "I believe that is decided upon. It isn't so much the thought of Eton that I dread as of that horrid preparatory place. I wonder whether it is really necessary! I often ask men about their boyhood, and they invariably tell me that they were happy when they went to a public school and miserable at the private one which came before it." Then she abruptly wheeled round and appealed to Archdale. "What was your experience?" she asked.

"Oh, I got on well enough at both schools, as far as I remember," he replied. "A little acquaintance with adversity isn't a bad thing for a boy, Mrs. Brett; though I dare say you'll call me hard-hearted for saying so. Besides, if your boy has good health and is plucky, as you say he is, he'll take care of himself."

And as, at this moment, two other visitors were announced who drew off Lady Wetherby's attention, he was able to pull his chair a little closer to Mrs. Brett's and to inquire, "Are you so intensely devoted to this son of yours?"

"More than to everybody else in the world put together," Marcia replied emphatically. "He is everything to me and he always will be. But I shall not be everything to him when once he has left the nest, you see. That is really why I hate to think of his going to school. I am not afraid of his being bullied; because I am sure he wouldn't stand that."

"Then," said Archdale, with a laugh and a slight shrug of his shoulders, "since the thing is as inevitable as death, and since you hate thinking about it, let us think about something else. Will you be present at Lady Hampstead's pastoral play to-morrow by any chance?"

"Yes, I shall be there if it doesn't rain," answered Marcia. "And you?"

"Oh, I shall be there, even if it does. I have been helping her with her arrangements and costumes and so forth, and I shall expect you to pat me on the back if the thing turns out a success."

"It is sure to be a success; but shall I be allowed an opportunity of congratulating you? Won't you be concealed somewhere up a tree, directing the operations?"

"Very likely I shall; I don't quite know what is going to be done with me. But you won't rush away the moment that the play is over, will you?"

"Not unless I am obliged. I shall have to be home in time to dress for dinner, though. And that reminds me that I ought to be at home now."

She gave him her hand once more and smiled pleasantly at him; so that he left the house soon afterwards in a contented mood. The beautiful Mrs. Brett had not, it was true, displayed anything more than friendliness towards him; but as he was not an unreasonable man, he was satisfied with that and with the prospect of meeting her again so soon. The only thing that had jarred a little upon him was the inordinate affection which she had professed for that embryo schoolboy. It was quite right and proper that she should be fond of her child, since she had a child; but he would have been better pleased if she had had none. He wanted to think of her as a woman who was thoroughly unhappy at home, and he did not want to think of her as cherishing an inordinate affection for any human being.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### LADY HAMPSTEAD'S GARDEN-PARTY.

IT was Marcia's habit to breakfast in her bedroom, and it was Mr. Brett's habit to dispose of the first meal of the day in the dining-room, all by himself. The system is one which may safely be recommended to couples who are not in close sympathy with one another and which is not to be despised even by lovers; for intercourse is always perilous at an hour when nine people out of ten feel both cross and stupid. However, Marcia always broke through her rule on Tuesday mornings, when the weekly bills came in, and when her husband, who insisted upon having the tradesmen's books submitted to him, was accustomed to hand her over the house-keeping money, sweetened by remarks upon the prodigality of the cook. The day following that treated of in the last chapter

happened to be a Tuesday, and, as usual, she hastened down-stairs to receive her cheque; but, although the bills were somewhat higher than they ought to have been, Mr. Brett had no disagreeable comments to make upon that circumstance. She found him standing by his writing-table with his hat on, and as he held out the slip of paper which he had already signed, he said,—

"Isn't it to-day that Lady Hampstead has a garden-party?—a sort of out-door theatrical performance, or something of that kind?"

"Yes, it is to-day," answered Marcia. "You won't come with me, of course."

"I will try to be at home in time to accompany you. If I am not, you need not wait for me; but in all probability I shall be able to manage it."

She knew him well enough to know what this meant. He was one of the most conscientious of men; he had been thinking over what she had said to him about his abstention from social gatherings, and he had come to the conclusion that there was something to be urged in favor of her view of her husband's duties. Therefore he was now about to make a martyr of himself after a fashion which was especially distasteful to him.

"Please don't come to Lady Hampstead's on my account," she said; "you won't enjoy yourself, and, if you will excuse my saying so, you may remain away without being missed. It is only at dinner-parties that I am asked what has become of my husband; in the crowds nobody knows who is there and who isn't."

But he answered in his cold, deliberate way, "I think I ought sometimes to remind your friends that you are not yet a widow. My avocations will not allow me to frequent society regularly; but I have it in my power to take a half-holiday occasionally, and I propose to take one this afternoon."

It cannot be said that she was particularly anxious for his escort—he had taught her to do without that—but she was willing to submit to it, and at the appointed hour he was waiting for her in the hall, with a flower in his button-hole and a new pair of gloves in his hand.

Lady Hampstead, who owned a villa with extensive grounds in one of the suburbs of London, was the first to start a species of sylvan entertainment which has since become fashionable. Of course it is not nearly as comfortable to witness a drama in the open air as within four walls (where at least, if one is not free from

draughts, one can keep one's feet dry and hear something of what the actors are saying; still anything in the shape of a novelty is always welcome, and royalty patronized Lady Hampstead, and her gardens were prettily laid out. Marcia, after a long, weary drive, in the course of which very few remarks were interchanged, was glad to find herself among a host of friends, and if she did not pay much attention to the performance which was being enacted before her, she admired the brightness and color of the whole scene, while she was relieved to notice that Eustace had joined a knot of legal luminaries, who appeared to be entertaining him with that class of anecdote which appeals to the legal sense of humor and to nobody else's.

The representation was not so lengthy as had been apprehended by some of the audience or as the actors could have desired; for Lady Hampstead, who was aware that when several hundred people meet, their main object is to talk to one another, had instructed her stage-manager to cut out as much dialogue as could possibly be dispensed with, and that gentleman, having reasons of his own for wishing to be expeditious, obeyed her faithfully. As soon as he could escape from the compliments which greeted him after the company had broken up into groups, he made his way towards Mrs. Brett and expressed a hope that she had not been very much bored.

"Of course I haven't," she answered, smiling; "I don't think I ever saw anything so pretty. Besides, it is almost impossible to bore me."

He raised his eyebrows. "What a delightful person you must be to live with!" he remarked.

"Oh, that is another matter; what I meant was that anything in the shape of amusement is pretty sure to amuse me. At home I am occasionally morose. But then I am not very much at home at this time of year."

"I think your tastes must be a good deal like mine," said Archdale. "It seems to me that life is a thing to be enjoyed so long as enjoyment is possible. When one isn't enjoying oneself one is wasting invaluable hours which will never return."

"Yes," agreed Marcia meditatively; "but the question is whether we ought not to find enjoyment in the family circle."

"Oh, nobody ever can be happy merely because he thinks he ought to be happy. We can all do our duty, I suppose; but no power, human or divine, can make us imagine it is more pleasant to do it than

not. Individually, I find that I am never quite so happy as when I am doing something that is a little bit wrong; not very wrong, you know, only slightly so." He added, with the air of one who has suddenly made an interesting discovery: "Do you know I am rather happy at the present moment?"

"Well, you are doing nothing wrong at the present moment," returned Marcia, laughing somewhat nervously; "it isn't wrong to be talking to me, I hope?"

He glanced at her and sighed and laughed also. "I hope not," he answered.

Of course she understood what he did not say. That kind of thing had been said to her, or hinted at, many and many a time before, but it had never before, that she could remember, made her blush. She was annoyed with herself for blushing, and still more annoyed with him for keeping his eyes upon her face when he ought to have averted them. To show him that the phenomenon which he had witnessed was due to purely physical causes, and that it was not really in his power to disconcert her, she said, "Why have you never been to call upon us, Mr. Archdale? I wanted to introduce you to my husband, who, I am sure, would be glad to make your acquaintance."

Cecil Archdale was not quite a gentleman, though he was a very passable imitation of one. His reply was, "I shall be only too delighted to call upon you; but I am afraid I can't pretend that, when I do call, it will be for the pleasure of making Mr. Brett's acquaintance."

The atrocious bad taste of this speech did not offend Marcia; she knew that her husband was not popular with other men, and she thought that his unpopularity was deserved. She said, "Eustace is clever, and can be agreeable when he chooses. He doesn't, as a rule, like my friends, because my friends, as a rule, are not clever people; but I think he would like you, and possibly you might like him. Perhaps you would come and dine quietly with us some evening. Are you doing anything next Sunday?"

Archdale replied that he believed he had an engagement, but that he could easily get rid of it; and while Marcia was protesting that he must not think of throwing anybody over for the dull little gathering which was all that she could offer him, her husband came up behind her and touched her elbow.

"Is it not time for us to be going?" asked Mr. Brett, who had his watch in



his hand. "Don't hurry away on my account, only I understood you to say that you wished to be at home soon after seven o'clock."

Marcia started, and, to her great vexation, found herself blushing again. "I am quite ready," she answered quickly. Then as Mr. Brett was turning on his heel, "Eustace," she said, "I want to introduce you to Mr. Archdale. Mr. Archdale has been kind enough to give me a half promise that he will dine with us on Sunday."

"Oh, it was a whole promise," the young artist declared; "and it will certainly be kept."

Mr. Brett raised his hat and surveyed the stranger coldly. "I am glad to hear that," said he, without looking glad. "I do not approve of Sunday dinner-parties because, in a small establishment like ours, I think the servants should be allowed one day of rest in the week; but I am told that they are unavoidable."

"It won't be a party, Eustace," interrupted Marcia.

"Oh! Still I presume that the servants will have to work as hard as if it were."

Marcia bit her lips and looked down, while Archdale, inwardly amused, wondered whether he ought to withdraw his acceptance of the invitation, and so relieve Mr. Brett's servants of a portion of their labor. But the latter gentleman, who may have felt that he had been a little uncivil, resumed, "Party or no party, we shall be very pleased to see you, Mr. Archdale, if you will honor us so far. I have been a humble admirer of your pictures for some time past."

There was an ironical inflection in his voice which did not escape Archdale, who answered good-humoredly enough, "My pictures are anything but admirable, as I dare say you know. It really isn't my fault if they are generally admired. I should have given up painting long ago but for the sordid consideration that I make my living by it."

"That is a very good reason for persevering with your occupation," observed Mr. Brett gravely. "Not every man can be a genius, but every man can work for his living. Indeed," he added with a sigh, "work is the only thing worth living for."

He was thinking of himself, not of his interlocutor, and was quite unconscious of having said anything rude; but his words chanced to irritate both his wife and her friend, who exchanged a quick glance while he was speaking. Work the only

thing worth living for? — what a view to take of existence!

"Is the carriage there?" asked Marcia, in a tone of impatient resignation, with which her husband was only too familiar. "If it is, we may as well go now."

Mr. Brett extended a thin, dry hand to the artist. "We will expect you on Sunday, then," said he.

"Thanks," answered Archdale briefly; and perhaps if he had been discreet or even well-bred, he would not have drawn Mrs. Brett aside a few paces and whispered laughingly, "It seems that I am not quite clever enough, and that I must be content to take my place amongst your other friends. Well, I don't think I very much mind."

Marcia responded by a slight grimace, the meaning of which was open to various interpretations. Leaving Archdale to place what construction he might please upon it, she walked quickly across the grass to say good-bye to her hostess, Mr. Brett following her at a slower pace.

After she had seated herself in the victoria beside her husband, and was being driven back towards London, she remained silent for some little time, while he also was apparently pre-occupied with his own reflections. But at length, although she knew that it would have been much wiser to hold her peace, she could not help asking, "Had you any particular reason for being rude to Mr. Archdale, Eustace?"

"I am not aware of having been rude to him," Mr. Brett replied tranquilly. "In what way was I rude?"

"It is scarcely polite to tell a man he is not a genius."

"Really, I think it would have been scarcely polite to tell him that he was; if I had done that, he would surely have had sense enough to suspect me of laughing at him."

"Oh, I doubt whether anybody would ever suspect you of laughing. Mr. Archdale may not be a genius, and he may know that he isn't, but I don't see what necessity there was for calling his attention to a fact which he hadn't denied. I suppose you would think it a little rude of a stranger to tell you emphatically that you were not handsome."

Mr. Brett winced perceptibly. Of course, he was not handsome, and perhaps at his age it would not have made much difference if he had been. Nevertheless she had hit him on the raw, and what made the cut smart more was that he felt sure it had been inflicted deliberately. It

was not often that Marcia made such speeches, but when she did, the effect was always to make him wish himself dead. But he answered, without apparent emotion, —

“I am sorry if I inadvertently hurt your friend’s feelings; I ought to have remembered that artists are apt to be sensitive. Naturally, I could have no motive for wishing to affront him, since I neither know nor care to know anything in the world about the man.”

“That means that you have taken a dislike to him. I wonder why?”

“I confess that he did not impress me favorably,” answered Mr. Brett, with deliberation. “His manners did not strike me as those of a gentleman.”

He only said what he thought — and for the matter of that, his impression was perfectly accurate — but Marcia not unnaturally imagined that he had selected intentionally the kind of criticism which was most certain to annoy her. “Different people have different ideas of what a gentleman’s manners ought to be, I suppose,” she rejoined. “I should have thought that he might have complained of yours, and that you had not very much to complain of in his.”

“I am probably old-fashioned,” said her husband. “When I was a child I was taught that it was bad manners to whisper; but no doubt you have changed all that.”

Marcia, having no adequate retort ready, threw herself back in the carriage and gazed at the misty landscape. It was beautiful summer weather; but beautiful summer weather in the neighborhood of London usually implies a point or two of east in the wind and a consequent indistinctness of distant outlines. She was thinking to herself that she was very tired of London, and that everybody was more or less of a bore, and that her husband was the most disagreeable man of her acquaintance, and that she would like to go somewhere far, far away with Willie and begin a new life, from which petty snappings and bickerings should be eliminated, when the harsh sound of Mr. Brett’s voice recalled her once more to actualities.

“For some time past,” said he, and he spoke as if what he had to say was a very ordinary matter, “I have been making inquiries about a preparatory school for Willie, and I have now heard of one near Farnborough which seems to be satisfactory in all respects. Perhaps you will tell Miss Wells that her services will be no longer required, although I shall be very

glad for her to remain with us until she can find some fresh employment.”

Marcia turned white. She had known that her boy must shortly be taken from her, but she had supposed that she would at least be consulted before any definite arrangement was made, and she had not imagined that Mr. Brett was interesting himself at all in the matter.

“You might have told me before!” she exclaimed, catching her breath. And then with a slight air of relief, “Of course, he can’t go to school until the autumn now?”

“Well, yes,” resumed Mr. Brett; “it so chances that there is a vacancy at present, and I find that there will be no objection to his being received in about a fortnight’s time.” He added, for Marcia’s face of consternation touched him, though he did not appear to be touched: “Believe me, it is better for you and for him that the separation should be accomplished quickly. I can understand that it is painful for a mother to part with her only child; nevertheless, what is right and necessary must be done, and the less hesitation there is about doing it the less suffering there will be. I am not sure whether you will take my word for it that I have conducted these negotiations privately in order to spare you, but such is the fact.”

“You always show so much delicate consideration for my feelings that I haven’t the slightest difficulty about taking your word in this instance,” answered Marcia bitterly.

He did not defend himself, nor indeed would it have been worth his while to attempt so hopeless a task; for nothing could have shaken his wife’s conviction that he had acted as he had done out of sheer malignancy. She fully recognized that he was master and that it was for him to decide how his son’s education should be conducted; but it is only a very bad master who rules by cracking the whip, and if such a one fancies that he will be loved by his subordinates, he knows little of human nature. At that moment Marcia hated her husband; and although it is possible that she may have hated him before, she had never admitted as much to herself. She had now, she thought, a good reason for hating him; it may be that she was not altogether sorry to be so equipped.

However, she did not say much; she was, in truth, too miserable to indulge in useless recriminations. Her chief desire was to keep herself from crying; for she did not want the man to know how much

he had hurt her. But, when she once had got rid of him, there was no reason why she should not cry to her heart's content; and even the fear of appearing at a dinner-party with a red nose did not deter her from giving way to her emotions as soon as she was safely in her bedroom, with the door locked. And how could she leave the house without telling Willie the dreadful news? It gave the poor woman a sharp pain at her heart to find that the news was not so very dreadful to Willie, after all. He was a little startled when he heard how soon he was to be launched forth into the world and left to fight his own battles; but he did not much mind going to school — all boys went to school.

"And I shall come home for the holidays, you know," he added consolingly; for he seemed to have a precocious comprehension of the fact that his mother was one who rather stood in need of protection than was capable of affording it.

He did not, and could not, understand the kind of protection which she required, but possibly she did; for she exclaimed in accents of despair, "Yes, you will come back, my own dear! But you will not be the same again, it isn't possible! And, when I get home at night and your room is empty, and my boy is gone from me forever, I don't know — oh, I don't know what will become of me!"

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From Good Words.

BROWNING AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.

BY R. H. HUTTON.

IN some ways the great man whom we have so lately lost was even more considerable as a religious teacher than as a poet. As a poet he was defective in charm. With all his wonderful insight his voice was often harsh, and seldom really musical, though now and again he struck into a really musical chaunt. In his brusque intellectual gestures he seemed to be rather an eccentric watchman, calling attention to what the world ignored, than filling it with a new harmony. In reality, however, he was a spiritual teacher disguised as a man of the world; and a very shrewd, and sometimes shrill, man of the world, like Lord Jeffrey with access to imaginative and moral depths that Lord Jeffrey knew nothing about. No one could by any possibility have mistaken Mr. Browning for one of a consecrated order; he had not even the consciousness of nature's consecration in his manner, as

many poets have had. On the contrary he wished to take every opportunity of proclaiming himself unconsecrated and unconventional to the last extreme; indeed, determined to pitch his voice exactly at the note that suited his own immediate humor, whether that derogated from his dignity or not. He was like some of the minor prophets in his roughness, but he had none of their solemnity. His manner was that of a shrewd citizen of the world, and, though he adopted verse as his medium of speech, he did so rather to show how familiar he could make it, than how much it added to the depth or compass of his utterance. And yet though his manner was thus familiar, and sometimes one might say almost rude, he scarcely ever spoke without bringing home to the listener matter of the most deep and solemn import. He was the true lay preacher, and so much of a layman that it was difficult to catch the idea that he was preaching after all. He did not wish to catch the temper of the preacher, and never did; but he cried aloud and spared not to tell men, in his own peculiar fashion, of their grossness and of their transgressions, and of the only source of hope.

But he did this in his own way, and a very singular way it was. The first lesson he is always teaching is the curious irreligiousness of a great many religious people. Indeed, a very superficial acquaintance with Browning might give the impression that he was a cynic. What can be more cynical in effect than that wonderful picture of the monk of the Spanish cloister, who detests his superior and the meek, innocent tastes of that superior, with a malignity, of which it seems impossible to sound the depth, and who yet blends that malignity with a fierce self-approving orthodoxy which enables him to feel the self-satisfaction of superior piety? The virus of deadly hatred pervades the soliloquy from beginning to end, and yet it is as full as it can hold of superstitious faith. The reader who reads that soliloquy for the first time with its climax of scornful malediction, "g-r-r-r you swine," would think that the drift of the poet was to paint conventual life as one long hypocrisy. But if he goes deeper he sees that it is nothing of the sort, that Browning frequently discerns as much ardent piety under the cowl as he does at times superstitious malice. Again, if one takes up carelessly "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and reading the marvellous description — seldom equalled for vigor in any poem of any age or country —

of the few Methodists who come into the little Bethel where the supposed writer of the poem takes shelter from the December storm, one imagines at first that Browning was doing his best to expose the utter hollowness of this particular form of fanaticism. Yet no one who reads the poem through can doubt for a moment that while he puts the ugliness, and the weakness, and the narrowness of this kind of faith in the front of the battle, he means to depict the feeble spiritual flame that is struggling upwards through this confused, and smothering and smoky mass of combustibles, quite as distinctly as he suggests the "wood, hay, and stubble," which has to be burned away:—

Well, from the road, the lanes or the common,

In came the flock: the fat weary woman,  
Panting and bewildered, down clapping  
Her umbrella with a mighty report,  
Grounded it by me, wry and flapping,  
A wreck of whalebones; then, with a snort,  
Like a startled horse at the interloper  
(Who humbly knew himself improper  
But could not shrink up small enough)  
— Round the door, and in, — the gruff  
Hinge's invariable scold  
Making my very blood run cold.  
Prompt in the wake of her up-pattered  
On broken clogs, the many-tattered  
Little old-faced, peaking, sister-turned-mother  
Of the sickly babe she tried to smother  
Somehow up, with its spotted face,  
From the cold, on her breast, the one warm  
place;

She too must stop, wring the poor ends dry  
Of a draggled shawl, and add thereby  
Her tribute to the door-mat, sopping  
Already from my own clothes' dropping,  
Which yet she seemed to grudge I should  
stand on:

Then stooping down to take off her pattens,  
She bore them defiantly, in each hand one,  
Planted, together before her breast  
And its babe, as good as a lance in rest.  
Close on her heels the dingy satins  
Of a female something, past me flitted,  
With lips as much too white, as a streak  
Lay far too red on each hollow cheek;  
And it seemed the very door-hinge pitted  
All that was left of a woman once,  
Holding at least its tongue for the nonce.  
Then a tall yellow man like the penitent thief,  
With his jaw bound up in a handkerchief,  
And eyelids screwed together tight  
Led himself in by some inner light,  
And, except from him, from each that entered  
I got the same interrogation —  
"What you, the alien, you have ventured,  
To take with us, the elect, your station?  
A carer for none of it, a Gallio!"  
Thus plain as print I read the glance  
At a common prey, in each countenance,  
As of huntsman, giving his hounds the tally-ho.

I very soon had enough of it.  
The hot smell and the human noises,  
And my neighbor's coat, the greasy cuff of it,  
Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises,  
Compared with the pig-of-led-like pressure,  
Of the preaching man's immense stupidity,  
As he poured his doctrine forth, full measure,  
To meet his audience's avidity.  
You needed not the wit of the Sibyl,  
To guess the cause of all in a twinkling.  
No sooner our friend had got an inkling  
Of treasure hid in the Holy Bible,  
(Whene'er 'twas that the thought first struck  
him,

How death at unawares might duck him  
Deeper than the grave, and quench  
The ginshop's light in hell's grim drench),  
Then he handled it so, in fine irreverence,  
As to hug the book of books to pieces;  
And a patchwork of chapters and texts in  
severance,  
Not improved by the private dog's ears and  
creases,  
Having clothed his own soul with, he'd fain  
see equipt yours,  
So tossed you again your Holy Scriptures,  
And you picked them up in a sense, no doubt:  
Nay, had but a single face of my neighbors  
Appeared to suspect that the preacher's labors  
Were help which the world could be saved  
without,

'Tis odds but I might have borne in quiet  
A qualm or two at my spiritual diet,  
Or (who can tell?) perchance even mustered  
Somewhat to urge in behalf of the sermon:  
But the flock sat on, divinely flustered,  
Sniffing, methought, its dew of Hermon,  
With such content in every snuffle,  
As the devil inside us loves to ruffle.  
My old fat woman purred with pleasure,  
And thumb round thumb went twirling faster,  
While she, to his periods keeping measure,  
Maternally devoured the pastor.  
The man with the handkerchief untied it,  
Showed us a horrible wen inside it,  
Gave his eyelids yet another screwing,  
And rocked himself, as the woman was doing.  
The shoemaker's lad, discreetly choking,  
Kept down his cough! 'Twas too provoking!  
My gorge rose at the nonsense and stuff of it,  
So saying like Eve when she plucked the apple,  
"I wanted a taste, and now here's enough of  
it,"

I flung out of the little chapel.

There we have the very essence of Browning's genius — his marvellous vision, his brusque familiarity of style, his hatred of convention, his power of combining words and using rhythm and inventing rhyme, so as to wake the reader up and make him stare, rather than so as to fascinate him; and his power to preach, even while expressing his utter disbelief in preaching. And none of his poems insist more graphically than this one,

though many insist more powerfully, on the frequent irreligiousness of religious people. The bishop who "orders his tomb at St. Praxed's Church" is much more really irreligious than these good Methodists; nay, so is Bishop Blougram; and so, too, in his lighter, license-loving way, is Fra Lippo Lippi. But it would be hard to give the irreligious side of any genuine religion a more repulsive garb than Browning gave it here, for in the case of the monk of the Spanish cloister, a yet more revolting picture, there was no genuine religion at all; while here it is clear that Browning intended to paint a heart of religious fervor. Indeed, in the same poem he goes on in his singularly brilliant delineation of the Göttingen professor, who explains away Christ as a human being glorified by myth, to draw a contrast as sharp as possible to the Methodist heat without light, by giving his readers the best example he could find of light without heat, of faith dissolved away by super-subtle analysis into a rationalistic superstition, as really misleading as superstitions of the gloomier and more sensual kinds.

But Browning, though he likes nothing better than to teach us the irreligiousness so commonly found in religious people, is equally eager to impress upon us what he is always impressing, the kernel of religiousness in irreligious people. There is nothing he enjoys so much as to make us see what a queer, miscellaneous world we live in, how full it is of discouraging perplexities of all sorts, how full of rough, common, coarse evil, blended with rough, common, coarse good. He is strangely cosmopolitan in his range. He gives us powerful etchings of subjects chosen from all times, from many centuries before Christ to the nineteenth century after him; from all races, Jewish, Arabian, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Russian, English; from all churches, heathen, Jewish, Christian Catholic, and Protestant of all sects and types; from all literary schools, classical, mediæval, modern; from men and women of all callings, clerical, legal, medical, philological, artistic, poetical, orthodox, sceptical, indifferentist; from all kinds of characters, saintly, good, commonplace, bad, devilish; and in all this wonderful mass of humanity, which seems to be taken from every odd corner of the earth's history, Browning delights to show us how there is to be found somewhere a token of spiritual life, either waxing or waning, either growing into power, or flickering into extinction. Whether he

paints a saint or a murderer, a passionate, sinful woman, or a cold and scheming ecclesiastic, a spiteful monk or a devotee of the most technical philology, a Methodist preacher or an Arab physician, a mediæval painter or an impostor who trades on the desire to open communication with the dead, the spiritual aspect of the man's character, the conscience, or the excess of conscience, or the want of conscience, the thing that comes nearest to spiritual desire, or that most emphatically signals the imperfect void where such a desire flickers and dies away, is the characteristic feature which remains in the reader's memory. Familiar in his manner, but exceptionally wide in his range of subjects, and constitutionally averse to "morals," as Browning always is, you cannot study one of his pictures without the conviction that it is a photograph printed on the mind of a man who, though understanding fully the common and generally coarse clay of which the earth is compounded, always cares most of all to discern the tongue of flame which is somewhere to be found imbedded within it, either struggling upwards to the God who is a "consuming fire" for all evil, or struggling downwards to that Tophet which is a consuming fire for all good. That is what makes Browning so great a lay preacher. He is careless of the conventional moral. His pictures at times appear to contain almost unrelieved gloom, at other times unrelieved paradox. He paints a devil like Count Guido Franceschini almost as willingly, I was going to say as blithely, as he paints a noble ruler of the Church like Pope Innocent, or a hero like David, yearning to give his life for Saul. He is as eager to delineate the half-animal malignity of "Caliban upon Setebos," or the almost wholly animal cunning of "Mr. Sludge, the medium," as he is to paint the judicial peremptoriness with which the Russian Titan Ivan Ivanovitch blots out the life of the woman who had let the wolves take her children instead of defending them at the cost of her own life-blood, or the noble Italian passion which breathes through such a nature as Pompilia's in "The Ring and the Book."

But fond as Browning is of the alloys of human nature — fonder, I think, a great deal on the whole than he is of the less mixed forms of good — he always fixes attention on the critical characteristic which tells us in what direction, upwards or downwards, the nature delineated is moving, and there it is for certain that the chief interest for him and his readers cen-

tres. That is the second great lesson of the great lay-preacher whom we have just lost — that the world is on the whole a moral world in its true drift and significance, though a moral world such as keen-eyed laymen discern, and not such a world as the clerical class, whether ordained or unordained, represent it to be; a world full of all manner of coarse material and common clay, in which it is very hard to discern at first sight even a vestige of spiritual conflict; a world where earthly pleasures and passions are prominent and of great bulk, where the nobler kind of passion often takes the oddest and most subtly disguised forms, and yet a world in which the keen-eyed layman, the man with Browning's eye for common things, can always find the secret sign of the working, past or present, of some nobler passion, even amidst the din and thick confusion of incoherent wants and interests. And wherever you find this, there you really find the kernel of life or death, that which gives character and meaning to everything else. What Browning seems to teach us so impressively is that only to an eye that looks straight into the world with a wish to see things as they are, not as a preacher would like to find them, is the full significance of the spiritual working of the world visible. Without recognizing the singular variety of human passion and action — here its apparent caprices, there its slow persistency and half-petrified habits; here its disheartening coarseness, there its still more disheartening refinements of evil; here the dreary years through which the conflict of good with evil remains undecided and seems even to make no progress, there the abruptness with which a sudden change takes place, referable, apparently, to no intelligible principle — it is impossible to take the measure of human nature as Browning has taken it, and attain the confidence which he has attained, that at the heart of all this unintelligible universe, "the Lord's controversy" is still going on, though it looks as if in one nature it might remain undecided for a century, while in another the battle rages fiercely, and yields its issue in an hour. To Browning's eye the huge miscellaneousness of the world is one of its chief interests. In one great lump of slow vitality he finds just the faint sign of a little leaven, which will end, sooner or later, in a transformation of the whole; in another slender and vivid life he finds all flame; in another intellectual nature, again, reason and will are pre-eminent, and it is

hardly possible with merely human tests to say how the strife has turned, yet Browning can see that it has been waged, and that sooner or later the issue, to him still doubtful, will come to light; in another all penetrated by deep ruts of habit, like Browning's "Halbert and Hob," it is easy to see that the day has been fought, and perhaps won, though the victory has been gained at the cost of a general wreck of the man's physical organization, which renders any further progress in this world all but impossible. But no student of Browning can doubt that the world he paints is real, that, as in the real world, his art busies itself with chaos as well as order, and yet that the true significance even of all this chaos, and of all this sometimes incipient and sometimes degenerating and decaying order, is the seat of the spiritual life within it, that here is the focus in which the creative purpose centres, and the chief end even of all the physical and intellectual and emotional scaffolding, within which the spirit of devotion is guarded and reared to its full growth. I will give as the briefest illustration of what I mean the close of the dramatic idyl — certainly no idyl, if idyl carry with it any association with the adjective "idyllic," — upon the fierce Yorkshire father and son, "old Halbert and young Hob." A deadly struggle has ended in the father's recalling how he had nearly turned *his* father out of doors into the bleak winter weather, and how he had recoiled from his evil intention at the last moment, and the grim story closes thus:

Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the  
father's throat,  
They mounted side by side to the room again:  
no note  
Took either of each, no sign made each to  
either; last  
As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas  
night they passed.  
At dawn the father sate on dead in the self-  
same place,  
With an outburst blackening still the old bad  
fighting face:  
But the son crouched all-a-tremble, like any  
lamb new yeaned.  
When he went to the burial someone's staff  
he borrowed — tottered and leaned,  
But his lips were loose, not locked, kept mut-  
tering, mumbling. "There!  
At his cursing and swearing," the youngsters  
cried; but the elders thought "In  
Prayer."  
A boy threw stones; he picked them up and  
stored them in his vest.  
So tottered, mumbled, muttered he, till he  
died, perhaps found rest,

"Is there a reason in nature for these hard hearts?" O Lear,  
That a reason out of nature must turn them  
soft, seems clear!

That is a story of grim, hereditary brutality, ending in tragedy, dreary retribution, and a long twilight of something that looked like penitence. And then comes the poet's asseveration that if there be a reason in nature, in the law of heredity, for these hard hearts, or at all events for some of them, the softening influence which melts the stone in them is to be found in the "Reason out of nature," which bids that brutality swell into a passion that brings remorse, and remorse that brings first humiliation, and then its fruit, humility. That is what I mean by saying that, however chaotic, however discouraging the material of Browning's pictures, there is always something in them which gives us the true relation between the spiritual and the intellectual or bodily life of man, and makes us feel that the heart of the mystery is, after all, to be found hidden within the folds of some inscrutable but divine purpose, and not in the mischance of a chaotic origin.

And this leads me to observe that there is none of the feeble optimism of his age in Browning. He is no poet who exults in the enormous preponderance of good over evil in human life. He does not appear to know whether there is such a preponderance. So far as he is a theologian, he is no universalist. He paints the petty, intense, and overflowing malignity of the monk in the Spanish cloister with as calm and steady a hand as he paints the loyal passion of David and his visions of a loyalty deeper and purer than any which even Saul could excite in him. And Browning shows us no glimpse of any escape from that petty malignity into a larger and less suffocating life. Again he paints the cruel and murderous vindictiveness of Count Guido towards Pompilia, — of whose goodness this devil in human form yet feels so instinctively certain that his confidence in her rises higher than his confidence in God himself, — and he paints it with as sure an eye and as firm a hand as he paints Pompilia's maternal loveliness and the old pope's justice. Here again he never gives us a hint that for Count Guido's utterly unrepentant vileness there is any visible escape from the hell of cowardice and villainy to which he seems to have doomed himself. In Browning's world men make their own future, and while Ned Bratts and his wife just contrive tardily to snatch themselves

out of a life of violence and crime, by gratefully welcoming the exalting influence of Bunyan's faith, he gives us visions enough of natures which have chosen the downward path, and have plodded in it so steadily and so far that their prospect of finding any hand to snatch them out of it, is faint indeed. The feeble optimism and universalism of his day found no echo in Browning.

On the other hand, no one has taught more positively than Browning that life, if confined to this earth and without any infinite love in it, is not the life which has filled the noblest minds with exultation, nor, indeed, any shadow of it. "Christmas Eve" is a much more characteristic poem in many ways than "Easter Day." It has more of the raw material of Browning's genius in it, and more of that vigorous etching in which he has never had a superior, hardly even a rival. But "Easter Day" is fuller in its indications of Browning's own spiritual convictions than even "Christmas Eve." It contains in more explicit form than any other of Browning's poems the confession that unless the beauty of nature is a mere foretaste of something durable and even eternal, it is not a source of peace but of perpetual pain; that unless art can promise itself an endless vista beyond anything which it accomplishes in this world, art gnaws forever at the soul which it possesses. Michael Angelo's greatness, for instance, lay in his artistic insatiableness, — in the inadequacy of such visions as he had on earth to satisfy him: —

Think now,  
What pomp in Buonarroti's brow  
With its new palace-brain where dwells  
Superb the soul, unvexed by cells  
That crumbled with the transient clay!  
What visions will his right hand's sway  
Still turn to forms, as still they burst  
Upon him? How will he quench thirst  
Titanically infantine  
Laid at the breast of the Divine?

And if art is a mere worm that gnaws at the heart unless it has faith in an immortal future, still more is human love an unutterable anguish without the eternal horizons of divine love on which to gaze. And on this Browning insists, intimating his own belief in the Christian story of the incarnation which was meant to show at once the origin and the infinitude of that love of which we have in our hearts but a faint echo, or at best a slowly expanding outflow.

Thy soul  
Still shrank from Him who made the whole,

Still set deliberate aside  
 His love! Now take love! Well betide  
 Thy tardy conscience! Haste to take  
 The show of love for the name's sake,  
 Remembering every moment Who,  
 Beside creating thee unto  
 These ends, and these for thee, was said  
 To undergo death in thy stead  
 In flesh like thine: so ran the tale,  
 What doubt in thee could countervail  
 Belief in it? Upon the ground  
 That in the story had been found  
 "Too much love! How could God love so?"  
 He who in all his works below  
 Adapted to the needs of men  
 Made love the basis of the plan,  
 Did love, as was demonstrated:  
 While man who was so fit instead  
 To hate, as every day gives proof,  
 Man, thought man, for his kind's behoof  
 Both could and did invent that scheme  
 Of perfect love: 'twould well beseem  
 Cain's nature, thou wast wont to praise,  
 Not tally with God's usual ways.

With that deep theological criticism, — that it is hardly reasonable to think men's dwarfish imagination the source of a nobler gospel than any authorized by God, on the mere ground that man cannot deserve what he can yet make it seem that God would find it his divinest blessedness to bestow — I may leave Mr. Browning's claim to be regarded as one of our truest religious teachers. Surely no theological conviction can go deeper than his, that if the Christian revelation opens out a love which is "too good to be true," that is only another way of saying that we, in spite of all our pettiness and evil, can surpass God in the conception of immeasurable love — without which, nevertheless, we could never have known either the meaning of the word or the reality of the thing.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
 THE CITY OF THE CREED.

ALTHOUGH the pasha of Ismidt had announced that his district was for the moment free from brigandage, we deemed it prudent to time our visit to Nicæa so that we could be accompanied by friends resident in Constantinople, and thus form a properly organized caravan. The province of Nicomedia (Ismidt), bears a very bad reputation even in Asia Minor, and to get to Nicæa we had to pass over the mountains in the heart of it. A secondary incentive to choose Easter week for this expedition was entirely sentimental and subservient to the former, but we all

agreed how charming it would be to hear the creed chanted on Easter day in its native air, and to pass Easter at the spot where the time and season of the Greek Easter was originally fixed.

The three hundred and eighteen fathers, when they started to Nicæa to hold their first œcumenical council, must have had a much easier journey before them than we had, for in those days Nicæa was a seaport; that is to say, the Lake Ascanios, on which the city is built, was then connected with the open sea by a navigable channel which has since been silted up, but which it would take very little trouble to open out again, if there was anything like enterprise within the sick man's realm. In those good old days a many-oared Byzantine boat would get from Constantinople to Nicæa easily in a day, and I am sure that if those reverend gentlemen had had to ride as we did for eleven hours over muddy mountain roads, the numbers attending that celebrated synod would have been considerably diminished.

By an odd coincidence we left for the city of the creed on the day which the Greek Church has chosen for honoring St. Athanasius. This we took to ourselves as a good omen, and taking the precaution not to tell our plans at our hotel, that intending brigands might not be given an opportunity of making theirs, we stepped on to a steamer at the Stamboul Bridge which quickly put us over to the Asiatic coast. The railway to Ismidt conveyed us for a small portion of our route. This line is one of those miserable failures with, perhaps, a brilliant future before it, so common in the East; for ninety miles it follows the sea-line of the gulf, and its present terminus is Ismidt, which is equivalent to nowhere. The steamers which ply along the coast take all the merchandise and traffic, and if the constructors of the line had only pushed their ninety miles inland instead of following the coast, some benefit might have accrued to the shareholders; but it is one day, they say, to be the main line to Bagdad and India, and many an ill-conditioned infant has grown into a man of mark.

By the side of the railway runs the great highroad to Bagdad, along which the imperial caravan, laden with presents from the sultan to the tomb of the Prophet, used to pass before the days of steamers, and from the windows of our carriage we contemplated views of surpassing beauty. Mount Olympus, with its covering of snow, was forever before our eyes; the Sea of



Marmora, bristling with islands, was in mid distance. Prince's Island, the favorite suburb of the merchants of Constantinople, was gay with its many villas. Bulwer's Island could be seen just behind it, and close to the shore we passed another tiny islet, also celebrated for its connection with an Englishman. Hobart Pasha owned it, and stocked it with rabbits for his sport, and laid oyster-beds in the shoals around it for his private use. He himself loved to tell the story of how he was rowed out here one day by some boatmen who did not know him, and who invited him to try a few of those excellent oysters which a rich English *chelibè* had put into the water expressly for their use.

Other memories were conjured up by a curious low and narrow tongue of land, which almost cuts the Gulf of Ismid in half, like a green breakwater. A quaint Turkish legend relates that this promontory of Dil thus came into existence. A holy dervish wanted to cross the gulf at this point, but the Greek boatmen asked more for their fare than he felt inclined to give, so he prayed, and lo! land came down before him on which he could walk, and continued to do so for nearly two miles. The Greek boatmen followed the holy man as he walked on this miraculous bridge, bargaining the while, as Greek boatmen will, and reducing their demands, until at last they were so smitten with alarm lest the entrance to their gulf should be entirely shut up, that they readily agreed to take the dervish across the distance that remained for nothing. If this legend proves nothing else, it at least proves to us that the Turks have a keen appreciation of the character of their Christian subjects.

The train dropped us just beyond Dil promontory, and we, like the holy dervish, had to cross the gulf; but as it became apparent that no miracle was going to be worked on our behalf, we agreed to pay the Greek boatmen what they asked, and were rowed across in a big canoe, gaily carved, at the bottom of which we crouched, one hideous mass of umbrellas and waterproofs, for the night was wet; and so pitch dark was it when we reached Karamoussa, or "Black Moses" on the south side of the gulf, that our boatmen had to blow their buffalo horns to announce our arrival, and the sound of this weird instrument brought assistance from the shore to convey us and our dripping baggage to the house of a Turk; and a truly enlightened Turk he was too, who not only allowed my wife and me to sleep in a room

in the harem, but also permitted his own wife and daughter to stare to their hearts' content at the strange Giaours who were turning their home upside down in their efforts to make themselves comfortable.

Black Moses is a charming spot, with colored wooden houses down by the water's edge, a bazaar with its trellis of vines to keep off the sun, fascinating minarets, which vie with the cypresses in their ascent heavenwards, and behind it the dread mountains which we had to cross, covered with olives and cypresses and rich gardens. The seaboard of Black Moses is very gay with boats constructed with great, high, beak-like prows, and sterns richly carved and adorned with gilt and coloring. The turbaned crew, as they lounge in their gaudy attire on the low decks, add much to the picturesque effect of these strange craft, which were the same in ages long gone by, before the Turks reached these waters, and doubtless the holy fathers went to the council at Nicæa in boats like these.

The population of Black Moses is chiefly Turkish; nevertheless, there are a good many Greeks, as is invariably the case in all the coast towns. These were making themselves conspicuous this morning by "shaking Judas's bones," as they call it; that is to say, on the Thursday before Easter they rattle all sorts of things in the streets — tin kettles, bones, anything that comes to hand, for the Greeks are a noise-loving race, and never lose an opportunity of proving this to the world at large. But we had not much time for making close observations that morning, and had to leave before we found out why so lovely a place rejoiced in so sinister a name.

At eight o'clock we were in the saddle, each with a revolver ready for action, and with a Circassian, a Bosnian, and a Turkish soldier to protect us from harm by the way. On this day's ride, and on our return journey by a slightly different route, we had an admirable picture afforded us of the state of society in the mountains of Asia Minor, and its varied forms.

First came the line of cultivation around Black Moses, and the many gardens, which were just then covered with blossoms, and promised a rich harvest of plums and fruit. Amongst them were to be seen tall jasmine stalks, from which the Turks make their long chibouques; some of these stand at least six feet high, and are bound round with linen to make them grow straight. One could buy a pipe-stalk here for next to nothing — it is on the bowls

and mouthpieces that the Turks lavish so much money, and a rich pasha may perhaps smoke a chibouque which is worth, with its fittings, £500.

Then came, when we had reached a considerable elevation, undulating, park-like ground; then it grew wilder, and on the confines of cultivation we entered a village of Bosnian refugees on whom the clemency of the Ottoman government has bestowed certain tracts of uncultivated soil in this mountainous district. The refugees have here built themselves mud houses and a mud mosque, and their one street was such a mass of this primitive building material that our cavalcade nearly stuck fast there forever. Around the village are the newly enclosed fields, and a certain amount of prosperity seems in store for these expatriated Mussulmans. Sixpence a day, they told us, was the ordinary wages. Of this they made no complaint; but they spoke strongly on the subject of the taxes the government imposes on them; a goat, for example, is taxed three times over, one tax being levied for itself, another for its wool, and another for the cheese and butter made out of its milk.

In the composite villages of Asia Minor, like Black Moses or Nicæa for example, it is the very poor who pay most of the taxes. An order arrives from the pasha that a certain sum is required, of which the Mohammedans are to contribute so much and the Christians the rest. Immediately the heads of the different Christian denominations are ordered to meet and assess the taxes, and naturally not wishing to pay more than they can help, these worthies place the chief burden on the poorer farmers, who have not been represented in the conclave.

Soon after leaving the Bosnian village we came across a string of twenty men carrying their beds and luggage — weary-looking men, who told us they had walked all the way from Erzeroum in the hope of finding work at Constantinople; and then, after passing a belt of barren land, and toiling up and down another mountain ridge, we descended into what appeared a very happy valley, and found, buried in mulberry-trees and vineyards, another considerable village, this time inhabited exclusively by Armenians, a branch of that luckless race which the Turks have scattered to the winds, almost as the children of Abraham have been dispersed. All the inhabitants of this village speak Turkish, and the public notices are stuck up bilingually — namely, in Turkish pure

and simple, and in Turkish written with Armenian characters. Pretty girls with almond-shaped eyes and pencilled eyebrows, in brilliant colored dresses, inspected our cavalcade from the balconies; excellent material, we thought, for the replenishing of the Stamboul harems.

These more luxurious villages of Bithynia devote themselves to the culture of the olive and the rearing of silkworms, and their prosperity fluctuates according to the temperament of the pasha who governs them. Inasmuch as all their products are generally ready for the market at the same time, it is of the utmost importance to them at what time they have to pay their taxes. A bad pasha, in league with the money-lender, demands the taxes just before the ready money comes in; a good pasha waits until they have realized the value of their products.

At luncheon time we halted at a large rambling Greek village, high up in the mountains, and refreshed ourselves by an hour's rest. In this village only one of the inhabitants speaks modern Greek, the rest know only Turkish. Even the priest in the village church performs the service in the language of the oppressor; the demarch, or mayor of this village, a stout, burly fellow, understands not a word of his ancestral tongue, but they hope soon to have a boys' school opened, thanks to the good influence of Greeks from the capital, when their children will have an opportunity of identifying themselves as Hellenes.

Another village we passed through was purely Turkish, where the women, unlike their skittish sisters of the capital, not only cover their faces relentlessly, but even turn their backs on the passing male. To-day in Stamboul, the thinnest gauze veils and high-heeled shoes are all the rage, despite the fanatical outburst against them in the late war, when the misfortunes of the empire were put down to the frivolities of the fair sex, and edicts were issued to oblige women to dress more in accordance with their religion, so that even in the streets high-heeled boots were torn off tender feet by rough policemen, and women with thin veils were sent home again to fetch more orthodox covering for their faces.

Yet another phase of life on these mountains was given us by the nomad woodcutters — *Yuruks*, as the Turks call them — who live in skin huts, and pass their time in stripping whole districts of trees, with this result, that those who are obliged to live permanently here, for want

of other fuel, have to burn dung cakes on their hearths. Just as Yuruk woodcutters devastate the forests for wood and charcoal, so do Yuruk shepherds burn the same with a view to obtaining rich crops for their flocks for the space of a year or so in the virgin soil, and then they pass on to another district. In this manner are the rich tracts of Asia Minor being converted into a desert.

Late in the afternoon we looked down upon the Lake of Ascanios, backed by the giant ridges of the Mysian Olympus, and at our feet we beheld the city of the creed at the head of the lake, surrounded by what once must have been a fertile plain. Across the lake we were pointed out the village of Derbent, which we were told consisted of eighty Greek families, the fathers of whom came hither as brigands at the beginning of this century, after the declaration of independence in their native country. They settled themselves in a position suitable to their trade, namely, half-way between two centres of commerce, Broussa and Ismidt. Here they carried on their depredations for many years with signal success. Included in these robberies were the daughters of some of the neighboring villagers. These became the mothers of the present generation, peaceful tillers of the soil, who speak Turkish only, the language of their stolen mothers.

It was getting quite dusk as our cavalcade passed through the double walls of Nicæa, the only portion of the ancient city left to testify to its greatness. These walls surround a circuit of over five miles, and within them we had to pass through a wide area of fields and gardens before we reached the miserable hamlet of Isnik, which is all that is left of the city where the three hundred and eighteen fathers met to decide on the future belief of Christendom. It looked deliciously quaint in the fast-fading light, as we passed by tall cypresses with Hadgi storks perched on their airy nests, and by dervish convents where Hadgi dervishes were saying their evening prayers; for dervishes are always plentiful on spots hallowed by Christian reminiscences. Turks always make use of those miracle-working streams, so much resorted to by the devotees of the Eastern Church. Turks bring handsome presents to the shrines of Madonnas of repute, and it would appear from the following passage in the Koran that they have the authority of their religion for so doing, for the Koran says: "The first prophet was Adam, the last

Mohammed; between them many prophets came, whose names are only known to God, including Jesus, Moses, and Abraham."

At length, after a ride of eleven hours, we found ourselves the inhabitants of a Greek house, just opposite the Greek Church of Nicæa, which is replete with memories of the great councils which gained for Nicæa its lasting fame, and without a murmur we laid our weary bones on mattresses on the floor, and slept as we do not always do in a home-made bed.

The Turkish element is now entirely predominant in Nicæa; there remain only about sixty Greek families, poor and fever-stricken, whereas there are more than double the number of Turks, but both Greeks and Turks are steeped in the profoundest misery and ignorance. For example, the favorite Turkish plan of doctoring the many sick of Nicæa is to carry a chemise belonging to the invalid to the *imam* or priest, and a bottle of water to be blessed in a dervish's bowl. The sick then wears the chemise and drinks of the water, and if he can walk he goes and lies down before the dervish, who steps upon him, and on tiny infants too, until one would think their bones would break. If they die it is fate that has killed them, if they recover religion has done it.

The Greeks in this respect are not a whit better than the Turks, for on Good Friday night we saw them depositing their sick under the representation of the Entombment in the church, there to pass the night, in full expectation of a cure. Poor things! they are sadly in need of genuine medical aid in fever-stricken Nicæa. Our landlady told us she had had ten children in her day, of whom only a deformed, half-witted daughter and a baby in arms survived. The only person in the place who professes to know anything about medicine is an old Italian with a history which we could not extract from him. All he vouchsafed to tell us was that he fled from his native land in 1848, came to Nicæa, and had lived there ever since; he had married a Greek, and his children were Greek, whilst he himself was nothing at all, having forgotten his Italian and not yet learnt his Greek. Nevertheless, he goes by the title of "Doctor," but his patients are few, not half so many as the Turkish imams and the Greek priests can boast of.

Though the walls of Nicæa are imposing and the remains of the Greek theatre massive and unique in that department, we could not help feeling more impressed

at first with the Mohammedan relics that we saw. The green mosque of Nicæa is one of the prettiest in Islam, and was built, as an inscription over the porch told us, by a general of Sultan Murad, the capturer of Salonica, as an expiation for the sin of not visiting Mecca once in his life because the exigencies of public affairs prevented him. It was erected in 1378; its architecture is Saracenic, and its minaret, encrusted with blue and red tiles, is infinitely superior to anything of the kind in Constantinople. Close to it is the fast-decaying imaret, or almshouse, where soup and pilaff were once distributed to the poor—a building of excessive beauty in its decay, its crumbling walls and domes having taken nearly all the colors of the rainbow. One of our party sat sketching here, and a dervish who was contemplating the operation with undisguised disgust, not knowing that he was understood, was heard to say, "See, the Giaour is taking a list of the pillars, so that when we have to give it up they may know the exact number." I myself got into trouble for examining a bas-relief let into the wall of a Turkish house, the mistress of which, thinking I was contemplating her treasure with a view to removal, began to scream at me and scold vehemently, and when a Turkish woman fights with these weapons the only safety is in immediate flight.

At the mosque of Mohammed Chelibè at Nicæa, the imaret is still in working order, and we paid it a visit to see the old cook boiling a huge cauldron of pilaff for the benefit of the hungry poor, who sat around with their mugs and tins. If the Turks are nothing else, they are at least charitable; their charity has bordered their roads with wells, and the poorest village has its imaret and its *moosafirlik*, or guests' chamber, where the wayfarers can obtain a modest lodging and nourishment at the expense of the community. Close to this mosque there is a Turkish bath, likewise in working order, and from its structure it is obviously of Byzantine days, perhaps the very one in which the holy authors of our creed performed their ablutions. Who knows?

Around the village in the fields are dotted many ruined spots of interest—the old theatre, sacred tombs of holy Mussulmans, ruined mosques, and a big mound popularly supposed to contain a priceless treasure, and all around the fields are gay with the opium poppies, which seem to cast a sleepy glamor over this sleepy place. But the walls of Nicæa, the brave old walls, which stood there to welcome and protect

the holy fathers of the councils, which for long withstood the attack of the Turks under Sultan Orchan, and to which Godfrey de Bouillon laid siege during his crusade, are still there, and in pretty much the same condition as when Strabo described them. They are massive double walls, with a hundred and eight towers in the inner circle, and a hundred and thirty in the outer, and in the shelter of these towers you now find the encampments of nomad tribes—Gipsies, Yuruks, and so forth—whose aspect makes you feel if your revolver is in its place, and heave a sigh of relief when you have left them well behind. At the Stamboul gate you pass under an inscription of the date of Trajan, and at this gateway, in the second row of walls, you are confronted by two huge mask heads four feet high, relics doubtless from the old theatre, used by later inhabitants to adorn the chief entrance into their city. Another gate is adorned by quaint old Greek bas-reliefs; and at the Lefkè gate the aqueduct is still in use which Justinian built for supplying the city with water. The Yeni-ser gate has over it a laudatory inscription to Marcus Antoninus, and by this gate it was that Sultan Orchan entered Nicæa with his victorious army in 1333, when the city of the creed was forever lost to Christendom.

The mosque of St. Sophia at Nicæa is perhaps the only definite site which can be identified with the councils, and its pedigree, as the church in which the second of the Nicæan councils was held, is clear and distinct, but it is now a hopeless, roofless ruin. In its nave an enterprising Turk has planted a vegetable garden, and on the top of one of its ruined minarets a stork has built her nest. When I visited it some evil-looking dervishes were playing cards on the actual spot where the high altar must once have stood. They wished me to enter a dark recess to prescribe for one of their fellows who was down with fever, but thinking I might not escape with my purse, I stated that I was no doctor and hurried away. This is the spot where in 787 A.D. three hundred and fifty fathers of the Orthodox Church met after the great iconoclast schism, and decided that it was quite right to worship images; and probably it was just where I saw the dervishes playing cards that every one of the three hundred and fifty publicly demonstrated their tenets by kissing one. Even those who were previously dissentient, seeing the course events were taking, publicly renounced iconoclasm, and then in a

body these three hundred and fifty holy men repaired to Constantinople and in a public assemblage held in the Magnaura Palace again kissed an image. An interesting picture of this council is preserved in the Vatican, representing the holy synod with the prostrate figure of iconoclasm at their feet.

The locale of the first great council is much more uncertain, not that spots are wanting which the credulous point out as connected with this great event. You will be told that it was held in what are supposed to be the ruins of Justinian's palace down by the lake; you will be shown stone steps leading to a sort of terrace, where the holy fathers are supposed to have taken the air; you will likewise be shown a venerable plane-tree under the shade of which Constantine the Great is said to have had his throne erected; and you will also be shown a large stone in a Turkish tomb, which you will be asked to believe was put up by Sultan Orchan, as a place on which to distribute food to the poor. All these and much more you will be told, but I think if you are wise you will attach very little credence to any of these legends. Having read an inscription in the Greek church to the effect that a monastery was built on the spot where the council was held, I personally looked out diligently for the ruins of a monastery, but was not able to come to any definite decision, except that the Greek church itself is very old, and may have been the church of a monastic establishment. From its character it would appear to date from the twelfth century of our era. It has some good pictures, one being a quaint representation of the first council. There in the background sit the fathers, whose numbers I did not attempt to verify; they are apparently in solemn conclave, with St. Athanasius and other leading controversialists in the front. But a fresco on the walls of the monastery of the Iberians on Mount Athos gives us a better representation of the scene. Until I saw these pictures I never realized that St. Athanasius was quite a young man at the time of the council; but there he sits, quite the youngest amongst the assembled divines busily engaged in writing down his creed, whilst Arius is having a frantic effort to convert his adversaries by a supreme last effort of rhetoric. On the right several Arians are represented as coming before the fathers to recant their errors, whilst those who will not recant are being driven to prison by a man with a club.

This first Council of Nicæa was indeed

a great triumph for the Greek Church, and no wonder they are proud of it still. It was a triumph not only over the Arian heresy, but over the dissentients of western Christendom, for though the western Church was only represented by eight bishops at this council, nevertheless the creed which it drew up was, with the single exception of the *filioque* clause, accepted by both the eastern and western Churches alike.

Amongst minor points settled by this council, I always admire the generous conduct of the Egyptian Bishop Paphnutius, who, though himself a strict ascetic and a celibate, stuck out for the marriage of the lower Greek clergy prior to ordination; and he gained his point, with the result that to this day the *pappadià* or priest's wife, thanks to Bishop Paphnutius, is as important a factor in a Greek village community as is the vicar's wife in our villages at home.

The above-mentioned inscription in the church is held in great veneration by the few remaining Greeks at Nicæa. A few years ago an Armenian from Constantinople made an effort to remove it, doubtless under the impression that he would realize money by its sale; but the Greeks were wildly indignant at the idea, and refused to let it go. The old church itself is a very good specimen of Byzantine, and still has some good mosaics; but its domes fell in a few years ago and did much damage. The restoration has been badly carried out, and the surroundings of the sacred edifice are in a condition of great dilapidation. It is a pity, for there is more possibility that this is the site on which the great council was held than any other point in Nicæa.

I am not the least surprised at Sultan Mohammed when, after the conquest of Constantinople, he forbade the Greeks to ring their church bells, for the most hideous noise I ever heard was being perpetually made by a cracked bell belonging to the church opposite to our abode, and it apparently ceased not night or day during the festive season of Easter. Thanks, however, to our proximity to the church, we missed nothing of the Easter night-service, at which the creed was chanted, and which were peculiarly impressive, and different in many respects from similar functions which I have witnessed in Greece before. Twenty young men with pistols went forth in the dark to fetch the priest, and made the night air resound with their explosions and their hilarity. Precisely at midnight they chanted the service in the open air, in the space between our house

and the church. Every individual held a lighted candle in his hand, which flickered in the breeze; and the report of pistols let off during the service gave to the whole ceremony a truly weird aspect. The priests wore their handsomest robes, and from the church they brought the picture of the Entombment, and all the sick children of Nicæa were brought, most of whom were suffering from whooping-cough at the time, and as the night was damp and chilly it is not to be wondered at that many died.

The only drawback to our appreciation of this service arose from the fact that, inasmuch as Turkish is the language of the majority of the Greeks at Nicæa, the priests made use of that tongue only. It was a heavy blow to our sentimental expectations to hear "the belief" and the "Christ is risen from the dead," enunciated from the spot where the former was written, in so very alien a tongue.

From our landlady, who was a Greek from Heraclea, and spoke her own language well, we learnt quite a novel use for the Nicene Creed. In this country where watches are scarce and egg-boilers unknown, a good housewife, as she plunges her eggs into boiling water, commences to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Nicene Creed, and the eggs are supposed to be done to a turn when these devotions are concluded.

Thus Easter at Nicæa passed quietly away, with very little of that stirring excitement which usually attends Easter in purely Greek communities. To be sure, the young men of the place repaired to the treasure-mound with bottles of wine, and celebrated their holiday by such liberal libations that when evening came the quiet old town was boisterous with their merriment; but there were no games and no dancing, as is customary elsewhere. The Greek women, too — stout, massive objects, with baggy trousers tied round their ankles, and stuffed with petticoats so that each leg resembled a porpoise — were equally apathetic. They merely put on a little more finery than usual, and a flower in their hair, and sat for the whole of the day at their doors chatting. All life and vigor seem to have left the inhabitants of the city of the creed. Their occupations are for the most part pastoral; every evening the narrow streets are rendered objectionable by the herds of buffaloes they drive in from the fields. Before each door reposes a sort of long, lidless hamper, which when occasion requires can be put on wheels, and serves for a cart to

gather in the crops. All their implements of husbandry are of the most primitive order; but their soil, especially that within the walls, is exceptionally fertile, and the universal cry that goes up from amongst them is, that the channel may be reopened which would join their lake with the sea, and give them an outlet for their products and a stimulus to work. As it is, there is only one miserable craft on Lake Ascarnios; and the villages on its shores, with everything favorable around them for the development of industries, now only produce enough for the maintenance of their poverty-stricken population.

J. THEODORE BENT.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
OLD BOSTON.

FOR those who have been there, the Lincolnshire fens have a strange fascination. The miles and miles of perfectly level fields, all in a high state of cultivation, the dykes and waterways crossing the land in every direction, and the robust and resolute appearance of the people, combine to make the fen country one of the most attractive in England. An old writer of the twelfth century, Henry of Huntingdon, said, "This fennie cuntry is passing rich and plenteous, yea, and beautiful to behold." What he wrote then holds good to-day. Kingsley sang its praises in his charming "Prose Idylls;" and from time immemorial people have recorded their impressions, always deep and always fresh. Dr. Stukeley, a Lincolnshire man and a true lover of the fen district, says, "It looks like the Garden of Eden in summer-time. I have often considered and admired the length and breadth and depth of their canals, the vastness of their gotes and sluices. But all things necessary for the comfort of life are here in great plenty, and visitants ever go away with a better opinion of it than they bring." It had been, as Kingsley says, "in the old days haunted by millions of wild-fowl, — now and then a skein of geese paddle hastily out of sight round a mud cape, or a single cormorant flaps along close to the water towards his fishing-ground. Even the fish are shy of haunting a bottom which shifts with every storm. Innumerable shrimps are almost the only product of the shallow, barren sea. Beside all is silence and desolation, as of a world waiting to be made." This was in the far-distant past, before the arrival

of the bold fenman, "the man of the marshes," the Viking of Canute's conquest, and the refugee of William's conquest,—the men to whose descendants, mixing with "Vermuyden's Dutchmen, Huguenots after St. Bartholomew, and Scotch prisoners employed by Cromwell on the dykes after the battle of Dunbar, we may attribute that strong Calvinistic element which has endured for three centuries, and attribute, too, that sturdy independence and self-help which drove them of old out of Boston town to seek their fortunes, first in Holland, and then in Massachusetts." Perhaps the centre of interest is Boston, sometimes called the capital of the fens. It is distinctly a place with a history,—a history such as few English towns can boast of, and a history that has received but scant attention. Not that it teaches any extraordinary lessons perhaps, but there is something pathetic about it. There is a feeling of regret for the grand times when it was the third port in the kingdom (King John's time), and ranked next after London. And there is the faint reflection of the glory of the other Boston.

We hear so much of Boston in the United States, of its culture and its commerce, and its great men, that the quiet market-town in Lincolnshire seems to be quite overlooked, and indeed neglected. It has dropped these two hundred years into a quiet, easy-going, phlegmatic sort of existence, neither increasing nor decreasing to any great extent, but pursuing an even, industrious, and, at times, prosperous course; giving vent now and again to expressions of regret for the "good old times," when corn was double the price it is now, and farms were all let, and market-days were occasions for heavy dealings in "beasts" and sheep. The people take life easily. They can look back with pride on the days when Boston was the third port of England, and its custom duties exceeded those of London even (1279-1288); when the quays were crowded with shipping, and merchants flocked into the town from all parts of England, France, and Holland. They can look back to the time when William the Conqueror visited Lincolnshire in 1068, and found merchants trading at Boston who had come from Ypres, Caen, Ostend, and Cologne.

Even at that early period the town had become a great emporium for merchants. Trading guilds were established, as well as a great fair, extending over several days in December; and there were four religious houses to keep up the tone.

Then, as now, there was more money to be made in business than in agricultural work, and the Bostonians seem to have grasped that fact at an early stage. They pushed their trade in every direction,—wool, corn, wine,—nothing came amiss. Here they were in Boston six hundred years ago, before America was even thought of, paying something like thirty-six per cent. of the customs duties of the whole kingdom. What a time those old people must have had! Merchants came from all parts of the kingdom to buy their goods, and even the necessaries and luxuries of life. Shopping was not in fashion, as there were few or no shops, so most of the buying was done by "commission." There are records how various religious houses sent their friars to buy at the Boston mart. The canons of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, came all the way to Boston—what a journey that must have been across the Humber!—to buy their wine and cloth, for in the *comptus* of the priory is a yearly account (1290 to 1325) of wine, etc., bought *apud sanctum Botolphum*. Commissions were also undertaken for the ladies and gentlemen of Craven, to buy stuffs and dresses.

It is hoped the buyers looked well after the interests of their clients, for an old statute ordains that "dyed cloth should be of equal quality throughout, and that the merchants should not hang up red or black cloths at their windows, nor darken them by pent-houses to prevent any one having a good light in buying their cloths." Shocking! In these degenerate days of wooden nutmegs and paper boots, such a statute might be understood, but to learn that in the good old times these laws were necessary is a revelation. There is an old comedy by Middleton, "A Mad World, my Masters," and one of the characters is made to say, "Oh! the honestest thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire, the kindest natured gentlemen! They'll rob a man with conscience; they have a feeling of what they go about, and will steal with tears in their eyes. Ah, pitiful gentlemen!" Certainly the kindest natured gentlemen are to be found in Lincolnshire; and as Middleton tells us the "thieves came out" well, we must assume there are none but honest men left now.

The even tenor of life in Boston was sadly upset by an incident which seems to have done almost irreparable harm to the town. It earned a bad name perhaps, and naturally the frightful excesses drove people away. Stow, the antiquary, gives an account of the affair:—

In 1287 a Justus was proclaimed to beeholden at Buttolph's toune, or Boston, in the faire time, whereof one part of the Justers came in the habit of monkes; the other, as defendants, in the habite of channons. Both these sortes of Justers had covenanted, after the Justes, to spoyle the faire; for atchieving whereof they fiered the towne in three severall places on the morrowe after Saint James' Day, that they might more freely spoyle and sacke the residue; and whilst the merchants were busie to save their goods, and quench the fire, they were slaine downe by the said Justers, and their partakers. By this fiering the Blacke-Friers' church was burnt, and almost the whole towne, so that, as it was said, streames of gold and other mettals molten ran into the sea. As it was moreover said, that all the money in ready coine within England, would beneath recompence the losse then sustained. The captaine of which mischiefe was Robert Chamberlaine, Esquire, who was afterward hanged, but would never confesse his fellowes.

Chamberlain's *émeute* must have done the place great injury. But the people pulled themselves together. How they set to work to rebuild, to found a church, the noble pile now standing, and how they brought their prosperity up to a higher pitch, are matters of some interest. The foundation-stone of a new church was laid, Boston was made a staple town, and the Hanseatic League established a guild. This league was a union of German cities for mutual protection, and the vindication of their independence. These aims appealed to the sturdy and freedom-loving Bostonians. The relations with the Netherlands had always been close from the earliest days, and the Reformation movement there found echo in many a heart in Boston town; for was it not in Holland that the Pilgrim Fathers first took refuge in their flight from England?

With the exception of one, St. Mary's, all the guild halls, and indeed most of the merchants' houses, have now disappeared. Although Boston is a picturesque place, still there are few, if any, really old houses left — houses of the time when the town had not assumed the tranquil air of the nineteenth century. To be sure, there is a gable end of Pescod House, once the residence of the Pescod family. Down a lane running off the market-place is the old "bit," cheek-by-jowl with a red brick warehouse. It will soon disappear, for the proprietor, a bacon merchant, has no room to spare, and utility is the order of the day.

But as a tremendous balance on the other side — as a plenary compensation for the lack of old dwelling-houses — there is the parish church of St. Botolph,

the pride of all Bostonians, and the wonder and admiration of all visitors. Boston "stump," the lofty beacon-light of the old days, is a lasting example of grace and skill, and has weathered the storms of more than four hundred years. Its great height of three hundred feet is enhanced by the surrounding level country. Miss Ingelow, in her beautiful poem, "The High Tide on the Lincolnshire Coast, 1571," describes how

All fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadow mote be scene,  
Save where full fyve good miles away,  
The steeple towered from out the greene.

And so it is a landmark over the whole country-side, and far out in the North Sea a beacon for the toiling, weary fisherman. To attempt a description of the church, and do it full justice, would require the pen of a Ruskin. This much may be said. At the height of their prosperity the inhabitants showed a grateful spirit for the blessings bestowed. The expression found vent in the building of a church, which they dedicated to St. Botolph, the patron saint of sailors, — much of their wealth and power came from over the sea, guarded and guided by that protecting arm. Dame Margery Tilney laid the first stone of the present Boston church in the year 1309, putting £5 upon it, Sir John Twesdale, the vicar, and Richard Stevenson, doing the same. Leland said, "For a parish church it is the best and fayrest of al Lincolnshire, and served so with singing, and that of cunning men, as no parochie is in al England." They keep up this record in the present day, and have made the organ, as the verger puts it, "a speciality." How lovingly this beautiful church is kept in repair, how the people flock to the service on Sunday mornings, and how justly proud are they all of their steeple, need not be told here.

It is curious that Boston of to-day fails to suggest the proud position she once held. With the exception of the bit of old Pescod House, and some ancient houses in Spain Lane, there is little or nothing remaining to tell of the wealth and power once enjoyed. Those in Spain Lane were probably the warehouse of the De Spayne family, who are known to have had transactions with the guilds. They are three tumble-down, ecclesiastical-looking places, with windows in odd and unexpected spots under the erratic and dark-colored roof, and walls several feet thick, now sunk somewhat below the level of the pavement. Apparently they



were last used as a corn warehouse, and are fast going to decay. On the other side of the lane, in striking contrast, is a hideous modern mill, of red, glowing brick without, and a never-ceasing rumble of oil-crushing machinery within.

When the Reformation came, Boston suffered, as did most other towns; but Henry made ample amends for the injury he had done in dissolving the religious houses, the wealth and influence of which were extensive. He granted the town a charter, with a mayor and corporation. The charter is dated May 14, 1546, and a copy of it hangs in the city hall of Boston, in America, in a frame of wood taken from old Boston church.

Times were once more changing in Boston — changing, sad to relate, for the worse. Fate and fashion were against it, and even a mayor and corporation could do little to stay the downward movement. A force was at work beside that which was regenerating the spiritual being of the English people — the force of the consciousness of a new power, of a new life. The dream of *El Dorado* might possibly be realized in the New World. There a channel was opening for the energetic and sturdy descendants of the Normans and Danes. Their love of adventure and of the sea, with its concomitant dangers, had been perhaps lying dormant during those years of steady money-making. But this was the time, and there was the place. The New World offered no end of "openings for a young man." The race for wealth began then, and has continued, and somehow old Boston is left behind.

Most of the trade of England at one time was with Holland, France, and Flanders, to the eastward; and consequently, when the Cape of Good Hope and America were discovered, the trade-route gradually deviated. This and the state of the Witham navigation, which was fast silting up, the dissolution of the religious houses, and the breaking up of the merchant guilds, very nearly completed the destruction of the trade of the town; so much so, that in the early part of Elizabeth's reign it was deemed necessary to take measures to prevent its "utter ruin." They tried to improve the outfall of the river; and the queen granted a charter of admiralty on the whole of the Norman Deep. A curious clause in this charter grants the power to the corporation of "punishing all persons dishonestly and maliciously rating upon every light occasion, which in English are commonly called scolds." Leland writing about this time says: —

Botolph's toune stondest harde on the river of Lindis. The greate and chifest parte of the toune is on the este side of the ryver, where is a faire market place and a crosse with a square toure. Al the buildings of this side of the toune is fayre, and marchannts duelle yn it, and a Staple of wulle is used there. There is a bridg of wood to cum over Lindis ynto this side of the toune, and a pile of stone set yn the myddle of the ryver. The streame of yt is sumtymes as swifte as it were an arrow. Mr. Paynel, a gentilman of Boston, tolde me that sins that Boston of old tyme, at the great famose fair there kept, was brent, that scant sins it ever cam to the old Glory and Riches that it had; yet sins hath it beene manyfold richer then it is now. The Staple and the Stiliard houses yet ther remayne; but the Stiliard is little or nothing at all occupied.

The corporation petitioned Parliament at this time to be "put among the decayed towns." Whether this was from a consciousness of their own shortcomings and an excess of modesty, alas! unusual now in corporate bodies, or a legitimate mode of escaping an assessment, I know not. The town certainly was on the decline; and after two hundred years of comparative inactivity, measures have been taken by the leading men of the borough within the last ten or twelve years to secure some return of the business absorbed by powerful rivals. As a first step, docks — seven acres in extent — have been built, and are now in full swing. Vessels from Norway with colliery props and timber, coasting-steamers from London, and trading-steamers from the German ports, bring back an air of life and bustle. The new fleet of steam-trawlers are constantly in from the North Sea fishing-grounds, and the result is that a trade is being rapidly pushed forward with the midland towns. The position of Boston is most favorable for quick communication with Sheffield, Nottingham, and other towns, which are large consumers of German goods, fish, and Continental produce generally. On these enterprises, and the results so far, the good folk of Boston have every reason to congratulate themselves, and to presume that there will be a generous return for the money so wisely and so pluckily laid out.

By the part Boston played in the Civil War, admirers of "that great soul, Charles I.," as Dr. Stukeley calls him, will doubtless be shocked and grieved. On the outbreak of the war, Charles attempted to put a garrison into the town. Little sympathy was shown him, and he could not have expected much, seeing that he had

put their two members of Parliament on their trial at Grantham, for having sided with his opponents. On the whole, Lincolnshire was for the Parliamentarians. A newspaper of the day says: "The Cavaliers were quite cashiered in Lincolnshire. Boston was well fortified by the inhabitants, but the Earl of Lindsey intended shortly to besiege that town, owing it a great grudge for having seized some ships laden with corn from Holland, but it is believed that they will be very roughly entertained." In July, 1642, Charles remonstrated with the Bostonians for mustering and training men, and also for expressing their determination to resist any landing of forces. To this they reply: "They were not in fear of any forces coming to their town, and therefore did not conceive need of any to be sent thither. As to training of men within the borough, they conceive they have already satisfied his Majesty concerning the same." And again, when the king demands the release of prisoners: "They were shipped in a good vessel, and sent up to the Parliament; and that the king need not doubt the affections of the town, to serve him and his Parliament." His Majesty is much incensed at this, and issues warrants throughout Lincolnshire making it unlawful for any one to aid and assist "that town." A Royalist journal says: "The gentry of Lincolnshire put themselves into a posture of defence against the rebels, of whom that county was now wholly cleared, except Boston." And "except Boston," it remained to the end of the chapter. Cromwell spent the night in Boston before the battle of Winceby, and the residence of his soldiers gave a certain tone to the people; for in the "Life of Nicolas Ferrers," the Bishop of Lincoln, in 1646, writes: "I am just come from Boston, where I was used very coarsely." Charles II. made some sweeping reforms in the corporation, putting some of his own creatures in. This explains the extraordinary address voted on the discovery of the Ryehouse Plot: "They are filled with horror and amazement by that late horrid and hellish conspiracy made by persons of fanatical and republican principles." A change, indeed, from the democratic opinions expressed in former years.

When the interest in wine and wool had ceased, and most of the trade had gone elsewhere, Boston retired, and settled down to a steady life of politics and literature in a small way. Maurice Johnson, secretary of the well-known Spalding So-

ciety of Gentlemen, in one of his letters tells us: "Here is a society forming on a literary design at Boston, different from a dividing book club they had here, wherein they bought pamphlets, dined together monthly, and divided the spoil at the end of the year, which might furnish them with waste-paper until a new division came." Johnson chooses to be sarcastic. His own society, which he founded in 1710, "met at a coffee-house to pass away an hour in literary conversation and reading some new publication." They began with "The Tatler." Addison, Steele, and others corresponded with the society. "We deal," says Johnson, "in all arts and sciences, and exclude nothing from our conversation but politics, which would throw us all into confusion and disorder." But Boston people held aloof. Why should they join the Spalding Society which discarded politics, when politics were the very breath of their life?

The records of the corporation throw light on the inner life of the town. It was a fairly well-to-do corporation, and certainly stinted neither itself nor its friends. Widows of aldermen with a limited income were allowed salaries. They gave their cook as large a salary as their recorder. They had their feasts at fixed periods; and celebrities were entertained now and again. They voted the freedom of the borough to Mr. Pitt, "as a public testimony of regard for his uncorrupt and honest conduct during his very short but truly honorable administration." Sir Joseph Banks, the president of the Royal Society, and a Lincolnshire man, received the same honor. They redeemed "Sir Thomas Monson's love and friendship" by voting him the sum of £6 13s. 4d., "because it cannot be otherwise be gotten, though many means by friends hath heretofore been used for the same." They lent their "wellkyn of brasse" to Lord Clynton for "his necessaire, according to his desire." What Lord Clynton wanted this welkin for nobody knows. The mayor of 1652 spent 15s. 4d. at the Peacock, "when we went about the town seeking for vagrants and fanatics." Delightful! And the best day's work the old corporation ever did was when they "paid some musicians 1s. 4d. to rid them out of the town."

All these weighty matters had been settled in a building once the hall of the Guild of the Blessed Mary, and the only guild hall left. The place had come into their possession by a grant of Philip and Mary, and was one amongst many of the

benefits conferred by her Majesty. She gave them the erection lands, over two hundred acres, in order to better support the bridge and port, and establish and maintain a free grammar school. The schoolhouse was built in the following reign, and is in use at the present day. A step or two beyond the end of Spain Lane is the Town Hall, the hall of the Guild above mentioned, given up now to board meetings, university local examinations, lectures, and other "dry bones." The place is full of old associations, and many curious relics are shown to the visitor. The rooms have the familiar appearance of all board rooms. A portrait of Sir Joseph Banks, by Phillips, hangs on the walls. An old iron chest with a complication of five locks, a couple of cannon sent down for the defence of the town during the Civil War, stamped with the rose and crown and C.R., the cells of the old jail, and the old-time kitchen fireplaces where they cooked the corporation feasts, should not be missed.

The worthies of Boston, and the great names connected therewith make a long list, which I am loth to curtail. There are the Irbys, so long and honorably associated with Lincolnshire; there is John Foxe, "The Book of Martyrs," a native of the place; there is Dr. John Cotton, a name dear to all Bostonians, whether in England or in America; there are the Tilneys, a handsome race judging from Skelton's "Garlande of Laurell," for of the eleven English ladies whose beauty and virtue he sings, three belong to the family of Tilney. Whether it is the keen air of the North Sea, or the quiet, happy life they lead, or both, certainly the girls of to-day can hold their own with any English town. Reader, go and see for yourself.

There is limited space here for the names of Boston men who have helped to make England and Lincolnshire famous. And not the least are the Husseys. The most famous perhaps is Sir John, who, becoming high sheriff of Lincolnshire, and ambassador for Henry VIII., to treat with the Hanse towns, was raised to the peerage as Lord Hussey. He lost his head, though, and his house and lands at Boston. The latter became the property of the corporation. Nothing remains of Hussey Hall, save the foundations of the enclosure and the tower. The approach is through a woodyard, past the grammar school, where you come upon this solid piece of brick-work stranded in the middle of a field. The whirl and whir of business

passed along years ago, and the only sounds that disturb the quiet of Hussey Tower are the shouts of the men at work on the river, and the nervous, energetic "tcklll, tcklll, tcklll," of the saw in the woodyard.

The memorable voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers, and their early struggles in Massachusetts, and the foundation of modern Boston, are matters of history. The story of the prosecution and flight of Dr. John Cotton, the vicar, cannot have a place here. Though it has been generally accepted that Boston received its name in compliment to Cotton, this is not the case. The name, chosen in honor of Isaac Johnson, had been adopted some three years before Cotton arrived out there in Massachusetts. The former had married the Lady Arabella, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and went out with Atherton Hough, who had been mayor of the borough, and with Thomas Leverett, who had been an alderman. In restoring a chapel in St. Botolph's Church, and dedicating it to Cotton, the Americans paid a graceful tribute to his memory some thirty years ago. Constant communication is kept up between the towns, the mayors exchanging messages every year, besides numbers of Americans running over to see the "old place."

And to its modern aspect little space can be devoted. There are plenty of "bits" to attract the artist and the antiquary. It is picturesque with its Dutch-looking market-place, and its huge grain warehouses, down by the winding river — standing memorials of Boston's better days. People are apt to run away with the idea that to see the church is to see all. Not a bit of it. There is the tidal river, and that of itself is a constant source of interest. There is the excitement of a market every Wednesday and Saturday, with crowds of farmers and flocks of sheep; and there is the steeple towering above all, like a princess among that company of fair ladies, the churches of the eastern counties. JOHN E. LOCKING.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

PART V.

To some readers the curious combinations of religion and rascality, friendship and treachery, without the cement of hypocrisy, which are so conspicuous a feature of the Russian character may seem

vastly amusing. They undoubtedly have the charm of novelty and are as real as they seem improbable. They suggest to our mind's eye the picture of an unimagined community, the antipodes of Plato's Utopia, and compared with which Lamb's imaginary Sydney \* was a colony of stern Fabricii —

Scorners of all-conquering gold.

But the phenomenon has also its serious sides, which constitute the only *raison d'être* of its delineation here. What, for instance, could be more terrible than the position of the boys who serve as apprentices and have to sell their souls to their masters, sometimes against their will? "Not to mention," says a publicist who has fully discussed this subject, "the boys who are in the service of the discount booksellers and are initiated into all the secrets of a swindling trade and systematically demoralized, youths who serve their time to respectable, orderly, and honest publishing firms are in a very sad plight; first frankly tempted to steal one volume from the warehouse, if the boy yields, abstracts a book and sells it to the discount bookseller, he has thereby delivered himself into his clutches for all time. He is ever afterwards receiving orders to steal popular works, and, if he demurs, is threatened with public exposure.† This has been going on for years — nay, from time immemorial, and to-day it is the broad rule, not the exception. "It was proved in court," the St. Petersburg press remarks, "that the practices of Semenoff (a bookseller tried a few months ago for theft) represent the usual procedure of our discount booksellers."‡

There are probably more beggars in Russia alone than in all the rest of Europe taken together, a goodly number of whom are men of considerable means who might live in absolute comfort, but prefer to lead a wandering life, putting by from 8s. to 10s. a day; § while healthy men and boys are deprived of their eyesight, horribly mutilated and barbarously deformed by monsters called "leaders," with whom they conclude a business compact before exposing themselves in the markets, fairs, and bazaars of their empire to the gaze and the pity of the people.¶ There is

quite enough real poverty and misery in the country without simulating more. Famine, for instance, like cholera in India, is perennial, killing off as many wretches as any epidemic. The peasants bestir themselves to alleviate the suffering they cannot remedy — the government never does — but at the same time they actively assist scheming speculators to baulk their own humane intentions, and they shake their shanties with Homeric laughter at the cleverness of the trick. Thus an enterprising sharper who contracted lately with the Sarapulsky *Zemstro* to distribute to the needy peasants a fixed quantity of corn for seed, of which he actually possessed but a fractional part, distributed what he owned many times over, getting it back each time, and keeping it for himself in the end, satisfying the easy-going peasants and realizing a considerable sum of money by the operation.\* For the key to conduct of this kind we need not look further than cupidity on the one side and hebetude on the other; there are thousands of cases, however, which seem psychologically explicable only on the assumption of inherited kleptomania, a theory frequently relied on by Russian medical experts and still more frequently by Russian juries. It would certainly seem to cover the conduct of the public who visit and read in the library of Samara, who are publicly accused in the local press of shamelessly stealing whatever books they can lay hands on. The remedy proposed by the aggrieved director seems to favor that theory and is evidently based on the view of theft embodied in the proverb cited above, for he requests the visitors to the library "to spy upon each other," in the interests of all.† The same distressing ailment, inherited from their parents, doubtless drove the band of volunteer thieves of the district of Slavyanosersbsk — many of whom were in affluent circumstances — to execute all the robberies traditionally associated with successful fairs, markets, and bazaars; ‡ nor need one ask for any more satisfactory explanation of the extensive thefts that were lately committed at the Kieff flower-show, numbers of "respectable" visitors stowing away the "rare and beautiful flowers in their cylinder hats and dress improvers." §

The government, which contemplates

\* "And tell me what your Sydneites do? Are they thieving all day long? Merciful heaven!"  
 † *Novoye Vremya*, 21st October, 1888.  
 ‡ *Novoye Vremya*, 24th May, 1889. For another curious case of robbery by a bookseller see *Novoye Vremya*, 4th October, 1889.  
 § *Messenger of the Volga*, 22nd June, 1888.  
 ¶ *Yaroslavsky Governmental Gazette*, October, 1888.

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 9th August, 1888; *Messenger of the Volga*, August, 1888.  
 † *Gazette of Samara*, December, 1887; *Novosti*, January 1st, 1888.  
 ‡ *Northern Messenger*, January, 1889.  
 § *Ibid.*

these unerring symptoms of moral paralysis with a contented eye, has nevertheless had striking proofs of the practical inconveniences which it is calculated to cause in times of great national crisis. Thus the colossal web of knavishness and villainy, spun by the lords of high places during the Russo-Turkish war, in which the meanest soldiers were caught and had their life-blood sucked out by the bloated human spiders for whom they were recklessly risking their lives, was within an ace of occasioning a national disaster. Such conspiracies of the shepherds against their sheep are as common in Russia as snowstorms in winter. They pass unnoticed in foreign countries, or if spoken of are contradicted "semi-officially" by the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, and people not knowing whom to believe shrug their shoulders and pass on. Who in England paid any attention to the extensive frauds on the treasury and on special funds reserved for benevolent purposes, committed by high functionaries of State, on the discovery of which the late minister of the interior, M. Makoff, wound up his accounts with the world by shooting himself in his chambers one night? Yet the diamond necklace fraud was a joke in comparison. The Grand Railway Company of Russia, "sanctioned by the Most High," as the czar is officially described, is affirmed by the principal newspaper in Russia to have defrauded the public during several years past of twelve million roubles.\* The *Novosti* informs us that the Volga Steam Navigation Company have been giving large dividends to shareholders, thanks to the frauds which they have been practising upon the government for several years past, and which now amount to several millions.†

Prom the days of the Hansa down to the present, Russia's commercial and political reputation among foreigners has lost nothing only because it had nothing to lose. A certain limited, working confidence based upon obvious mutual interests, without which all social intercourse would be impossible, has necessarily been exhibited by foreign merchants and governments from time to time. But even this shadow of a good name has been repeatedly realized to the last farthing, until the word Russia is becoming synonymous with qualities subversive of everything implied by relations of trade, commerce, and friendship. Examples abound. Rus-

sian kerosene, for instance, is looked upon by English purchasers with "misgivings," as we learn from the Russian consul at Hull,\* whose countrymen found no better way to retrieve their lost reputation than by damaging that of a competitor, making thousands of tin cans in all respects identical with those used by American firms, filling them with wretched stuff and flooding therewith the markets of central and southern Europe, where they were bought, sold, and condemned as first-class American kerosene.† In Brazil Russian canvas for sails is being "boycotted," while the French and English material is eagerly purchased, because "conscientiously" prepared.‡ In Belgium Russian timber has no chance in the competition with Norwegian, Swedish, Hungarian, for the same reason.§ As to flax, any quantity of it would, we are officially assured, be accepted gladly, if only honestly sorted and sold. "At present, however," adds the Russian representative, in his latest report to his government, "in the cases containing flax from Russia you can almost always find stones, old ropes, etc., which add greatly to the weight and spoil the quality of the merchandise. It is owing to this fraud that Russian flax fetches only half the price of the inferior qualities of the Belgian article."|| Official complaints on this head have been received by the Russian authorities from Lille, Leeds, Dundee, and other European cities, much as they used to be received from the Hanseatic cities of the fourteenth century. Even Russian eggs in England fetch forty per cent. less than eggs from other countries of the Continent, merely because, being Russian, they are believed to be everything else which this fatal word implies.¶

But the staple export of Russia as an agricultural country is corn, of which Great Britain is a purchaser to the extent of about six millions sterling. Yet the manipulations to which that corn, excel-

\* Report of the Russian Consul in Hull, 25th March, 1880.

† I have reason to believe that a complaint on this subject was addressed to the Russian authorities by the United States government.

‡ Report of Russian Legation in Brazil; Rio de Janeiro, 25th February, 1880.

§ Report of M. Ratmanoff of the Russian Legation in Brussels.

|| Ibid. The Russian Department of Agriculture admits that "Archangel, in consequence of the distrust entertained towards it by foreign manufacturers, has lost all importance as an export port for flax." (*Journal of Kazan*, 9th November, 1887.) The same fate, adds that journal, is sure to overtake Riga.

¶ Cf. *Official Messenger of Finance*, N. 19. Article entitled "The Egg Export Trade."

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 28th August, 1888.

† *Novosti*, 9th May, 1889.

lent by nature, is subjected before it reaches this country would seem incredible were they not vouched for by the most trustworthy authorities in Russia, and evident to all corndealers of the world. It is no easy thing to believe, and yet we have it on the undisputed authority of all parties concerned, that the corn exporters of the city of Liban had the coolness to request the authorities of the Public Corn Warehouse of Yelets to sell them the sweepings that remained over after the sorting of the oats, which consisted "of earth, husks, unripe grainless ears, fine tares, and pigweed," in order, as they honestly explained, to mix them with the oats to be exported to England. The warehouse authorities refused to be a party to this fraud, but the exporters, who insisted and based their request on the obstinate "refusal of British importers to purchase oats without the admixture of compost," obtained elsewhere about one hundred thousand poods (about twenty-five hundred bushels) of what the official corn-broker and representative of the government terms "unadulterated manure," with which they humored the fabulous caprices of their English customers.\* According to a Russian expert, who has lately published his views on the matter, the net gain to the complaisant exporters on this commercial operation was one hundred per cent. He assures his countrymen that this practice goes on at all times and places in the empire, "otherwise," he explains, "our corn export offices would not be found everywhere in such a prosperous condition."†

The official agent of the Russian ministry of finance in London timidly informs his chief that the quality of Russian oats is "so inferior to the samples that the importers are compelled to cut down the covenanted price as much as 9*d.* a quarter, and that this deduction is often increased to 1*s.* 6*d.* a quarter.‡ In 1886 some of the largest importing firms of England consulted together and resolved to avoid as much as possible purchasing barley from Russia on the ground that in the consignments of barley sent from Odessa to England, a large quantity of earth was added.§

\* Declaration of the Correspondent of the Ministry of Finances of Grashdanin, 12th April, 1889. All the Russian papers have discussed this subject *ad nauseam*. Last winter the demand for this manure to make the blend so agreeable to Englishmen was so great that prices rose to 8*d.* a bushel.

† *Novaya Vremya*, 11th September, 1889.

‡ Report of Agent of Ministry of Finances in London, 6th April, 1889.

§ Cf. *Kasan, Newsletter*, 9th November, 1887.

This is the highway of Russian commercial practice, of which the driest of official documents are the milestones. Whither it leads seems to interest least the persons whom it most nearly concerns. Lack of faith in Russian honesty, lack of trust in gaseous promises explains why so many foreigners have themselves gone to Russia to develop the resources of the country; why the linen and cotton of Poland are driving those of the Moscow factories even from the home markets; why the timber trade is managed by Englishmen, and the kerosene trade has fallen into the hands of a Swede and a foreign Jew. But even in Russia the shrewdest foreigner, assisted by native talent, is not always able to avoid falling into the innumerable snares spread on all sides of him. The laws are usually as powerless to help him as if they were written in dust or on the sand of the ebbing sea. The following typical instance of what traders — native and foreign — have to expect will astonish only those who have practically no knowledge of Russia or the Russians.

Last year the Berlin Timber Company floated down the Dnieper-Berg Canal an immense quantity of timber purchased for £30,000. It was overtaken by the frosts of winter and remained imbedded in the ice. The company were compelled to wait till spring, and meanwhile their agent, Herr Kuntze, came up periodically to inspect it. The first time he saw it he found everything in order; the second visit was equally satisfactory; but the sight that met his eyes when he arrived the third time made his hair stand on end; the timber, he found, belonged no longer to his company but to a few obscure and utterly indigent Russian Jews. Herr Kuntze appealed to the authorities, consulted with the lawyers, but all of them declared, having been made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, that the timber had slipped from the hands of the Berlin Company and would never legally return to them. What happened was this: The logs being marked B., a famished creature named Begoon profited by the accident of his name also beginning with that letter. He simulated a quarrel with a beggar friend, to whom he pretended he owed one hundred thousand roubles. They referred the matter to a mock arbiter, and then asked the District Court to enforce his decision — namely, that B.'s property be sold and the proceeds given to his creditor. The order was made with unusual promptitude by the court, and the creditor having pointed out

the frozen timber as portion of the Jewish beggar's property, it was forthwith sold for trifling sums to some friends of the two starvelings.

Herr Kuntze was as pale as a sheet [says the sympathizing publicist], his advisers excited, and the Crown lawyers sympathetic, but as, according to our law, there was neither crime nor criminal, no earthly power could avail to have the timber restored. One issue there is, and only one: Herr Kuntze might take a civil action and after endless delays might obtain judgment against the paupers for £30,000 and costs; but then he himself, found guilty of injuring the reputation of Begoon and his friends, who are legally innocent of any crime, would have to go to prison in consequence.\*

Fraudulent bankruptcy is as much a recognized institution in Russian trade as credit, the Russians belonging to that class of persons whom Sir Philip Sidney described as "delighting more in giving of presents than in paying their debts." Most traders look upon it as the haven of safety into which they may run from stress of hard times; and even creditors, whose point of view is naturally quite different, regard it as a necessary evil and treat defaulting debtors accordingly. Thus it happens that a man who has performed what he deems his duty to himself and family by deliberately refusing to pay his creditors more than a few pence in the pound, sets up in business the day after it has been accepted, and is soon again trusted for considerable sums by those very persons whom he lately victimized. Thus some time ago a man named Liever—a wholesale colonial merchant—suddenly disappeared just when pay day arrived and his creditors sent in their bills. It was supposed that he had been foully murdered or had met with an accidental death. As it turned out afterwards, he was taking his case at one of the railway stations, whence he opened negotiations with a view to bring about an amicable arrangement with his creditors, and when satisfactory results rewarded his perspicacity and duplicity, he returned to Odessa and began anew. That this did not hinder him from receiving credit again is plain from the statement of the *Moscow Gazette* that he had just failed once more for one hundred thousand roubles.†

It would require a volume rather than a

review article to convey anything like an adequate idea of the singular methods employed by Russian merchants to supplement the proverbial slowness and meagreness of trade profits. They would seem to exhaust the possibilities of *naïveté* and criminality, nothing being too grotesque, nothing too dangerous to tempt their cupidity. A well-known merchant of Kieff thought it merely a clever stroke of policy to bribe all the telegraph messengers to bring him every telegram addressed to the business men in whose speculations he was interested. He paid one rouble per telegram, and having read, copied, and resealed them, he sent them to the consignees and used the information thus acquired for his own ends. He profited by this trustworthy source of information for two years, and would probably have continued to profit by it till his death, had the conspiracy not been discovered—by the merest accident.\* The Exchange Committee of Odessa—a body of men obliged by the trusted position which they occupy to be above all considerations of a sordid nature—was found to quote the fluctuations of Russian funds so inaccurately as to cause bitter complaints to be made by the press as well as by the representatives of commerce. A year and a half ago an official request was addressed to the persons responsible reminding them that their duty is "to announce the quotations correctly, *irrespective of the consideration whether anybody's interests are affected thereby.*"† "The main evil of Russian society," says one of the government organs, "is that it suffers from complete, absolute dissoluteness, recognizes no moral discipline, and has practically emancipated itself from duty."‡ At the trial of a railway servant for robbery, the prisoner—as is usual in such cases—confessed the facts rather than his guilt, and stated frankly, as a thing of course, that all the railway servants robbed, and that robbery was thoroughly organized along the line, some stealing only manufactured goods, others leather wares, and others again corn, and so on, the rules of honor forbidding those who devoted themselves to the robbery of one species of property to encroach upon the domain of the others.§

The universality of these lax views of the rights of property, which in Russians

\* *The Week (Niedziya)*, 27th August, 1889; *Novoye Vremya*, 28th August, 1889.

† *Moscow Gazette*, 2nd February, 1888. For another curious case, see *Novoye Vremya*, 1st March, 1889.

\* *Kieff Word*, 17th April, 1888.

† *Odessa newspapers Passim*, 10th, 11th 12th June, 1888.

‡ *Graschdanin*, 6th October, 1889.

§ *Novoye Vremya*, 26th November, 1888.

are not identical with what we are wont to understand by criminal dishonesty, explains, though it does not justify, the feeling at one time freely expressed by the Austrian and, I believe, German press, that certain of the official representatives of the empire must be as typical of the shortcomings of their countrymen as they obviously are of their good points. Now such vague and general arguments are apt to break down when subjected to serious criticism, and should never have been relied upon to support the sweeping accusations brought, for instance, against the present minister of finance, especially by the Austrian press, which reproduced strange rumors, dragged long-forgotten stories to light, and vamped up old anecdotes verified by no one, as soon as his nomination to the post he occupies was made known. The circumstances that M. Vyshnegradsky rose from the ranks like many great and good men, that pedagogy, his calling, is one of the least remunerative in Russia, that he changed irksome poverty into abundant riches rapidly, mysteriously, as by a magician's wand or an Aladdin's lamp, have no direct bearing on the question. Nor are the most circumstantial stories of shady practices conclusive evidence in Russia, where a good name is as superfluous as the qualities elsewhere needed to acquire it. More important than all this, though not by any means a clinching argument, is the undeniable fact that some years ago the doors of certain of the ministries were ignominiously closed to the man who now represents the finances of the empire. I am personally acquainted with high officials who, without laying claim to exclusive or singular integrity, felt it incumbent upon them to deny him admittance to the departments under their direction, in the interests of the government, its servants, and public integrity. Whatever species or degree of commercial cleverness this fact may imply is all that this writer can, with justice and truth, allow to be imputed to the present minister of finance.

These things, which need no commentary, throw a light on the manners and maxims of the Russian people, which, were it not the direct outcome of undisputed facts, would seem too lurid to be credible to any but their staunchest friends or most malignant enemies. Nothing less convincing than a knowledge of these and similar facts — which are legion — could hinder an unprejudiced foreigner from largely discounting such sweeping statements as those made by Professor Kitarry,

who in his lectures on commerce thus characterizes his countrymen: "Extortion and fraud have become the flesh and blood of the Russian trading class — to such an extent, indeed, that an honest man *cannot remain* in that calling; he will be inevitably seduced in the long run, and little by little will himself become a model for others."\* One of the latest of many curious exemplifications of the second portion of this assertion occurred a few months ago, when the salt of the earth, as it were, lost its savor. No one needs to be told that no more honest people than the Finns breathe the air of Europe. Yet the Russian press unanimously informs us that the exemplary Finnish Railway Company of St. Petersburg-Helsingfors has lately been detected using false weights for the purpose of cheating the public who forward goods by that line, and that up to the time of the discovery, last April, they had succeeded in thus wrongfully appropriating thirty thousand roubles.† So true is it that, as the Arabic proverb expresses it, he who passes through the onions or their peel will surely smell of them.

At the same time it should be remembered that there are whole communities in Russia, religious bodies separated from the Orthodox Church, but composed of genuine Russians, which are characterized to a man by the strictest integrity, whose word is a bond, and whose commercial dealings with their fellowmen are dictated by profound respect for the altruistic precepts and counsel of the Gospel. Take, for instance, the so-called Sarepta Brotherhood, whose headquarters are in the Volga district, and who do a large business in St. Petersburg in the mustard, yarn, and woollen trades. These people are to Russia, in respect of honesty and single-mindedness, exactly what the Society of Friends was and still is to England and America. The same thing may be said of the thousands, nay, of the tens of thousands of sectarians, called Molokani, Stundists, Pashkovites, behind whose yea and nay one need never trouble to intrude, and to whose promise alone one may tender a receipt. To trade with such men is a genuine pleasure, and to proclaim their existence — which is little less than heroic in Russia — a highly agreeable duty.

No man with the interests of humanity

\* Memoir presented to the Minister of the Interior by order of his Majesty the Emperor concerning the Jewish Question, p. 33.

† *St. Petersburg Leaflet*, 12th April, 1889; *Novoye Vremya*, 13th April, 1889; *Graschdanin*, 19th April, 1889, etc.



at heart will hear without profound regret, be he Christian or atheist, that the religion which has effected this almost miraculous change in the Russian character is systematically proscribed and persecuted by the government. Fortunately, Russian laws, which are calculated to render life an intolerable burden, are not generally obeyed nor strictly enforced. The people, adopting Frederick the Great's magnanimity towards the press, would say of their government, that "it may say and write what it likes, on condition that we do what we like," and thus religious sects founded on the Gospel of Christ are rapidly increasing, and with them the number of men and women who put honesty above sordid gain and the momentary gratification of petty malice.

Chief among the oases of honesty consisting of Dissenters, naturalized foreigners, Russians educated abroad, and others, one naturally expects to find the intellectual class of the population, the natural pillars of society. Russia, however, is the country of surprises, and even these leaders of men, when weighed in the balances are found sadly wanting. Thus, one of the best known *littérateurs* in Russia, a frank, wordy writer of independent judgment, whose name at times is not unknown to some of the readers of the *Fortnightly Review*, owes his first introduction to the republic of letters to a daring theft which he committed on one of its presidents. As for the representatives of the press, no characteristic of them which satisfied the exigencies of truth would fulfil the conditions of credibility unless the grounds for the opinion were first set forth in detail. The most popular newspaper in Russia is the *Novoye Vremya*, and its proprietor and irresponsible editor, M. Suvorin, has with impunity been made the subject of accusations which in any other country would either brand his name with infamy or send his accusers to prison.\* In Russia it has done neither.

The following illustration of the honesty of scientific men is too suggestive to be withheld. The eighth edition of a complete dictionary of 115,000 foreign words incorporated into the Russian language was lately published in St. Petersburg. A gentleman bought it and counted the words. There were only 20,681, or less than one-sixth of the promised number!

\* *Odessa Messenger*, 22nd February, 1887; cf. also St. Petersburg *Novosti*, February, 1887. It is fair to say that personally I believe that if the case were tried in a Russian court of justice, M. Suvorin would be unhesitatingly acquitted of the charge.

He then continued his researches into the history of this work, compiled by MM. Bourdon and Michelsohn, and dragged the following curious facts into the light of day. *All the editions* of this precious dictionary, which is the standard work on the subject, are revised and enlarged. It came out in 1873 for the *first* time as the *fifth* edition, promising the explanation of 30,000 words for 2½ roubles. A year later the *fourth* edition was published, in which 32,000 words were said to be etymologically interpreted for the same price. In 1875 the sixth edition appeared, and the price was reduced to 1½ roubles, while the number of words remained the same. In 1883 the ninth edition saw the light, and was sold for 4 roubles, and finally the last and best edition, namely the eighth (after the ninth), was brought out in 1888, in which 115,000 words are said to be analyzed and explained for 5 roubles, whereas in reality only one-sixth of the promised number is to be found, and one-third of the number said to be explained in the cheapest edition that cost but 1½ roubles.\*

Compared with such extraordinary doings, plagiarism, far from unknown even in Great Britain, sinks to the level of a mere peccadillo. Still Russian plagiarism would seem to belong to a different species from that prevalent in other countries. In England, for instance, the thought, passage, description appropriated without acknowledgment, but seldom without modification, is to the whole work in which it appears as a dewdrop to the ocean. In Russia whatever is plagiarized is rarely transformed, being usually offered with its merits and blemishes just as it stands, for whatever it will fetch in the market. Last year Dr. Von Cyon, late professor of physiology in the Medicochirurgical Academy of St. Petersburg, and a friend of the late M. Katkoff, published in Berlin a complete edition of his works,† among which is to be found an interesting research on the influence of change of temperature upon certain nerves of the heart, written, not by him, but by a M. Tarkhanoff.‡ "I do not," says the real author in a letter to the press, "set any great value on this investigation as distinguishing it from my other scientific works; but I have no right, I think, to pass over this act of Dr. Cyon's in silence, considering its important bearing upon

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 10th June, 1888, etc.

† *Gesammelte physiologische Arbeiten*; Berlin, 1888; pp. 138-143.

‡ *Novoye Vremya*, January, 1888, and *St. Petersburg Journal* (Russian), 25th January, 1888.

the picture of contemporary scientific morals."\* A similar "accident" has happened this year to M. Tolmakoff, who, according to the *Moscow Gazette*, stole exactly ten-elevenths of his dissertation on the "History of Apiculture."† Another case occurred a few months previously of so extraordinary a nature that some of the daily newspapers actually alluded to it in anger. "The Russian professor," says the *Svett*, one of the organs of the Slavonic Society, "works in the field of science just enough to obtain his degrees, to seize upon comfortable positions, lucrative chairs, and remunerative tuitions, and then lives jovially ever after, teaching anything and anyhow. Hence it comes to pass that, although our universities are provided with hundreds of professors, we have extremely few genuine workers in the field of science. Lately a revolting instance of this exploitation of science occurred in the St. Petersburg University." It then goes on to relate how Professor Morozoff published a book on the history of the Russian drama, the best portions of which were surreptitiously taken from the rare work of a Moscow professor, whose name he deliberately ignored. For this production he demanded the degree of doctor, and was on the point of obtaining it, when the fraud was discovered. "What are the students to do now?" asks the journal in conclusion. "Will M. Morozoff remain in the university as professor, and how will his colleagues look upon the plagiarism?"‡ Professor Morozoff has remained at his post, and is still there, contributing according to his lights to bring up the young generation in the way they should go. His colleagues are mortal, and as such liable, like him, to err; "instead, therefore, of casting the first stone at an erring brother," one of them said to me in conversation at the time, "each of us can say with a feeling of humanity —

Nihil humani a me alienum puto."

Russian lawyers as a body have not the shadow of a claim to be considered as exceptions to the general rule; they are emphatically of their age and country. In the report issued by the Council of the St. Petersburg bar for the year ending in March, 1888, consisting of one hundred and thirteen pages, eighty-eight are taken

up with the enumeration of the disciplinary pains and penalties inflicted *en famille* upon members of the bar for misconduct. If we ask in what this misconduct consists, the report answers "in irregularities in money matters between them and their clients; in insults offered to their clients, their opponents, their colleagues; in the breach of the professional duties of a lawyer; in *desertion to the side of their clients' opponents*; in acts of fraud, such as abuse of confidence, operations injurious to the financial interests of their clients' creditors,"\* etc., etc. I translate the following case, chosen by the press as most typical of these reprehensible doings, not adding a word nor excising an expression: —

The Libau Romensky Railway Company were condemned to pay M. Z. 735 roubles damages for bodily injuries, and a monthly pension of fifteen roubles. The lawyer appropriated these sums to his own use, on which the client's wife appealed to another lawyer, M., entreating him to persuade Z. to hand over the sums in question. M. acquitted himself of this mission with success, but as it was afterwards proved, on the hearing of Z.'s suit, knavishly seized upon twenty roubles (£2), his alleged expenses for a journey to Moscow — a journey which he never made. It would be difficult to discover a sorer piece of fraud, which *not even every* salesman would perpetrate. And yet the Council passed a resolution merely to administer a caution to this petty knave among lawyers.†

The following scene in a law court cannot fail to prove interesting to English readers, as characteristic of various things and people besides Russian lawyers: —

A lad accused of stealing a cow endeavored to secure the services of a lawyer to defend him, and in the course of the negotiations admitted that he did commit the theft, "accidentally somehow." The lawyer named the fee for which his services were to be had, and higgled with the lad a long time before they both agreed upon seventy-five roubles (about £7 10s.). The day of the trial arrived. The accused appeared in court guarded. The counsel for the defence, knowing that his client was heretofore at liberty, was somewhat surprised at this, but accounted for it by supposing that the court had later on ordered him to be kept in custody. The court, however, turning to the prisoner, asked, "Accused, why are you guarded?" "I was caught in the act of stealing." "What! Before being acquitted of one theft you have already committed another?" "What was I to do, your Excellency? He — the counsel, I mean — demanded seventy-five roubles for

\* *Ibid.*

† *Moscow Gazette*, 5th August, 1889; *Novoye Vremya*, 7th August, 1889.

‡ *Svett*, 1st November, 1888.

\* Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 10th May, 1888.

† *Novoye Vremya*, 10th May, 1888.

defending me. Where was I to get this money from?"\*

One can never guard too carefully against the strong temptation to generalize with which every writer upon nations and classes has to contend, and it is in the nature of things that accusations levelled against numerous corporations of men should be received with caution. Here, however, it is not a question of accusing individuals, much less whole classes of men; if anything, it is rather an indirect attempt to excuse them. It would be singularly exceptional, however, not to say miraculous, if a corporation, recently and accidentally called into existence in a society which has never stratified itself like other European communities, should profess and practice a system of ethics radically different from that adopted by the great bulk of the nation. The facts already detailed go far to prove the truth of this thesis. That these, of which they are but a specimen, are equally conclusive, is evident, among other things, from the following characteristic of Russian lawyers deliberately given by the most patriotic (in a Pan-Russian sense) and most popular newspaper in the empire:—

Perpetually occupied with money matters and financial interests, though completely lacking all respectability and moral footing, the contemporary jurisconsult of the corporation of lawyers falls more quickly than a prostitute strolling through the streets. . . . In need of profitable practice, of which there is a dearth just now, the modern jurist makes up for want of practice either by masked robbery, the levying of blackmail, or by forgery of financial documents.†

Magistrates, who in Russia discharge certain of the functions reserved in this country to judges, are on the whole the most high-principled men in the empire. Their position is as difficult as a suspicious public, a distrustful government, exacting and unscrupulous patrons, and frequent penury can make it. That they are not all as spotless as was Andrew Marvel under greater temptations, is natural; that so many of them have kept clear of open venality deserves far more credit than it has heretofore received. The following sketch represents one of those magistrates who scorn to lay themselves open to the charge of corruption, and yet in the interest of self-preservation would fain act upon the proverb which says that "Un-

\* Diary of Saratoff, November, 1837: also *Novoye Vremya*, 12th November, 1837.

† *Novoye Vremya*, 30th August, 1839.

less you stoop, you cannot gather mushrooms." It is taken from a St. Petersburg government journal:—

A day never passes that this magistrate's district vassals do not bring in their offerings. But Ivan Yeroffeitch\* is guided in such cases by thorough disinterestedness. For instance, a peasant brings him a wether. The magistrate exclaims proudly, "I accept nothing gratis. Sophia (to the housekeeper), pay him 4½d." Ten ducks are presented to him, and he instructs his Sophia to pay 3d., and the transaction is blameless in the eye of the law.†

In the Kratoyaksky district (government of Kharkoff) the entire Court of Appeal was brought up for trial some time ago on a charge — which was substantiated in court — of organizing trumpery cases against the railway company, drilling the witnesses and inducing them to commit perjury, and on the basis of that evidence pronouncing unjust judgments against innocent persons of means, for the sake of a paltry two hundred pounds to be divided among all the members of this numerous conspiracy.‡ M. Franzia, magistrate of Ooglitch, who is also a publican, had no scruple to prosecute a rival publican for some imaginary offence, and to try the case himself. The depositions of the witnesses, although favorable to the prisoner, did not prevent this publican-judge and plaintiff from condemning his rival to three months' imprisonment, or from artfully compelling him to sign a document in which he waives his right to appeal.§ M. Volkoff, president of the Court of Appeal of the first instance, in Vinnitsa (government of Podolia) made a profession of selling justice — or injustice — to the highest bidders. His secretary kept by him a sheaf of receipt forms for loans, ready signed, and whenever a lawsuit arose that seemed to give promise of profits, this gentleman would call on one of the two parties, and having received what he considered a fair sum of money, would write a receipt for it then and there, setting forth the date and the sum received. In spite of these and innumerable other instances, however, it would be impossible to find a less corrupt body of men in Russia, and in seeking the explanation of this curious phenomenon, it would be extremely ungracious to lay too much stress on the abject poverty of the vast majority

\* An imaginary name but a real person.

† *Graschdanin*, 29th August, 1838.

‡ *Novoye Vremya*, 5th December, 1838. Cf. also *Sveti*, 12th December, 1838.

§ *St. Petersburg Russian Journal*, 21st October,

1837.

of suitors in the magisterial courts or on the indifference of the press to any but the most signal cases of glaring corruption.

The reputation of the rural courts for integrity leaves far more to be desired than that of the magistrates' courts, though even here the scale of judicial decisions is conducted with a certain rude dignity which excludes that higgling and bargaining which is of the essence of all commercial transactions in Russia. "In the public-house," says the *Graschdanin*, "justice is administered, or rather sold, and the court purchased. . . . If you have recourse to the rural court without treating the judges to *vodka*, were your case incarnate justice and as spotless as the driven snow, it will become as black as a coal. Right will be found on the side of the gallon of spirits."\*

It may be permissible to apply to the Courts of Orphans in Russia the strong but well-merited epithets used of the house of prayer in Jerusalem, and describe them as dens of thieves. The thefts committed in the Orphans' Courts, however, are explicable, excusable, almost justifiable; they are certainly quite as much a constituent part of the salary of the officials as *pourboires* are of the perquisites of the unsalaried waiters in large Continental hotels. The head of a department, for instance, whose office is permanent, who gives all his time to the work, and is practically precluded from seeking other sources of incomes, receives a very paltry salary for one through whose hands pass hundreds of thousands of roubles yearly, and who is compelled to pay fancy prices for food, lodging, firewood, etc. This salary is 8*s.* a month. His assistants receive about 4*s.*, all told. No one will therefore be surprised to hear that these paltry shillings are made to go as far as the loaves and fishes of the Gospel miracle; they purchase comfortable lodgings, excellent board and clothing for a numerous family, government scrip, country houses, and a competence in old age.†

No boy can pass through any of the government grammar schools, or such high schools as the Lycæum, Law School, or Corps des Payes, without purchasing the good-will of his masters and frequently of his directors. I know scores of chil-

dren whose parents pay yearly bribes to a little army of pedagogues, and I am acquainted with some parents who will never cease to rue the day when they resolved to set their faces against it. The Russian army has been praised by all the nations of the world, and deservedly so, and yet mere knowledge can no more qualify you to pass the examination for a commission than an Englishman's abstract right to become a member of Parliament can procure him a seat in the House of Commons. A friend of mine, whose intellectual gifts were as brilliant as his means were limited, set about entering the army a few years ago. He proposed to pass his examination loyally, not to purchase immunity—to imitate Arago, whose profound knowledge compelled the respect of hostile examiners. He confided his intention to a friend of his, who was an officer and an examiner, from whom, however, he received but cold comfort. No exception, he was told, could be made in his case, the utmost he could expect was to receive a considerable reduction in the prices. He was presented with the tariff containing these reductions, the literal translation of which is as follows: \*—

Subjects.	Price. Roubles.
Artillery . . . . .	300
Fortification . . . . .	200
Tactics . . . . .	200
Topography . . . . .	150
Administration . . . . .	25
Military law . . . . .	250
Trigonometrical survey . . . . .	25
Russian language † . . . . .	.
History † . . . . .	.
Chemistry † . . . . .	.
Christian doctrine . . . . .	60
Statistics § . . . . .	.
Mathematics . . . . .	200
Foreign languages † . . . . .	.
Signature _____	

Far more significant, however, than whole volumes of illustrative instances is the view taken of them by public opinion. Is dishonesty indignantly condemned; are those guilty of it rigorously excluded from such society as there is, their names gibbeted as a warning to others, and the application of legal pains and penalties

\* The original of this *naïf* document is in the possession of the editor of this review.

† As the teachers of these subjects were not military men, special arrangements had to be made with them.

‡ The examiner in chemistry was above bribery, nothing but genuine knowledge passing current with him. He made manv heroic—and almost Quixotic—efforts to suppress the bribery system; but it would have been as feasible to suppress autocracy itself.

§ For statistics nothing was demanded but an inking of the subject.

\* Cf. also *Spett*, 20th March, 1880, in which the curious ways of selling justice in open court are described.

† Cf. for instance, *Graschdanin*, 25th January, 1880. This, however, is a notorious act, admitting of no manner of doubt.

applauded? Or do people look upon such offenders with pity tinged with that selfish *hodie-tibi-cras-mihi* foreboding with which old men receive the news of the death even of a stranger? Public opinion is practically non-existent in Russia. As the empress Catherine truly observed to Princess Dashkoff in one of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," "Russia has no more voice than a whale." Still such unmistakable indications as do exist leave no doubt whatever that the average Russian is unconscious of anything criminal in dishonesty and double-dealing, and would feel it a hardship were he hindered from indulging therein. In a former paper we saw that robbery, aggravated by burglary and envenomed with the worst kind of ingratitude, was treated by the victim as a sort of practical joke which could not be permitted to come between him and his friendship for the thief. We have seen that the public press and the authorities have nothing worse than a good-natured smile for the story of wholesale robberies committed by the Courts of Orphans, as long as they do not attain the dimensions of a national scandal; and we have also seen that the Council of the Bar of St. Petersburg considered a fraternal caution punishment enough for a colleague guilty of embezzlement under circumstances which in this country would have caused him to be speedily disbarred by the benches and imprisoned by the magistrates. The annals of every Russian court of justice abound in similar instances. A postman burns thousands of letters in the course of several years for the sake of the few stamps he steals from them. He is arrested, tried, and he confesses. But the jury acquit him. Last year T. Tschentsoff, a lackey in whom his master had unbounded confidence, realized his reputation for honesty by abstracting at various times during the twelvemonth thirty thousand roubles, and losing them at a card-table in one of the clubs. He was tried on the 4th of April of the present year, when he pleaded guilty, confessing the details of the theft. Yet the jury found him innocent.\* On the 26th of June last, in the enlightened city of Kieff, a woman was tried for robbery. The case was simplicity itself. She had been arrested red-handed, with the objects in her possession. She was known, moreover, to be a notorious professional thief. Yet the jury saw so little that was reprehensible in her acts,

that they unhesitatingly declared her innocent. In Odessa another woman accused of theft under circumstances left no loophole of a pretext, and evidence that no body of men in Russia would refuse to convict upon as unhesitatingly acquitted by the jury.

An equally clear indication is affixed by the press and the morals of its accredited and trusted representatives which must necessarily seem inexplicable to those Europeans who treat journalism as a priesthood, requiring a special vocation and calling into play the noblest qualities of head and heart. Such a sense of the fitness of things must receive a very severe shock at the thought of a vulgar thief, who emerges from the cell of a filthy prison, where for a twelvemonth he has herded with the scum of the earth, at once joins the ranks of this modern priesthood, is received with open arms, and forthwith sets about ministering to the spiritual wants of his fellowmen, in a way that light shine before them, and was so long under the bushel of a priest. In Russia such a spectacle is not only striking nor incongruous. Nay, a journalist is as great a stickler for honor as if he were a spotless Bayar.

The correspondent of the *Odessa Messenger* at Orgheieff, we read, S. Goldberg, desirous of having been frequently tried and acquitted of theft, is about to enter an action against the editor of the *New Russian Telegraph*. M. Goldberg is desirous of being publicly that he did not steal the gold of M. Trikolitch, and that he was frequently found guilty of theft, but only for which he was imprisoned for eleven months and twenty days. Moreover, M. Goldberg threatens to publish a series of letters in an organ, the *Odessa Messenger*, to show that he was on the staff not only of the *Messenger* of the *New Russian Telegraph*, but also of several other journals.†

Now, if this were an isolated fact, it would nevertheless imply a degree of general slovenliness in the representative of the Russian press which could scarcely co-exist with the general prevalence of a nation of universally accepted virtues and morality. But it is not an isolated case, but one of daily occurrence. An organ published in St. Petersburg, discussing the morality of the Russian press and the antecedents of its representatives, remarks, "There are vast numbers of cases in which the editor is per-

\* *Graschdanin*, 5th April, 1889; cf. also other Petersburg newspapers of same date.

† *Odessa papers of the 15th October, 1887.*  
† *Graschdanin*, 25th January, 1888.

well aware that a certain member of his staff is a thorough-going rascal." "Why do you not dismiss him?" you ask. "He is a man of talents," you are answered. "But he is not an honest man," you insist. "What's that to me! I am not going to baptize children with him."\*

Nothing is more significant, however, than the manner in which courts of justice condone, if they do not positively encourage, theft. We have seen with what indulgence Russian jurors treat it, as if they feared that this precious national characteristic were in danger of disappearing, and that their sacred duty was to preserve and develop it. The following instance took place in a court where there are no jurors, but only judges. Two young men of sixteen and seventeen years of age broke into a village shop one night and abstracted cakes, sweetmeats, nuts, and liqueurs, to the value of about 15s. to 16s. Part of the good things they consumed themselves, the remainder they hid away in the hay, bringing them forth when occasion required, to treat the lads and lasses. When brought to trial the president of the court asked them if they admitted the charge. They replied affirmatively. He then inquired whether they were possessed of sweet teeth. They laughed heartily, repeating the words "sweet teeth." They were then acquitted.†

It may be urged that some allowance must be made in such cases for Russia as a country that has not yet succeeded in shaking off the moral and intellectual fetters of barbarism, as a community holding views upon many questions of ethics, as of politics, diametrically opposed to those of European nations, and that under such peculiar circumstances this indulgent way of treating thieves, this justice that comes disguised in the form of encouragement, may, after all, be productive of better effects upon men who are not malicious criminals than the cast-iron rigor of the cut-and-dried law of the West. All this may be granted — must indeed be granted, seeing that it is vouched for by undisputed facts; but then this is but another way of declaring the level of Russian morality, in the matter of honest dealing, of veracity in action, to be several degrees lower than that of the rest of the civilized world.

Nor can it be suggested that the juries who thus freely scatter certificates of morality, the judges who pass off robbery

and burglary as a joke, the corporations and editors who amicably associate with thieves, would modify their views, if they themselves had directly suffered from the dishonesty of those whom they thus take under their protection. Such personal considerations would not be permitted to have the slightest weight in modifying conceptions that are universal forms of thought rather than the result of a chain of reasoning. Of a hundred persons who have been robbed in Russia, though all might be equally eager to recover their stolen property, no more than twenty, if indeed so many, would wish to see the thief punished; and only very few even of these would go to the trouble of actively contributing to the realization of this object. They prefer to curse the thief, wave their hand fatalistically, and continue their way as before.

In Saratoff on the Volga [says an eye-witness] the steamer Alexander II. was about to start. It was crowded with passengers. All the first and second class tickets were sold, and in the third class there was no room for an apple to fall; the passengers, so to say, sat upon each other. After the first whistle the assistant captain, hurrying through the crowds of third class passengers, was suddenly stopped by a peasant. "Your honor, the money has been found," he said. "Found! Where?" "Sewed up in that soldier's mantle. I went over there to search for it, and sure enough there were forty-one roubles and a twenty-copeck piece," said the peasant, brandishing a chamois-leather purse as if it were a war trophy. "Where's that soldier?" "There he is, asleep." "Well, he must be handed over to the police." "Handed over to the police! Why to the police? Christ be with him. Don't touch him, let him sleep on," he repeated naïvely, good-naturedly adding, "the money is found; it's all there." And so the matter ended.\*

But this perversion of moral sense is considerably emphasized when transferred from the offender's person to paper. The Russian is so hearty, so good-humored, so intensely human, that dishonesty seems in his hands only a distracted virtue. You catch him in the act, overhaul him, unabashed he confesses, sees nothing very objectionable in the deed, and is ready to sacrifice all his gains to put you in good temper. This trait of mere criminal *bon-homie* in all his dealings with the world, the flesh, and the Devil should never be overlooked in estimating a Russian's character. He is no distressing moralist clamoring for a stringency in public opinion which he will do his best to evade; he

\* *Minute*, 23rd October, 1887. *Odessky Listok*, 29th October, 1887.

† *Northern Messenger*, January, 1889, p. 43.

\* *Graschdanin*, 30th August, 1889.

asks no greater laxity than he will allow; and playing the game of life with cards in his own sleeve, he would only laugh if you are detected in a similar fraud.

Nowhere is the indulgence with which the people regard the gravest forms of dishonesty—robbery and burglary—so clearly, so unmistakably manifested, as in their solemn consecration, their elevation to the dignity of religious ceremonies, in the celebration of one of the most impressive popular festivals of the year. The feast is called Kuzminki, in honor of Saints Cosmus and Damian. It is usually celebrated on the 1st November, by a number of quaint ceremonies ending with a copious refection, in all of which only unmarried girls take part. In order to get together the refreshments which constitute an essential element of the feast, all the girls of the place rob and steal without exception. And not only do they steal from their parents and relations, but they extend the operation to perfect strangers, whose money, fowls, and movable property generally, they seize upon with that contempt of consequences which befits apostles of a religious cause. "The feast of Kuzminki," says a special writer on this subject, "is *wholesale robbery*. The lads also steal for it, giving the booty to the girls. They have no hesitation about using violence to all who resist."\*

It has been pointed out more than once in the course of this paper that there is a numerous minority of honest men who are neither sectarians nor Jews in this vast empire of dishonesty—men who deserve great praise for the fortitude, and greater still for perseverance amid almost irresistible temptations, whose standard of morality is higher than the average standard in England, who would as soon think of cutting out their tongue as of telling a gratuitous or malicious lie, and who would die of starvation rather than defraud friend or enemy. It should not be disguised, however, that even they bear upon them unmistakable signs of the influence of the society in which their lot is cast; and while their own conduct may be in strict accordance with the highest principles of justice, their views of the differently shaped actions of their fellow-countrymen are determined by considerations wholly foreign and even hostile to all accepted theories of right living. "I have often conversed," says a Russian writer in a journal approved by the government censure—

\* *Northern Messenger*, 1888, No. 12, pp. 61, 62.

I have often conversed on the subject of theft with men who are absolutely honest; but even they never once expressed that repugnance to lying which characterizes the way of thinking of civilized people. An epically calm tone, smiles and laughter at the description of thievish conduct and at what they consider the ludicrous position of the victims of the theft, and a rapturous raising of the voice when detailing the deftness of the robber—that is all that I have observed during such conversations.\*

This inconsistency is apt to puzzle the logical mind. But inconsistency, and even the simultaneous play of diametrically opposed tendencies, is to a much greater extent the basis of the Russian character than at first sight seems possible; and a noble deed is often the outcome of an irresistible and sudden impulse felt and acted upon the very instant after the will had deliberately approved and resolved upon a base treason.

This picture of millions of men and women wallowing in an ocean of moral ooze, wildly stirring up the muddy depths of unimagined baseness, while fighting life's battle on a false issue, is well calculated to evoke profound sensations, to leave lasting impressions. Those whom it moves to self-congratulation or to contemptuous pity would do well to reflect that the frequent back eddies of their own superior civilization are often mighty enough to be confounded for a time with the main onward current. The spirit in which these gaping sores of the Russian people are pointed out to the gaze of the curious world is identical with that which impelled the despairing and dying soldiers of Napoleon's army in Joppa to display theirs in all their disgusting nakedness—in the hope of touching the hearts of those responsible for such horrors, and inducing them to adopt some measures with a view to effecting their cure. E. B. LANIN.

\* *Northern Messenger*, 1889, No. 1., p. 49.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### REAL ESTATE IN VOLCANIC REGIONS.

OF all forms of rash speculation in real estate, it would be difficult to conceive any to exceed that of investing in land riddled with boiling springs, and in the immediate neighborhood of an active volcano. Nevertheless from divers motives—either the desire of immediate gain to be reaped from wonder-seeking travellers—from the fertility of volcanic soil so

soon as wind and rain have accomplished the work of disintegration — or else from idleness, which gladly profits by the saving of domestic labor in a region where nature does all the cooking and all the washing, with small assistance from human hands — such places are almost invariably selected as “home” by a certain number of happy-go-lucky persons; and their children, born and bred amid awful volcanic surroundings, accept them as a matter of course, till some appalling catastrophe occurs, and sudden destruction overwhelms them all.

In most of these regions we find only such simple homes as might readily be replaced should the inmates chance to survive; but the spirit of gambling in volcanic property may certainly be assumed to have reached its height when it leads to the erection of such splendid hotels as have sprung into existence in the Great Yellow Stone (alias Sulphur) region of North America. There at least one large and most luxurious hotel has been erected actually upon the terrace of white silica deposited by a geyser now apparently extinct — an assumption which is so entirely accepted as fact, that the funnel of the geyser is utilized as the very convenient main sewer of the hotel! The results, if that geyser should prove to be only dormant, and should resent having its throat thus tickled, are too terrible to contemplate, and every one who has studied the habits of these capricious boiling fountains must be aware that such a reawakening is quite within the bonds of probability.

Nor is it necessary that the individual geyser should reassert its claim to the funnel of its own construction. It is even more probable that its injured dignity will be vindicated by some irascible neighbor, either by a steam explosion or by an eruption of molten rock and ashes, according to the wet or dry nature of the aggressor. Possibly both causes may combine, as in the appalling outburst which two years ago overwhelmed the peaceful Maori villages on the shores of beautiful Lake Tarawera in New Zealand. Some were buried twenty feet deep beneath the showers of red-hot ashes suddenly ejected by the long-dormant mountain, whose summit had for eight hundred years been deemed the most secure resting-place for the dead warriors of the tribe; others were smothered beneath the dense volumes of scalding mud suddenly precipitated far and wide over the country, as with one fearful burst the whole basin of

Lake Rotomahana, “the Hot Lake,” was blown up as if by an appalling boiler explosion.

Never was “sudden destruction” more vividly illustrated. The sun had set in cloudless glory, and the villagers lay down to rest as free from dread of impending danger as the water-fowl which dwelt securely among the reeds on the sedgy shores of the placid lake, whose waters were warmed by scores of boiling springs rising from the bed of the lake, or pouring into it from the geysers which burst from a thousand fissures on the surrounding hills. Some of these, by their ceaseless deposit through unknown centuries, had built up those fairy-like terraces of snow-white or pale salmon-colored silica, forming innumerable shell-like baths, each differing from all the others in form and depth, and in the temperature of the exquisitely blue water, which of course gradually cooled as it neared the level of the lake, receding from the boiling geyser.

The clouds of white vapor rising here, there, and everywhere, through the dark scrub which clothed the steaming hills, marked the site of geysers of every conceivable chemical combination, many of which had, by a judicious blending of hot and cold streams, been made to supply *à fresco* baths to which many generations of Maories had brought their sick that they might be healed at nature’s free dispensary. So here, sulphur baths, mud baths, and many more offered themselves in endless variety, affording all manner of new sensations in the way of baths to those curious in such matters, and while the comfort of a warm mud bath by moonlight was certainly an unexpected pleasure to those who had the courage to plunge into it, all bathers agreed in awarding the palm of luxury to the lovely blue waters so densely charged with silica as to make the human body feel on emerging as if coated with smoothest satin.

The very limited number of foreigners who visited this wonderland generally spent the nights at the village of Wairoa, a village which might surely have been deemed secure, being situated on a green hill at a distance of several miles from any hot springs. Comparatively few visitors went to the expense of hiring tents and pitching their camp on the very brink of the lake, there to spend such days and nights of delight as to me must forevermore remain stamped on memory as altogether unique among the reminiscences of many years of travel in many lands.

But since the acquisition by the British



government of the whole "Hot Springs" region, and the commencement of a systematic sanatorium on the shores of Lake Rotorua, Europeans have become venturesome in the purchase of volcanic property, and houses and hotels have sprung up on land saturated with the steam of innumerable boiling springs. In truth, the site of the Maori village of Ohinemutu and the new European township of Rotorua seems quite as closely connected with the subterranean laboratory as were the shores of Rotomahana itself, so that it was but a small advance in volcanic gambling which planned the erection of an hotel on the very brink of one of the beautiful white terraces—a site which would assuredly have secured a constant succession of visitors. It is said that the contract for building this hotel had actually been signed ere that awful night on which the lake, with its strangely fascinating shores, was blown clean out of existence, overwhelming even the distant village of Wairoa beneath deep layers of scalding mud, while in the midst of the general chaos builders of a very different order—namely, groups of horrid craters—piled up their own unsightly chimneys on the very site selected for the hotel.

In the immediate presence of such a catastrophe it seems scarcely credible that human beings should be willing again to face the same risks. Yet experience teaches the same lesson in all lands. After a brief period of startled bewilderment, the volcanic gamblers begin to reckon the chances against another outburst in the same place, and notwithstanding such terrible warning as that of the second awful catastrophe at Ischia against attempting to apply any law, even of chance, to agents so utterly capricious as these, the very uncertainty seems to offer an additional fascination to these rash speculators, and so homes and travellers' rest-houses are rebuilt as before, and the old careless life is soon resumed amid pools and localities which only too frequently are distinguished by names borrowed from those whereby men of diverse creeds and diverse race describe the infernal regions.

As a matter of course such terms are most forcible and most abundantly scattered where the Anglo Saxon race have possessed themselves of those awful tracts of country in North America, where countless geysers pour their scalding waters into rivers which rush unseen through the depth of gloomy canyons—regions where of old the reverent Indians scarcely dared to penetrate, but where now scientific

men and wonder-seekers in general wander at will. There such names as Hell's Acre, the Devil's Cauldron, the Devil's Porridge Pot, and a thousand similar terms, however expressive, become wearisome by their reiteration in California, Wyoming, and elsewhere in the States.

But much as we must regret the substitution of these coarse epithets for the poetic and almost invariably descriptive Indian names, the bestowing of such is by no means peculiar to our own race. The Buddhist who exhausts all the resources of art and language to illustrate the horrors of the seven hells is not likely to let slip any natural illustration of such a subject, and so, even in charming Japan, where the most picturesque villages and the daintiest tea-houses attract travellers to numerous natural hot baths in all parts of the group, the source of many of these springs both in the northern and the southern isle bears the suggestive title of *Ko-ji-koku* or *O-ji-goku*—*i.e.*, the Little or the Great Hell, while one such spot in the neighborhood of Nagasaki is distinguished as the *Chiū-to-Ji-goku*, or the Middle-Class Hell. One beautiful geyser in the neighborhood of the latter is known as the *Dai-kiō-kwan*, the Loud Wailing, as suggesting the anguish of souls in purgatory.

The stern reality of such lessons as have in the last few years been taught by the reawakening in awful might of volcanoes which for many centuries have been deemed extinct has effectually disproved the theories which assumed that the existence of thermal springs apart from active volcanic eruption marks the last lingering effort of a dying force. Now we know too well that the fires which still suffice to boil these cauldrons may at any moment produce awful steam explosions, even more horrible than the eruption of clean molten rock and burning ashes (not that there is really much to choose between such terrible alternatives, as our fellow-subjects in New Zealand so dearly proved when simultaneously assailed by both).

The summer of 1888 repeated the lesson in an even more impressive manner, for whereas the doom of the Maori villages was preceded by the sudden eruption of fire and red-hot rock from the summit of Mount Tarawera, nothing whatever was visible on the calm summer morning when, suddenly, as the explosion of a cannon, *Bandai-san*, after slumbering for eleven centuries, suddenly reasserted its claim to a place in the catalogue of the world's destroying forces by blowing off

one of its own huge cones, and thereby destroying thirty square miles of country and six hundred human beings.

The only trace of its connection with subterranean fires not yet wholly extinguished had been a group of three solfataras lying at the base of Sho-Bandai-san, one of the subordinate peaks of the mountain, which had so long been at rest that from the base to the summit it was clothed with richest vegetation, in the midst of which nestled the picturesque groups of chalets which clustered around the boiling springs, forming the spa-villages of Shimono-yu, Kawa-kami, Iwahashi, and Nako-no-yu. These were favorite resorts, not only for invalids who came thither to drink and bathe in the healing waters, but for pleasure-seekers who delighted in lovely scenery and delicious hot baths, finding accommodation in the simple but well appointed inns which so fascinate travellers in that charming country.

A people who so delight in social bathing naturally make the most of the hot springs which are found in so many parts of the empire, and surround them with quaint gardens and other pretty and characteristic details. Several of the attractive watering-places lie within such easy reach of Yokohama as to render them familiar to all foreign residents, as a pleasant object for a delightful excursion, and in Japan such excursions imply innumerable minor points of interest.

Thus my own recollections of visiting certain boiling springs near the base of Fuji-yama in the month of August are as a kaleidoscope wherein blend the quaintest medley of processions of pilgrims, tea-house scenes, driving along beautiful seacoasts, and watching pretty girls devour raw little octopi and other extraordinary food, or passing beneath stately avenues of pine and cryptomeria, past whole fields of lovely tall white lilies, grown as we grow potatoes for the sake of their roots, and then past ponds devoted to the sacred lotus, whose magnificent rose or lemon colored blossoms peeped from among the great blue-green leaves, rising to a height of three or four feet above the water. And on and on, through villages where crowds of children and grown-up folk too were celebrating a quaint mythological festival in such pretty fanciful fashion as seemed to suggest some fairy-tale rather than a page of prosaic life.

And then we halted for the night at the charmingly primitive tea-house of Sen-goko-yu in the heart of the beautiful forest, to which water is brought in bamboo

pipes from boiling sulphur springs at a higher level, and is cooled in rude but effective baths. One of these was given up to our exclusive use, drained, refilled, and screened in deference to our foreign prejudice, and here we revelled in peace and boiled away all the aches and fatigues of our long day's journey. Then our courteous hostess arrayed us in cool Japanese dresses from her own wardrobe, and treated us to an excellent Japanese supper.

On the following morning we repeated the sulphur bath with full appreciation of its merits, and then climbed through the forest to visit the sulphur springs — a dreary region where, in a hollow between dark wooded hills and red bluffs of crumbling rock, pools of boiling sulphur, alum, and iron, and clouds of steam rise ceaselessly from a bare expanse of red, broken ground. It is a desolate spot, in curious contrast to the loveliness all around, for no vegetation grows near the sulphurous pool.

This is one of the districts known to the people as O-ji-goku, or the Great Hell, while a neighboring locality is called the Little Hell. But on the occasion of the mikado's visit to this spot in 1877 he altered the names to Ko-waki-dani, "the Valley of the Little Boiling," and O-waki-dani, "the Valley of the Great Boiling."

As beseeemed conscientious travellers, we ignored the vile sulphurous smell and cooked our luncheon in one of the boiling springs (as we had done two years previously in similar springs in New Zealand and in Fiji), and then, braving the choking sulphurous fumes, which made us cough violently, we descended to inspect the process by which sulphur rock is pounded to a fine powder, thrown into furnaces where it becomes a gas, and thence passing through rude retorts, drips in a deep, orange-colored fluid into large vessels, where it becomes pure solid sulphur, of a pale chrome color, and is then tied up in bundles, wrapped in matting, and these are fastened to wooden backboards, and so carried to the low country on the backs of little Japanese women. Eventually this sulphur reaches Yokohama, where it is used in the preparation of mineral baths.

Now, seeing that these various groups of thermal springs lie within a day's march of the summit of the mighty Fuji-yama, it would be rash indeed to assume that, though its internal fires have been quiescent since the last great eruption in A.D. 1707, they may not at any moment burst forth in renewed energy, either, as heretofore, pouring down the mountain-sides in fiery lava streams, or in the form of an

awful steam explosion such as that which has so recently occurred in the province of Iwashiro. At present, however, all is quiet, and the boiling pools of the Great Hell submit to be used as domestic cooking-pots for the boiling of eggs and other good things.

Gladly descending from this uncanny region, we took boat at the head of the lovely Lake Ashi-no-midzu-umi, which means "the Reedy Lake," and rowed to the charming village of Hakone, which lies on the shore, and is a favorite summer haunt for foreign residents from Tokio or Yokohama. Thence, one lovely morning, leaving the noble avenue of cryptomerias, we ascended a steep hill, and passing a fine, rock-hewn image of Buddha, we reached the village of Ashino-yu, which owes its existence to some celebrated boiling sulphur springs which attract many patients suffering from various skin diseases. The horrid, sulphurous smell at this place struck us as so singularly different from the clean smell of sulphur at Sen-goko-yu, that we inquired wherein the waters differed, when we were informed that the pleasant waters owe their virtue to the presence of sulphurous acid, while these, which taint the atmosphere with a suggestion of elderly eggs, are charged with sulphuretted hydrogen.

The situation is altogether unattractive, but the patients and other visitors find good accommodation at several large inns, which provide ample bathing arrangements on the usual social system, but private baths are reserved for exclusive foreigners who object to promiscuous bathing among strangers of both sexes. Further up the mountain lies another group of boiling sulphur springs, and those who wish to visit these must follow steep mountain paths winding over grassy hills and through bamboo thickets. But the ground is crumbling and the footing insecure, and the surroundings somewhat bleak and uninviting, in contrast with almost every turn in a district where every walk is a revelation of new beauties, and where the wealth of wild flowers is of itself a joy.

In August I saw real thistles and bluebells growing side by side with pink, white, and blue hydrangea, lilac and white hibiscus, masses of delicate white clematis and creeping ferns hanging in graceful drapery over many a plant of sturdier growth, and all manner of lilies, greenish and lilac, crimson, orange, and pure white. In some places we came on the splendid *Lilium auratum*, flowering in such profusion that the air was too heavily perfumed.

Friends who knew the district in spring spoke with positive rapture of the loveliness of the blossoming cherry-trees, pink azaleas, and lilac wistaria, to say nothing of the abundance of fragrant violets.

A little nearer to Yokohama we came to the charming village of Miya-no-shita, which likewise owes its primary attraction to some celebrated hot springs, so that it ranks as a fashionable spa. There are also hot springs and bathing establishments at Kinga and Dō-ga-shima, which are very pretty villages in the immediate neighborhood, on the brink of a rushing river enclosed by richly wooded hills, and with a thousand details of charming scenery enhanced by Japanese art.

The next group of hot springs we visited lie at a considerable elevation above Nikko the beautiful, where on a solemn mountain, clothed with stately cryptomeria and pines, the magnificent tombs of the shoguns lie embowered amid camellia-trees, art and nature combining to produce the most entrancing combination of grandeur with exquisite prettiness of every detail.

Leaving these marvellous creations we started up-hill on seven pack ponies, each led by a little Japanese woman at a slow walk, as indeed was essential, seeing how insecure were our seats, perched on the pack saddles, supported on either side by a roll of baggage, a foot on each side of the pony's neck, and holding on to the middle of the saddle, which has a hole in front for the purpose. This our guides insisted on our grasping all the time, setting all rules of drapery at defiance. The ponies were provided with straw cruppers, and were shod with neat little straw shoes on their fore feet. They proved very gentle and sure-footed, walking up and down whole hills of stairs just like cats.

Our procession was headed by a tiny woman barely four feet high, who led the baggage pony. We met other little women coming down the steep paths carrying babies on their backs, and each leading a couple of ponies heavily laden with wood. We also met many companies of pilgrims returning from the summit of the sacred Mount Nan-tai-zan, and hastening to acquire more merit by ascending the still holier summit of Fuji-yama — an act of merit so charming in itself that in the following autumn I likewise scaled the Peerless Mount as a true pilgrim, though the task of climbing to a height of thirteen thousand six hundred feet on my own feet was no light undertaking. This, however, is essential, as no beast is allowed to as-

pend the Holy Mount, nor may luxurious travellers be carried up.

The pilgrims, who, almost without exception, are men and boys, are nearly all dressed in white, with straw hats like huge mushrooms, straw sandals, cloaks of grass matting as sole protection against heavy rain, a wallet, a gourd to act as water-bottle, and a stout staff to assist their flagging steps on many a weary march. One at least of the company carries a small brass bell which he rings continually, and others carry rosaries and rub their beads while reiterating sacred formulas. They come from all parts of the empire, visiting all the most sacred shrines within their reach.

A considerable number followed us up the hill, so we formed a most picturesque procession on a most picturesque path, as we specially observed on reaching a wide open gulch, where five times, on bridges of lightly laid branches, we crossed and re-crossed a mountain stream of purest aqua-marine, turning to white foam as it rushed down among great boulders. On the gravelly banks grew plants of very tall dark blue monkshood, and trailing vines with scarlet leaves. We noted many hazel bushes but no nuts, cherry-trees which blossom but bear no fruit, and chestnuts which do so.

Then we came to a steep hill clothed with pines and oak, bearded with long trails of grey moss. The path is cut into about a thousand feet of stairs, and up most of these we deemed it prudent to walk, and presently we turned aside to see a beautiful waterfall which loses itself in a dark pool three hundred feet below, while water percolating through the layers of many-colored rock trickles in countless small falls. Of course a pretty tea-house invites all wayfarers to rest and drink tiny cups of pale tea at the very spot from which the view is most perfect, and of course all pilgrims and travellers avail themselves of the opportunity.

A little farther, having reached a height of 4,375 feet above the sea, we came to the pretty lake of Chiusenge, which is very like a Scotch loch, but the village is essentially Japanese, consisting chiefly of two-storied tea-houses, which exist only for the accommodation of the pilgrims who flock here in July and August, those being the only months suitable for the ascent of Mount Nan-tai-zan, which rises directly above the lake. During these months the tea-houses are gay with little flags, which are testimonials bestowed by contented travellers, but for the rest of the year all is sleepy and still.

After following the shores of the lake for about three miles, we reached a broad, marshy plain of brown and golden grass, encompassed with great mountains. Then entering a wooded gorge we came to another magnificent fall, or rather an almost perpendicular rapid, as the water, forming a transparent veil of silvery white, slides at an angle of about 60° over a bed of polished black rock, and so disappears far below — a beautiful vision seen through a setting of scarlet, deep crimson, and golden maple, and dark green oak.

Still upward, following the lovely river to a height of five thousand feet, we reached the spot at which it pours from Lake Yu-no-umi — a most exquisite little gem embossed in richly wooded hills, which we saw in all their autumnal glory of color — mountain ash and maple contrasting with the dark foliage of oaks and pines.

Amid that range of wooded summits one alone stands bare, namely, the cone of Shirane-san, a dormant volcano, whose only recent symptom of life was when, in 1871, it erupted a considerable quantity of boiling water, steam, and ashes, as if to remind its neighbors not to count too much on their security.

Perhaps it is to propitiate volcanic powers that a dark pool at the base of the mountains bears the name of Ma-no-umi, "the Devil's Lake," while a cave near the base of Nan-tai-zan is known as Ji-goku-no-kama, "Hell's Cauldron," and a river we crossed between the two lakes is Ji-goku-no-kawa, "the River of Hell."

Yu-no-umi takes its name from Yu-moto, the boiling sulphur springs which discolor the upper end of the lake. These are surrounded by a most picturesque group of tea-houses and inns very like Pyrenean chalets, which are further idealized by the misty clouds of white steam ever rising and floating through the dark pine forest from invisible boiling springs, and densest in the chill of early morning.

The village is frequented by many native visitors, who come here for the sake of the baths, which are supplied from springs of different degrees of heat, so as to suit all tastes. There are nine large public baths free to all comers. Some are protected by a wooden roof, but are quite open all round; others are merely open tanks with no covering whatever, and here men and women — total strangers to one another — bathe together in most primitive simplicity. Evidently in Japan this realistic method of getting into hot water with one's neighbors is greatly

appreciated, and these were undoubtedly very chatty and cheery assemblages, judging from the peals of merry laughter that rang out from those great steaming sheds, to which the little maids of the tea-houses carried ceaseless supplies of tiny cups of pale tea.

This sort of gregarious bathing (minus any of those costumes, attractive or otherwise, which reconcile even Mrs. Grundy to the customs of our neighbors across the Channel) may be all very well when you have been brought up from your infancy to consider it quite the thing, as much a matter of course in social life as our daily dinner, but to the unaccustomed foreigner it is startling, and the subsequent process of cooling by taking a stroll around prior to dressing *al fresco* is certainly apt to be somewhat embarrassing to a new-comer.

The attendants at the inns are now, however, accustomed to the exclusive ideas of Europeans, and bring buckets of water from the boiling sulphur springs with which to fill large wooden tubs for those who desire to bathe in such comparative privacy as may be attainable in Japan. Half an hour's stewing in such a tub went a long way towards counteracting the fatigue of our eccentric mode of riding from Nikko, and I for one fully appreciated the luxury of a beautiful new wadded silk quilt shaped like a gigantic dressing-gown lent by our civil hostess, and attired in which I sat in my quiet corner of the verandah enjoying the lovely moonlight, and watching the ghost-like columns of white steam rising silently in the still night, but with as little thought as any of my neighbors of their latent power, or of the possibility that at any moment that lovely lake and village may share the awful fate which last autumn befell equally attractive villages in the next province.

About eighty miles due north of Nikko various groups of hot springs lie around the picturesque old town of Wakamatsu, which is situated in the centre of a fertile and most carefully cultivated plain, beyond which rise successive ranges of hills and mountains, all clothed to the very summit with rich vegetation and fine timber. In the heart of those hills, at a considerable height above this town, lies the large and beautiful Lake Inawashiro, at the base of the now too famous Mount Bandai-san.

As regards the great plain, where the work of irrigation is so much facilitated by mountain streams and rivers, it follows that most of the level land is devoted to the unpleasantly wet culture of rice. But

the soil is also specially suited to the growth of mulberry-trees, groves of which are conspicuous among the wealth of persimmon, walnut, and other fruit-bearing trees. This points to the fact that this district is the headquarters of the silk-worm industry, and the mulberry-trees are grown solely for the support of the hungry worms.

The town of Fukushima, a little farther north, is the centre frequented by silk buyers from Tokio, and here a large trade is carried on in silkworms' eggs and raw silk. But there is scarcely a house in all this part of the country which does not nourish and cherish these revered fat white caterpillars, which claim such incessant care during the feeding season, and require such constant relays of well-dried mulberry leaves.

During the silk-reeling season it is one of the pretty features of country life to see the picturesque women, and indeed men also, sitting on their verandahs with their simple wooden spinning-wheels, reeling the silk from the pale yellow cocoons which lie piled beside them. But even here the economy of steam power is asserting itself, and an unlovely silk mill worked by steam power has been established at the town of Shirakawa, to the south-east of Wakamatsu, replacing the hand looms in which from time immemorial have been woven the exquisite fabrics worn by the magnificent nobles of Old Japan.

Of the hot spring villages aforesaid, one of the most romantic is that of Tsuchino-yu, above the town of Fukushima, while in the immediate neighborhood of Wakamatsu lies charming Hagashi-yama, where, along the banks of a fine river rushing through a deep ravine, most picturesque tea-houses are niched, near various hot springs which gush from the rocks — waters which have the charm of being alike free from smell or taste.

But still more attractive to health-seekers were the boiling springs on the flanks of Mount Bandai-san, the sharp main peak of which, as seen looking northward from Wakamatsu, towers conspicuously above the lower ranges of richly wooded hills.

Alas! of those pretty mountain hamlets we must now speak as we do of Herculaneum and Pompeii, so entirely have they been obliterated from the earth's surface — perhaps like them to be discovered and excavated by future generations.

If we may credit Japanese chronicles, eleven hundred years have elapsed since\*

\* In A.D. 807.

Bandai-san (*i.e.*, "Bandai the most honorable," for such is the meaning of the suffix which we find appended to so many of Japan's noblest mountains, as Fuji-san, Cho-tai-san, Adzuma-san, Gan-jiu-san, Iide-san, Haku-san, Taro-san, etc.) last proved itself an active and destructive volcano, and indeed during those long ages not only had the mountain become clothed from base to summit with rich vegetation, but its outward form, with its crown of five peaks, had been so modified by atmospheric action as to have lost all the symmetrical and sweeping curves which we consider so specially characteristic of well-built volcanoes, such as Fuji-yama and Vesuvius.

According to Japanese legend a high mountain once towered from the site now occupied by the beautiful Lake Inawashiro. The mountain disappeared, leaving the great basin about ten miles in diameter, now filled by deep waters. As to Bandai-san, it was not formed till the ninth century, at about the same time as the majestic Fuji-yama, which is said to have been raised to its full height of thirteen thousand feet in a single night. That was indeed a time of mighty effort on the part of the cyclopean forgers, for it was on that same night that they hollowed the vast basin three hundred miles to the southward — a basin sixty miles long by eighteen broad — wherein the blue waters of Lake Biwa now repose.

Though Krakatoa and its neighboring isles have done their best to give the world practical illustrations of the possibilities in the way of volcanic changes, there is reason to believe that no land has undergone so many of these within the memory of mankind as Japan, as we may well imagine, seeing that there are still fifty-one active volcanoes (and at least as many more dormant) extending in a mountain chain from the south-western isle of the group right up to Kamtschatka.

Professor Milne, who is the great authority on Japanese seismology, considers that the presence of hot springs entitles a volcano to be classed as active. Of these he finds twenty-seven in Yeso and the Kurile Isles and twenty-four in other parts of the group. Naturally, therefore, the wayward proceedings of these capricious neighbors claim a very distinct place in the history of the empire, and certainly no other race has kept such careful seismological records, amongst which are preserved very touching details of the means whereby in times of great danger the nation sought to avert the anger of the gods

— not, as in some other volcanic lands, by propitiatory sacrifice, but by deeds of mercy and gentleness.

Thus in A.D. 825, during a very grievous eruption, the mikado issued a decree that, to the intent that the eruptions might cease, he desired to show to all the kindness of his heart. Therefore he commanded that taxes should not be collected, and that special favor should be shown to the poor, the fatherless, and widows. The efficiency of fasting was recognized, but was to be done by proxy, namely, by the priests, who were ordered to abstain from flesh and fish (whence we may infer that this prohibition was not addressed to Buddhists, for whom such luxuries are at all times contrary to their vows).

These historic records include details of no less than two hundred and thirty-one eruptions, some of which were of appalling magnitude, notably one of a mountain in Kiushiu, which, being supplemented in the work of destruction by an awful tidal wave, is said to have caused the death of fifty thousand persons (by no means an improbable fact, as illustrated by the appalling loss of life so recently as A.D. 1883, consequent on a similar combination of forces in the Sunda Straits).

Another volcano near Nagasaki, noted for its hot sulphur baths, and hence known as "the High Mountain of Warm Springs," distinguished itself in A.D. 1793 in a fashion similar to that adopted by Bandai, only on a very much larger scale. Its summit fell in, and torrents of boiling water burst forth. In one of its ebullitions it overwhelmed the city of Shima Barra, destroying thirty-five thousand persons. In the same district, a mountain fortress is said to have suddenly subsided, and the place where the hill had stood became a lake.

And in truth no one can visit the various "Hells" of Onsen, which lies twenty-five hundred and fifty feet above Nagasaki (in the southern isle), without feeling how natural some awful catastrophe would seem in a district where so much of the crumbling soil is permeated with steam that it rises in clouds from the earth, as well as from the seething sulphur pools and solfataras, of which one group extends over a space about a mile in length at the base of the dark, fir-clad hills. Some of these springs are true geysers (*i.e.*, "gushers," for such is the meaning of the original Icelandic geyser), and spout to a height varying from two to ten feet according to their individual caprice. But neither this evident proof of subterranean activity nor the very suggestive "infernal" noises disquiet

the inhabitants of the pretty village, or the pleasure-seekers who come thither to enjoy luxurious baths and the charming scenery all around.

One of the most active volcanoes in the group at the present day is that of Asama-yama, which lies about a hundred miles to the south-west of the mountain which has now so suddenly re-awakened from its long, deep sleep. It towers to a height of 8,282 feet, and by night and by day is capped by a cloud of heavy vapor rising from its innermost depths—a cloud which at night glows with the reflection of the red molten matter within the crater, and seems in very truth a pillar of fire—a perpetual memorial to all men of its last appalling eruption, just a hundred years ago.

In the summer of A.D. 1783, while the industrious people of several score of hamlets were gathering the abundant harvest of their well-tilled cornfields, came the awful day of doom, which brought sudden and total destruction to upwards of fifty prosperous villages and hundreds of their inhabitants. These were either suffocated by the dense showers of ashes or crushed by the red-hot boulders and rock-masses which overwhelmed them as they fled. Vast tracts of forest were burnt by the fiery lava-streams which poured down the sides of the mountain, while the whole country for a distance of many miles around was smothered beneath a layer of ashes varying from two to five feet in depth.

Asama-yama did its work of destruction in the ordinary manner of dry volcanoes, by the ejection of molten rock and scorix, whereas Bandai-san has accomplished its terrible mission by the agency of steam, which so effectually permeated the whole mass, that when the explosion occurred which suddenly in a moment blew the whole peak, as such, out of existence, it fell over thirty square miles of country in an awful shower of scalding mud, burying a dozen villages, and causing the death in agony of six hundred human beings, and of a multitude of animals, besides involving total ruin to at least four times as many survivors, of whom a considerable number are terribly injured.

Owing to the combined attraction of lovely scenery and boiling springs, this neighborhood has always been greatly appreciated by the Japanese, many of whom look forward to their summer holidays on or near the mountain, after the fatigues and anxieties of planting out the rice in the paddy fields, or bringing the silk harvest to a close. Consequently in summer

the usual meagre population of the various villages is augmented to a total of about six or eight thousand persons.

The facilities of modern travel have now brought this district within very easy reach of Yokohama and Tokyō. From the latter, seven hours by comfortable railway land the traveller at Koriyama, whence he is conveyed twenty-eight miles in a *kuruma* (the swiftly drawn "Bath-chair" of modern Japan) to the western shore of lovely Lake Inawashiro. An excellent steamer conveys him ten miles across the lake, and deposits him at the foot of Mount Bandai, whence he finds his way to whichever of the dozen villages nestling among the verdant hills, he purposes visiting.

Health-seekers would naturally seek one of the pretty villages which have grown up around the boiling springs on the height of Sho-Bandai-san, which was the lowliest of the five separate cones which crowned the mountain, and which were distinguished as "Great," "Middle," and "Small" Bandai, and other local names. The height of the highest peak is about fifty-eight hundred feet. Alas! that we should henceforward have to speak in the past tense of all that made the mountain so pleasant! Its flanks and foot hills are no longer verdant, the villages no longer exist, and the mountain crown is blood-stained.

Here for the first fortnight of June, 1888, thousands of happy people were living their pleasant summer life, so full of graceful courtesies and pretty customs. Many were enjoying their baths on the mountain, and many more were rejoicing in the loveliness of the valley of the Nakasegawa (the beautiful river which watered the fertile plain), or were making expeditions such as the Japanese so dearly love, up the rocky, wooded glens of the tributary streams. All that constitutes the poetry of life was there, and nothing to awaken one passing qualm of possible danger.

It was remembered afterwards that about the 12th or 14th June there had been some slight earth-tremors, and also some unaccountable variations in the temperature of the hot springs and in their flow, both incidents which are often observed to precede a volcanic disturbance. But in a land where sharp earthquakes are so very common, a slight shock would scarcely excite more than a passing comment.

[It is worthy of note that on or about June 14 a severe shock was felt in north China, an event which in that solidly conservative empire is happily a rarity; con

sequently the inhabitants of Peking were greatly startled; they affirm that fully a hundred years had elapsed since anything of the sort had been experienced. It lasted fully a minute, during which the earth seemed to swing easily from east to west. Houses creaked and plaster fell, but the only serious disaster seems to have been the fall of part of the tower over one of the city gates — the C'heen Mên — whereby twenty persons were killed and wounded.]

Around Bandai all was calm and peaceful when the day dawned on June 15. Columns of white steam floated dreamily in the cool mountain air, as the invalids repaired to their early bath, and all around was beautiful on that bright summer morning, when at 7.30 there occurred an earthquake shock so violent as to leave no room for doubt that some mischief was brewing. Fifteen minutes later this was followed by a second and yet more severe shock. Another brief interval of about ten minutes, and the earth began to heave like a tossing sea, rising and sinking so that houses collapsed, totally wrecked, and people were violently thrown down and became actively sick, as if at sea. As standing was impossible, they tried to crawl on all-fours to whatever suggested shelter, but they soon realized that all places were alike unsafe.

The earthquake was immediately followed by an appalling and unearthly sound as of the roar of a thousand thunder-claps, blending with the shriek of all the steam-whistles and roaring steam-boilers of earth, and ere the terrified and deafened human beings could recall their bewildered senses, they beheld the whole mighty cone of Sho-Bandai-san blown bodily into the air, where it overspread the whole heaven with a vast dense pall of ashes, and mud-spray, blotting out the light of day and turning all to thick darkness.

Ere these had time to fall back to earth, there poured forth dark clouds of vapor, and such stifling gases as well-nigh choked all living creatures. Then leaping tongues of infernal flame, crimson and purple, seemed to flash right up to the heavens, and after appalling earth-throes were succeeded by showers of red-hot ashes, sulphur, and boiling water, accompanied by fearful subterranean roaring and rumbling, and by a rushing whirlwind of hurricane-force uprooting great trees and hurling them afar.

Another moment, and there poured forth floods of boiling liquid mud, which swept down the mountain-side with such velocity

that within a period variously estimated at from ten to fifteen minutes the scalding torrent was rushing past the village of Nagasake, on the brink of the Nagase River, having travelled ten miles from the crater more rapidly than any express train. Probably much of this fluid mud was hurled direct through the air, as was certainly the case with the many hundreds of millions of tons which were blown up at the first explosion.

Evidently the earthquakes must have rent some subterranean fissure, through which a great volume of waters suddenly poured into the internal fires, generating a stupendous volume of steam, which must have continued to increase and to become more and more compressed as volcanic fires and subterranean waters continued their awful struggle, converting the foundations of the mountain into a cyclopean boiler, which finally exploded, with the result, a million times magnified, of the most awful boiler explosion ever known above ground.

The convulsions of the mountain rent great chasms from which uprose jets of flame, ashes, and boiling water, and many of the wretched fugitives were caught up by these awful fountains, and hurled on high with terrific force to fall back to earth all blackened and boiled. Some of these poor corpses were found caught on the boughs of trees, scalded and mangled beyond recognition. Others were battered and crushed by the red-hot stones and rocks which had been hurled from the crater to the clouds, and fell back to earth with awful violence.

The eruption continued for about two hours. By 10 A.M. its violence was spent, though for hours afterwards the ground trembled and quivered, as well it might after so appalling a fit of passion. But in those two hours the whole face of thirty square miles of country (in the form of a vast fan extending to a radius five miles from the central crater) was totally changed.

Of the mountain cone thus suddenly transformed into a steam boiler, there now remains only the back — a ragged, overhanging precipice, rising to a sheer height, variously estimated at six hundred or a thousand feet, above a bottomless crater of about a mile in diameter. Thence with ceaseless roar rise dense clouds of suffocating sulphurous steam, which sometimes clear off sufficiently to allow adventurous climbers a momentary glimpse of the seething mud below.

Those who have ascended that remnant



of the mountain from the slope behind it, and so have reached the brink of that precipice, have beheld such a picture of desolation as seems scarcely to belong to this earth. All that was Little Bandai now lies outspread in a thick layer of horrid mud varying in depth from ten to one hundred and fifty feet — deep enough to efface every accustomed feature in the whole area — and itself partially coated with layers of pale grey ash and black stones and rocks, which seem to have been ejected to such a height as not to have fallen back to earth until the awful mud-wave had poured itself out. It is now described as a wild chaos of earth, rock, and mud, in some places resembling the concrete blocks of some cyclopean breakwater — in others rather suggesting a raging sea whose gigantic waves have suddenly been congealed.

Of all that made the scene so beautiful and pleasant not a vestige remains — not a blade of grass where lately the mountain was clothed with springy turf, not a green leaf, not a sign of life, nothing but absolute desolation, with a horrid smell rising from stagnant sulphur pools. Great trees with their trunks twisted and split lie uprooted and hurled far from the spot where they have stood perhaps for centuries, while of the villages on the mountain not a trace remains — they and their inhabitants lie buried deep beneath this hideous sea of mud.

At the spa-hamlet of Kawa-kami there are known to have been about sixty visitors; at Iwahashi about thirty; at Shimono-yu about as many more. Not one of these escaped — the baths and the homes where they had spent their last happy days became their graves. Three large villages near Hibara have also disappeared with all their inhabitants.

Perhaps the most pitiful story is that of the people of Nagasake, a picturesque village standing on high ground between the volcano and the Nagase River. The mud torrent poured down in two distinct streams, and passed close by the hamlet on either side. Consequently it was almost unharmed, and if only the inhabitants could have realized how truly "their strength was to sit still," all might have been saved. But human nature could not but seek to fly when the appalling roar of the explosion, followed instantly by a rain of scalding sand and ashes, recalled in one moment the well-known stories of devastation wrought by so many mountains throughout the empire. In the first moment of panic the hopelessness of

flight was forgotten, and every man, woman, and child who could run (about ninety in all) rushed from the village, and fording the shallow river, about fifty yards wide, started by the narrow paths between the rice-fields, hoping to reach the hills on the farther side of the valley, which at that point is only half a mile in width.

But only a few moments had elapsed ere the heavens were blackened with the dense pall of ashes, and the affrighted people were enfolded in a thick darkness as of midnight. Dazed and bewildered, they halted, and when the sky cleared, and returning light enabled the poor old men and women (who, being unable to run, had remained to await death in their own homes) once more to strain their sight for a last glimpse of their friends and kinsfolk, they beheld only the awful torrent of liquid mud which, sweeping past the village, had overwhelmed all the valley beyond, and buried every one of the fugitives. So, although the village actually escaped, its whole able-bodied population perished, save one or two men who had gone out early to cut fodder, and had reached a secure position on the opposite hills.

One of these accepted the catastrophe in a characteristic manner curiously illustrative of Japanese superstition. Every traveller and every student of Japanese folklore knows how strange and important a part is played by the Fox-god and his attendant fox-spirits, and how numerous and quaint are the stories and pictures of enchantment wrought by these beings, and how devoutly every peasant worships at the shrine of the Fox-god to secure his protection for the rice-fields. On the present occasion one of the grass-cutters, perceiving the eccentric movements of the ground, at once recalled the fact that on his way to work in the early morning he had met a fox, so he forthwith concluded that he had been bewitched, and, knowing that the first essential was that the person so enthralled should keep perfectly cool, he quietly sat down, lighted his pipe, and watched all the successive stages of the eruption with the calm interest of one beholding a curious vision which he knows to be altogether unreal. Perhaps to this hour he still believes himself to be bewitched! Those who subsequently visited that deserted village noted with pathetic interest the preparations for a simple festival, and the food in the cooking-pots ready for those who might never return. From one home ten had gone forth and not one remained. In another

was found a desolate old man who had urged his son and grandson to fly and leave him to his fate, and now he was left alone to face a life far more terrible than death. And yet death, as here exhibited, was ghastly indeed.

One would naturally assume that those who met their doom thus swiftly at least received secure earth burial, and that each body would have been therein preserved as securely as are fossil fish in their clay nodules. It appears, however, that there was no such peaceful rest for those overtaken by the scalding torrent, for when it cooled sufficiently to enable survivors to dig therein in search of the dead to whom they wished to give burial in spots where they might receive the same reverent care as the Japanese love to bestow on their pretty cemeteries, all were found to be so horribly mutilated as to be past recognition. "Crushed, dismembered, or decapitated, in the mad whirl of matter, stripped of every shred of clothing."\*

From the mud-field below Nagasake twenty bodies were thus exhumed, but only one—that of a little child—was perfect; of the others not one could be identified, so that after all they had to be laid side by side in sixteen nameless graves, over which are erected oblong cairns of stone.

It was, perhaps, well that there should be so little temptation to disinter the dead, for in truth the living had work beyond their capabilities in contriving temporary measures for the irrigation of their land, and especially of the rice-fields. There was no leisure for idle lamentation, the mud-flow having effectually cut off the water-supplies, and as a few days of drought would inevitably involve total ruin and starvation, the villagers had forthwith to rouse themselves from their first stupor, and all hands, both men and women, had to set to work at once to dig trenches so as to conduct water from some newly formed lakes—a supply so grievously insufficient for the fields that the poor creatures were driven to jealously guard their irrigation works day and night, lest needy neighbors should be tempted to divert the scanty stream.

Hitherto no district has enjoyed a more excellent and abundant water-supply, furnished by crystal streams pouring down many a fern-clad ravine to feed the Nagase River. But now masses of mud have choked the river and the glens down which

its tributaries were wont to flow, forming great embankments, one of which is said to be two hundred feet in height. The waters thus dammed are forming a succession of lakes of ever-increasing dimensions, in some places overflowing the carefully cultivated land, and leaving other tracts parched under the midsummer sun.

This once exquisitely verdant valley of the Nakasegawa has, in its awful transformation, been well likened to the valley of the shadow of death, so terrible and so sudden has been the ruin wrought and so wholesale the destruction of its peaceful, prosperous inhabitants. In one brief hour the green rice-fields, the pleasant homes and pretty gardens, the foot hills with their luxuriant wealth of summer foliage, had utterly vanished, and in their place there remain only shapeless mounds of brown or red mud, partly coated with grey ash; where the pleasant turf was gemmed with fragrant flowers, now lie stagnant yellow pools of sulphurous water, and in place of happy voices, the absolute silence of desolation and death.

Looking down from the heights around, one sees the sharply defined limits at which the advance of this gruesome mud-flow was stayed. On the one hand stretch the vividly green rice-fields; on the other, on the very brink of the boulder-strewn mud-plain (like solemn sentinels guarding the field of death), stand dark pine-trees, the advance guard of the pine forest which clothes the hills beyond.

The most striking illustrations of this line of demarcation are furnished by some of the villages which have partially escaped, such as that of Mine, in which the mud-stream has actually stopped short and solidified alongside of frail house-walls, which, though bent, remain standing, although houses close by have been wrecked by the hurricane. Indeed, some villages, such as Shira-kido, though untouched by the mud, were totally destroyed by the concussion of the earthquakes and the hurricane. Every house was wrecked, unroofed, or tilted over, and utterly unsafe. Till the motive power altogether failed the mud-flow advanced like a wall seven or eight feet in height, so that even the excavation of houses at its very brink has been no easy task.

With regard to the mighty wind generated by the explosion, its force can only be estimated by the wholesale destruction of forests at a distance of five or six miles from Bandai, while those on the mountain itself (on such of the slopes as escaped mud burial) were mown down as effect-

\* Letter to the *Times* from Major General Palmer, R.E.

ally as though cut by a scythe, and whether uprooted or snapped by the violence of the gale, hundreds of trees all lay prostrate in one direction, falling away from the crater, their poor, naked trunks stripped of the very bark, their branches and leaves having been whirled miles away to fall in a strange shower mingled with scalding rain.

The mountain village of Inawashiro had a very narrow escape, the avalanche of mud and rocks having travelled to within a thousand yards of it and there stopped. In the first shock, when the earth staggered like a drunken man and the roar as of a salvo of a thousand great guns rent the air, the people fled, crawling on all-fours, pursued by the red artillery (the red-hot earth falling in masses and turning grey as it cooled). The town was deluged with showers of boiling water, leaves, sand, and ashes. Agonizing stories are told of how mothers, flying with their children on their backs, discovered, when at length they ventured to pause, that the poor innocents had been struck by the falling stones, and that the burden they had carried with such loving care was but a mangled corpse.

But when the eruption ceased these villagers were able to return to the semblance of houses, however much damaged, and there received such poor sufferers as arrived to claim their care. These are just such cases as would survive any awful boiler explosion. Some are scalded, some burnt, others cut and maimed. Men, women, children, horses, cattle, and sheep have been parboiled. The faces of the dead are black.

There is no need to dwell upon scenes so awful, but assuredly they must serve as an appalling warning to all rash mortals inclined to speculate in real estate in the neighborhood of thermal springs.

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From Longman's Magazine.

ON SOME CHURCH SERVICES FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It will soon be difficult for the present generation, accustomed, even in remote districts, to the modern and seemly manner in which Church of England services are now conducted — it will soon be difficult, we say, for this generation to realize the lax, colloquial, and occasionally grotesque form in which these same services were literally executed in divers places some fifty or sixty years since.

Not infrequently the service was a sort

of dialogue between the parson and the clerk, diversified by interludes from the orchestra in the gallery — an orchestra consisting of flute, fiddle, clarionet, cello, and, for aught the congregation knew, of sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer.

The knee-breeches and gaiters, now adapted only to the dignified legs of dignitaries of the Church, were then as indispensable as the "bands," which have been since so nearly disbanded from the clerical throats of the modern clergy militant. Those were the days of high-backed, green-baize lined, extensively moth-eaten pews, within whose sacred privacy "the gentle" took their ease, while worm-eaten "settees" served the simpler repose of "the simple."

A beadle in gown and cane is fast becoming as much an unknown quantity as the number of blows bestowed by him on the heads of errant charity boys. During a long morning service he went his rounds as regularly as the postman of to-day, and rapped at knowledge in lieu of letter-boxes.

In a little old village church to which we were often taken as a child, the aged and sand-blind clergyman left hymns and anthems alike to the discretion of the gallery. At no particular time, but after due consultation and discussion, the number of the hymn or psalm was chalked on a slate and hung over the front of the gallery for the information of such of the congregation as could see it. The first line of each verse was "given out," to the invariable cadence of the first line of the old ditty, "A frog who would a-woolung go;" but we were used to it, and only strangers were seen to smile.

The clerk was a busy man. Besides taking his share in the dialogue before alluded to, he vacated his desk — the lowest tier of three — immediately before "singings," and wended his way up the gallery stairs to join his co-musicians. Old custom had inured us to hearing his "Amen" resound from just wherever he happened to be when collect or prayer ended; aisle, stairs, or gallery were all alike to him — and to us. Now and again the rector, being, as we have said, sand-blind, made mistakes in the date of the psalms, and was crustily corrected by his clerk. We remember on one occasion his snapping his reverence up particularly short. The little old church was situated in that district in Kent where at that period, the peasantry considered it "all affectation of them townfolk" to pronounce "the" otherwise than as "de," or "that" than "dat." So when the

venerable old man had given out the wrong psalm, his clerk below growled out, "Wrong day o' de mont'." Thus rebuked, the rector carefully and cautiously readjusted his spectacles — as if they were in fault — and re-commenced.

"Dat's de arternoon," snarled his inexorable subordinate, and at last, the right psalm being found, the service was allowed to proceed.

Once and once only did we see this dictatorial Jack-in-office thoroughly at fault. For though there were many words quite beyond his science to pronounce, as Dandie Dinmont might say, "distinctly," still, ignorance was bliss, and he called an alien a lion with all the boldness of one. On this occasion (we heard afterwards he had been flustered by some contention with the gentle 'stringers in the gallery) his still-vexed soul had not heeded, neither knew, "the psalms proper for this morning's service." The rector read his verse and the muffled drums of the congregation alone replied; our fogleman, very red in the face and very busy turning the leaves, kept up an inarticulate humming, like a top, and so it went on through the whole of the first psalm. Clear and loud as chanticleer did he crow out his verse of the next one, when, his "place" at last found, he looked round on us with an eye half appealing, half defiant.

During the hot weather, when the church door was left wide open, many and cheering to the children were our visitors. Birds flew in and out, bees and butterflies paid passing visits; even a kitten have we seen, with tail erect, picking her dainty way among the settles until she found her cottage mistress. The eyes of the congregation followed these apparitions stolidly. But not a muscle of their mouths relaxed even when a large Newfoundland dog, having paid a visit to each pew in turn, rising on his hind legs at every closed door, at last announced his discovery of his master by a loud and joyful bark. This occurred during sermon time, and the rector, peering from the heights above, told the clerk to "turn that dog out," and sate himself calmly down while his order was executed. The clerk, nothing loath, clanked in his nob-nailed shoes down the aisle, with both hands raised above his head, calling out loudly to the dog, evidently an old acquaintance, "Go out, old Sailor, go out then!" and the dog, with true canine consciousness of having misdemeaned, lowered his tail and withdrew in confusion. But not a smile was seen; only our eyes followed them to the

porch, and on our way home from church we heard the neighbors characterizing "de dog's a-comin' to church" as "a rum start."

It was a few years later, when we were staying in the neighboring town of R—, that certain eccentricities in the services of quite a different style attracted our attention. We heard the new curate discussed, and listened awe-struck to the fact that he had preached the previous Sunday's sermon in lavender kid gloves in addition to his black gown and bands. Some even averred that he wore a ring outside his glove. But his moustache was the head and front of his offending. His gloves and his ring might be, and doubtless were, due to his "high connections" (he was understood to have married the first cousin of an earl once removed), but all R—'s inhabitants' hair rose to see a man in the pulpit with hair on his lip; that was "new fangled," and not to be endured.

However, he proved so good-humored and kindly, he was soon liked in the very teeth, so to speak, of his moustache. It is of his clerk rather than of him that we recall certain erratic performances, which could only have occurred fifty years ago. And not so much of the clerk-proper as of the clerk-substitute.

The clerk-proper was a tall, corpulent man, red of eye and husky of voice, addicted to absenting himself from service now and then by reason of his "bronchial organs," as he termed them, being out of order. His place on these lamentable occasions was supplied by the clerk-substitute. Enthusiastic as are most amateurs, it was the joy and pride of the weazen little barber to array himself in the flowing gown of the portly absentee. A world too wide as well as too long, it once brought the ambitious little man to signal grief. Restless as an eel, the barber delighted in those extra and supererogatory ministrations which brought him more prominently before the eyes of the congregation. With pursed-up lips and shining spectacles, he had just enjoyed the glory of lighting the two candles in the pulpit, for it was a Sunday evening in early autumn, and before the sermon was ended they would be needed. This necessary office fulfilled, our amateur, no doubt in zeal for the Church, but for reasons known only to himself, next paid a flying visit to the vestry. Meantime the curate was in the pulpit, and the preliminary collect drawing to a close, when the eager barber appeared in full flight down

the chancel. Whether in his haste he forgot the two steps or whether his feet became entangled in his robe of office, is not known, but headlong he fell, and prone he lay. Just then the collect came to a conclusion, and the zealot, raising himself on his elbows, responded a loud "Amen" from the matting. The curate, after leaning over the side of the pulpit to ascertain where the sound came from, had recourse to his white pocket-handkerchief, and the beadle promptly knouted the "charities" who had dared to grin.

Once when the church was closed for some alterations—the laying-on of gas, we believe—service was held in the old Town Hall of R—. At this time the portly clerk-proper was "laid up;" the heat and crowded room were objectionable to him, probably. But the barber was equal to the occasion. With the aid of four forms arranged as a square, he built himself in and railed himself off, so as to be seen to the best advantage. Perched in the centre of a bench placed across the square, with a candle—the largest he could procure—placed a light on either hand and at a respectful distance, did he there acquit himself of the responses that fell to his share, with a face suffused with unspeakable satisfaction.

When the church was reopened, we were present, as a great favor, at the first evening service, to see the working of the new lights; and we were gratified in a way we had not expected. The gas was turned on, and the illumination was unimpeachable for the first half hour or so; then came a flickering, a twitter, a gasp, and darkness such as the land of Egypt must have known, at the moment when the curate had just read the first words of the collect, commencing, "Lighten our darkness."

In the—to us—awful pause that succeeded, the clergyman's voice at last announced "the Evening Hymn;" and the congregation responded as though they fully realized the "blessings of the light" of which, that evening, they had so unceremoniously been deprived.

ELLEN DUDLEY.

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From The Spectator.  
THE MYSTERY OF AFRICA.

It is impossible to read Mr. Stanley's reports of his adventures, and especially the official one—a masterpiece of unpretentious lucidity, though obviously penned

by a self-conscious man—without reflecting once more upon the great mystery of Africa. What is it that through all ages has rendered the mass of that grand continent, five times the size of Europe, full of extravagantly fertile regions and of mineral treasures, so useless to mankind? There they are, millions upon millions of rich acres, millions of pounds' worth of treasure, millions of people physically strong; and except on a thin coast-line along the Mediterranean, and in a wonderfully narrow valley of the north-eastern corner, the progress of mankind, till within the last fifty years, has been no better for them. Natural riches such as Europe does not possess have served only to keep alive, for the most part in horrible misery, populations which never advance, never improve, build no city, develop no art, found no lasting society,—do nothing, in fact, but end lives of terror or rapine by deaths often of exceptional pain and horror. The Africans have not even developed creeds. The old-fashioned explanation, the solidity of the configuration of the continent, which has no internal sea and no deep fiords, is evidently imaginary. Africa is no more solid than Asia, and in some of the thickest and most remote corners of Asia, in central China, in Samarcand, in the depths of Arabia, in central India, some of the greatest and most independent civilizations have arisen. If Africa has no sea, it has great lakes; if it has no fiords, it is penetrated to its very centre by mighty rivers, the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Orange, the Limpopo, the Zambesi, and several more, only one of which has ever attracted a race capable of constructing stone buildings on its banks. So far from the desert and the forest being the obstacle, the deserts have been traversed on camels for ages; half Africa is capable of cultivation, which itself implies capacity of travel; in large sections of it the population is thick on the ground, and even on the lower grounds, or in the Doabs, where such awful forests as that of the Aruwihimi stretch, there are, as Mr. Drummond testifies, thousands of miles of footpath so incessantly trodden that natives are never without a guiding line. Another explanation is, that the obstacle is the climate; but that is almost as superficial as the first. Continents are populated by their peoples, not by wandering visitors from elsewhere; and the climate of Africa, though in places deadly to the European, does not kill its own peoples, who are, for the most part, men of exceptional physical vigor and endur-

ance. That is why the curse of the slave-trade has descended on Africa, and also why her children, though transported to other regions, oppressed, beaten, and half-starved, multiply faster than either of the great colonizing races, the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard. Ask the British soldier what the Zulu is like as a fighting man, or the British sailor what he thinks of the mere strength of the "nigger" cook, or any doctor in the Louisianian swamps, or those of Mozambique, how he compares the capacity of negro and white for resisting malaria. Besides, Africa is not a place, but a wilderness of places, and on its enormous plateaux the climate is often as good as that of Italy, and far better than that of Bengal, where the people swarm like flies. Sierra Leone is in Africa, but so also is the Orange Free State, where ill-health may be said to be unknown, and the few people might be excused if, like the savages of Guiana, they held witchcraft to be the only origin of disease. Nor is the better theory of her separateness a full explanation of the uselessness of Africa. Men could hardly be more separate than the Assyrians, or the Chinese who reared the social order of the earlier native empire, or that strange people of Egypt who built Luxor and wrote the hieratic books, and who can have borrowed nothing, because they were earlier than all. No civilized man, it is said, not even the Roman, ever discovered the Quorra; but did any such man discover the Nile? There was, it is suggested, white blood in the first Egyptian, white blood, and therefore the transcendent gift of accumulating knowledge. Granted; but was there white blood in the subjects of the Incas, who built, in a seclusion as perfect as that of a separate planet, great cities, smelted metals and worked in them, terraced the mountain-sides with watered gardens, invented the *quipus*, and organized a social polity so elaborate that the modern Socialists of the Continent, though they do not know it, are but the imitators of the old Peruvian ideas? And, finally, the great "Negro" theory, the incompetence said to be always found in the children of Ham, which is so constantly advanced, does not meet the facts. All Africans are not negroes, or even black men. Brown races, no darker than the races of India, dwell or wander in a large portion of the continent. The Zulus and a host of such tribes are Asiatic in form, though burlier; and Stanley relates, in the very report which provokes us to this speculation, that he found "finely formed"

tribes "light bronze" in color, in the very recesses of the horrible forest of the Aruwhimi. Why has not some one clan amidst so many races mastered and civilized the negro tribes, as similar clans mastered and civilized the original Australoids of the Asiatic deltas? They were not impeded, we presume, by modern ideas about the righteousness of conquest, or by any hesitation in using discipline to enforce the needful education.

It would be no explanation to say, as we seem to remember that Sir R. Burton has somewhere said, that the native of Africa lacks the natural *morale* necessary to develop a civilization. That only pushes back the research one step further, for why does he lack it any more than any other of mankind? Moral strength surely is not dependent on geography; and in Christian morality, or any sound morality, the Chinese is as lacking as the negro. Besides, is the idea well founded? It is not necessary to cumber ourselves with democratic nonsense about the equality of races, who are no more equal than individuals are, in order to ask whether the low moral nature of the African may not be exaggerated, whether, at all events, it is not high enough to allow of a coherent society. It seems to us, who are most doubtful of negro capacity for *unguided* development, as if there were some evidence on the other side. To ask to be governed, to be grateful for political protection, is the very first of political steps upward, is the root, for example, of kingship and feudalism; and negroes have displayed these qualities. Mr. Stanley is certainly no "nigger worshipper," but a man who says out that Emin Pasha's failure was due to his hesitation in governing when needful by the bullet, and he tells one story strangely suggestive of a hope to be entertained for the negro even when unguided:—

Our advance into Usongora created great terror among the Waradura, and infused such courage in the minds of the Wakongu and the Wasongura, that our expedition became soon of such a formidable force that opposition was hopeless. We drove the Wanyoro from both these countries, and released the Salt Lakes of their presence, and in so doing performed such service to the natives of Ukonju, Usongora, Toro, Uhaiyana, Unyampaka, and Ankori that our march through these countries was a triumph; we were the recipients of many courtesies; we were welcomed by old and young; king, chief, and peasant assisted to do us honor. Ankori especially is such a vast country and so very populous, that it alone might have seriously impeded our advance,

and possibly rendered it impossible; yet in no district, country, or region in all my experience of Africa have I been so affected by the general joy and universal pleasure my presence seemed to create. The reason of this was the great relief all these nations and tribes felt at the removal of the obstructions placed by the Wanyoro around the valuable salt deposits at the Salt Lakes, near Lake Albert Edward. The general exodus of the Wanyoro at once opened access to the salt deposits, and while we slowly marched through the land, flotillas of canoes were hastily despatched by the tribes around Albert Edward Nyanza to be freighted with valuable cargoes of salt—an article much needed by the pastoral people of the lake because of their immense herds of cattle. Even as far as Karagwe this relief from the presence of Wanyoro was felt, and we happily experienced its effects, for from the Albert Nyanza to the south-western frontier of Karagwe our expedition was supported with grain, bananas, and cattle by voluntary contributions of the kings and peoples. Any readers of explorers' records will understand what this means. An expedition, such as I led, of eight hundred souls would, under ordinary circumstances, have needed forty bales of cloth and twenty sacks of beads as currency to purchase food. Not a bead or a yard of cloth was demanded from us. Such small gifts of cloth to the chiefs as we gave were given of our own accord.

Negroes undoubtedly forget with the rapidity of children; but *can* the tribes of whom Mr. Stanley writes this be incapable of understanding or obeying the firm but just government to which his own followers—Africans also—so completely yielded, that they became in all essentials a little army of disciplined men, ready to face anything except the protracted hunger which, be it remembered, has often dissolved the discipline of British sailors, and would, we fear, dissolve also that of Pomeranian soldiers? There must be possibilities of government among such a people, though it might not be government by philanthropists who have forgotten what savage human nature is like, as completely as they have forgotten the old Biblical teaching about those who bear the sword of the Lord in vain. And yet if this ability to be governed and protected exists, this thirst for a true political rule, how is it that in three thousand years it has never been gratified, when it has been gratified everywhere else where men have grown thick on the ground? We know, and pretend to know, of no answer to the riddle, and can only say that if men owe any obligation to each other, Europe is bound to find one, and to prevent both at once and for all time such scenes as this,

which in whole sections of Africa have now become normal:—

People in England have not the slightest idea what the present fashion of ivory-collecting, as adopted by the Arabs and Zanzibari half-castes west of the lake regions, means. Slave-trading becomes innocence when compared with ivory-raiding. The latter has become literally a most bloody business. Bands consisting of from 300 to 600 Manyema, armed with Enfield carbines, and officered by Zanzibari Arabs and Swahili, range over that immense forest land east of the Upper Congo, destroying every district they discover, and driving such natives as escape the sudden fusillades into the deepest recesses of the forest. In the midst of a vast circle described by several days' march in every direction, the ivory-raiders select a locality wherein plantains are abundant, prepare a few acres for rice, and, while the crop is growing, sally out by twenties or forties to destroy every village within the circle, and to hunt up the miserable natives who have escaped their first secret and sudden onslaughts. They are aware that the forest, though it furnishes recesses of bush impervious to discovery, is a hungry wilderness outside the plantain-grove of the clearing, and that to sustain life the women must forage far and near for berries, wild fruit, and fungi. These scattered bands of ivory-hunters find these women and children an easy prey. The startling explosion of heavily loaded guns in the deep woods paralyzes the timid creatures, and before they recover from their deathly fright they are rushed upon and secured. By the possession of these captives they impose upon the tribal communities the necessity of surrendering every article of value, ivory or goats, to gain the liberty of their relatives. Thus the land becomes thoroughly denuded of ivory; but, unfortunately, also it becomes a wild waste. The six hundred ivory tusks that Ugarrowwa was bearing now to the coast had been acquired by just such bloody work, relentless destruction of human life, and condemnation of the unhappy survivors of the tribal communities to indescribable miseries. What Ugarrowwa had done within his elected circle, Kilonga-Longa has performed with no less skill, but certainly with a far greater disregard to the interests of humanity, within his reserve; and the same cruel, murderous policy was being pursued within dozens of other circles into which the region as far south as Uregga, north to the Welle, east to longitude 29 deg. 30 sec., and west to the Congo, was parcelled out.

Alas! we who write so hopefully of civilization know well that these devils incarnate are, as compared with the negroes they murder, potentially highly civilized, are, in fact, of the race which wrote the "Arabian Nights," built Bagdad and Granada, and invented algebra. The secret of progress verily is hard to find.

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## CONTENTS.

I. THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH MONARCHY, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . . .	707
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part IV., . . . . .	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	718
III. PHILOSOPHICAL BUDDHISM IN TIBET, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . . .	726
IV. ROWLAND HILL AND PENNY POSTAGE, . . . . .	<i>Time,</i>	. . . . .	735
V. SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, . . . . .	<i>Revue des Deux Mondes,</i>	. . . . .	741
VI. RECOLLECTIONS OF A VOYAGE WITH GENERAL GORDON, . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . . .	750
VII. THE EXPERIENCES OF A MULTAZIM, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . . . .	756
VIII. ROBERT BROWNING, . . . . .	<i>Argosy,</i>	. . . . .	762
IX. FORTUNIO, . . . . .	<i>Speaker,</i>	. . . . .	766

## POETRY.

ROBERT BROWNING'S FIRST SONNET, . . . . .	706	A REVIEWER'S REMORSE, . . . . .	706
A WINTER SONG, . . . . .	706	SONNET, . . . . .	706
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			768

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## ROBERT BROWNING'S FIRST SONNET.

A SONNET from the pen of Robert Browning is so rare a thing that I think you may like to republish the one I referred to in my article in the February number of the *Argosy*.

I have accordingly hunted it up from the old pages of the *Monthly Repository*. It was the first of the small poems published by Mr. W. J. Fox in that periodical, and appeared in the year following his review of "Pauline," and the year previous to his review of "Paracelsus" — viz., in 1834.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

## SONNET, BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Eyes, calm beside thee (Lady couldst thou know!),

May turn away thick with fastgathering tears:

I glance not where all gaze: thrilling and low  
Their passionate praises reach thee — my cheek wears

Alone no wonder when thou passest by;  
Thy tremulous lids, bent and suffused,  
reply

To the irrepressible homage which doth glow  
On every lip but mine: if in thine ears  
Their accents linger — and thou dost recall

Me as I stood, still, guarded, very pale,  
Beside each votarist whose lighted brow  
Wore worship like an aureole, "O'er them all

My beauty," thou wilt murmur, "did prevail  
Save that one only:" — Lady, couldst thou know!

August 17, 1834.

Academy.

## A WINTER SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

How calmly dost thou lie  
In white-robed purity,  
Thou sleeping Earth!  
Where are the songs of Spring —  
Where Summer's painted wing  
And all her mirth?

No blossoms wreath thy brow;  
Thy hills and valleys now  
Are bleak and bare;  
The little birds are dumb;  
The bees no longer hum:  
Yet thou art fair!

Thy boughs and branches shine  
With radiance divine,  
So pure and bright.  
Who hath prepared thy bed,  
And decked thy sleeping head  
With crowns of light?

The Father from above  
Thy snowy vesture wove.  
The weary he  
Into his rest doth take,  
Until he bids them wake  
To ecstasy.

Soon at the Springtime's birth  
Thou shalt arise, oh, Earth!  
With strengthened powers.  
The Father's sunlight shed  
On thee shall wreath thy head  
Again with flowers.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

Sunday Magazine.

## A REVIEWER'S REMORSE.

DEAR poet in a distant land,  
Of whom I wrote that hard review,  
Somehow, I know not why, I feel  
Repentant, sir, concerning you.

"In proof" it seemed your just desert,  
I never thought of pity then;  
But now that Saturday is here  
I wish it were to write again.

Though such contrition on my part  
May seem a little quaint to you,  
Who never meant — why, "bless your heart" —  
To take it so *au sérieux*.

And as I write I seem to see  
A wife with fingers in your hair,  
Creep close, and whisper, "Never mind,  
We love them, dear, so never care!"  
Academy. R. LE G.

## SONNET.

THE whole day long the bright stars shine and burn,  
And yet I see them not. Thus, oh, my God,  
Thou shinest on my soul, and I, dull clod  
Of earth, from thine undying light still turn.  
All night fresh dews from Heaven fill mine urn:  
Pure dews of peace and prayer and faith,  
which I  
Forget until the sun has drunk them dry.  
For one pure drop in vain my soul doth yearn,  
Athirst and faint with sin and arid doubt.  
And all my life, from birth until the grave,  
Within my heart a secret world I have,  
And as I am, so is it foul or fair.  
Alas! why do I look so little there?  
Alas! why do I look so much without?

Argosy.

JULIA KAVANAGH.

From *The Contemporary Review*.  
THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH MONARCHY.

MORE than a generation has passed since the prince consort declared in a speech upon a public occasion that constitutional government was under a heavy trial. The popular imagination converted the phrase into a very different one, which the popular memory has retained. The husband and most intimate and influential counsellor of the queen was thought to have declared that representative institutions were on their trial. To be on one's trial may sometimes be a very heavy trial, especially when there is no great confidence in the verdict and sentence which may follow. To be under a heavy trial is the condition from time to time of all men and of all things human. The prince consort's words were used in the crisis and agony of the Crimean war, and he dwelt with emphasis on the difficulties which are inseparable from our Parliamentary system, and from that last result of civilization, a free newspaper in a free country. During a period of war and of negotiation secrecy is essential, and it is all but impossible. The prince said nothing which had not been urged with emphasis by the Duke of Wellington nearly half a century before. Wellington in the Peninsular war had to carry on a Parliamentary as well as a military campaign. Napoleon, he said, could run great risks for the chance of decisive successes. No one in France could censure or recall him. But Wellington could not afford to lose a single battle, and that was why he never lost one. He could only fight when he was certain to win. His successes were cavilled at and minimized by perhaps the most unpatriotic opposition that ever played the part of a doleful chorus to a great drama which had a kingdom for a stage. His strategy and tactics were adversely criticised by politicians who had not even the bookish theories of Othello's arithmetical lieutenant. As Chatham boasted that he had conquered America in Germany, so the rump of a faction hoped to conquer Downing Street in Spain. The consequence was that Wellington had to keep almost as close an eye upon the movements of Parliamentary parties at home as on the

movements of Napoleon and his generals in the field. He had to know not only the divisions of a battle, but divisions in the House of Commons. Defeat meant recall. To these considerations, quite as much as to any peculiarity of his own genius and character, was due the exaggerated caution with which critics, competent from the military point of view, but not understanding the political conditions of the problem he had to solve, sometimes reproach him.

The purpose of the prince consort's speech, though he did not, so far as I know, refer to the precedent of Wellington's campaigns, was to point this old moral. It is no derogation from the authority of Parliaments, or from the legitimate influence of the free newspaper in the free country, to show forbearance towards and confidence in men engaged on their behalf in an enterprise of pith and moment. If you have a giant's strength you are not bound at every moment to be showing that you are gigantically strong. The House of Commons can at any moment make and unmake ministries. The obligation on it is the stronger to select only the right moment for making and unmaking them. Standing aloof from parties and representing the stable and permanent element in the constitution which is not affected by general elections, Parliamentary divisions, and votes of want of confidence, the prince consort in 1855 was probably the only man in England who could deliver with authority words which it was necessary should be spoken, but which nevertheless it required no slight courage to speak. The nation had been taught in a phrase, which perhaps contains as much truth as any one can reasonably expect to find in half-a-dozen words, but which certainly does not contain the whole doctrine of constitutional monarchy in England, that the queen reigns but does not govern. A speaker of the House of Commons once said that he had only eyes to see, and ears to hear, and a tongue to speak, what the House of Commons bade him see and hear and say. Similarly, the queen, it is thought, can only think and speak as the ministry of the day bids her think and speak. The

prince consort, however, as he did not reign, was supposed to be ambitious of governing; and his intervention in public affairs by speech or action was childishly resented.

In the five-and-thirty years which have passed since the prince consort spoke, a considerable change has come over public feeling; not the House of Commons, but the monarchy is on its trial, and the monarchy is on its trial before the House of Commons. In the debates of last session on the royal grants, Mr. Gladstone alone, of that party which deems that it has a monopoly of a near and long future, spoke with any recognition of the part played by the monarchy in the political life of England; and Mr. Gladstone, to whom, in the natural course of things, not many years of the long future of Liberal ascendancy can be granted, carried with him into the ministerial lobby only a handful of personal adherents. Polite phrases were used by Mr. Labouchere's supporters on the front opposition bench, which, however, amounted to little more than veiled good wishes for a peaceful euthanasia. The monarchy is dying. Long live the monarch. *Te morituram salutamus.*

It is possible that that Liberal party of the future which is dreamed of, may not come to birth at all, or that the parturient Radical mountain may bring forth only a mouse. The course which will be taken by the newly enfranchised electors, who, if they are of one mind and choose to exercise the power they have, are the masters of England, is at present only a matter of speculation, of hope and fear. What an ancient writer says of war is as true of democracy, that it seldom adheres to the rules laid down for it, but strikes out a path for itself when the time comes. But though one thing only is certain, that the future will be unlike what any one expects, though events will take their own course, and will decline to be driven and pulled aside by whips and wire-pullers, instruments surely too ignoble for Providence or even a self-respecting destiny to employ, it does not do to be indifferent to the turn which attempts are made to give them. Still less is it safe to neglect more

general tendencies, which are real and operative, though they may be counteracted by others working in a different direction. Lord Melbourne lays down the doctrine that it is not safe to despise a book because its author is a ridiculous fellow; Lord Melbourne's precept was necessary for his own guidance, for he was a great reader, and to him all authors were ridiculous fellows. Parodying his remark, we may say that it is not safe to neglect a revolution even though it occurs in Brazil. According to the version which first reached Europe, an emperor who had done nothing wrong, a plant-collecting and beetle-hunting emperor, an emperor fond of dabbling in the smells and explosions which to some people make up experimental chemistry, a reforming and constitution-observing emperor to boot, was suddenly told to "move on and get out of this," put on board a ship, and sent across the seas. When, on Napoleon's proclamation that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign in Portugal, the royal family proceeded to the port of Lisbon, they were accompanied by a weeping crowd. The people of Rio Janeiro parted from their emperor with less demonstration of emotion than they would have shown to a popular actress or music-hall entertainer. He was left off like a suit of clothes which was worn out or had become unfashionable. Brazil was tired of being an empire, and wanted to be a republic. As the elders of Israel suddenly discovered that they must have a king like the nations around them, so the generals and politicians of Brazil have discovered that they must have a president like the nations around them.

This sudden dying out of the monarchical sentiment, its extinction by atrophy, is the wonder of the thing. Other monarchs have been deposed because they opposed their subjects, or resisted their will, or were centres of strife. But the empire had kept Brazil together. The Portuguese are not a race superior to the Spanish, yet, alone of Americans of Latin blood, their State during seventy years was free from civil war or social disorder. The emperor was ready to do everything he was asked to do, even to going away when he was asked

to go away. The fact is, I imagine, that by one of those secret transformations of feeling which go on for a long time without emerging into distinct consciousness, even in the minds of those subject to them, and then declare themselves suddenly and with a strange simultaneousness, the idea of monarchy had become in Brazil slightly ridiculous, the emperor had become an incongruity, and out of relations with his place and time. And though epigrams do not kill, a general sense of the absurdity of an institution may be fatal to it without expressing itself in a single epigram. The feeling may be unreasonable, the institution may have a rational basis, but, in a conflict between feeling and fact, the fact will get the worst of it.

There are traces here and there in England of the sentiment which, politically speaking, killed the emperor of Brazil. In the debate on the royal grants, a member who is popular, if popularity is to be judged of by escorting and shouting crowds, suggested that it would be desirable to terminate the engagement of the royal family at the death of the queen, to declare that the throne was vacant, and that there was no intention of filling it up. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who is sometimes witty and always jocose, has improved on the idea. Enraptured with the cashiering of an emperor in Brazil, which he apparently looks on as Fox looked on the taking of the Bastille, as much the greatest event that ever happened in this world, he proposes that a shorter shrift shall be given to monarchy than Mr. Conybeare was willing to allow it. He is for, in future, engaging kings and emperors on the terms of a month's warning or a month's wages. He thinks it a grand idea "that since the fall of the Brazilian Empire the new world, from the frozen north to the sunny south, is without a king or emperor, one hereditary grand duke or hereditary humbug of any kind." Emperors and monarchs are put up by people who have not the sense to see the uselessness of them, and children will some day ask, "What was a king, mamma?" and will be told that kings lived in the dark ages, but had disappeared. Even Mr. Gladstone, while suspending judgment on the merits of the

revolution, and eulogizing the character of Dom Pedro, expresses satisfaction at the example which has been given of revolution made easy, and holds up the Brazilian short way with monarchs for approval, in comparison with the long and bloody strife of former times. Formerly anti-monarchical sentiment expressed itself in the fervent Jacobin aspiration that the last king might be strangled in the bowels of the last priest. Now it takes the mild form of a month's wages or a month's warning.

Not merely baronetcies and Cumberland estates, but human nature itself, we may remind Sir Wilfrid Lawson in passing, are hereditary institutions. Mental qualities, habits, and capacities are transmitted; and men whose fathers have for generations followed the same pursuits are likely to be more proficient in them than those who enter from different spheres. Allowance must of course be made for exceptional cases of incapacity on the one side and capacity on the other, for the growth of new ability and the decline of old. According to the modern theory, certain qualities become imbedded in the organization and are transmitted along with it. In each man, so to speak, all his ancestors reside, and what is individual and special to him is the smallest part of the total life he bears about with him. In this sense Heine's lines are not true—

Es bleiben todt die Todten,  
Und nur der Lebendiger lebt.

On the contrary, the dead are more alive than the living. Moreover, the circumstances amid which the heir to a kingdom grows up give him at least the opportunity of being acquainted with conceptions of government and policy. The talk about him may often, and must sometimes, be of these things, as the talk of graziers is of bullocks and fairs, and of grocers of sugar, and possibly of sand. Franklin used to say that an hereditary legislator was as great an absurdity as an hereditary mathematician; anybody who will look in Mr. Douglas Galton's book on hereditary genius will find that hereditary mathematicians are not absolutely unknown in history. In truth, the speculations and

researches of Darwin and his predecessors and followers deprive the Franklin-Lawson doctrine of the axiomatic truthfulness which was once attributed to it, and if they do not reverse it, yet very gravely qualify it.

But a view may be true without being popular, and if monarchical government ceases to appeal to the imagination and to justify itself to the common sense of men, converts will not be made out of Darwin and Galton.

For a long time we have heard of the decline of the monarchical sentiment. Mr. Lecky, whose "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" is more alive with thought than any contemporary work of the same class, making it a storehouse of political reflection on which students and politicians may draw, traces this decline back to the early years of the eighteenth century. The number of disputed titles to the various European thrones, in his view, contributed much to weaken reverence for kings. Its decline forms, he says, one of the most remarkable political characteristics of the eighteenth century. The thrones of England and Spain, of Tuscany and Parma, the electoral crown of Poland and the succession to the throne of the young and, as it was thought, moribund king of France, were all disputed. Mr. Lecky assumes as a cause what is not a true cause. A disputed title to an estate does not involve or tend to produce a weakened sense of the sanctity of property. Just as little does a disputed title to a kingdom involve or tend to produce a decline of monarchical sentiment. Rather it assumes monarchy as an institution fixed and unassailable, though there may be uncertainty as to the individual monarch. The question, "Under which king?" implies that there is no question of anybody but a king. Respect for the office is not necessarily impaired because there is doubt as to the person.

If this had been otherwise — if the stability of monarchy had depended on the stability of the thrones of individual kings — it could scarcely have existed in England. It would certainly have disappeared long before the Commonwealth. The conflict between the house of Hanover and the house of Stuart was not the first, but the last, of a long series of struggles between kings in possession and pretenders to the throne. The history of England, so far as it is a history of the kings of England, is an almost continuous record of wars of succession, in the open field or by secret conspiracy, from the

Norman Conquest to the rebellion of 1745. The conflict between William I. and Harold, between the sons of the Conqueror, between Stephen and Maud, between Henry II. and his children, between Richard and John, and John and Arthur, between Richard II. and Bellingbroke, between Henry IV. and the partisans of the Earl of March, the Wars of the Roses, setting on the throne three kings of the house of York in sequence to three kings of the house of Lancaster, the victory of the adopted representative of John of Gaunt's line over the last of the reigning descendants of Lionel Duke of Clarence — the Lambert Simnel, Perkin Warbeck, and Richard Wilford conspiracies of Henry VII.'s reign, involving the unhappy Earl of Warwick, son of the ill-fated Clarence, in a common doom with two of these counterfeit princes; the real or imaginary conspiracies and the death on the scaffold of nobles of royal lineage and royal ambition, De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk and Strafford, Duke of Buckingham, and Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, under Henry VIII.; the brief mock-queendom of Lady Jane Grey, and the dangers which beset the life of the princess Elizabeth under Queen Mary; the Norfolk and Babington conspiracies under Elizabeth; the pretensions of Philip of Spain, who claimed the throne not merely as his wife's heir, but as the descendant of John of Gaunt, the Spanish Armada being quite as much a dynastic as a religious enterprise; the more formidable pretensions of Mary Stuart — all these things show that insecurity of title, and the fact, or constantly apprehended danger, of wars of succession, run through English history, from the Battle of Hastings to the accession of the first of the Stuart kings, from the eleventh century to the seventeenth.

The intervals of undisturbed possession and peace were comparatively rare and short. The doctrine of hereditary right was very loosely held; it inferred merely a preferential title, and was subject to the most fantastic evasions. The younger sons of William I. succeeded, in disregard of the claims of their elder brother. Henry I., indeed, affected to base his claims to the throne on the fact that, though not the eldest son of the Duke of Normandy, he was the eldest son of the king of England, being alone born after William I.'s accession. John's title was in derogation of the claim of the son of his elder brother. Henry VIII., with the authorization of his Parliament, made a testamentary disposition of the crown, entailing it,

as if it had been a landed estate, after his son, upon his two daughters, both of whom could not be legitimate. Edward VI. attempted by his "plan" to set aside this settlement in favor of Lady Jane Grey, on the ground of the bastardy of both his sisters. Under Elizabeth, an act of Parliament made guilty of treason any one who should declare any particular person, other than the natural issue of the queen's body, to be entitled to the throne. The hereditary title, on the queen's death without children, was in the house of Suffolk, the descendants of Henry VIII.'s elder daughter, and, on grounds of policy, they were set aside for the Stuart family. An hereditary title to the throne is firmly established now, by act of Parliament, in the descendants of the electress Sophia; but the principle in its strongest form dates from the eighteenth century, in which it is strangely said to have been impaired. There seems to be little ground for contending that in England the monarch was ever held to rule by divine right, at least by any other divine right than that which sees the benediction of Heaven in actual possession; *beati possidentes*. It was not much heard of till the accession of James I., and was used by him to supplement a notorious defect of hereditary title, which he was unwilling to strengthen by an acknowledgment that he owed his throne to election by the nation. The fact is that James I. was king of England by a kind of adoption, not altogether dissimilar to that which prevailed under the Roman Empire, and with the working of which M. Renan is so well pleased that he would like to see it introduced into the public law of modern Europe. The extreme doctrine of divine right which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Richard II. is an anachronism. It belongs not to the fourteenth century, but in germ perhaps to the closing years of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth, to the Tudors and Stuarts; and not to the Plantagenets. In the words:—

Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord—

it is noticeable that it is not the hereditary title, but election by the Lord, the consecrating balm and not primogeniture and rule of birth, on which an inalienable right is based. So in Hamlet, the usurper and murderer, Claudius, avows himself safe in the shelter of that divinity which doth so hedge a king that treason can

but peep to what it will. A subject and courtier of Elizabeth and of James I. could not identify divine right with hereditary title, in which they were lacking. Elizabeth, indeed, during the Essex rebellion, is said to have detected incentives to sedition in the story of Bolingbroke's adventure, and to have exclaimed, "Know ye not that I am Richard II.?" But if we are to suppose that Shakespeare was writing as a politician and not as a poet, it must be kept in mind that his politics, if they were not, as is sometimes contended, those of the house of Lancaster, were certainly in succession those of the houses of Tudor and Stuart, whose title was through the house of Lancaster. Till near the close of the fourteenth century of our history, the doctrine that the king never dies, expressed in the formula of the French monarchy, "The king is dead; long live the king," did not prevail. The reign of the new monarch was supposed to begin, not on the day of what is now called his accession, but on the day of his coronation; the interval between the two was often a lawless anarchy, and the king's peace died with him. The inconvenience which this state of things produced when any considerable interval elapsed between the death of the king and his coronation made it necessary to adopt the system which recognizes no interregnum. But the older usage shows that the divine right of the king, so far as it existed, was in the office, and not in the person; that it was conferred, not by hereditary title, but by popular election and divine sanction, by the acclamations of the people, whose voice was, in his case at least, recognized as the voice of God, by coronation and the consecrating balm. It was the anointed king, the deputy elected of the Lord, who ruled, and not the inheritor by rule of birth, though the two qualifications usually cohered in the same person.

If, therefore, the monarchical sentiment in England is impaired, its enfeeblement cannot be attributed to the decay of ideas which never had any hold of the national mind. The superstition of divine right and of an absolutely indefeasible hereditary title was never a popular superstition. It was a kingly belief in the mind of James I., a bookish theory with Sir Robert Filmer and Sir George Mackenzie, surviving from the Stuart period to that of the house of Hanover in "Old Shippen," and in the eccentric and learned John Reeves. It was a royal dream, a clerical dogma, a university thesis, an antiquarian crotchet,

a legal pedantry, a branch of political speculation; but it was never the belief of the English nation. It sprang first, as I have before said, out of James I.'s desire to find another than a popular title to his throne, and was strengthened by reaction from the Parliamentary triumph over Charles I., from the Protectorate, from the Exclusion Bill, and from the Declaration of Rights and the Act of Settlement. The theories of De Maistre and Bonald had the same counter-revolutionary origin in France. In England the doctrine has seldom been more than militant, an affair of the closet and pulpit, of the university cloister or the lawyer's chamber, at most of the political pamphleteer and the opposition leader. The royalist superstition has disappeared, but not necessarily with it the monarchical sentiment.

Some change has, however, come over it even within the present generation, or during a yet shorter period, as any one may convince himself who will turn over the pages of the late Mr. Bagehot's book on "The English Constitution." When that little volume appeared, now about twenty years ago, it was received by many persons as a sort of revelation of the real nature of the institutions under which we live. Other writers had been detained in the outskirts of the temple; he had penetrated to its inmost shrine, and drawn thence the life of the building. They had been engaged in the forms; he had reached the substance. They had entangled themselves in the mechanism; he had laid bare the very pulse of the machine. "The secret of Mr. Bagehot" was this: that the English monarchy, in the character which it had assumed during the present reign, was a disguise for hiding the real elective character of the English Constitution. The House of Commons was, of course, openly elected by the constituencies. Ministers were nominally appointed by the crown, but they were really chosen by Parliament. The statesman who possessed in a higher degree than any other the confidence of the party which had a majority in the House of Commons was practically elected by that party to the premiership — that is, to the real, though temporary, chieftainship of the State — as certainly though not so formally as the president of the Federal Council in Switzerland (who is not, as he is commonly called, president of the Swiss Republic) is chosen for his yearly term by the Federal Assembly. The elected head of the State, the prime minister, chooses his colleagues, who are roughly designated for him by

the position they have attained in the House of Commons. The queen's business in the matter, allowing a certain margin for those personal accommodations, that reciprocal give and take, without which neither life in general, nor that particular branch of life called government, can be carried on, was simply that of graceful acquiescence.

In the main this may be a true account of the matter, though it had not, even when Mr. Bagehot wrote, quite the novelty which he and his critics fancied. Lord Macaulay and many lesser writers had said it all before. What Mr. Bagehot did was to re-state what were then, and had long been, the commonplaces of constitutional doctrine with a freshness and keenness of style and a copiousness of piquant illustration which gave them the aspect of discoveries, almost of revelations. His art was akin to that of the careful housewife in Burns's poem, whose skill gar'd the old clothes look almost as good as new. Rather he dressed the old truth in new clothes, and the tailor got the credit of having made the man. But the truth was not to be disclosed beyond the sacred but limited circle of the initiated who read Mr. Bagehot's essays as they originally appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, or in the volume in which they were afterwards collected. According to Mr. Bagehot, the poorest and most ignorant classes in his time really believed that the queen governed. The separation of principal power from principal station is a refinement, he says, beyond their power of conception. "They fancy they are governed by an hereditary queen, a queen by the grace of God, when they are really governed by a Cabinet and a Parliament, men like themselves, chosen by themselves." I doubt whether, even in the politically distant period at which and of which Mr. Bagehot wrote, this description was true. The poorest and most ignorant classes, strictly speaking, probably never troubled themselves as to how they were governed at all. Their speculations and imagination did not travel beyond their experience, which was restricted to the policeman at the street corner and the magistrate at petty or quarter sessions. The needy knife-grinder represents their state of mind. Mr. Bagehot constructed for himself a stage peasant or artisan whose *naïveté* he brings into subtle contrast with his own keen analysis.

If we advance beyond the poorest and most ignorant classes, the conception of royalty which prevails is, we fear, too gen-

erally that of the pot-house oracle, who denounces it as a useless and costly extravagance, the greatest of all our spending departments—a department in which there is great pay for no toil, and in which the sweat of the working man's brow is by a mischievous chemistry converted into fine clothes and sumptuous fare for them that dwell in kings' houses. Whether this view prevailed in Mr. Bagehot's time or not, there are many signs that it is prevalent now. Like the rustic in Virgil, who foolishly deemed that the city which is called Rome resembled his own little village, the field or the town laborer is persuaded that the government of the United Kingdom is simply an enlargement of the municipal or county government of which he has direct experience. To him the monarchy seems a mere appendage to this government, which could be detached from it without any harm, and even with advantage—an inconvenient fifth wheel to the coach, a flapping and fanning drapery getting itself entangled with the machinery and impeding it, and which it would be desirable to cut away. Within the memory of men still living it was customary to speak of the king's or queen's government. Now the phrase is never heard except as a decorous Parliamentary formality. "Mr. Gladstone's government" and "Lord Salisbury's government" have superseded both in work and thought "the queen's government." But if Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury is governor, what is the queen? If they are the real heads of the State, what is she? These words are not intended to describe the true theory of constitutional government in England, but the popular impression of it which school boards, an almost periodically extended franchise, local self-government in town and country, and neo-radical speeches have created. In it there is little place left for the monarchical idea.

Mr. Bagehot, whose doctrine has the fault inherent in all doctrines that are based on the necessity of disguise and false pretences in government, was not content with representing monarchy as a splendidly embroidered veil or screen behind which the prosaic realities of Parliamentary and cabinet government worked. It was in his view scarcely less essential that such political functions as the monarch still discharges should be hidden. He seems to have thought that it would be dangerous if the fact that the royal robes clothed a living person, and not a mere doll or puppet, became too widely

known. "The House of Commons," he wrote, "has inquired into most things; but it has never had a committee on the queen. There is no authoritative blue-book to say what she does." On the other hand, the queen in her dignified capacity was of necessity conspicuous. Her appearance on great state occasions, her function as a part of the pageantry of state, were spectacular. She was a part of the outward show of life, the largest contributor to that ornamental side of government without which it becomes dull and bare and uninteresting. Since Mr. Bagehot wrote, all this has been changed. What was private has been made public, what was public has been withdrawn into privacy. The first of a series of blue-books on the queen was published in 1875, just six years after Mr. Bagehot's essay on "The English Constitution." They were not called by that name, they were called "The Life of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, by Theodore Martin." Mr. Bagehot said that our own generation would never know, though a future generation might, how great and useful had been the part played by the queen and the prince consort—perhaps it would have been more correct to say, by the prince consort, in the name and with the authority of the queen—in the government of England. He thought it undesirable that the disclosure should be made.

Secrecy [he said] is essential to the utility of the English monarchy as it now is. Above all things, our Royalty is to be revered, and if you begin to poke about it, you cannot reverence it. When there is a Select Committee on the Queen, the charm of Royalty will be gone. Its mystery is its life; you cannot let daylight upon magic. We must not bring the Queen into the combat of politics, or she will cease to be revered by all combatants. She will become one combatant among many.

All that Mr. Bagehot thought ought not to be done has been done deliberately, and with the queen's own sanction and authority, in the five volumes of "The Life of the Prince Consort." The "august and unknown powers" of the constitution have been exposed to the same close scrutiny as "the known and serviceable powers." At the same time the spectacular part of the monarchy has been retrenched, and almost entirely abolished.

What is the effect of this double change on the public sentiment? There is naturally some grumbling at a spectacle which is paid for, but not exhibited, at a theatre,



the doors of which are almost always closed. As regards the direct action of the crown in public affairs, the cognizance of it vouchsafed to her subjects by the queen has been nearly simultaneous with the growth of the idea that the directly representative element in the constitution ought not simply to be predominant, and in the long run decisive, but exclusive, and at every stage in the conduct of affairs the sole power.

The House of Commons obeys the imperative mandate of the constituents. The ministry is the creature and instrument of the House of Commons. The right of any power not thus directly commissioned by popular suffrage to take part in affairs is rudely questioned, and seems to be submitted to only by way of contemptuous tolerance for a survival, not destined to be of long continuance, from an older state of things. The attitude practically enforced by the queen and the prince consort upon the ministry during the American Civil War may have been wiser than that which Lord Palmerston, and Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, if left to themselves, would have taken; the court may have been right with the masses, when the Cabinet, or its most influential members, were wrong with the classes. On the other hand, the feeling of the court towards the Italian movement for unity and independence may have been less generous and sagacious than that of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. But the point now raised is whether the queen had the right to be in the right against a minister possessing a majority in the House of Commons — whether it is within the province of a constitutional monarch not to share the error of the minister of the day, and to impose caution upon him in foresight of the wiser opinion which the people will entertain to-morrow. Of course there is the perhaps even chance — let us, for argument's sake, say the greater probability — that when they differ the minister will be right and the monarch wrong. Even so, divergence of opinion, though the divergent opinion may be erroneous, may be an advantage as ensuring deliberation, and the attentive weighing of all sides of a question, before action is taken. Nevertheless, to a public incapable of entertaining more than one idea at a time, this is a hard saying. The admission that the principle of representative government is in modern societies of European race an essential principle, is converted into the very different doctrine, that no power ought to exist in the State

which is not derived from direct popular election. A more sagacious political philosophy and practical statesmanship have been put into language of admirable clearness by Mr. J. S. Mill. Censuring the politicians of a certain French school, from which the new English Radicalism seems to have drawn its inspiration, who are for deducing everything from a single principle of government, and eschewing everything which does not logically follow from that principle, Mr. Mill says: —

Inasmuch, however, as no government produces all possible beneficial effects, but all are attended with more or fewer inconveniences; and since these cannot be combated by the very causes which produce them, it would be often a much stronger recommendation of some practical arrangement, that it does not follow from the general principle of the government than that it does. Under a government of legitimacy, the presumption is far rather in favor of institutions of popular origin; and in a democracy, in favor of arrangements tending to check the impetus of popular will. The line of argumentation, so commonly mistaken in France for political philosophy, tends to the practical conclusion that we should exert our utmost efforts to aggravate, instead of alleviating, whatever are the characteristic imperfections of the system of institutions which we prefer, or under which we happen to live. (*System of Logic*, vol. ii., p. 521, third edition.)

It is the fate of Mr. Mill to be praised by the politicians who affect to be his disciples, and to be neglected by them. He himself is almost a unique example of a man who in quitting the closet for Parliamentary life remained true in the House of Commons to the doctrines which he had thought out in his study. With others a change of pursuits seems not to be complete until it issues in apostasy. If Mr. Mill's doctrine be sound, and in theory it will scarcely be questioned, it follows that the inevitable defects which inhere in the representative system of government require to be checked and counteracted by arrangements based upon other principles. The practical difficulty in the way is of course this, that the predominant power in a country is always ambitious to be the sole power; and that, when forces do not exist strong enough to impose checks upon it, it is seldom in the mood to impose restraints upon itself. A power strong enough to give effective assertion to its own just rights is usually strong enough to assert more than its just rights. Democracy is as little tolerant of rivals near its throne as despotism. The period at which a just balance is established be-

tween the old and the new powers, the powers which have long been in possession and the powers entering on possession, is usually, as time is counted in history, but a moment — that is to say, a generation or half a century. In England we had this balance from 1832 to 1868, or let us say to 1885. Now things are tending to the ascendancy of a single power in the State, the House of Commons, and to that of a single class in the community, the working classes.

That, in the present state of England and most European countries, practically the whole adult nation must be included in the representation, with or without distinction of sex, and with such conditions of durable residence as it may be expedient to enforce for the exclusion of the mere waifs and strays of society — the vagabondage, in the literal sense of the term, of the country — what in Switzerland are called the homeless classes (*heimathlos*), can no longer be disputed. The theory is in the ideas of the time, and, moreover, it is an established and irreversible fact. That within this system representation should be in proportion to numbers — that is to say, that groups numerically equal should return an equal number of members — an arrangement which prevails in Germany, France, Switzerland, and the United States, but to which only a very imperfect approach has as yet been made in England — follows logically from the democratic principle now established; and even here, where facts follow logic with but a lame and halting foot, will no doubt presently be realized. This one man one vote doctrine implies that every vote and every man shall count for as much as every other, and carries with it the principle of equal representation among constituencies numerically equal, and of the equal power of each vote within those constituencies — that is, of proportional representation as advocated by Mr. Hare, Mr. Mill, and, among men now engaged in public life, by Mr. Courtney. Whether logic and equity in this matter are destined to prevail over habit and prejudice he would be foolhardy who should predict. The principle has been discredited by the phrase, "representation of minorities," which untruly describes it, and at present expresses the means, not the end, which is the proportionate representation of the majority. Now, as frequently happens both in England and the United States, a large majority in the constituencies may return a small majority to Par-

liament, or a minority of voters may return a majority of representatives. This is, of course, in direct contradiction to the democratic principle that the majority must rule; but this is not the worst. Our system makes it possible that the great bulk of the nation may, on particular questions, one after the other be overruled by infinitesimal fragments of it. The two great political parties may be nearly balanced, as they almost always are. In this case, a handful of fanatics or theorists, by selling its support to the candidates who will pledge themselves to its particular crotchet, may, under the present conditions of English political life and morality, succeed in securing the return of a majority of members pledged to their political crotchet. This has been the tactics of the opponents of the Contagious Diseases Act, it is the tactics of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his local optionists, of Mr. Champion and the Eight Hours Bill agitators, of the antagonists of compulsory vaccination, and I know not what besides. It is thus quite conceivable that a minority of, say, three hundred thousand voters might succeed in carrying a project opposed to the opinions and feelings of three millions.

In former times, the House of Lords might be trusted to throw out a measure which came before them under these conditions. But, under the tyranny of the democratic idea, wrongly interpreted, the House of Commons is disposed to resent the vindication by the House of Lords of the real opinions of the majority in the Commons as against their false professions of opinion; and the doctrine that no institution has a *locus standi* in politics which is not based on direct elective representation, is diffusing the same sentiment in the country. On great questions which divide parties an appeal may be made from the House of Commons to the country by a general election. But in the case supposed, both parties are tarred by the same brush, and at any rate the ministry in power derives its majority from the clique against whom it would, in the case supposed, appeal. Moreover, a general election would simply bring the same instrumentalities for the falsification of opinion into play once more.

The royal veto is even more completely out of the question than the rejection of the bill by the House of Lords. But why may not the country at large have the opportunity of imposing its veto upon a measure which represents, not its own convictions, but the successful electioneering tactics of busy and unscrupulous or-

ganizations, and the cowardice and want of principle of political candidates and leaders? Supposing an Anti-Vaccination Bill or an Eight Hours Bill to become law in the circumstances which have been supposed — and it could scarcely become so in any other — why should not an appeal be made, on the principle of the Swiss referendum, to the general sense of the country? The sovereign of the country, standing aloof from political parties, would naturally be the person in whom, when there was reason to suppose that the voice of the nation had been falsified in the Parliamentary representation, this right of appealing to the nation at large would be vested. Instead of the merely formal assent, "*La Reine le veut*," or the obsolete form of veto, "*La Reine s'avisera*," we should have at the initiative of the crown the decision, "*Le peuple le veut*," or "*Le peuple s'avisera*." The trouble and inconvenience of frequent and vexatious appeals to the country on individual projects of legislation would prevent needless recourse to the referendum. But under our present Parliamentary system, I do not see what other means exist for relieving the country from the domination of coteries and factions, which are able to turn the scale between the two parties in favor of projects which both parties and the country disapprove, and from the danger of snap votes on questions vitally affecting the constitution and the future of England in a Parliament returned on a great variety of issues other than that assumed to be decided at the general election.

To take a critical and proximate instance: if an ostensibly Home-Rule majority should be returned two or three years hence to the House of Commons, it will consist largely of persons whose constituents care little or nothing about Home Rule, but who think that a Home-Rule majority and ministry will be a Welsh or Scotch disestablishment majority or ministry, a local option and licensed victuallers' disestablishment ministry, an Eight Hours Bill ministry, a land nationalization ministry, an anti-vaccination ministry, a ministry, not of all the talents, but of all the fads and all the crotchets. On a matter such as this, there should be a means of taking the sense of the people of England, simply and directly and without the intrusion of such side issues as deflect the votes at a general election even though the appeal be nominally made only on a single point. The coarse bribe offered in the phrase "Home Rule will help these

things, and these things will help Home Rule," expresses the lowest degradation of general politics, and implies a system of more corrupting purchase and sale than was ever practised by Newcastle or Walpole. Even on the referendum demagogic incentives would be freely plied, and endeavors would be made to induce men to vote on the simple question of the Union or of separation with an eye to other questions. Electioneering tricks, however, would be practised under greater disadvantages than at present, and there would be an appreciable increase of probability that the nominal issue would also be the real issue on which the vote would be taken.

The monarchical system is not essential to the referendum, since it exists in Switzerland, both in its individual cantons and over the confederation as a whole, and, I believe, in some of the States of the American Union. But monarchy offers the conditions on which it could best be exercised. The president of a republic necessarily represents the party in power, and he would not appeal to the country against what is his own policy. The same remark applies to the prime minister under a system of Cabinet government such as ours. No doubt it might be arranged that the referendum should be adopted, if a certain proportion of the electors of the country, or if either, or both, of the two Houses called for it in petitions or memorials; and this scheme might be useful as an alternative in default of the spontaneous action of the sovereign. But the easiest and promptest method would be by the direct action of the king or queen. This would to some extent take the operation out of the hands of the wire-pullers and managers of factions, the producers of machine-made opinion.

Those who believe that the monarchy in England is worth maintaining hold that it is, as compared with the immense cost of presidential elections in the United States and of the administrative mechanism of France, a cheap form of government; that it is, what is yet more important, a pure form of government, the choice lying between hereditary sovereignty, or an elective and temporary monarchy by purchase, called *presidency*; that it familiarizes the public mind with the idea of other public interests than those of rival parties and factions; that it gives dignity and splendor to the forms of government; that it aids the conception of an England which is more than the soil on which some forty millions are strug-

gling, succeeding, and failing—an England lying between a glorious past and a hopeful future, of which the men of to-day are simply the living link; that it ensures the presence in immediate contact with affairs of one who has, at least, had an opportunity of following them continuously through a generation, it may be half a century, while ministers have come and gone and have but fragmentary and interrupted acquaintance with them; of one to whom questions of State, domestic and foreign, are, or ought to be, what the price of stocks are to City men, and the price of fat oxen to farmers.

These considerations, simple and elementary as they are, are yet truths of reflection rather than of simple inspection. The prevalent idea—that no one has a right to exercise any functions who has not been chosen to them by the vote of a majority, can only be qualified and corrected by the conclusive proof that the functions which are thus exceptionally tolerated are real functions, and that they are obviously exercised for the benefit of the country. The maxim of payment by results will be applied to the monarchy, except as regards the numbers of the younger and remoter members of the royal family, of whom the supply may exceed the demand, with the economic and political consequences involved in it. The old jealousy of a king who should attempt to govern as well as reign still subsists, but it is accompanied by a contempt for a king who reigns without governing, and a disposition even to question the title of a new king so to reign. As a matter of fact, English kings and queens, even under our Parliamentary system, and not exclusive of the first two Georges, governed a great deal more than is commonly supposed, and the disclosures made in the memoirs of Stockmar, and in the life of the prince consort, of the active part played by the queen and her husband in public affairs were received in some quarters with misgiving. This jealousy, however, is not likely to be excited when the governing power of the king is seen to be the instrument of giving more effect to the direct voice of the people in their own affairs, in correction of its possibly factious misinterpretation in the House of Commons, and of substituting in certain cases the popular assent or veto for the royal assent or veto in projects of legislation.

The Parliamentary history of England during more than two centuries has been so splendid and useful, it forms so brilliant an epoch in history, that there is difficulty

in believing that it requires readjustment to altered social conditions. Its supremacy tends to become independence of the nation, its omnipotence an all-meddlingness; instead of representing the will of the nation, there is danger, a danger which the reduction of the septennial to a quinquennial or triennial term would increase, that it may represent, turn and turn about, the accidental predominance, possibly of a factious minority, or even of a balance-turning clique. These evils have declared themselves elsewhere. In England it is held that the annual meeting of Parliament is essential to freedom, and it is secured by the fact that the taxes are taken only for a year, and by the annual passing, now a little altered in form, of the Mutiny Act. In many of the States of the American Union it is expressly provided that the legislature shall meet only every second year, and then for but short periods, in order to limit its opportunities of law-making for the sake of law-making. In other States the referendum exists, and the subjects which lie within the scope of the legislature are strictly defined. As regards the Congress at Washington, its functions are limited under the Constitution by the legislative rights of the several States, and by the interpretative power of the Supreme Court, as well as by the executive authority. As a Parliament, in one sense the House of Representatives and the Senate have almost ceased to exist, the real work of legislation being done by small and manageable committees, whose decisions are usually accepted without revision or discussion.

In France, though the Parliamentarians triumphed at the last general election, so far as the majority returned was concerned, the Revisionists of different orders ran them close in the popular vote.

In Germany, the parliaments of the empire and of Prussia, and of the several States, are very limited as compared with the functions of the legislature in England. Here the supremacy of Parliament is in danger of becoming the supremacy of a caucus and a dictator, overriding the general sense of the nation, to which there ought to be some mode of authoritative appeal.

The principle of the referendum, or appeal to the people, at the initiative of the crown, on particular issues, seems the best mode of counteracting this danger. A constitutional reform of this kind would be at once the crowning of the democracy, and the democratizing of the crown. If we are to have a king of England in

future, he must be, like one of his Stuart ancestry in Scotland, the king of the commons, by which I do not mean of the House of Commons. He can no longer afford to be simply the head of the classes, the chief of society in its conventional sense, the culminating point of the aristocracy. He must belong to the whole people, to the masses, as well as to the classes. Frederick William IV. was not a very wise ruler; but he said a wise thing when he declared, on his accession, that as crown-prince he had been the first of the nobles, but as king he was the first of the citizens, of Prussia.

The great evil of the monarchy is the social flunkeyism of which it is the centre, the abject snobism which it produces, the base servility which radiates from it in circles ever widening. If this evil were inseparable from it, it would go far to balance its political advantages. Numbers of persons read with increasing contempt and amusement the announcements of the *Court Circular* that the queen or the Prince of Wales has ridden or walked out, "accompanied" by this, that, or the other small German princeling, and "attended" by some great English noble or exalted English lady. The apparatus of lords-in-waiting and women of the bedchamber does not stir veneration. The American feeling, often pushed to limits which go beyond the requirements of a legitimate self-respect against personal or menial service, is affecting English sentiment. Great dukes do not now contend which of them shall air and which of them shall put on the shirt of the king, which shall hold the basin in which he washes his hands, which shall pour water on them, and which shall hold the towel—for one reason because we have no king. But it is pretty certain that when the expenses of the court have to be revised, the payment of a nobleman and gentleman for discharging menial functions about the sovereign, or for pretending to discharge them and not doing so, will be sharply overhauled. It is probable that by that time a feeling may have grown up which will make English gentlemen hesitate or refuse to accept relations other than those of English gentlemen towards the sovereign, who in this relation is nothing more than the first of English gentlemen. Under the early Roman emperors, the humblest Roman citizen would have felt himself dishonored at the idea of his filling a place about the person and in the household of Cæsar—in fact, the idea could not have occurred. These posts were therefore left, often with

disastrous political and social results, to slaves and freedmen. According to Burke, the natural taste of kings and princes for low company, due perhaps to the impulse to throw off completely the restraint of ceremony, made it expedient to give household places to great nobles. Whatever the advantage of this system, which in its time may have had its uses, the public feeling now revolts against the spectacle of menial dukes and duchesses, lord high footmen, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Gilbert's last opera, and lady chambermaids or kitchen-maids. English royalty must not merely be seen in the discharge of public functions which cannot so well be performed by any other institution. It must also be seen to be the monarchy of the whole people and not of the upper classes only, and must disentangle itself from those conditions which reduce English nobles and ladies to the rank of menials, acting in an ignoble farce of low life above stairs.

FRANK H. HILL.

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From Murray's Magazine.  
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.  
AUTHOR OF "THIRLEY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A SUNDAY DINNER-PARTY.

MISERABLE though Marcia was when she thought of the bereavement which was about to be inflicted upon her, she pursued her daily round of so-called pleasures with a countenance which betrayed little or nothing of her inward sadness. To conceal our feelings is a lesson which most of us learn early in life, and she had learnt it, notwithstanding her small natural aptitudes in that direction. Moreover, she could not and did not expect any sympathy from those about her. Even Miss Wells, after wiping away a tear, was fain to confess that it was high time for Willie to be placed under stricter discipline than she was able to enforce. "He is a dear boy," she said, "and it breaks my heart to leave him; but the truth is, Mrs. Brett, that he is growing too big to be controlled by women. Men are our natural masters, and they know it, and a boy of nine is a little man—that is, if he is worth anything. You need not be afraid about him; he is brave and honest, and if he earns a few whippings, as I dare say he will, he

has sense of justice enough to submit to them, and be all the better for them."

All this was very true and very sensible; but it did not console Marcia, who was quite aware that her son was at least as capable as other women's sons of finding his own level. What weighed upon her heart day and night like a load of lead was the knowledge that henceforth she must be utterly lonely. Neither Miss Wells, nor Eustace, nor anybody else, would have understood why Willie's impending departure should make her dread the future; she herself only understood it after a vague sort of fashion; but the dread was none the less real, because it could not be talked about, and was not susceptible of strict definition.

Two days after Lady Hampstead's garden-party, her husband said to her: "I have asked George and Caroline to dine with us on Sunday. As your friend Mr. Archdale is to come, two additional guests will not entail much extra trouble. I don't know whether you have invited anybody else."

Marcia shook her head. "I thought you objected to Sunday dinner-parties," she answered, "and it is too late now to look out for some kindred spirits to meet George and Caroline. How they will enjoy themselves!—and how we shall enjoy having them!"

"Strange as it may appear to you," said Mr. Brett, "it is a pleasure to me to see my brother and his wife from time to time. They do not, of course, belong to your set, and naturally their company is not agreeable to you. However, you will be able to talk to the artist, who does, I suppose, belong more or less to your set. As we shall be an uneven number, perhaps you might request Miss Wells to join us at dinner."

"Oh, by all means," answered Marcia. "It is rather hard upon poor Miss Wells; but, fortunately, she has an inexhaustible supply of patience and good-nature."

Marcia's own supply of those excellent qualities was not inexhaustible, and her sister-in-law had long ago reached the end of it. Lady Brett (the banker had, for some reason which may have been as good as another, received the honor of knighthood) was a devout woman, whose liberality and charity had earned renown for her in certain circles, and who, like some other devout persons, were liberal and charitable in a pecuniary sense only. She was sorry for poor Eustace and had an exasperating way of showing how sorry she was for him. Of his wife's conduct

she was unable to approve, nor had her conscience permitted her to refrain from expressing disapproval thereof. Consequently, there had been family dissensions, followed by half-hearted reconciliations and a prolonged period of armed truce. As for Sir George, he was sorry for his brother, as successful men are apt to be for those who have not proved successful in life. To end one's days as a mere police-magistrate, when one might have been a wealthy banker, is doubtless a melancholy result of wilfulness; but Sir George was very magnanimous about it, never reminding Eustace of bygone prophecies which had been justified by events, and endeavoring to conceal the contempt which he could not help feeling for a broken-down aspirant to high honors. Of the two, Marcia infinitely preferred Sir George. He was purse-proud, overbearing, and, with regard to any subject unconnected with business, ludicrously ignorant and stupid; but at least he was not malevolent. Caroline, on the other hand, had the sour spitefulness which is not uncommon among rich women who have no children, and who have failed to make their way into society. Caroline affected to rail at society, and, in so far as she was able, kept a watchful eye upon her sister-in-law's proceedings. It was this, more than anything else, that made Marcia hate a lady whom her husband respected, or pretended to respect; and certain previous experiences caused her to believe that Lady Brett had been asked to dinner for the especial purpose of keeping a watchful eye upon the proceedings of Mr. Archdale.

Now, although she was quite wrong there, for her husband would as soon have thought of opening her letters or looking through the keyhole of her door as of setting anybody to spy upon her, she was not mistaken in imagining that it was Lady Brett's intention to study the handsome artist carefully. Through some channel or other—Heaven only knows how women manage to hear of these things, but they always do hear of them—Lady Brett had received information to the effect that Mr. Archdale had been somewhat marked in his attentions to Marcia, and if there was anything of which Lady Brett was as sure as she was of death and of her own ultimate translation to a higher sphere, it was that sooner or later Marcia's flirtations would have a tragic end. That being so, it might have seemed to a person of logical mind a waste of labor to fight against the inevitable;

but Lady Brett thought that one should always do one's duty, however little chance there might be of earning a temporal reward thereby. And indeed it was on that account that she was dining with her brother-in-law on Sunday, notwithstanding the many good reasons which she had for withholding her countenance from any desecration of the day of rest.

Not being predisposed in Archdale's favor, the good lady thought it just like his impertinence to be half an hour late and to offer no apology for having kept his seniors waiting. When he was presented to her, she made herself agreeable by remarking, "If you had been dining with me, Mr. Archdale, I should have given up all hope of you some time ago."

To which he replied imperturbably, "Oh! do you go in for punctuality? Well, if you ever do honor me with an invitation to dinner, I'll bear it in mind."

He could not understand why he had been asked to meet these people, and he was not a little disappointed when he found that nobody else was expected. Surely Mrs. Brett could not have supposed that it would amuse him to take part in the general conversation; yet she must have known that with only six people assembled round the dinner-table it would be impossible for him to talk to her privately. However, he was placed on her right hand, and if he was precluded from talking to her as he could have wished to talk, he did not at least feel bound to talk to anybody else. Miss Wells ate her dinner and forgave him; for Miss Wells, who was over fifty years of age, preferred a good dinner to any intellectual treat which this young disciple of Meissonier might have been able to afford her. Moreover, the dinner was excellent, and Marcia was charming. She very soon gave him to understand that the company was not of her choosing; from time to time she made some remark to him in an undertone which caused him to feel that he already stood upon the footing of an intimate friend, and she favored him with a slight grimace while Sir George Brett, with slow and pompous utterance, discussed the various schools of painting of the epoch.

Sir George, whose absolute ignorance of art was accompanied by the courage which traditionally belongs thereto, said some marvellously foolish things, but said them with such perfect and evident self-satisfaction that nobody possessed of the faintest sense of humor could have felt annoyed with him for being a fool. Un-

like his wife, he saw no reason to snub a budding celebrity, and even went so far as to hint that he had still room for a picture or two in his country house. "Not very big ones; but yours are never very big, are they, Mr. Archdale?"

"They would be, if it were the custom to pay us by the piece," answered Archdale; "but as that system hasn't been adopted yet, I stick to small canvases and large frames."

"Yes, yes; a small canvas will hold a good many figures, and so will a small cheque," laughed this Mæcenas of a banker, with an encouraging nod, while Lady Brett, from the other end of the table, remarked dryly that the cost of a picture is not necessarily a criterion of its merit.

All this was disagreeable enough to Marcia, who made such amends to her guest as it was in her power to make. These he appeared to find satisfactory, and it did not interfere with his comfort in any way to be aware that on the opposite side of the table was seated a plain-featured, middle-aged woman who was staring at him with an unfriendly air and straining her ears in vain to catch his whispered words. By his way of thinking, ugly old women were simple nonentities. What could it possibly signify whether they liked or disliked you? It was sufficient for him that a young and beautiful woman was exerting herself to please him, and what gave him a much more severe snub than Lady Brett could ever have inflicted upon him was that when Willie appeared, together with the dessert, the young and beautiful woman seemed suddenly to lose all consciousness of his vicinity.

The brat (it was thus that Archdale mentally stigmatized this intruder) was kissed by his aunt, and surreptitiously wiped off the trace of the salute with his sleeve while making his way round the table to his mother's side. Then Sir George, who had had as much champagne as is required to promote good-humored jocularity, caught him by the ear, and said, "Well, young man, so they're going to chuck you down into the bear-pit, I hear. High time, too! If you haven't learnt how to use your fists yet, the sooner you learn the better."

Willie smiled shyly and slipped away without answering. He knew instinctively (as boys always do) that this loud-voiced uncle of his did not belong to the fighting variety of the human species, and he did not care to protest that he was ready for

any future conflicts which might be in store for him.

But Marcia's cheeks reddened and her eyes sparkled; for her brother-in-law's speech seemed to her cruel and brutal.

"Schools are not bear-pits," she said.

"Ain't they though!" returned Sir George, laughing. "Well, I can't say what they may be nowadays; but I know what they were in my time. Tossed in a blanket till you knocked your head and knees against the ceiling, and kicked round the playground till you were black and blue all over — eh, Eustace?"

"I do not remember to have passed through any such experiences," answered Mr. Brett, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Oh! you don't, don't you?" returned his brother, slightly disconcerted. "But then your memory is failing you, my dear fellow! I've noticed that in many things. I remember passing through plenty of experiences of that kind — and worse ones too."

"How you must have howled for mercy!" remarked Marcia. Then, fearing lest she should be betrayed into saying something unpardonable, she made a hurried signal to her sister-in-law and left the room.

Miss Wells slipped quietly away to the schoolroom. Miss Wells passed for being a simple creature — and so, perhaps she was — yet her simplicity was not so great but that she could perceive the imminence of a row, and at her time of life she preferred to keep out of rows, when that could be managed. Her evasion was not commented upon. The two sisters-in-law seated themselves side by side in the drawing-room and prepared for that conflict which was renewed as often as they met, and in which the advantage remained sometimes with one side, sometimes with the other. On the present occasion, Lady Brett had more than one weapon ready to her hand, and she picked up the first with manifest satisfaction.

"I am so glad," said she, "that Eustace has made up his mind to send Willie to school. Undoubtedly it is the right thing to do."

"Has anybody suggested that it was the wrong thing to do?" inquired Marcia.

"Oh, that of course I don't know. I was afraid that you might be opposed to it — which we should all have been sorry for. Children, I think, ought not to be looked upon as mere playthings. It is very necessary to remember that in a few years they will be men and women, and

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3582

that their future must depend to a great extent upon their early training."

"How funny it is," remarked Marcia sweetly, "that the people who have no children of their own always know so very well in what way other people's children ought to be brought up."

A slow flush mounted into Lady Brett's sallow cheeks. "I do not pretend to be an authority upon such subjects," she returned; "but I have eyes and ears, and I do not require to be a mother in order to understand that the social atmosphere of this house is not the most wholesome in the world for a growing boy."

"You are very flattering, Caroline. I didn't know that this was an immoral household; but since you say so, no doubt it is so; for you are never wrong. I myself have a tolerably clear conscience; but I can't answer for Eustace, because I never question him as to how he spends his time. Of what particular sin do you suspect him?"

"If all men were as good Christians and as good husbands as Eustace," returned the other, who was but an indifferent fencer, "the world would be better and happier than it is. As you know, I said nothing about immorality, nor should I think of using such a word unless I had convincing proof — but no matter. Feeling as I do about the sanctity of the marriage-tie, I must and do feel that it would be a sad pity if Willie were tempted to think lightly of it at an impressionable age — that is all."

Marcia, after the fashion of women, lost her temper at the very moment when she might have routed her adversary by keeping it. "You are vulgar and insulting, Caroline!" she exclaimed; "it is your nature to be so, I suppose. Yet I should have thought that even you might have had more human feeling than to imagine that any mother would teach such a lesson to her son!"

"Oh, my dear, I am sure you would not teach such a lesson intentionally," Lady Brett replied, delighted at the success of her thrust; "but, fortunately or unfortunately, example is always a more powerful instructor than precept. I should not in the least mind your calling me vulgar if I could open your eyes to what everybody else sees, and what Willie, amongst the rest, cannot help seeing. Flirtation may seem to you an innocent thing — I am willing, for the sake of argument, to admit that it does — but it does not seem so to other people, and when you are perpetually



inviting young men, such as Mr. Archdale, for instance, to your house —”

“I have never flirted in any way whatsoever with Mr. Archdale,” interrupted Marcia indignantly. “It is your own horrid imagination that always makes you suspect evil where none exists. I can’t cure you of the disease from which you suffer, and I don’t mean to try; but this I can tell you, Caroline: you may spare yourself the trouble of interfering with me, for it isn’t the fear of my being blamed by you that will make me give up any friend of mine.”

Lady Brett closed her eyes, shook her head slowly, and smiled. This was what she usually did when at a loss for a retort, and certainly no retort could have been more effective. By the time that the men came in from the dining-room, the two ladies had exchanged some bitter speeches, and one of them was in a thoroughly reckless temper. Partly upon the principle that one may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, partly because she wished to scandalize her husband’s censorious relatives, and partly because she felt that Archdale was the only individual present from whom she could hope for either kindness or justice, Marcia at once devoted herself to the young artist, whom she led away into a corner, and who was only too glad to be given an opportunity of conversing with her apart.

Nevertheless, he did not, apparently, take much advantage of this privilege, and Lady Brett, if she had heard what he was saying, might possibly have been a little disappointed. His talk was chiefly of the foreign lands in which he had sojourned; he spoke with enthusiasm of Italy, and especially of Venice, which he declared to be the most enchanting spot in the whole world. “That is, supposing that one can be there with the companion of one’s choice. Of course, all places depend more or less upon the company in which one visits them.”

“I was there with my husband,” remarked Marcia. “He was ill at the time, and it rained every day. I can’t say that I have a very pleasant recollection of the place.”

“Oh, if it rained and if — well, I dare say Venice wouldn’t suit Mr. Brett particularly well.”

“No place suits Eustace, except London. And London for him doesn’t mean the London that I live in.”

“And like?”

“I am not quite sure. Sometimes I think that I like it, and sometimes I feel

as if I would give anything to get away from it and never see it again. As you say, all depends upon the company that one is in, and though there are plenty of nice people in London, there are a good many horrid ones too.”

It was not necessary for her to specify the horrid people. He could guess that some of them were not very far away at that moment, nor was he contradicted when he observed that one’s relations, generally speaking, were apt to be horrid. And, if he did not tell her in so many words that she was the person of all others with whom it would be a delight to him to float across the smooth, sunny lagoons of the Adriatic, she understood well enough what he refrained from saying, and the vision which he conjured up before her mind’s eye was not displeasing to her. It was never displeasing to Marcia to be appreciated; perhaps that is never displeasing to anybody.

Eustace Brett was appreciated by his sister-in-law — or, at any rate, she assured him that he was. She said she often felt so very sorry for him. “I know how you must hate the life of perpetual racket which Marcia enjoys, and I know your health is not in a state to stand it. Sometimes I think that you are almost too indulgent a husband, Eustace.”

She was a stupid woman and she did not in the least comprehend the character of the man to whom she was speaking. Yet, offensive as any strictures upon his wife were to him and little as he was disposed to encourage them, they influenced him in some degree.

“The perpetual racket does not affect me,” he answered coldly; “for I take no part in it. It is natural that Marcia, at her age, should find pleasure in amusements which have ceased to give pleasure to a man of mine.”

But in his heart he thought, as he had always thought, that a good wife will like what her husband likes, and it vexed him to know that disinterested on-lookers did not consider Marcia’s conduct to be that of a good wife.

Lady Brett, in no wise discouraged, continued to condole with him until her carriage was announced, when she woke up Sir George who had dropped asleep over the *Observer*. It was a mere accident that Marcia, whose back was turned, did not notice the rustle of her sister-in-law’s dress and that her husband had to cross the room in order to call her attention to the fact that her guests were waiting to take leave of her; but the effect

was to make her appear as though she had forgotten the presence of any guest save Mr. Archdale.

"So sorry to interrupt you, dear," Lady Brett said; "but I won't keep you a moment. Good-night."

Then kisses were exchanged, and as Mr. Brett, in his old-fashioned way, offered his arm to Caroline to escort her downstairs, Archdale took occasion to remark smilingly, "I'm afraid your relatives don't think much of me, Mrs. Brett."

"Oh, if you are a friend of mine, that is quite enough to make them hate you," answered Marcia impatiently. "Perhaps you had better go away now. I am going to be lectured for not having been sufficiently civil to them; though, Heaven knows! I did my best."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### WILLIE STARTS IN LIFE.

FROM the evening when he had dined in Cornwall Terrace Archdale allowed no chance of meeting Mrs. Brett to escape him — which is as much as to say that he met her at least once in every twenty-four hours. He found out what her engagements were by the simple and direct process of asking her; and the rest was easy enough, for he had a large acquaintance. Moreover, he was something of a celebrity, so that there was no great trouble about obtaining invitations from people whom he did not happen to know. Her face, he noticed, always brightened when he approached her; he had had experience enough to recognize and understand certain symptoms which were perceptible in her speech and manner, and he felt pretty sure that he was on the highroad towards success. That there was anything dishonorable, ungenerous, or unworthy of a gentleman in the kind of success that he coveted never occurred to him for a moment. He saw no harm in such philandering; he did not believe in anybody's constancy, least of all in his own, and he foresaw without much distress of mind the inevitable day when his dear Mrs. Brett would grow tired of him — always supposing that he did not first tire of her. Meanwhile it was delightful to sit with her on staircases or in secluded recesses, to watch the play of her features, and to divine her thoughts.

Probably, if it had been in his power to divine those thoughts accurately, some quarters of an hour of mortification would have fallen to his lot. He would have discovered that Marcia was greatly taken

with him, and liked him better the more she saw of him; but he would likewise have discovered that he did not by any means occupy the first place in her mind or heart at the time. The truth was, that while she was listening, with a smile upon her lips, to the pretty things which he knew so well how to whisper, she was more often than not counting the days which still remained to her before the arrival of a date which seemed to bar the perspective of the future as a thundercloud blots out a landscape, and if by taking a final farewell of Mr. Archdale she could have gained the privilege of keeping Willie with her for another six months, Mr. Archdale would doubtless have been dismissed to form attachments elsewhere without hesitation.

But fate offers no such bargains to hapless mortals, and in due course the dreaded morning came when Willie's portmanteau was packed and when his mother, issuing from her bedroom (where she always breakfasted), found him waiting for her in the hall with Mr. Brett, who was for once absenting himself from his magisterial duties. Marcia had hoped that he would delegate to her the task of conducting her boy to Farnborough; but he had informed her on the previous evening that he proposed to accompany them. There were one or two points which he had omitted to mention to the head master on the occasion of his former visit, he said. So there he was, with his hat on his head and his watch in his hand, and although the only words that he uttered were "Good-morning," his face added as plainly as possible, "For goodness' sake make haste, and whatever you do, try to exercise a little self-control for the present. Surely it cannot be necessary to begin crying already."

But Marcia could not keep the tears out of her eyes, nor could she trust herself to speak. It was easy enough for Miss Wells to put a brave face upon this parting, she thought, rather unjustly; what did Miss Wells care? Miss Wells was, no doubt, sorry to lose her pupil, possibly also to lose her situation; but that was a very different thing from the loss — the irreparable loss — which the boy's mother was about to incur. Nobody understood, nobody could understand her misery — unless it might be, in some faint degree, Willie himself.

Whatever may have been the limits of Willie's comprehension, they were probably somewhat wider than his elders imagined them to be, and his mother's

character (which so little resembled his own) was in many respects no mystery to him.

On the way to the station he comforted her with reassuring glances and smiles, while Mr. Brett consulted his watch, and fidgeted, and called out to the coachman to drive faster. Some men, it is said, can go under fire for the first time without experiencing any nervous disturbance, whereas most of us feel pretty sure that we should be a good deal frightened under such circumstances, though we may be permitted to hope that we should not disgrace ourselves. The soldier who does not know what fear is, and the boy who on leaving home for his first school is free from an inward sinking of the heart, are perhaps enviable persons; but there seems to be no particular reason why they should be admired. Willie Brett, in whose small body there was courage enough to meet all emergencies, did not belong to the above exceptional class, so that it was a little hard upon him to have to keep up somebody else's spirits as well as his own. However, he did his best; and if he could not manage to talk quite as much as usual, that was of the less consequence because Marcia was incapable of responding.

The journey could not be anything but a miserable one; happily it did not last very long. Mr. Brett read the papers and cleared his voice from time to time (he had a way of clearing his voice at frequent intervals which always irritated his wife's nerves); Marcia gazed out of the window with sad eyes which saw nothing; and Willie, sitting silent in a corner of the railway carriage, with one leg tucked under him, revolved many thoughts in an active mind. Then came the drive to the school and the reception by the head master, a brisk, athletic looking clergyman, whose manners had not the good fortune to please Marcia.

"Oh, we won't eat the young gentleman up, Mrs. Brett," said he, with a good-humored and compassionate appreciation of the maternal misgivings which his practised eye at once detected; "he'll soon make friends with the boys, and if he doesn't make friends with us masters it shall not be our fault, I promise you. Would you like to take a look round the playground and the schoolrooms? No? Well, if you want to catch the next up-train, you haven't a great deal of time to spare, I'm afraid. Pocket-money? Well, no; we don't think it desirable to make distinctions between the boys in that matter. We give them sixpence a week each

— subject to deductions for misconduct, from which I hope that my friend here won't suffer."

Marcia sighed and replaced her sovereign in her purse, while Mr. Brett remarked gravely, "I think sixpence a week should be ample." He never disputed his wife's right to dispose of her money as she might see fit; but he had a strong opinion that Willie ought not to be brought up as the son of a rich man. He withdrew a few paces in order to inform the schoolmaster of his wishes with regard to certain matters of detail, and so came that dreadful moment of leave-taking which it is cruel to prolong.

Well, there was not much to be said, and the poor little man needed all his fortitude when he felt his mother's warm tears dropping on to his cheeks. She squeezed a small parcel into his hand — it was a miniature of herself which she had had taken a short time before, and which represented her as the beautiful woman that she was. "Good-bye, my darling!" she whispered; "you won't forget me, will you? I shall always be thinking about you — always! I don't know how I shall live without you; but I don't want you to be miserable; I want you to be happy. And, Willie, if you ever — if you ever —" she had to stop for a moment and choke down her sobs. "If you ever do anything wrong," she resumed presently, "you mustn't be afraid of me, because I'm not good either, and I shall understand — and — and — I love you so —"

Poor soul! her parting gift and her parting words were characteristic enough. They got her out of the house somehow, and when she regained some command over her senses she was seated in the fly beside the cold, matter-of-fact man whom she had once promised to love, honor, and obey — a ridiculous engagement, surely, to demand from frail human nature.

But Mr. Brett was not quite as unsympathetic as he looked. He certainly thought that his wife had made a rather ridiculous exhibition of herself; but the scene was over now and it had been no worse than he had anticipated, and he was anxious to say something consoling to her if he could.

"You must not take this so much to heart, Marcia," he began; "it is a great deal better for Willie to be with other boys than to be kept at home, you may be sure. It is not as though he were weakly and disinclined to play cricket. If he were, that would be another matter, no doubt."

"Oh, he will be happy after the first day or two," answered Marcia from behind her handkerchief. "It is just because I know that he is going to enjoy himself and have a jolly life that I am so wretched."

Mr. Brett felt constrained to observe, "That is rather a selfish sort of love, isn't it?"

"All love is selfish."

"I think not, Marcia; I hope not. It seems to me, on the contrary, that love, if it be sincere, must of necessity be unselfish. When we really love we forget ourselves and our own wishes——"

Marcia drowned the remainder of his sentence with an impatient laugh, broken by a sob. "One has heard all that!" she cried; "the copy-books informed us of it in our childhood. Why don't you offer me a few more platitudes? 'Be virtuous and you will be happy,' or something of that kind. You can be virtuous without being happy, and, what is more, you can be happy without being virtuous. All the copy-books that were ever compiled can't turn the world into a Paradise or do away with facts which stare everybody in the face."

Mr. Brett sighed. "I speak of what I myself experience and have experienced," he said. "I suppose that we all judge of others by ourselves, and I doubt whether we make any great mistake in doing so."

"Oh, if we start by knowing something about ourselves—however, I dare say you know a good deal about yourself. Only don't you think you may be making a little mistake in imagining that you ever loved anybody? I don't deny that you are capable of a good, steady, well-regulated affection for those who deserve it; but you couldn't feel much love for a sinner, could you? You would think that quite wrong."

He was hurt and aggrieved; but he made allowance for her. He perceived that she was so sore and so sensitive that, like a wounded animal, she could not help turning upon any one who tried to relieve her sufferings. "Well, well," he said, "we won't dispute about me and my capabilities; I am not very important one way or the other. Still there are many ways of loving, Marcia."

"Oh, what nonsense!" she returned, in the voice of an angry child; "there is one way and only one. If you don't understand what that is, so much the better for you! Please leave me alone, Eustace. By-and-by I shall be able to conduct my-

self like a civilized, heartless being; just now I really am not fit to be spoken to."

Mr. Brett could not dispute the truth of the latter assertion. He held his peace during the remainder of the drive, and did not speak again till two-thirds of the railway journey which followed had been accomplished. Grief is apt to be unreasonable, he thought, the grief of women is especially so; and the more violently it displays itself, the sooner it is over, as a rule. In another twenty-four hours Marcia would doubtless have become accustomed, if not resigned, to her loss; probably in the mean while it was best to comply with her entreaty and leave her alone. Nevertheless, when they were nearing London, it occurred to him to say,—

"You have not forgotten, I hope, that we are dining with my brother George to-night."

"With whom?" asked Marcia, starting out of her sorrowful musings. "With George and Caroline? Oh, I can't possibly dine *there* this evening—nothing would induce me!"

"Yet you accepted the invitation," observed Mr. Brett, with gathering clouds upon his brow.

"Did I? Well, I'll send an excuse as soon as we get home."

"I cannot sanction your doing that, Marcia. It would be an act of unpardonable rudeness, and I am afraid it would be considered a deliberate act also."

"Oh, dear no!" answered Marcia, speaking from the height of her superior social knowledge; "it is the commonest thing in the world for people to send excuses at the last moment."

"It may be, although I was not aware of it; but I am certain that in this instance it would give offence. And, however indifferent you may be to that, I do not wish to offend my brother. If you had refused the invitation when it came I should have been sorry, but I should not have interfered; as you saw fit to accept it, I must request you to keep your engagement." He added, with the air of overcoming some inward reluctance, "I ask this as a personal favor."

"Really, Eustace, it is impossible," answered Marcia. "It isn't because I dislike them, or because I want to go anywhere else, except to bed; but you don't know what Caroline is. She would say things to me about Willie which would simply drive me mad—I couldn't face her to-night. If you think they will be affronted by being thrown over, you can

go without me and say you left me in bed with a splitting headache — which will be true."

"It will be true, perhaps; but it will not be believed. There is one thing of which I should like to remind you, Marcia, because it will probably strike you as important. My brother George is very rich and he has no children. It is not unnatural to anticipate that he will make our boy his heir, provided that we can manage to keep upon friendly terms with him; but it is perfectly possible that he may decide upon a different arrangement, if we go out of our way to slight him. Now I will leave you to judge whether it is worth your while to have a headache to-night."

The appeal was scarcely skilful, and Mr. Brett, who had just observed that there are many ways of loving, might have known better than to trust to it. Marcia, no doubt, had a passionate love for Willie; but she considered that, what with his father's fortune and her own, his pecuniary interests were pretty safe, and as greed of gain was a weakness from which she herself chanced to be free, she looked upon it as an especially contemptible one.

"Is that why you submit so meekly to be patronized by George and pitied by Caroline?" she asked disdainfully. "Well, I hope you will be gratified by their leaving their money to you or Willie, and I dare say you will be; because they are much too just and righteous and merciful to hold you responsible for my sins. I can't make my head stop aching to please them or even to please myself; besides which, I doubt very much whether they would love me any better if I allowed them to trample upon me."

"Nobody asked you to do that," returned Mr. Brett, with some little irritation; "you are only being asked to make a small sacrifice, which you wouldn't think twice about if the question were one of your own amusement or advantage."

Marcia merely shrugged her shoulders without replying.

"I am to understand, then," said Mr. Brett coldly, "that you absolutely decline to oblige me?"

"I don't think you have given me any sufficient reason for obliging you," answered Marcia. "You can't really suppose that, if George has made his will, he will alter it because I once failed to turn up at dinner when I was expected. And, as I told you before, I am feeling too miserable to tolerate Caroline to-night. If I did go with you, the chances are that I should quarrel with her, and then you

would be sorry that you hadn't left me at home."

This consideration may have had some weight with Mr. Brett. At any rate he did not press his request further, and the colloquy ended then and there. However, on parting with his wife after they had reached home, he felt justified in saying: "I do not often ask a favor of you, Marcia, and I am sure you will be glad to hear that it will be a very long time before I break through my rule again."

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL BUDDHISM IN TIBET.

THEY who may have gathered their notions of Buddhism from Sir Edwin Arnold, or from the esoteric ecstasies of a theosophist novel, would hardly recognize their romantic faith, we fear, when observed in that vulgar field of operation — daily life and practice. In the sacred land of this religion, in Tibet, both the philosopher and the ploughman are to be met with, equally earnest in their respective paths of the "Doctrine;" but, alas! nothing in their faith or doings seems to correspond with the ideas we had preconceived upon the subject. The creed, which we were told had succeeded in marrying Science to both Mysticism and Poetry, appears before us in its coarse particulars. The philosopher is found to be a most unwashed and most unpoetical idler, who has never put the same interpretation on the doctrinal phrases of his books which his English admirers have painfully attached to them. The ploughman, too, is a most obstinate pagan, who has heard, in truth, of the great Kyapgon and the goddess Dolma, but knows nothing of Shakyamuni or Nirvana or *karma*. If you were to broach to them the theories of esoteric Buddhism, both would certainly declare that the Kusho was a monstrous learned gentleman, but his notions seemed to be neither those of the books nor those of daily observance.

Nevertheless, the Tibetan form of Buddhism comes direct from ancient India, and may claim to be as deeply philosophic as when it was taught and preached in Prakrit vernaculars in Magadha and Patalipura. In Tibet, more minds, more lives, more money, more ceremonial, more book-learning and book-writing, are devoted to the study and service of Buddhism — nay, infinitely more — than in any other country at the present day. Yet it may, with-

out hesitation, be roundly asserted that the Buddhism of most modern European writers on the subject is not the Buddhism, past or present, of Tibet—nor, indeed, of any other Eastern land.\*

#### HOW THE DOCTRINES WERE REVEALED.

ALL the teaching and precepts of his religion are comprehended by the Tibetan Buddhist under the inclusive term Chhos (pronounced as it is spelt in Ladak, but in other parts of Tibet sounded more like *chhot*). But how was this Chhos first revealed to mankind? The conception of the early propounders of the faith seems to have been that their religion was an entirely new thing, first made known almost in their own time by Buddha Shakya-t'ubpa, who, according to received chronology, probably lived *circa* 350 B.C. However, when treatises on the subject came to be elaborated in the early centuries after Christ, the Oriental love for piling up the ages and dating everything from infinity to infinity had to be gratified. So the Chhos revealed by Shakya-t'ubpa was averred to be new only as regards the present *kalpa* or age in which we are now living. Kalpas or ages innumerable, of varying lengths, but mostly lasting eight to ten thousand years, had endured and passed away before the present era set in. Now, in each of the three ages previous to our own, it was taught that a different Buddha appeared, and instructed mankind then existent, and, indeed, all living creatures, in those self-same doctrines which Shakya-t'ubpa had revealed in the current period. Later writers, however, did not stop here; but were fain to carry the date of the first appearance of a Buddha on earth back to earlier times still. They assigned similar teachers, therefore, to the three epochs preceding the last three; and thus declared Shakya-t'ubpa himself to be the seventh of the earthly Buddhas. Mediæval mysticism, nevertheless, was not contented with these, and has enlarged the number to one thousand, inventing names for each one of them. Many of these, however, have yet to appear. But all the systems agree in teaching that at least one other Buddha has in any case

\* We must except from our sweeping statement the Buddhists of Ceylon, who, singularly enough, in recent years, have permitted Europeans to re-teach them their old faith in its newly developed form as interpreted by Christianized modes of thought. Sixty years ago the Sinhalese priesthood were intensely illiterate; but presently European scholarship brought about a revival of learning in native circles. However, the Buddhism now imbibed was really a foreign importation—the product of the ingenious speculations and misinterpretations of European students.

now to come, who will complete the revelation of Chhos made by his predecessors. The doctrine of the Buddha to come is not found in religious books written previous to the seventh century A.D. His name in Sanskrit works is Maitreya; and by Tibetans he is styled Jhampa (*Byamspa*), "The Loving One."

In the temples and monasteries of Tibet we find frequently effigies and paintings of the seven human Buddhas. However, we may remark that the term "Buddha" is hardly known in Tibet, and never used by the populace, Sang-gye, Chomdende, or Chowo Rimpoche, being the colloquial names current. Sang-gye ("The Increase of Purity") is the correct appellation; and the Tibetan names of the seven Sang-gye are:—

- I. Rnam-par Gzigs: "He who saw through and through."
- II. Gtsug-tor-chan: "He who had a crest of fire."
- III. Tams-chad Skyob: "The Pre-server of All."
- IV. Kor-ba Jig: "The Dissolver of the Round of Life."
- V. Gser-t'ub: "Golden Might."
- VI. Od Srung: "The Guardian of Light."
- VII. Shakya-t'ubpa: "The Mighty Shakya."

#### THE AGE OF LITERARY BUDDHISM.

ONE commonplace error deserves here special mention. People have been deluded into assuming most exaggerated notions concerning the antiquity of Buddhism. Certain of its leading doctrines are indeed very ancient; but they were borrowed from Brahminism, which was itself but an Oriental variety of the speculative metaphysics of Greece and Egypt. Buddhism in its developed form, as it is presented to us in its sacred treatises, is really comparatively modern. Professor Max Müller, a decided partisan, frankly admits that the art of writing was not introduced into India at least until the first century before the Christian era. The earliest lucubrations never pretended to detailing anything like a statement of facts in the life of an individual founder of the Buddhist faith. It was only gradually that the lay figures, upon whom the philosophy of the system had been draped, were put forward in books which certainly were written after the Christian era had opened. These figures were by degrees merged into one pre-eminent personality—the Shakya-muni, whose life is portrayed with a certain amount of fitful de-

tail in such works as the "Lalita Vistara" and "Abhinishkramana."

#### BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF THE LAST BUDDHA.

THE Tibetan canon, following similar statements in Chinese works, seems to make the last Buddha a contemporary with King Asoka, who flourished *circa* 240 B. C. At any rate (in Kangyur, § Mdo, book xxviii.) that king, as a lad, is made to meet Buddha in his earthly existence begging alms in the mendicant capacity. We need not, however, emphasize this point, as most of our schemes of Indian chronology are the result of pure speculation, and rest on data derived from Indian authors, who are proverbially destitute of the chronological faculty.\*

The family name of this Buddha of our own age was Gautama, the name by which he is commonly known in Burmah at the present day; and his personal name was Don-dub (Sanskrit, Siddharta). However, belonging, as he did, to the royal race of the Shakyas, his usual designation is that of Shakya-t'ubpa (Sanskrit, Shakya-muni), or Shakya the Mighty. In his human capacity he was the son of one Zá-tsangma, king of Kosala, and of Gyu-t'ulma his wife. He was born in the province of Oude in north India, at the city of Serkyá-i-dong (Sanskrit, Kapilavastu). The elaborate legends of later writers, however, aver his conception in his mother to have taken place through the miraculous entry into her side of a six-bodied elephant! The mother having died in child-bed, the young prince's early education was conducted by his aunt, who likewise acted as his wet-nurse. In due time he had bestowed upon him a wife, whose name was Sa-ts'oma; and presently he thought fit to take unto himself a second spouse, bearing the name of Rág-dzinma. A son was born to him, who received the appellation of Da-chen-dzin (Sanskrit, Rahula); and all things prospered with the young father, as became a prince full of power and pleasant occupation. He devoted himself both to gaiety and to royal sports; but every now and again problems concerning the object and miseries of human life obtruded themselves on his mind. At length an aged Brahmin who haunted the palace-grounds began to instruct him in the seeming realities of life, the illusion

\* Even King Asoka's date, as supposed to be fixed by the inscription on the Allahabad Column, is not beyond suspicion. There we read what are alleged to be the Pali names of certain contemporaries of Asoka; but these Pali synonyms are only generic, not individual, and might apply to later monarchs with the same dynastic names.

of all around him, and the part which he was destined to play in the destiny of human affairs. Finally, having visited a village of poverty-stricken laborers, and noticed how wretched was their existence from birth to death, he resolved to abandon home and wife in search of the truth. He quitted his father's palace, and spent years in wandering and meditation. And thus, to shorten the story, he at length, after trial of various phases of asceticism and social communion, arrived at full knowledge of the Chhos, and conquered forthwith every desire for existence. Being then deemed completely victorious, he became Chomdende (Bhagavan), and practically fitted for Nirvana. Next, so far as can be gathered from many confused narratives, the hero frequented various set localities, which he turned into his preaching places. One place was styled the Vulture's Peak, another was the pleasure-garden of a king whom he had converted, and so on. His sermons were chiefly anecdotes of former Buddhas, with expositions of right thought and doctrine. Most certainly, however, not one-hundredth part of what is ascribed to Buddha's personal utterance and regulation was ever delivered by the hero himself. All the later writers, composing treatises five hundred years and more after his demise, put their effusions and speculations as proceeding from the very mouth of Buddha. In the end Shakya-t'ubpa retires to Kamarupa in Assam, and, attended by thousands of followers, dies of spinal disease under a pair of *sál*-trees. Thus he enters Nirvana.

#### THE TWELVE ACTIONS OR CHARACTERISTICS OF A BUDDHA IN THE FLESH.

1. Descending from the region of De-wachen.
2. Conception in the womb.
3. Birth from human mother.
4. Exhibition of physical skill.
5. Marriage and conjugal diversion.
6. Relinquishment of family ties.
7. Penitential and ascetic exercises.
8. Conquering the demons.
9. Emerging to be Buddha.
10. Preaching one hundred thousand sermons.
11. Dying a calm and natural death,
12. Deposition of body in various places as holy relics.

Sometimes these characteristics are expanded, or rather sub-divided, into an enumeration of a hundred and twenty-five *t'in-le*, or acts.

## METENSOMATOSIS.

## THE HOG — THE TAPE-WORM — THE CROCODILE.

THERE can be no proper appreciation of the elaborate fabric into which the dogmas of Buddhism have been built up unless it be remembered that one fundamental doctrine underlies their whole position. The whole rests upon a thorough acceptance of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls from body to body. Moreover, in holding this principle, Buddhism asserts, at the same time, another axiom — that between the souls of man and the lower animals there is no essential distinction, except perhaps a generic one, the body being merely the temporary lodging-house of the soul. Buddha's offer of a way of escape from the misery of life is expressly made to "all living creatures," not to human beings alone. Such a principle naturally follows from the transmigration theory; and in this the Buddhist is more logical than the Hindu, from whom he has borrowed the idea. To him — in doctrine, if not in practice — the lowest form of animal life is sacred.

When a person dies, the sum of his merits and demerits, acting one against the other, has naturally moulded his soul into a *karma*, which requires to be re-born into carnal existence, accompanied by a body properly suited to the worth and the wants of such karma. The karma (or *las*, as it is termed in Tibetan) is, therefore, the psychic development naturally ensuing from a man's actions and thoughts. Moreover the body proper to such new development of soul is not only that which the soul has fairly earned in its last-terminated career, but is even *the only material form* in which such a soul so shaped *could* make itself visible upon earth. The new body is merely the mode in which such a fresh development of soul must, as a physical necessity, manifest itself in fleshly form. In a word, that new body is *how the new soul looks when seen by mortal eyes*. A very pretty theory this, and one which, we believe, has been acknowledged on respectable authority to be highly scientific.

However, the sentiments, and especially the numerous illustrative anecdotes, to be found in the books considerably modify the philosophical exactitude of this theory.

Buddha Shakya-t'ubpa (though he be absorbed long ago into "the Void"), the Three Holies (namely, Sang-gye, Chhos, and Ge-dun), the gods Lhai Wangpo Gyá-

chyin (Indra), and particularly Chenráisi (Avalokitesvara) and Dolma (Tara), the special protectors of Tibet, have indefinite powers — according to the books — of changing, improving, or making worse, the particular condition in which any living being is to be re-born. Thus, in one narrative, an unfortunate individual has a vision, in which he foresees his next appearance upon earth will be in the form of a hog. He proceeds to bewail his fate with heart-rending and pithy word-pictures of what such a state of existence will involve. "Ah, me, a yard! O horror, a sty! O woe, to have to feed on dung all my days! Alas for the seats of the gods and their society at the solemn assemblies!" Hearing these lamentations, Indra directs him to cry for help to Buddha. This he does; and, happily, he finds his destiny altered.

There is certainly a fine sense of retributive justice in the theory which assigns a fresh life to a man strictly resultant upon his line of conduct in a past career; but the weak point would seem to be that in the new existence the soul is totally unconscious as to what brought it into its degraded or higher condition. Its desires and its happiness are adjusted to its present state. There remains no recollection of the life just concluded or of those that went before. One can, indeed, see a certain ingenious equity in the fate which in one Tibetan narrative is meted out to a loose liver among the lama fraternity. He is adjudged to be born next as a tape-worm in the bowels of his mistress; but, alas, how is that tape-worm ever to have the chance of bettering its existence? What instigations to higher aims, what desires after purer morality can it ever acquire in the entrails of this fair, but frail, enchantress? Nevertheless, were there remembrance of the fault in those subterranean regions — the consciousness that punishment was being inflicted upon one — who shall say that even a tape-worm might not strive to govern its dark doings with abstinence and rectitude?

Practically, however, we believe that the idea of the next life being a peculiarly repulsive one does, in even the sordid lives of Tibetans, exercise some wholesome control. One of the most munificent alms-givers at Tashi-lhumpo at the present day is said to be a merchant who for many years resided in Khams, on the Chinese border, and amassed a huge fortune by selling goods at unfair profit to the pilgrims to a neighboring shrine, as well as by usurious loans to them. This



rascal was visited one day by a lama of unusual sanctity. That worthy, having observed the roguery of the fellow's dealings, succeeded in terrifying him in a very thorough manner. He declared that he had had a vision in which it was revealed to him that the merchant, in his next period of life, would infallibly be born as a crocodile. However, he had also learned that charitable deeds during the remainder of his days might yet save him from the crocodile existence. The consequences of that revelation have been satisfactory. The repentant merchant for the last thirteen years has resided at Shigatse, and has, ever since, distributed weekly a dole in money to five hundred of the poorest and most deformed beggars outside the gates of Tashi-lhumpo monastery.

There can be no question that the leading doctrine of Buddhism is the theory of metempsychosis, and that without this doctrine as a foundation the entire superstructure would be without fulcrum or weight. All the preachments of Shakya-t'ubpa and the writers who have invented his impossible one hundred thousand discourses derive their plausible force from the cycles of miserable life asserted to be in store for every living creature. Renegades from Christianity are eloquent with their mis-statements of what their cast-off faith owes to Buddhism. Christianity, at least, despised and repudiated this, the keystone and soul of all Buddhist philosophy. But even this foundation doctrine was borrowed by the Buddhists from the Brahminists, and by the Brahmins in their turn from the Greeks; for no Indian philosopher has been, or ever can be, anything but a plagiarist. Give him a striking thought, yielding scope to his talents for innumerable and useless re-arrangements, and he can indeed go on twisting a hideous chain of ingenious workmanship, reaching to infinity. But he cannot originate. He will *go on* without stopping; but *start* he cannot.

#### THE SIX CLASSES OF BEINGS.

THERE are six orders of living creatures into which the transmigrating soul can be born. They are classified in descending grades thus: (1) Lhá; or petty gods. (2) Lhámayin; or they who are not gods, but are still higher than men, and are ever fighting with the Lhá for a higher position on the sacred hill of heaven, Mount Sumeru. They correspond to the Indian *Asuras*. (3) Mí; human beings. But in many treatises we are told that all holy men, such as full lamas and hermits,

rank with the Lhá. (4) Dhü-do; properly only beasts, but presumably including birds and other lower creatures in the present classification. (5) Yi-dak; gigantic beings hovering between earth and hell, and, though not actually among the damned, yet living in torment. They are represented with huge bellies and with bodies some miles in length, but with tiny mouths, incapable of admitting any but the minutest morsels of food. (6) Nyal-wa-nam; the inhabitants of the infernal regions, who cannot regain a higher class.

#### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

THE recipe which Shakya-t'ubpa is alleged to have given for the cure of the sorrows and the pains to be found in every life takes almost the form of a syllogism. This syllogism, which has been variously quoted, may be thus arranged:—

All Sorrow and Pain are the result of Existence;  
All Existence is the result of Desire;  
Therefore, if all Desire be annihilated in the soul, Sorrow and Pain will no longer survive.

Accordingly, it will be seen that, in order to be rid of sorrow and pain, there can be no remedy but to escape from existence, or, as the Buddhist would frame it, from the orb of transmigration, from the unending circles of birth and re-birth in which it has become man's fate to be caught up and whirled round. When the desire for existence, which is supposed to include all other desires, has been completely conquered, then will man's soul attain entire deliverance from the burden of having to live; it will pass victoriously beyond (*bchom-lan-das*), and enter into the supremacy and sublimity of Not Being — of Nothingness — lapped in the everlasting embrace of Nirvana.

Thus, theoretically, does the philosophical ascetic of Tibet hold that *Stong-pa-nyid*—signifying “emptiness,” “vacuity,” “the void”—should be the chief product of all speculation, and the aim and end of all his aspirations.

#### NYANG-DAI, OR NIRVANA.

ONE can well conceive the reason why the enunciators of philosophical Buddhism fixed upon the abstract notion of Nirvana as the ultimate goal of the persevering saint. Any one with experience of Oriental peoples, especially that race inhabiting the district where the Buddhist creed was first born and developed, will confess that the one idea of the highest degree of

happiness they possess is that of rest — absolute, immovable rest. Let a Hindu lie as a log and sleep, he is then deliciously, intensely, happy. The Sanskrit term Nirvana means the absolute cessation of all motion and excitement, both of body and of mind, and this notion necessarily involves cessation of all personal existence. With the natural tendency of the Hindu philosopher to imagine nothing logical unless pressed forward to the utmost extremity, even though it involve the *reductio ad absurdum*, the Sanskrit Buddhist\* made Nirvana his acme of absolute painlessness and rest.

Notwithstanding, every one who has associated with the common order of persons in a Buddhist country, will have discovered that none save the bookworms have any notion of the philosophical meaning of Nirvana. The synonym for the state of Nirvana in the Tibetan language is *Mya-ngan-las Das-pa*, contracted colloquially into *Myang-dāi* or *Nyang-dāi*; and the exact signification of these words is, “the being delivered from affliction.” Now, that is truly what the popular conception finds in Nyang-dāi, or Nirvana; not annihilation, but only the fullest deliverance from all that is disagreeable in human existence.

The philosophical definition of Nirvana is, as indeed is nearly all else in the system, utterly inconsistent with other dogmas of the faith. Thus we have Buddha Shakya-t'ubpa, who is supposed to have achieved the state of Nothingness and Nirvana long ago, still spoken of as taking the deepest interest in living creatures, and with so much of feeling in his present disposition as to be accessible to, and even influenced by, their prayers. In fact, the Buddha in Nirvana has merely taken the place of the Jehovah and the Theos in the Hebrew and other faiths which existed long anterior to Buddhism.

#### BUDDHISM INVENTS A SUPREME GOD.

IN order to meet the difficulty just re-

ferred to, and realizing the contradiction involved in the notion of Buddha being in Nirvana, and yet attentive to our prayers, in quite the later days of Buddhist doctrine, a large party have formed a schism, and have invented what is styled the Adi-Buddha theory. In this new system a heaven has been created, where the spirits of Buddhas and Bodhisattwas are assembled previous to manifestation upon earth, or before absorption into Nyang-dāi. This region is named Dewachen, and it is presided over by a supreme deity, who in Sanskrit is styled Adi-Buddha, and by the Tibetans is known as T'og-ma Sang-gye, or else as Kunzhii Sang-gye. The accessories of this unorthodox doctrine are very obscure. The chief being is certainly prayed to by his votaries, and is held to rule especially over a new set of Buddhas, who had previously, by orthodox Buddhists, been considered as existent in the celestial regions. These celestial Buddhas are five in number, and under the name of Dhyani Buddhas have been long and universally believed in. For their origination, a single ray of light is said to have filtered out from Nyang-dāi, where it had sprung from the essence of all the Buddhas absorbed there, and on reaching the mansions of Dewachen the ray created five Buddha-like emanations correspondent to the five human Buddhas. The Dhyani Buddhas manifest the utmost interest in the concerns of the world. Sometimes their interest seems to be shown personally, but usually it is exercised by means of certain viceregents, one to each Dhyani Buddha, who are designated Dhyani Bodhisattwa. One of these Bodhisattwas is Chenráisi, special protector and tutelary deity of Tibet; another is Jam-pal, who has taken Nipal under his particular care. Personally the Bodhisattwa are saints who have attained to the position antecedent to Buddhahood, but they voluntarily forego the bliss of Nirvana out of philanthropy toward mankind.

#### THE FIVE DHYANI BUDDHAS, WITH THEIR CORRESPONDENT BODHISATTWA.

- | Buddha.                                       | Bodhisattwa.                  |
|---|-------------------------------|
| I. Rnam-par Nang-mdzad [Vairochana]:          | Kuntuzangpo [Sumanta Bhadra]. |
| II. Mi-skyod Dorje [Akshobhya]:               | Dorje Chhang [Vajrapani].     |
| III. Dzinsten Jung-do [Ratna Sambhava]:       | Jampal [Manjushri].           |
| IV. Od-pag-med [Amitabha]:                    | Chenráisi [Avalokitesvara].   |
| V. Donyod Grubpa or Rnga Sgra [Amoghasiddha]: | Unascertained.                |

N.B. — The Sanskrit titles are placed within brackets.

\* We use the term “Sanskritic Buddhist” advisedly; for there is strong reason to believe that, so far as India was concerned, much of Buddhism was mere “book-religion,” speculative rules placed on paper by enthusiasts, and never extensively put in practice.

## TO REACH THAT GOAL.

To reach the ineffable state of Nothingness is, accordingly, in theory the long, long ambition which the true Buddhist carries with him throughout his circle of existences. He approaches it, he swerves, he falls back, he re-approaches, is nearly there, loses a step, recovers; and finally, by a splendid epilogue of meditation and self-denial and universal benevolence, makes the ultimate flight beyond. There are no numerical rules as to the multitude or fewness of the births to be previously undergone. There is no record of its having been attained in a single existence. Moreover, as it is impossible to know when any soul first entered on the round of transmigration, he who seems to gain Nirvana at one bound may possibly have been born in infinity previously. When a being has really made up his mind to reach Nirvana, he must attain by perseverance in the prescribed ascetic exercises to the various settled grades of perfection. He has, it must be noted, set himself apart from the ordinary mass of mankind, and entered the stream which flows from the external world to the port of discharge from all being and existence.

There are four stages of perfection defined by Tibetan Buddhists.

- I. Gyün-dhu Shū-pa: "He who has entered the stream."
- II. Len-chik Chhir Yong-wa: "He who comes back for one time more" — *i.e.*, he who returns just for one further period of earthly existence.
- III. Chhir Mi-yong-wa: "He who does not return" — *i.e.*, being in the Bardo, or Dewachen, but not prior to birth, but waiting for admission to Nirvana.
- IV. Da Chom-pa: "He who has conquered the enemy" — *i.e.*, conquered existence and desire, and has become an *Arhant*, or complete saint.

## A BUDDHIST'S MEDITATION.

ATTAINMENT to the grades of perfection, and thence to saintship, is only to be acquired by the most complete abstraction from external objections and the profoundest internal contemplation. This must be persisted in for months — nay, if possible, for years together. Thus is the Buddhist hero gradually separated by his own earnestness from the world and its desires. He loses all notion of surrounding things; what we deem to be realities become to him sheer illusions.

Nothing *is*, but the idea he has set before him.

This systematic meditation is denoted in Tibetan by the general term *Gom-pa*, but, as Jaeschke, the Moravian missionary, has set forth, there are held to be three degrees of this mental concentration: —

- (1) *Tá-wa*, or contemplation.
- (2) *Gom-pa*, or meditation, properly so called.
- (3) *Chyö-pa*, or exercise and practice.

Contemplation is defined to be that state which is deaf to all sounds prevailing within one's hearing.

Meditation is that state which has no knowledge of the existence of oneself or surrounding objects.

Exercise and practice are attained when all desire vanishes (for the time) from the thoughts, and when even disgust and dislike of what a Buddhist ought to dislike no longer remain.

The actual modes of meditation are various. The commonest plan is to place a small image of Buddha, or the relic of a saint, or even the last letter of the Tibetan alphabet, before one. You are to gaze fixedly and immovably at this object, until every other idea is lost. You continue looking and drawing the object, as it were, into your very soul, until no impressions from the outer world seem to touch you. At length you gain an absolute inexcitability of mind and deadness to all that could impress you from without — a full absorption in the idea of nothingness, which Buddha is supposed to embody. This state of mental inactivity is termed *Zhi-lhak*, and whoso acquires that condition of mind has learnt the first lesson of Buddhist holiness. Observance of the moral laws, the Eightfold Path of Buddha, is as nothing compared to the practice of *Zhi-lhak*. Any lapse from these laws in ordinary life is amply atoned for by every occasion that this abstract state is reached; but he who is able to plunge himself into mental vacuity, and, we might fairly add, idiocy, merely by his own effort, unaided by any sacred object of contemplation, will soon be endowed with *Nyoi-dub*, or the supernatural powers of a saint.

There are various species of saintly meditation. The different schools of mysticism, such as the *Du kyí Khorlo* (Kalachakra), the *T'eg-pa Chhen-po*, and others, have each their own methods. In these systems minute directions are given for meditating on the inspired, or else on the expired, breath. They teach, for example, how, by dint of long-continued

practice, the power may be acquired of holding back the breath for an incredible length of time. By this inspiration the air is said to be drawn from the lungs into the blood, flowing through two veins near the heart styled *ro-ma* and *kyang-ma*, and thence to enter a main conduit, the *u-ma*; whereupon a delicious feeling of warmth, comfort, and uncommon lightness is experienced inside. This process is styled *tum-po*; and the Tibetan poet, Mila-rái-pa, relates several instances where the internal lightness and buoyancy thus acquired has permitted the operator to rise from the earth, and to float for several minutes majestically in the air.

Another favorite device for compassing the requisite depth of abstraction is to imagine some object known to be impossible in nature, and to survey that in the mirror of the mind's eye. The impossible thing usually recommended for this species of meditation is the horn on a hare's head. Contemplate this, pray, from all points of view, likening it to what is grand, noble, and yet simple. "In front," says Mila-rái-pa, "it is like a king seated on a cushioned throne; to the right it is as an officer waving a flag upon the hillside; from the left it is as a lotus in the marsh; from behind it is as the precious jewel of the doctrine appearing from the ground;" and so forth. A Tibetan poet can hardly be devoid of imaginative genius who is able to conceive pretty conceits upon this one-horned and most unpoetical beast.

#### BUDDHIST VIEW OF VIRTUE.

THEY who seek to instruct the general English reader in the mysteries of the Eastern creed make strong points in their expositions of the Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path to Virtue. Those, however, who have had any practical acquaintance with the inner life and opinions of native Buddhists of professed sanctity and genuine learning, soon can enlighten the inquirer as to the estimation in which that portion of the doctrine is held. Such saints rank the observance of the mere moral maxims as the poorest and least desirable of the attainments proposed to them. In fact, we have always found that whilst European investigators had seized on these moral precepts as pearls of great price amidst the general dross of Buddhist maundering, the accomplished Naljor-pa (Jogi) has hardly even known of their occurrence in his books. The truth is that our Christian interpretation of the word virtue incapacitates it and similar expressions from being rightly employed in ren-

dering what are supposed to be the corresponding phrases in Oriental literature. In fact, the highest manifestation of moral perfection amongst Buddhists is held to consist in the power of performing feats of jugglery. One who possesses the greatest virtue proves his claim thereto by the ability by which he can make things seem to others what in reality they are not. This magic power is styled *dzu-t'ul*, and it does not imply the capacity to perform substantial miracles, but, admittedly, the art of creating illusions such as shall baffle all attempts at unravelment. Thus Mila-rái-pa proves his sainthood by *appearing* to fly up Mount Tise astride upon a banjo-shaped tambourine. He lies down, moreover, on Lake Ma-p'ang and completely hides its waters with his body, and yet (it is distinctly stated) his body retains throughout the feat its proper size.

The ordinary Tibetan does not seem to vex his soul much as to what may be the next *ts'e-rab*, or period of existence, in store for him. He believes that his actions now will tend to shape the condition in which he is to reappear at his re-birth; and therefore he who is of a sober frame of mind possibly seeks to influence the fate of the future by rectitude of conduct now. But mere morality in his daily bearing seems to him to be of much less power in developing his after-destiny than the due performance of certain prescribed duties of a purely mechanical nature. Moreover, even these perfunctory acts of the regulation type are practised by him on account of blessings to be derived in his present life, rather than because of remoter rewards to be realized hereafter.

#### THE BARDO.

BETWEEN death and re-birth, a certain lapse of time is held to be necessary, and during that time the spirit of the departed exists in an intermediate state. We say, the *spirit*; but both the common and the philosophical belief is that the spirit is always accompanied by an immaterial body. Moreover, the spirit is clothed in this ethereal body, not only while it is separated from the grosser earthly envelope, but also during its various tenancies of material frames on earth. This immaterial body is *Gyu-lus*, "the body of illusion," and it passes into the intermediate state, giving a certain form to the soul whilst there. The waiting time previous to re-birth is termed the *bardo*; and to be quickly delivered from the bardo is the devout hope of every dying man of the Buddhist creed. There are terrors in

the bardo, and they are said to be unspeakable. Even the Buddhist soul shrinks from what is so near akin to non-existence; and yet he philosophically pretends to labor after the attainment of ultimate annihilation. Ah! the true soul of man is, after all, one common aspiration. We *will* exist somehow, somewhere. Nothing can hold us back from individuality and being. Even in Buddhism, annihilation has been invented, not for popular belief, but only, like the theoretical meeting-point of parallel lines in mathematics, to give a symmetry to a system which otherwise would have no logical ultimate or terminus.

It would seem that the holiest of men are not exempt from undergoing the bardo. Even the souls of the high incarnate lamas, the heads of the mighty monasteries of Tibet, who are the transmitted *karma* of the greatest saints of Buddhist history, must stay there the allotted interval previous to reappearance. Nay, the spirit of the venerable Chenráisi, a Jang Chhub Sempa (Bodhisattwa), which so benevolently returns to earth to animate each successive grand lama of Lhasa, endures the bardo at every fresh transmigration. This period can never be less than forty-nine days, and may extend to several months. Prayers are prescribed for the shortening of this intermediate period, the appraisalment of which seems to rest with Buddha Shakya-t'ubpa. Both the bardo and the prayers for its abbreviation are among the improvements introduced by later Buddhist doctors, not earlier, certainly, than the eleventh century A.D. Not unnaturally these and other points of resemblance between mediæval Buddhism and mediæval Christianity are claimed by several European theologians as the result of the missionary enterprise of either the Nestorian Christians in the earlier centuries, or the Roman fathers in later times. The bardo and the prayers for its short duration are absurdly analogous to the doctrinal teaching concerning purgatory. But that Christians could have derived their theories thereupon from Buddhism is unquestionably an historical impossibility. In the early Sanskrit works this intermediate period is not once even hinted at.

#### SOME CONCLUDING WORDS.

THE parallel which Arnold attempts to draw between the life of Christ and the career of the Buddha is as unfounded in actual fact as it is chronologically and historically impossible. Christ's life, as por-

trayed in the Gospels, had been given to the world long before the *expanded* editions of Buddha's career, including the supposed striking parallel facts, had been invented and put into writing. Max Müller, whose disposition is to give a greater antiquity than justifiable to everything Sanskrit, confesses that the art of writing could not have been known in India more than one hundred years before the Christian era. Most probably it was introduced even later. Now, the earliest accounts of Buddha are so slight and unpieceable as barely to individualize the hero as a distinct personality. Yet, on Max Müller's theory, they could hardly have been written more than a few years previous to the Christian Gospels. Later and later writings gradually evolve and drape with more and more substantial details a defined being out of the shadowy generalities of the earlier narratives. And when does Sir E. Arnold wish us to believe his Buddha, stolen from Seydel the German, was shaped? When were the works from which he has drawn his facts written? Certainly not earlier than the fourth century after Christ. The very nucleus of the Buddha biography, giving it the utmost antiquity possible, as we have seen, could hardly have appeared earlier than the dawn of the Christian era. And every frank student of Sanskrit literature must confess that the enlarged biographies, such as that in the "*Lalita Vistara*," evidently were written several centuries later. If, then, there exist these alleged parallels (as they were clearly in the case of Buddha put into form and announced in the Buddhist world some centuries after the Gospel narratives had appeared) it would seem pretty conclusive who were the copyists. Nay, if these parallel incidents are to be insisted on, the Buddhist authors of the enlarged biographies of their hero, it must be allowed, had certainly good opportunities for learning the facts of the life of Christ. The Syrian Christians—"the Christians of St. Thomas"—had been some time settled on the western Indian coast, in Travancore, when the later details were invented. If the most probable date of the appearance of the greater Buddhist writings be taken, we might say that the ancient Syrian Church had then held sway in southern and western India nearly two hundred years, even if we delay the formation of the Christian colony to so late a time as 300 A.D. Moreover, the latter would not lose any opportunity of circulating their tenets.

But, as a matter of fact, there is no

analogy in the *leading* occurrences of the two lives. One is a carpenter's son who passes thirty years of his early life in the round of daily toil in a provincial village. He is never married; leads an active life of practical temporal as well as spiritual benevolence; his doctrines are despised and unsuccessful during his life; and he dies a cruel and disgraceful death. The other is a royal prince, living, in his father's palace in the metropolis, a life of ease and pleasure; some accounts alleging immorality even, and dissipation. He is thrice married, and has also a son. After his conversion and perception of the truth, he leads, on the whole, an inactive meditative career; does nothing for the mere temporal relief of his fellow-creatures, believing all earthly comfort and help to be illusions. His doctrines are received with acclamation even by kings; and he finally dies a *natural death*, lamented by thousands, and buried with honors.\* Any such general comparison makes the minor likenesses of petty details lose all their significance.

Another point which the ordinary reader deserves to have made clear to him is this. The original Buddha of the Buddhist religion and of the ancient Buddhist classics is certainly not the Buddha of Sir Edwin Arnold, or of your modern convert to poetical Buddhism. The Buddha of European and American enthusiasts is quite a fanciful creation of their own. It had no existence in either facts or doctrines in the minds of the original inventors and propagators of the old religion.

The truth seems to be somewhat this. We have all of us been brought up from the earliest childhood in an atmosphere saturated with Christian teaching. We may have been directly taught, and even personally touched, by Christian doctrines and their practical application in daily life. On the other hand, we may have had little real instruction on such subjects, and religion may never have made much conscious impression on our character. Yet, for all that, whether the teaching has been earnest or superficial, every European has been bred up in a society permeated with the results and feelings which centuries of Christianity have given rise to. Humanitarianism, charity, self-denial, purity, are all of them the offspring of Christianity, and have come to be recognized even by the irreligious and worldly as high and noble things, and as essentially part of any

religion. Thus is every man born and brought up in England, unconsciously or consciously, possessed of a mind impregnated with such preconceptions and feelings. His cast of thought is insensibly moulded by Christ's teaching, however much he may befoul with his lips the old faith now. And so it comes to pass that when he fain would discover or make for himself a religious hero or a god, he cannot help endowing him with the qualities and attributes which are inseparably associated in his soul with a spiritual ideal.

Apply this line of thought to modern Buddhism. There we find that the translators of Sanskrit works on the subject, who have had no Christian antagonism for the creed they concern, have yet had, as it were, minds evolved out of Christianity as well as Christian reminiscences, and have rendered expressions and sentiments in a high and ideal manner, which the Eastern originals were never intended to convey. Even renowned scholars, like Rhys Davids and Oldenberg — generally dispassionate and unsmitten with any taint of the new eclecticism — cannot help being led away in this direction. Meanings are given to words and doctrines such as would occur to the Christian-trained mind, but they are such as the Buddhist author and Oriental reader would neither conceive nor, un instructed, understand. Thus, likewise, has the modern Buddha been created. He has been endowed (by the unscrupulous partisanship of new converts), either wilfully or unconsciously, with the character and sublimity of the Christ of their old faith. Accordingly, it comes to pass that the hero of this new and dilettanti religion is not the old Bhagavan and Shakya-muni of Indian conception, but a mystic hybrid, a modern ideal deity, a fanciful impossible Christ-Buddha, ingeniously compromised, but never existent.

GRAHAM SANDBERG.

From Time.

ROWLAND HILL AND PENNY POSTAGE.

THE 10th January, 1890, was the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of penny postage. Closely linked with the celebrations of the jubilee of penny postage will be the name of Rowland Hill. The late Sir Rowland Hill, by his own unaided efforts, raised himself from the lowest rung of the social ladder, to a position of such distinction that Mr. Gladstone declared that "he stood amongst all the

\* According to the Sinhalese narrative, Buddha died from over-feeding upon pork.

members of the civil service pre-eminent and alone as a benefactor to the nation."

For the facts embodied in this sketch, I have relied on the biography of Sir R. Hill, published a few years ago.

Born at Kidderminster on the 3rd of December, 1795, Rowland was the third son of Thomas Wright Hill, a man of unusual character and peculiar habits, of whom it was said that "he had every sense but common sense." He was simple almost to a fault, trusting his fellow-men as much at the end of his long life of four score and eight years, as he had at the beginning. This is the characteristic of a real student, and a real student Thomas Hill inherently was. When at the age of forty he left trade, for which he was little fitted, to become a schoolmaster, he was by no means ill-adapted for the post. Sarah Lea, his wife, came of ancestry whose story is spiced with considerable romance. "As a theme for eloquence," wrote her husband once to Rowland, "you may sound the trumpet of past success and long experience in your *transcendent* mother." Rowland himself, never weary of recording her praises, could, even in his old age, scarcely speak of her without tears starting to his eyes. His father never appears to have been successful in trade. Rowland's earliest years were, therefore, spent in the stern school of poverty. The family lived in an old farmhouse called Horsehills, at very low rent, on account of its "being haunted," and bread, butter, and lettuces formed not an uncommon dinner with them. How they passed through such years as 1800, one hardly dares to think; so terrible was the dearth of 1800, that men could for many a year scarcely talk of it without a shudder. Nor did the fortunes of the Hills seem to improve when the father, at the persuasion of his wife, established a school at Hill Top, near Birmingham. Only by the practice of the most rigid economy were they able to maintain their position. Young Rowland, who was about seven years old at the time of the change, lacking the buoyant optimism of his father, even at this early age keenly felt anything that went wrong in the household affairs, and many were the plans which he — child as he was — discussed with his mother with the object of adding to the earnings of the family.

The part young Rowland had to play in domestic affairs sadly interfered with his education, while a severe attack of scarlet fever at the age of four, together with frequently recurring illnesses, formed a fur-

ther impediment. As a matter of fact, his regular schooling came to an end when he was twelve years old. He made up for this by deriving a mass of knowledge from his father, not in class hours, but in the daily intercourse of home life. Thus he acquired his love for astronomy, a study in which he became proficient, drawing up, a few years prior to his death, a paper on his astronomical researches. His father used to lecture on electricity, mechanics, astronomy, pneumatics, and the gases, and had a reflecting telescope that showed Jupiter's moons and Saturn's rings, a Hadley's quadrant, an artificial horizon, and a tolerably good clock. Rowland was his constant assistant, and as soon as he learnt anything set about teaching it to the boys of the school. Later he helped to found a literary and scientific association. At an early date he became a member of the Astronomical Society, in whose proceedings his interest was sustained to the close of his life. He discovered, when over seventy years old, some important errors in the address of one of the presidents. At the same time the young Hills — all of them fond of study — were deficient in many other branches which, if more commonplace, were none the less essential. No one was more conscious of this fact than Rowland Hill. So anxious was he to correct these defects in his education, that he felt it difficult "to resist the temptation of sacrificing physical to mental health — future strength to future fame." His great ambition was a university education, but unable to attain this he seized every opportunity of training his mind by the aid, amongst other means, of mutual improvement societies, debating clubs, and the like.

Rowland Hill's early and constant association with his father's school, gave him almost unconsciously general scholastic knowledge. Besides this, he appears to have possessed great receptive faculties, large capacity, and unwonted diligence and perseverance. His connection with the school was more from necessity than choice; still he entered upon the profession with his whole heart and soul. At all times Rowland Hill seems to have been animated by a strong desire to do something which should "better the conditions" of men, though he was not at all times able to define what that "something" was. Shortly before projecting his plan of penny postage, *e.g.*, he jotted down eight schemes for the purpose of working them out. Whilst working with

his father his great aim was to make the school at Hill Top one of public repute, and in this he was helped by his brother Matthew until the latter left to make his way at the bar. Then Rowland had to think out by himself all their plans and schemes for reforming their own school, the education of England, and indeed of the world at large.

At the age of twenty-five Rowland Hill was the virtual head of the school at Hill Top, and from that period he commenced to initiate with his brother Matthew various kinds of reform. In 1813 a kind of speech-day — an exhibition they termed it — was started: penmanship, arithmetic, parsing, and so forth. These exhibitions proved very successful, and the boys became so proficient in mental arithmetic, through a method devised by Rowland Hill, that they excelled Zerah Colburn, the American mental arithmetician then on exhibition in England. "Our arithmetic," says the author of "Essays by a Birmingham Manufacturer," an old scholar of Hill Top, "was amazing, even excelling, by our laborious acquisition of mental arithmetic, the success of the present Privy Council schools." Rowland's next step in school reform was the institution of a court of justice. The judge, sheriff and keeper of the records were chosen monthly by the boys, the attorney and solicitor appointed by himself, while the jury consisted of six boys of approved good behavior, selected by ballot. The court sat once a week, but frequently there were no offenders. The sentences consisted generally in the forfeiture of premial marks, a certain number of which entitled a boy to a holiday; and the prerogative of mitigation or pardon was reserved to Rowland Hill. The system, so far as it went, really worked most satisfactorily, saving an immense amount of trouble in deciding disputes and investigating offences. A few months later he granted the pupils of Hill Top a *constitution* — an elaborate scheme for managing the school by an elected representative committee that had the direction of everything except the school hours and quantity of work. All teachers were *ex officio* members of this governing committee, which was elected by ballot. Mr. Hill himself — the father — acted as the sovereign, and his consent was necessary to any bill that had passed the committee, before it could become law. In no case does he appear to have found it necessary to refuse this assent. By its own laws the committee was obliged to meet once a week, and it now appointed the officers of

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3583

the court of justice, instead of the boys themselves, as formerly. Many advantages were certainly derived from this form of scholastic government. The most important was probably the beneficial effect upon the morals of the boys. "Of course," wrote Rowland Hill, in his plan of the constitution, "the committee will consist of boys whose age and superior acquirements give them a lead in all affairs of the school; and it is of the utmost importance that these boys should lead the others the right road and not astray, as is too often the case. Now they feel themselves under some obligation not to break these laws which they themselves have assisted in enacting, and the scholars cannot complain that the laws are too severe, because, either in their own proper persons or in those of their representatives, they must have assisted in passing them. The consequence has been that since things have been so constructed, we have gone on much more pleasantly to all parties than before."

The constitution and the reforms which followed were so beneficial that Hill Top became a little world of its own, and grew so rapidly that it was found necessary to remove to a new house at Hazlewood. Rowland's ambition aimed at even higher things. He had it in mind to initiate educational reform throughout the whole country. With this object in view he published in 1822 a book on "Public Education." The work met with a very favorable reception, and created a stir in the scholastic and educational world. The school at Hazlewood thus rapidly acquired a considerable amount of fame. Amongst the many visitors were the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Auckland, Lord Kinnaird, Sir George Napier, Sir George Pollock, Lord Brougham, De Quincey, Roscoe, Malthus, and a host of other influential persons. Lord John Russell sent Dr. Maltby (afterwards Bishop of Durham) to inspect the school. The applications for admittance were so many that they really became a source of anxiety.

The press criticisms on "Public Education" appear to have been very friendly. The *Edinburgh Review* and the *London Magazine* both published very favorable articles on the work. The *London* one was written by De Quincey after a personal inspection. M. Jullien, the editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, published in his journal the result of his personal inspection. But the criticism which Rowland Hill probably valued above all others



was that of Miss Edgeworth, whom he met when in Ireland. "To me and doubtless to my brother Rowland," wrote Arthur Hill of this gifted lady, "the interview with this admirable woman savored of romance. As an abstraction she had long been to every member of our family an object of respect amounting to reverence. Her works had been to us a source of delight, of instruction, of purity and of elevation, but herself seemed indefinitely removed, and we could hardly believe that we were now actually in her presence and admitted to friendly intercourse. I still esteem it one of the greatest honors of my life to have sat next to her at dinner by her own desire." Miss Edgeworth told Rowland that she had read "Public Education" "with the highest delight," an acknowledgment of which he was ever justifiably proud. "That her praise," he wrote, "was not the unmeaning stuff of commonplace, I am sure, for it was not uniform. She objected to some parts, which she advised us to alter. Most of her suggestions we have adopted."

All this brought penalties, and Rowland Hill's health—at no time good—began to give way. A tour in the north of England and in Scotland partially revived him; but three months later he had fear of relapsing into "the maddening state of mind" from which he had but lately escaped. A year or two later he fell dangerously ill and had to undergo severe surgical operations.

A few months prior to this it had been found necessary to establish a kindred institution to that of Hazlewood near London, and to Rowland was delegated the task of securing a suitable situation. He discovered Bruce Castle, an old mansion in a beautiful fragment of what had once been a wide park. Hither he brought his bride, the eldest daughter of a Mr. Pearson, a Wolverhampton manufacturer.

"My dear wife's help in my toils," Hill wrote, "and not least in those best known to the public, was important, perhaps essential to their success." An old-fashioned friend of the family quaintly corroborated this statement when he said that if "Rowland Hill was the father of penny postage, he knew who its mother was. It was his wife." Bruce Castle was the closing scene of Rowland Hill's scholastic labors, and here the Hill family began to break up. "In our course through life," wrote Rowland, "from the beginning to the present hour, each one of us has always been ready to help the others to the best of his power; and no

one has failed to call for such assistance again and again."

The quiet life at Bruce Castle does not appear to have suited Rowland Hill. About the year 1833 he seems to have become so unsettled as to seriously entertain doubts as to the expediency of remaining in it. His brothers, with one exception, relished school life little more than himself. The brothers had about this period carefully prepared a scheme of a "social community," which was to afford the "great advantages of the close union of a variety of talent by the collection of a number of persons, and their intimate organization and knowledge of each other." The idea was not, however, favored by their father, who wrote, "My dear son Rowland, you and your brothers are the last men to make monks of," and in the end no steps were taken to carry it out.

Not long afterwards an opening offered itself for Rowland—a commission had been formed for colonizing south Australia, and through his friend, Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Rowland Hill was appointed its secretary, a post which he held for four years. While fulfilling these duties in 1836, he first formed his conception of postal reform. His appointment to the Treasury to carry out part of his plans caused him to retire from the South Australian Commission in 1839.

Rowland Hill's father used frequently to speak of the benefits resulting from Palmer's postal reform in 1784, by the employment of stage coaches instead of the slow and irregular horse and foot posts. But the subject was thrust upon their notice in a much more practical form. Every post letter that arrived meant a demand for payment. It was not, however, until 1835, when the national revenue showed a large surplus, that Rowland Hill earnestly and seriously turned his thoughts to the post-office. The method he adopted was as follows.

He arrived at the conclusion that it was of great importance in reducing taxation to select that tax, the reduction of which would afford a maximum of relief to the public with a minimum of injury to the revenue. The best test was to examine each tax, to ascertain whether its productiveness had kept pace with the increase and prosperity of the nation. The tax which under this test proved the most defective was the one required. The tax upon the transmission of letters was brought into bad pre-eminence. The absolute postal revenue during the previous

twenty years (1815-1835) had diminished, not increased. This, notwithstanding that the population had increased, so that even from a financial point of view the postal rates were injuriously high. But the most serious evil these rates inflicted upon the public was the "obstruction it raised to the moral and intellectual progress of the people." To seek for the best possible manner of redressing the evil was, of course, the step which followed. The duty was difficult for Rowland Hill, as the only sources of information open to him were blue-books. Of this "raw material" about half a hundredweight was furnished to him by Mr. Wallace, at that time M.P. for Greenock. He started with the simple idea that the postage rates must be reduced, but he had not gone far before he arrived at the conclusion that such a reduction might be carried to a considerable extent. The question therefore suggested itself, "how far the total reduction might safely be carried," and to answer this it was necessary to make a systematic study, analysis, and comparison. This examination brought out the fact that the practice which then existed of regulating the amount of postage according to the distance an inland letter was conveyed had no foundation in principle. The conclusion was that the rates of postage should be irrespective of distance; and it was this discovery that formed the basis of his plan.

The next point was uniformity of rate established by the fact that the expenses of the receipt and delivery were the same for all letters, while the cost of conveyance was so small as to be reducible to absolute insignificance. It remained, therefore, to decide this uniform rate. It was clear that there would be difficulty in establishing any uniform rate higher than the minimum then in force, and he finally decided in favor of the penny rate.

In January, 1837, he placed the results, printed in pamphlet form and headed "Private and Confidential," in the hands of the government. The conclusions which he had arrived at were: "First, that the number of letters passing through the post would be greatly increased by the disuse of franks and abandonment of illicit conveyance; by the breaking up of one long letter into several shorter ones; by the use of many circulars hitherto withheld; and, lastly, by an enormous enlargement of the class of letter-writers.

"Further, that, supposing the public, according to its practice in other cases, only to expend as much in postage as before,

the loss to the net revenue would be but small; and, again, that such loss, even if large, would be more than compensated by the powerful stimulus given by low postage to the productive power of the country, and the consequent increase of revenue in other departments.

"Finally, that while the risk to the post-office revenue was comparatively small, and the chance of eventual gain not inconsiderable, and while the beneficial effect on the general revenue was little less than certain, the adoption of my plan would certainly confer a most important, manifest, and acceptable benefit on the country."

Amongst the trusty friends whom Rowland had taken into council was Mr. Wallace, the leading post-office reformer of the day. This gentleman concurred in the main feature of the plan. Mr. Wallace, however, did not simply accord his approval, but "gave me," as Rowland Hill states, "the advantage of his position, and labored through three anxious years to promote my views as earnestly as if they had been his own." The sequel of the story of penny postage need therefore only be succinctly recounted here.

The first result of the pamphlet was a summons to wait on the chancellor of the exchequer, who received Rowland courteously and listened attentively to his representations. Yet the government did not seem inclined to make any experiment, and Hill, therefore, deemed it necessary to appeal directly to public opinion by a re-issue of his pamphlet in a public form under the title of "Post Office Reform, Second Edition." Within the year of publication, a third edition had been called for, and the support of the press was almost universal.

Public bodies took the matter up. The Common Council of the city of London resolved in favor of the plan, and petitioned Parliament for its adoption. The public soon began to clamor. In the course of six days two hundred and fifteen petitions in favor of this scheme were presented to Parliament, and during the session of 1839, the number of petitions was upwards of two thousand, and the appended signatures about a quarter of a million. The situation was thus described by the *Times* in March, 1839: "On a review of the public feeling which it [penny postage] has called forth from men of all parties, sects, and conditions of life, it may well be termed the cause of the whole people of the United Kingdom against the small coterie of place holders in St.

Martin's-le-Grand and its dependencies." Twenty-five London journals and eighty-seven provincial papers supported this view, while even abroad the question excited considerable attention.

Rowland Hill met, however, a vast amount of opposition, particularly from the post-office officials. Nevertheless, public agitation proved too powerful, and the chancellor of the exchequer, on the 5th of July, 1839, in bringing forward his budget, formally proposed the experiment of penny postage. The resolution was agreed to without a division, and some days later, the bill on the subject was introduced in the House of Commons. It passed through both Houses of Parliament without a division, and became law on the 17th of August, 1839.

So far the battle was won, and Rowland Hill was the hero of the day. Congratulations poured in, and the inhabitants of Wolverhampton testified their high sense of his services as the "Founder and able advocate of the Plan of Universal Penny Postage—A.D. 1839"—by the presentation of a handsome silver candelabrum. It became a question as to what the government intended doing for Rowland Hill, for it was evident that he should be recompensed, and that he should receive a place in the service of the crown. He was engaged temporarily for a term of two years at the Treasury, at a salary of £1,500 per annum, without any claim to permanent employment at the expiration of that period. He entered on his duties on the 16th of September, 1839. It was impossible for him during his engagement at the Treasury, subsequently extended to another year, to develop his original plan in its entirety. Yet he did good work. On the accession of the Conservatives, who had opposed the plan of penny postage, to power, Rowland Hill lost his place at the Treasury.

The Brighton Railway Company's affairs were just then in so unsatisfactory a condition as to render the appointment of new board of directors necessary, and he obtained a directorship, and shortly afterwards the chairmanship of the company. In this capacity he remained four years; giving his undivided attention to the affairs of the company, and effecting such reforms in this railway system, that the property rose considerably in value.

Meanwhile, a select committee to inquire into the state of the post-office had been agreed to by the House of Commons, and Rowland Hill had himself published a pamphlet, "The State and Prospects of

Penny Postage." In 1846, the Liberals had such strong hopes of a speedy return to power, that he resigned his chairmanship of the Brighton Railway Company, and a large annual income (in one year alone he made £6,000) for a comparatively insignificant government appointment.

On the 29th of June, the Conservative ministry, with Sir Robert Peel at its head, resigned, and Rowland Hill was soon afterwards permanently appointed secretary to the postmaster-general at a salary of £1,200. His power was still greatly restricted. The secretary at the post-office, at that time, and most of the leading officials of the department, had always shown great opposition to his reforms and innovations. Still he contrived to effect a considerable improvement, not only in the general organization and administration of the post-office, but also in the money order system, in the mail service, in the abolition of Sunday duty in the Metropolis, the institution of a cheap book post rate, etc. There can be little doubt that the government would have appointed Rowland Hill sole secretary to the post-office had the post been vacant, but the then holder of the office was too young a man to pension, and there was no suitable position to which just at that time he could be transferred. In 1854 the chief secretary, however, was appointed to a seat at the Board of Audit, and the secretaryship of the post-office, and secretary to the postmaster-general, consolidated in Hill—an appointment fully endorsed by the public.

At last in smooth waters, Rowland Hill continued for a period of ten years at the great work of his life. The mail services at one time would engage his attention; he instituted the "Limited Mail," and his son invented the expedient for trains delivering and receiving the mail bags at certain places without the necessity of stopping. At another time the system of foreign and colonial postage claimed his consideration, or the money order office, or the rectification of accounts. On three occasions, he was threatened with assassination on account of some alleged grievances on the part of the letter carriers.

In 1863, at the age of sixty-nine his health began to break up and he was obliged to tender his resignation on the 29th of February of the following year. He was awarded for life his full salary of £2,000 a year. On the 11th of June, 1864, Lord Palmerston, as prime minister, in the House of Commons brought up a message from the queen recommending the

House to concur in enabling her to grant the author of penny postage the sum of £20,000 in consideration and recognition of his eminent services, etc. Four years previously, in 1860, her Majesty had conferred the distinction of a knight commander of the Bath on Rowland Hill. Lord Palmerston, in moving the grant of this sum by her Majesty, testified to the "great genius, sagacity, perseverance, and industry, and to the services rendered by Sir Rowland Hill to this and to other countries."

The public were anxious to show honor to Sir Rowland, and as early as in 1846 a national testimonial of £13,000 had been presented to him at Blackwell. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, on the recommendation of the Duke of Argyll and Sir Roderick Murchison (astronomer royal), and a year later he was admitted to that inner circle, the Royal Society Club. The University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L., and in 1879 the city of London granted him its freedom.

In 1865 he did useful work in connection with the royal commission on the suggested purchase by government of the railways, of which he became a member at Mr. Gladstone's urgent request. He also managed to keep himself *au courant* with the progress of science and mechanical invention, and for some time was able to attend occasionally the meetings of the Political Economy Club. He took a strong interest in politics, but his mind turned chiefly and constantly on all matters relating to the post-office, and much of his time in retirement was employed in preparing the "History of Penny Postage." In 1876 Sir Rowland was suddenly struck down by an attack that threatened paralysis, but from this he appears to have rallied. "Each year," however, we are told, "saw his range narrowed more and more, till at last he was confined to one floor," and on the 27th of August, 1879, he breathed his last. The nation awarded him the honor of a resting-place in Westminster Abbey. "The funeral was not," writes a mourner who was present, "a state ceremonial — it was a people's payment of honor. There was not grief; but there was a solemn sense of recognition of a great deed."

In his character there was a "rare combination of enthusiasm and practical power." He was confident of success, but always cautious in procedure. In everything but work he was a most temperate man. He was hot-tempered, but

the most upright and truthful of men. The testimony of one who long served under him affords a very good summary of his public character. "Sir Rowland Hill was very generous," he states, "with his own money, and very close with the public money. He would have been more popular had he been generous with the public money and close with his own."

ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

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From The Revue des Deux Mondes.  
SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

THE first aphorism of old Hippocrates has acquired a world-wide acceptance and celebrity: "Art is long; time is brief; experience misleading; judgment difficult." We might add, "and observation is defective." Thus completed we commend it to the consideration of critics.

The critic reads much and reads rapidly. Rapid reading, as we know, involves mistakes. On the other hand, to potter too long over the details of a subject distracts the attention from the main question. The critic becomes like the man who could not see the forest for the trees.

Sir John Mandeville was a remarkable personage in the second half of the fourteenth century. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and after a long residence in Egypt and in Syria, professed to have travelled through central Asia to the very gates of the Garden of Eden. On his return home he published an account of his travels in three languages: Latin, French, and English, and his narrative of marvels and adventures met with extraordinary success and popularity.

"No book," says Mr. Thomas Wright, a gentleman who devoted himself to the literature of the Middle Ages, "was so generally read at the close of the fourteenth century," which speaks well for the discrimination and good taste of its author's contemporaries, but we are bound to confess that up to a very recent period we ourselves knew Sir John Mandeville only through extracts from his writings, and we plead in apology that, notwithstanding the interest of his book, it is one of those that it is nowise indispensable that a man of cultivation should have read before quitting this life for another world. But a few weeks since, our imagination having acquired, from some cause or other, a relish for the marvellous, we picked up

Sir John Mandeville, on the strength of his reputation for being more credulous than the most superstitious monk of the Middle Ages, for that is the current phrase applied to him in literature, and such extracts as we had read confirmed the impression.

Need we say that our imagination found all the food it craved for in his work? There was a marvel upon every page, indeed in nearly every line; which is not to be wondered at when we consider that not only does he repeat all that came under his own observation, but all those wonders that belonged more properly to the travellers who had preceded him, besides those that the compilers of the Middle Ages had gathered from the works of the naturalists of antiquity. But the greatest marvel of it was that under all this mass of fable we discerned the man himself: bold, prudent, sensible, and right-minded, capable of thinking for himself in opposition to received opinions, and who, if superstitious, is so only after the fashion and the measure of his two contemporaries, Chaucer and Boccaccio. As we read we believed ourselves to have found out the reason why such a man had amassed such a collection of extraordinary things. Mandeville demonstrates by anecdotes, proves by fables, insinuates by miracles, and suggests by narratives, using as his medium his voyages and travels, — lessons which other moralists, popular preachers, orators, and philosophers have taught by apologue and parable. He is a Rabelais, without humor and without invention, who has written a very amusing book with the purpose of insinuating truth by the very exaggeration of error, and of teaching true religion through the medium of superstition.

The most singular thing of all is that he took no pains to hide his purpose. He never, indeed, openly avows it, but there it is, from one end of his book to the other, always modest and discreet, but any one may see it who will. The idea which is the very soul of his narratives — an idea high enough and broad enough to occupy at the present day the minds and thoughts of many independent thinkers — runs through all his fables, but is never concealed nor carried underground. Mandeville tells us over and over again exactly what he thinks, yet his critics and commentators never seem to have perceived his purpose, which is another illustration of the fact that truth can often deceive diplomacy.

The truth that Mandeville has at heart

is that man, being man all over the world, and truth being truth, and the heritage of all mankind, that it is Heaven's gift to every nation under Heaven. No race of man is so debased that it has not attained to some portions of true knowledge, and the diversity of men's religious beliefs does but prove, thinks Mandeville, the truth of this position. Assuredly there is nothing in all this which Christianity may not accept, and does nowadays proclaim, but it is also true that the orthodoxy of an idea is determined by the sentiments of the epoch in which it is uttered; what is entirely orthodox in our day may have been rank heterodoxy in the fourteenth century. I cannot but think that Sir John's sentiments, if too plainly put before a theologian of the court of Avignon, or before a doctor of the Council of Constance, might have brought him into trouble.

I foresee an objection: How would an idea of that magnitude escape detection? The answer is, that though it is apparent everywhere when pointed out, it is smothered under its mass of illustrations. To have recourse to an illustration that I have used before, we cannot see the forest for the abundance of the trees. Besides, prudence and discretion at that period were absolutely necessary. And Mandeville was so well convinced of this that he took especial pains to place his book under the protection of orthodoxy. We may add that his idea exists rather in germ than in systematic development, nor is this singular, for men born in advance of their age, especially in a period of transition, like Mandeville and Chaucer, seldom break loose from all the traditions and beliefs in which they have been brought up, and even the boldest thinkers have no quantity of new ideas, but mostly each has one, and in other matters he preserves those of many preceding generations.

Though born at Saint Albans, Sir John Mandeville, like many noblemen and gentlemen of that period in England, was almost as much a Frenchman as an Englishman. He was of Norman origin, his name indicating that his ancestor came from one of the provinces of western France, either with the followers of the Conqueror, or with Henry Plantagenet, the first Angevin sovereign. The descendants of the Norman knights still kept up intercourse among themselves in the French language of Normandy, though an English language and literature was being gradually formed. Sir John Mandeville therefore wrote versions of his book

both in French and English. The former, it is generally supposed, having preceded that in his mother tongue. There is evident tenderness of feeling towards France shown in many parts of his narrative. Whilst he was on his travels the great wars, which lasted a hundred years, between the two countries, had begun under Edward III., and the year of his return, 1356, is the date of the battle of Poitiers; but the deeds of arms and the great victories that took place during his absence, inspired him apparently with little sympathy or admiration. For in his preface he does not hesitate to blame those knights and temporal barons who, instead of endeavoring to reconquer the Holy Land, that common heritage of Christians, showed much more zeal in despoiling their neighbors.

He quitted Saint Albans, he tells us, on Michaelmas Day, 1322, and he returned in 1356. Thirty-four years! Twice the time that Tacitus considers a large portion of the life of man; but it was not too long for all the objects that he had in view when he set out upon his travels. We see him as a pilgrim, as a soldier of fortune, and as a curious observer of men and manners. In each of these characters he was prompted to undertake a life of wandering, but he has given us another reason for his wandering tastes which partakes too much of the spirit of his times to be omitted. He believed, like Chaucer, in judicial astrology. Speaking of the natives of India, he says, that being born under Saturn, a sluggish planet, they have no inclination to travel and little interest in foreigners; whilst the English, who are born under the influences of the most active of all planets, the moon, have been "endowed by her with a desire to move actively, to explore different countries, to seek out strange things, and to study the diversity of the inhabitants of the earth; for the moon goes round the earth more rapidly than any other planet."

This is the earliest and not the least original explanation of the nomadic instincts which distinguish the inhabitants of Great Britain, and its author was the forerunner of those hosts of modern Englishmen who go to and fro upon the earth in all directions, never modifying their national characteristics, turning to praise and profit the philosophical remark that Horace launches at those restless spirits who have been bitten by the tarantula of travel:—

Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

Of the thirty-four years passed in absence from his country, Mandeville seems to have spent his first nineteen in the service of the sultan of Egypt, whom he assisted in his expeditions against the Bedouins, of whom in a few lines he draws a masterly picture. The sultan, he says, took him into such favor that he wanted to marry him to the daughter of a great personage at court, provided he would change his religion. And indeed this monarch must have held him in high esteem to have discoursed with him, as he did in private, on the discordancies between the religion of Christians and their practices, apropos of a matter of importance, and the conversation as he reports it bears every mark of authenticity. It is probable that during these years of service under the Egyptian sultan he had the opportunity to make frequent excursions through the regions of Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine, and the part of his book relating to these countries is longer, more circumstantial, and indeed less fabulous, than the other parts of his narrative. On quitting Egypt, he says he entered India through the dominions of the great khan of Cathay, in whose service he filled the same military position he had done in that of the sultan.

These scanty facts are pretty nearly all he has thought proper to tell us about himself in his character of knight-errant, either because of his real modesty, or because he did not wish to break the unity of his narrative by too many personal details, for he had in him the instincts of an artist, and it is evident that he bestowed labor and thought upon his task of composition, in spite of inexperience and occasional awkwardness of expression. But in spite of his reticence we have an indirect way of picturing him to ourselves in the character of a Christian *condottiere*. His contemporary, Chaucer, who was well versed in all the literature of the period, French, English, or Italian, must undoubtedly have read Mandeville's book before he wrote the "Canterbury Tales," and probably knew Mandeville. It is more than probable that he took from him the character of the knight, the most noble of his pilgrims, who opens the series of tales by that of "Arcite and Palemon."

We give the description of the knight in plain verse rather than in the verse of Chaucer.

"A knight there was, a very worthy man, who from the first day that he rode a horse loved chivalry, and truth, and honor, liberty and courtesy. . . . He had trav-

elled as far as any living man, both in Christian and in heathen lands, and had been always honored for his perfect nobleness. He was at Alexandria when that town was taken. Often had he sat in Prussia at the highest seat at table, above all the other men of other nations, and no Christian man of his quality had travelled so often in Russia and Lithuania. In the kingdom of Grenada he had been present at the siege of Algésiras . . . he was at Layar and Satalia when those cities were stormed, and in the Grecian seas he had formed part of many a noble army. He had been present in fifteen murderous battles. He had fought for our faith at Tramissene in three passes of arms, and he had each time killed his adversary. This worthy knight had also lived some time in the service of the lord of Palatia, another pagan in Turkey, and everywhere he had been held in great honor and esteem. He was as wise as he was valiant, and in manners gentle as a maiden. Never in his life had he said a discreditable word or one unsuited to his condition. He was a perfect gentle knight. . . . He had lately come home from his travels, and he had set out to accomplish this pilgrimage."

Surely this is Sir John Mandeville, such as our fancy pictures him, pious but loving adventures, passing unharmed through what to others would have been deadly perils, thanks, probably, to his good renown, falling naturally into the society of great men in all countries whither he went — and assuredly the knight of Chaucer had seen no more foreign lands than Sir John assures us he had seen. At any rate, the portrait in a certain sense depicts the great travellers of the period, whether Sir John sat for it or not, for assuredly Chaucer did not intend to paint an exceptional figure in his knight, and we may infer that such characters were not uncommon in the fourteenth century. One of Chaucer's commentators, Tyrwhite, expressed surprise that the poet speaks of his knight as having been at Alexandria and Lithuania, but makes no mention of Cressy and Poitiers. If the portrait is that of Mandeville we see the reason at once, — he was absent in foreign countries when those battles took place.

The life of Sir John Mandeville had many distinct phases. Though deeply imbued with the Crusading spirit, he did not hesitate to take service under Moslem, or pagan princes, whilst his feelings as a pilgrim are evidently deeply Christian, and are those of pious men in his own

times. Deeply he deplores the cessation of the Crusades. He mourns over the loss of the Holy City, and he thinks that the Christians in divers countries, having no longer one solemn bond of interest and action to unite them, will fall apart more than ever from each other. The close of the Crusades was followed by the rise of the Seljuk Turks under Orchan. When Sir John Mandeville left home upon his travels these Turks had just made themselves masters of Asia Minor. Before he returned to England Orchan and Amurath had invaded the European provinces of the Byzantine Empire, and had laid the foundation of an empire that has been a thorn in the side of Christian Europe for four hundred years. A passage in Sir John's book paints with great feeling, color, and distinctness, the sadness that prevailed, even in his day, in the doomed city of Constantinople.

"Before the Church of Saint Sophia," he says, "is the statue of the emperor Justinian gilt all over. He is on horseback, with a crown upon his head, and formerly he held in his hand a golden orb; but this orb has now fallen, and the people of that city say that it is because the emperor has lost a great part of his lands and lordships, for he was formerly emperor of Roumania and of Greece, of all Asia Minor, of Judea wherein is Jerusalem, of Egypt, Persia, and Arabia, but he has lost all save only Greece. Several times they have attempted to replace the orb in the hand of the statue, but it will never remain there. The orb typifies the sovereignty that he had over the whole earth, because it is round. The other hand is raised towards the east in an attitude of menace to the infidel aggressors."

It was with all the feelings of a pious son of the cross that Mandeville made his journey to the Holy Land. These feelings likewise inspired the care and deep respect with which he describes that country. Step by step he explores all Palestine, every little village, every little town, and at each one he records the historical or religious fact, the legend or the fable with which it is associated. As name after name falls from his pen, they inspire a feeling which no other string of names could produce. And few things have ever made us feel so forcibly how closely that little country is linked to our own lives in lands far distant than this itinerary.

His fervor is expended on the holy places. As soon as he leaves Palestine that fervor grows less; and we see him in

a character we should never have suspected. He has all kinds of reserves, he throws out singular hints, he is apparently half a skeptic. He describes, without any excess of horror or astonishment, the idolatries he meets with on his journeys, however monstrous they may be. He compares our form of religious belief with another, and, not content with showing wherein they differ from Christianity, he is at pains to point out wherein they correspond. In short, Mandeville becomes in the second part of his travels a complete latitudinarian, and it is from this portion of his work that we have extracted the idea that the main purpose of his book is to show how some portion of God's truth is in the possession of all men. He was so conscious that his opinions were in advance of those of his own age, and so disquieted as to his own safety, that he tells us that on his return to Europe he sought an audience with the pope, and submitted his book to his examination, "in order to free his conscience concerning a number of subjects of doubt, which cannot fail to accumulate in the mind of a man who has seen many nations, of divers sects and different beliefs."

The pope, it appears, examined the book, and put it under the safeguard of his approval. Satisfied as to this, Mandeville triumphantly presented his narrative to his readers, assuring them in his preface that if any of those refractory unbelievers who credit nothing but what they have beheld with their own eyes should be among them, they may take notice that his truthfulness has been attested and affirmed by the Holy Father himself. We may be permitted to suspect that Sir John submitted his book for the approval of the pope with somewhat the same feeling that prompted Voltaire to dedicate his "Mahomet" to Benedict XIV. The precaution was possibly a very wise one. The earliest known manuscript bears date 1371, which was the very year in which the persecution of Wycliffe and his followers commenced, a persecution that was vigorously carried on by the English bishops for many years. Though the ideas of Mandeville had no connection with those of Wycliffe it might not have been safe at such a moment to be suspected of any unorthodox opinions.

The book was put forth in three languages; this had been the case already with the "Travels" of Marco Polo, but the reason given by Mandeville in his preface to the French and English versions of his work are curious. "Seeing that

some persons understand French better than Latin, I have written this book in the Romance language to the end that every one may understand it; wherefore lords and knights and such other persons as do not understand Latin, may know that I have translated my book from Latin into French and from French into English, that every man of my nation may understand it, and that the lords, knights, and other worthy persons who know little Latin, but who have travelled beyond seas, may see if I have erred through lack of memory, and if so may correct and amend me."

Very little is known concerning the subsequent life of this singular personage. He does not seem after his return home to have resided in England. A tradition, that appears well founded, says that he settled at Liège, where he practised medicine, having acquired numberless secrets as to drugs and simples in the East. His choice of Liège was due probably in part to his French sympathies. There was at that time much intercourse between England and the Low Countries, and there was also at Liège a popular sympathy for mysticism and for a train of thought rather beyond the pale of orthodoxy, which may have been to him a recommendation. At Liège he probably translated his Latin manuscript into French and English. He died in that city, according to some in 1371, but one manuscript of the fifteenth century gives the date of his death as 1382.

Having thus obtained some shadowy view of the man himself, we will consider him further as a reporter of fables. First, because he is a man of talent in his vocation; secondly, because the consideration may introduce us into some provinces of that fairyland which Michelet so justly calls the most powerful of all kingdoms in the Middle Ages.

How far are we to believe him? "Liar" and "dupe" are the two epithets commonly associated with his memory. But though unquestionably he is sometimes both, he is much more careful than has been commonly believed, to indicate the amount of truth due in his own opinion to the wonders of which he is the chronicler. If we give him credit for a philosophical purpose, his mixture of fact and fable, allegory and narrative, becomes comprehensible; but if we consider him simply as a traveller, we shall never arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

If we look upon him simply in this light it is hard to understand why he should



not be entitled to the extenuating circumstances so liberally accorded to other travellers who preceded him. He *is* credulous, but so are all the old travellers in the Middle Ages, most of them astoundingly so; and their credulity does not give us any unreasonable shock, because we comprehend its causes. The civilization of the lands which they had quitted to find themselves confronted with the marvels they relate, was closely associated with a religion which had in those days its own abundant stock of fables, superstitions, and local legends. In these they had been cradled and brought up, by them in their infancy they had been terrified or amused. Nor could they fail to remain under the influence of such early beliefs, so that they were quite prepared to acquiesce in anything marvellous that might be related to them. This was especially the case when the traveller was a monk, for the marvellous was the very element in which he and his fraternity lived, and there was no kind of miracle that might not be wrought by devils to retain possession of the unredeemed portions of the human race. With this predisposition to accept the marvellous, is it wonderful that Mandeville fell under its influence, in spite of his soldierly powers of observation, or Marco Polo in spite of his practical common sense, as a Venetian trader?

But though Sir John may not be more credulous than his predecessors, we cannot deny that he *appears* more so, and that the things he relates appear more fabulous by the way he tells them. The countries that he claims to have traversed after he left Palestine are the same as those in which Marco Polo before him had lived so many years: Armenia, Turkestan, Mongolia, and Cathay (or southern China). Now if we compare the two narratives we shall see that that of Marco Polo is no whit behind that of Sir John in its relations of the marvellous. Many of the same things are there: invisible spirits in the steppes of Tartary, calling the traveller by name, that they may lead him astray; devils, who speak out of the mouths of idols, whole nations devoted to magic arts, the mysterious Prester John, lord of a floating kingdom, like Gulliver's Laputa, and all the thousand strange peculiarities of manners and beliefs in those far distant climes. Indeed, Marco Polo relates wonders that are not in Mandeville — wonders that Sir John would not have failed to add to his own collection had he been guilty of plagiarizing; for instance, the story of how diamonds were procured

from valleys-inhabited by deadly serpents by means of raw meat thrown down and brought thence by eagles. This story, which we find incorporated into the adventures of Sinbad the sailor, is, by the way, as old as Herodotus, who, however, has myrrh in his narrative in place of diamonds. And yet all these wonders when we read them in Marco Polo appear natural enough, if we make certain allowances for an atmosphere of unreality, whilst the smallest circumstance, the most easily accounted for mystery, has in Mandeville's book an air of fable. This is because he had a taste for fables. He loved to collect them, he loves to relate them. He has the *voluntary* credulity of a poet or an artist, and is in fact less credulous than his predecessors. Nay, sometimes his credulity is feigned. He lets us see that he puts no faith in what he is telling us, but he tells it all the same, because the story interested him and it will interest his readers. The vulgar may believe such tales, but the wise will take them for what they are worth, like himself.

"Let him believe who will what I am about to relate, and let those disbelieve who cannot believe it," he says, before beginning the history of the wonders of Cathay. In Armenia he has been told that often on a clear day Noah's ark has been seen on the summit of Mount Ararat, but no man except one monk has been able to reach it, and he only by the grace of God. "There are others who think they have reached it," he adds, "but we must be careful how we believe them."

His marvellous story of the barnacle geese is very celebrated, but if we examine it carefully we shall find that it does not prove him credulous, but the contrary.

"In the kingdom of Caldilhe," he says, "which is a beautiful country, grows a kind of fruit like pomegranates. When they are ripe, if you cut them in two you find inside a little animal of blood and bones, like a tiny lamb without its fleece. They eat fruit and beast together. This is a great marvel. I have eaten of it, and I told them that in our country we had a greater marvel still. I told them we had trees that bore fruits that turned into birds. That those that dropped into the water lived, but those that fell on the earth died; and that they were very good to eat. Thereupon they all marvelled greatly in their turn, and said that it was an impossibility." Can we not see the *chaff* in this little story? The inhabitants of the kingdom of Caldille had probably served him a lamb taken unborn from its moth-

er's womb, as is the horrid practice in Astrachan to this day. It was wrapped in its caul, and they had tried to impose on his credulity as a stranger, by making him believe it was one of the fruits peculiar to their country. He pays them back in their own coin, giving them, with all politeness, a Roland for an Oliver.

Credulous! He is so little credulous that it is a wonder that the powers of the Church had not applied to him a very different appellation. With all his discretion he lets fall occasionally some very risky things. He says them shyly, briefly — as asides; but plainly enough to enable us to recognize in him a contemporary of Wycliffe, Chaucer, and the author of the "Vision of Piers Ploughman." Hear him on the subject of simony: "The Greeks say that usury is not a mortal sin; and they sell benefices in their Church, even as others do elsewhere. (May God be pleased in his good time to put an end to such a thing.) It is a great scandal. For now simony is crowned even as a queen in holy church. May God in his good mercy send us a remedy!" Even thus spake Wycliffe, and thus, a few years later, would John Huss speak.

When Mandeville finds himself confronted with anything that he is unable to comprehend, his very reserve has its significance. The monks of Mount Sinai told him that when their abbot died the name of his successor was always to be found written on their altar. "One day," he says, "I asked some of the monks how that happened? But no one would tell me. Then I told them that they ought not to conceal the favor that God showed them, but should publish it abroad to increase the devotion of the people, and that to my mind they sinned in concealing a miracle. They answered that the thing often happened. But they would tell me nothing more."

Like all his contemporaries whose thoughts tended towards reform he is jealous against false relics, and the traffic carried on in them. We may call him credulous, but on this point he never allows himself to be deceived.

If they show him the same relics in different places, he can always place them in the right one. Do the monks of Cyprus profess to have the true cross in their possession? He says this is not true. They know very well that it is only the cross of Dismas, the penitent thief. "Yet all do not know this," he observes, "and it is an evil deed to make the ignorant believe it for the sake of their offerings."

The head of Saint John the Baptist is in several places. "Some say," says Sir John, "that it is now at Amiens in Picardy; others that the head at Amiens is that of Saint John the bishop. I know not which of these opinions is correct. But God knows. And however it may be, the blessed Saint John is honored, and he is satisfied with it." Is this sarcasm, or piety?

He undoubtedly tells falsehoods, and we think him more given to lying than credulity. Yet it is difficult to discover how far he means to tell the truth. Dr. Chalmers has said truly, that Mandeville "relates more than he affirms, and what he has heard rather than what he has seen." And from whom did he hear what he relates? From Greek or Syrian monks, from Arabs, and from Tartars, all people whose respect for truth is very superficial, and who had rather take a fact ready made than search into the truth of it.

The East is the home of legend; the native country of the world's great fairy-tales. The travellers who visited Asia in the Middle Ages brought back marvels even as Herodotus had done from those very lands. Modern travellers visit those countries with all the learning of Europe at their backs, and have no reason to be beholden to the information obtained from the inhabitants. Yet if any modern traveller would go to the East, and simply report what he was told there, he probably would produce a book not less full of the marvellous than that of Mandeville. Witness the "Persian Sketches" of Sir John Malcolm, an English diplomatist sent to Persia in the early part of the present century. His book might pass for a supplement to the "Arabian Nights." He found his material by questioning every one he met, soldiers, boatmen, guides, and travellers. Every city he entered was built by magic, every mountain range was the abode of demons, every locality had its legend.

We should like also to defend Sir John Mandeville from the charge often brought against him of his being a compiler. He indeed often repeats stories told before by other travellers, Marco Polo, Rubequis, and Oderic of Pordenona, but as he wandered through the same countries may not the same stories have been told to him? For example, his story of the Valley Perilous guarded by devils, is also to be found in the pages of Oderic, but the same story was told Sir John Malcolm of a valley between Ispahan and Koom, a valley approached by a long, barren plain, very like

Mandeville's description of a sea of sand over which he passed shortly before his adventure. Sir John Malcolm says the valley was infested by *ghouls*, Sir John Mandeville calls them devils.

No doubt that Mandeville was well versed in the marvellous before he left England, but after a while his erudition in that line reached wonderful proportions. He listened, and he questioned, everywhere. One grows perfectly astonished at the quantity of information, true and false, that his book contains. With the story of Sinbad he seems to have been acquainted two centuries before it was heard of in the civilized world. The roc is in his book under the name of a gryphon; there, too, is the loadstone mountain, there the black dwarfs, and the cannibal giants, and the island where husbands were forced to bury themselves with their dead wives. The only one of Sinbad's adventures omitted is that of the diamonds, the raw flesh, and the eagles, which, as we have seen, had been told already by Marco Polo. There are more passages in Mandeville almost identical with others in the story of Sinbad, notably that wherein he describes Prester John of Cathay going forth like Sinbad's friend, the king of Ceylon, with two vases borne before him, one of earth to remind him that he was but man, the other of silver filled with precious stones as a mark of his wealth and dignity.

Whenever Mandeville relates a story it has the local coloring of the country in which the scene is laid. For example, he relates a pretty fable of a lady who was a great dealer in magic arts, and a falcon. Her abode was, he tells us, in lower Armenia. That is at the foot of the Caucasus, on the frontier of the ancient kingdom of the Medes, celebrated for its female magicians from the earliest ages. The story is ethnographically in its true place (to say nothing of the fact that hawking is still practised in that part of Asia), and the story would have been entirely misplaced had its scene been laid in Egypt or in Palestine. The tales he relates in connection with the latter country are of a very different character. Besides those drawn from the Sacred Writings there is but one example of the marvellous in the chapters devoted to the Holy Land, and this one is not a fairy story, but the story of a miracle. It is something like the history of the chaste Susanna, with the roses of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary for its conclusion, or the flowers that grew up of themselves upon the hill where Saint Albans was beheaded.

The Almighty alone deals with the marvellous in such consecrated places, and his power is put forth only in the cause of truth and virtue. Again, Mandeville has several stories of fairy serpents, which he locates in Greece where they belong, as if he had known what is known to students of folk-lore in our own day, that men and women turned into swans, are Germano-Scandinavian fables, men and women serpents are Greco-Slavic traditions.\*

True or not, few ancient books leave such an impression on us of the real spirit of the Orient as this of Sir John Mandeville. As his aim is above all to impress his contemporaries with the infinite variety of peoples and manners in heathenness, Mandeville has brought out strongly the astounding contrasts which are presented in Asia. The oldest civilization, closely united to the most time-honored barbarism; splendors multiplying as time goes on, joined to the vulgar bestiality of primitive instincts; faiths that have much in them that is pure, combined with puerile philosophy; admirable philosophy, combined with childish religious faith and bloody practices; waves of perfume and the stench of carrion; the odor of sweet spices and the smell of blood; and, above all, the total perversion of all Asiatic ideas, moral, social, and religious, on the subject of women. Mandeville abounds in details and particulars as to the relations of the sexes in the lands he visited, most of which are more shocking to our moral sense than the primitive practices of untaught barbarians.

We said that Mandeville was much read in the latter part of the fourteenth century; we may now add that he has left his impression on the literature of more than two centuries that succeeded him.

When Sir John came back from the East, a great land of imagination lay, as it were, behind the actual Orient known to the Crusaders. These had brought home some knowledge of Syria and Egypt, so that Prester John and his kingdom of

\* I presume to think M. Emile Montégut here mistaken. In "Hassan of Balsora," a story in Lane's translation of the "Arabian Nights," there is an account of a lady who became a swan when she put on a magic garment of feathers; and *per contra* we have only to refer to the old Scottish ballad of "Kempion" to find the "laidly worme," the lady transformed into a serpent. In a passage of this article which I have omitted, the writer proves himself deficient in Bible lore, when he asks how could Sir John Mandeville have become possessed of the Rabbinical tradition that Eliezur of Damascus would have been Abraham's heir in default of offspring, and goes into an argument to prove he had derived the idea from the Talmud.—TRANSLATOR.

Cathay and the khan of Tartary took the place that Egypt and Syria had held in the imagination of Europeans.

The half-barbaric khan of Tartary was popularly invested with all the splendors of his captives and his vassals, and he reigned in all his glory over the world of poetry and romance until the end of the sixteenth century. We find him in Boiardo and Ariosto, whose heroes are both Tartars and Mussulmen. Who does not remember Ferragus, and Argail, and how Orlando went mad for love of Angelica, the peerless daughter of the king of Tartary, and how this same Angelica placed her beloved Medoro on the throne of Cathay?

We see in the "Squire's Tale," in Chaucer (unhappily left unfinished) how strong a hold khans of the East had on the popular imagination. All the description of Cambuscan the khan of the Crimea is taken from the pages of Marco Polo, or more probably from the more recent pictures of Oriental magnificence furnished by Chaucer's contemporary.

In the "Tempest" there are traces of a story found in Sir John Mandeville. He tells of a king of Persia and his army suddenly enveloped in clouds and darkness to prevent their pursuit of a body of faithful Christians; out of the darkness "come human voices, the neighing of horses, the crowing of cocks, and men are known to be there also, but no man knows how they may be found."

Is it improbable that Bunyan had read Mandeville? The passage of Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death bears a close resemblance to the description of a haunted valley given by Mandeville, and may well have made an impression on such an imagination as Bunyan's.

"In the centre of this valley, under a rock," says the knight, "sits a devil, terrible to look at, of whom can only be seen the head and shoulders. Out of him cometh such smoke, such flames, and such a stench, that no man may endure it. But good Christians, who are strong in faith, may pass him without peril; for they make their confession first and sign themselves with the sign of the cross, so that the devils have no power over them. But though they are safe from danger they are not safe from fear when they see devils all around them in the air and on the earth, mocking them, threatening them, and terrifying them by fierce blasts and peals of thunder . . . and in this valley I saw a multitude of dead bodies as if

there had been a battle between two powerful kings, and the greater part of their armies had perished." Such is Mandeville's Valley Perilous; now compare it with the Valley of the Shadow of Death of Bunyan.

"About the midst of this Valley I perceived the mouth of Hell. . . . And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out with such abundance, sparks and hideous noises, that Christian was forced to put up his sword and betake himself to another weapon called All-prayer. Thus he went on a great while, but still the flames would be reaching towards him, also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. . . . At the end of this Valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly, and while I was musing I saw before me a cave where lived two giants whose power and tyranny had cruelly put to death the men whose blood, bones, and ashes lay there."

In "Gulliver's Travels" we all know that Swift copied the style of narration of ancient travellers. But may he not have done more? Did he not have Mandeville in his mind when he wrote of Brobdignag? "No one," says Mandeville, speaking of a certain island, "dared land upon it, for if the giants saw a ship and men in it, they walked out into the sea and seized it. And men said how beyond this was another island, inhabited by giants larger still, some forty-five, some fifty feet tall; some say indeed fifty cubits. I have seen none of them, for I never cared to visit those regions, because no man can land on either of those islands without running the risk of being devoured. Among these giants are sheep as big as beeves, with rough, thick wool. I have seen several of these sheep. It is said those giants often seize on men, picking them off their ships, and when they carry them to the land, two in one hand and two in the other, they eat them as they wade or walk, all raw and still living."

Gulliver, having landed on the Island of Brobdignag, says: "I walked about, and finding nothing more to satisfy my curiosity, I began to get tired. I returned slowly to the creek. But when I caught sight of the sea there were my comrades who had got into their boat, rowing with all their might to save their lives. I was on the point of hailing them, which would have been of no use, when I saw an enor-

mous being who was pursuing them wading through the water as fast as he could. The sea came no higher than to his knees, and he made prodigious strides." The inhabitants of Brobdignag were not cannibals, but their domestic animals vied with those of the giants on Mandeville's island.

Daniel Defoe was a great reader of travels, but until we read Mandeville we had always supposed his reading went no further back than Hakluyt's "Collection of Voyages;" but here is an anecdote which seems to prove that he had read Mandeville.

"Among the rich men of this country," says Sir John, speaking of a province in China tributary to Cathay, "there is a man of immense wealth, neither prince, duke, nor count, but every year tribute is paid him of three hundred horseloads of rice, and various grains. Also he leads a grand and sumptuous life according to the customs of his country, for each day he has fifty beautiful damsels, all virgins, who wait on him at table. They even cut up his meat and put the morsels in his mouth, for he himself will touch nothing, and sits with his hands upon the table, because he has nails so long that he can neither grasp nor carve, and the damsels sing all the time that this rich man eats, and when he has finished the first course five-and-twenty other damsels bring him the second, still singing, and thus they do every day till the end of his repast. Thus passes his life and thus have lived his ancestors, thus will live his descendants, without ever accomplishing any deed of arms, without doing anything but take their ease, like a pig fed in a sty to fatten him."

This anecdote is the last told by Mandeville, and by a strange coincidence it is the last told in "Robinson Crusoe." Defoe tells it to contrast this man's life with the labors, privations, and fatigues that must be endured by a bold traveller or adventurer. With Defoe, as well as with Mandeville, the scene of the anecdote is in China, only the voluptuary, instead of being a kind of prince, is a sort of rustic, vain and filthy, whose sole gratification is in his appetites. "When we reached the country house of this personage," says Robinson Crusoe, "we saw him eating his dinner in a little yard before his habitation. It was a sort of garden, but we could easily see him, and they gave us to understand that the more we looked the better he would be pleased. He was seated under a tree, a sort of dwarf palm, which shaded him from the rays of the sun, but under the tree was also an um-

brella which effectually protected his head. This portly, corpulent personage was stretched out at his ease, leaning back in a great armchair, and his dinner was served to him by female slaves. There were two others whose services no European gentleman would have endured. One fed him with a spoon, the other held a dish in her hand, and wiped off all that the other dropped upon the beard or the silk coat of his lordship. This gross, fat brute thought it beneath him to make use of his hands for such services as kings and potentates would rather do for themselves than be annoyed by the awkward fingers of their menials."

To be as exact as possible, we should add that this story is told by Marco Polo concerning some potentate in Thibet, but it is much more probable that Defoe got it out of Mandeville.

EMILE MONTEGUT.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
RECOLLECTIONS OF A VOYAGE WITH  
GENERAL GORDON.

DURING the early part of the year 1882 General, then Colonel, Gordon, was stationed in the Mauritius Barracks, in command of the troops there. Just at that time the troubles in Basutoland were gathering to a head, and threatened to culminate in another native war; and Colonel Gordon had communicated the wish that he should be allowed to proceed to the affected region, and use his influence in bringing about an amicable settlement of the awkward difficulty which had presented itself. Gordon's offer was accepted, and the English mail, which arrived at Mauritius on the 3rd of March, 1882, conveyed orders to him to proceed forthwith to Cape Colony. Those who have studied Gordon's character will readily understand the extent of his anxiety, that he should at once, and without a moment's unnecessary delay, carry out the injunctions of the order; but the probability of delay did present itself. At that time the facilities for passing between Mauritius and the Cape were very inadequate, and Gordon at once perceived that to wait several weeks for the next passenger steamer would mean the retarding, if not indeed the ruin, of his mission. The commander of the Ever Victorious army hated procrastination, and he determined now, if it could possibly be done, to overcome the difficulty and prevent delay.

In the Mauritius harbor there lay a small trading schooner of three hundred tons burden, named the *Scotia*,\* and, on inquiry, Gordon was informed that this tight little craft would proceed in a few days to Cape Town. This was his chance. He at once communicated to the captain of the *Scotia* his intention of joining the ship and of proceeding with it to its destination. The communication came as a surprise to all on board, and the captain's wife (who sailed with her husband) was exceedingly perplexed that no time was left to make more adequate preparations for the distinguished passenger; for the *Scotia*, a small vessel, fully manned, had no pretensions to offer either the usual comfort or the ordinary conveniences of a passenger boat, and the reception of the military magnate must therefore be of the humblest, if of the kindest, description. In a diary of the voyage — which the writer has had the advantage of perusing — and under date April 1, the following entry is made: "At 4 P.M. a letter came to say that Colonel Gordon (Gordon Pasha) was going as passenger with us to Cape Town. It took us all by surprise. We felt rather put out at having a passenger at all, and more especially such an illustrious one. However, we have to make the best of it."

The colonel informed the captain of the *Scotia* that he would come on board at a given hour in the afternoon, and, by the time arranged on, such preparations as could be made for his reception were completed. The afternoon wore into evening, however, and the evening into night, and still the distinguished passenger did not appear. The captain and his wife concluded that the colonel had changed his mind, and were just making everything snug for the night when, close on midnight, a stealthy step was heard on deck, and next minute, the missing one presented himself at the cabin door. He apologized heartily for neglecting to keep his engagement, and hastened to explain the reason of his lateness. On its becoming known, he said, that he was to leave Mauritius in a couple of days, his military comrades and many private friends had resolved to make him the subject of a parting demonstration. "This sort of thing" he heartily detested; and, in order to shun the ordeal of being lionized, he had walked into the country a distance of some twelve miles, and there secreted

himself till darkness fell, after which he walked back again to the town, and from thence to the *Scotia*. No wonder that the captain and his wife were somewhat amused at the explanation. This little incident, however, did much to reveal the man, and tended to popularize the stranger in the eyes of his host and hostess. For an hour he talked lightly, and seemed to derive much enjoyment from the fact that he had succeeded in escaping the honors his friends wished to bestow on him. With that peculiar aptitude which truly great men have for making all those around them feel happy and at ease, the colonel, even before he retired to rest that night, had fairly established himself as a favorite with all on board; for he was a man who, as the captain put it, "sternly resisted all fuss."

Early on the following forenoon the ship was besieged by visitors who came to bid the colonel God-speed. They by no means represented only the "upper crust" of Mauritius society, but included many in the middle and lower class of life to whom, at one time or other, Gordon had shown kindness. In connection with this reception of visitors, an incident occurred that went still further to the revealing of Gordon's gentlemanly disposition. Late in the afternoon a lace-coated officer from the barracks — a personage of "high degree" — strode on deck, with that air of hauteur which, alas! those bearing her Majesty's commission so often display in intercourse with the merchant marine. Without deigning to lift his cap to the captain's wife, who happened to be on deck, or even stopping to exchange compliments with the captain, he, whisking his cane in quite a lofty manner, asked curtly, "Is the colonel at home?" Gordon, who saw the whole proceeding, emerged from his place on deck, and dryly exchanged civilities with the officer, whose manner had suddenly become quite ingratiating. The interview was a brief and formal one, and, when the dignified young officer stepped down the gangway, Gordon stepped up to the captain and his wife and offered a sincere apology for the bad manners displayed by his last visitor. When he had done this, he took occasion to remark that, had his command at the barracks not come to an end, he should certainly have deemed it his duty to tell the haughty fellow what he thought of his breeding. "He had no more right," he said, "to come on board your ship and act as he has acted than the occupier of the British throne would have to enter the

\* The *Scotia* was then, and is now, commanded by Captain Wm. Duncan, Kingston-on-Spey, Morayshire.

private house of any of her subjects, and demand to be shown through its rooms, without first securing the consent of its owner." This incident, slight as it may appear, seemed to give the colonel much pain, for nothing offended him more deeply, or called forth his indignation more effectually, than the witnessing of an ungentlemanly action of any kind.

Gordon's love for children was somewhat akin to a passion, and several of the Mauritius boys and girls, on whom he had been accustomed to bestow — what were always at his command — a kindly smile and an encouraging word, came on board the ship to bid him good-bye. One little lad, in whose welfare the colonel had taken a very special interest, came among the rest, and was introduced to the captain and his wife as "My pet lamb." The child brought with him a parting gift for his benefactor, consisting of a couple of bottles of sherry, and these he presented shyly to the great soldier. The colonel thanked his favorite very warmly for the gift, and then parted from his "pet lamb" in the most affecting manner. The bottles of sherry were not uncorked, nor was a case of champagne that he received as a parting gift from his friends disturbed during the voyage, for Gordon's habits were of a strictly temperate nature, and it was only on the rarest occasions that he could be induced to taste stimulants.

The colonel's luggage, which was of a very meagre description, was easily stowed, the only bulky item of it being a large and very heavy box, addressed "Colonel Gordon," and with the word "Stationery" printed in large characters on the lid. The captain was naturally much exercised as to how and when his illustrious passenger intended to consume such a tremendous supply of writing materials, but the real contents of the box were, as yet, a secret.

On the 4th day of April the anchor was weighed, and the voyage to the Cape begun. The wind was at first light, but on the following day a swell prevailed, and Gordon, who always admitted he was a very bad sailor, had to draw on his heroism to support him under *mal de mer*. In short, he utterly failed to keep up; he fell sick, and was reluctantly forced to remain below. Indeed, it was while he was yet suffering severely from the horror of seasickness that he became a general, for, under date April 6, we find this entry: "Yesterday we had a colonel on board; to-day we have a general, for this is the day of our passenger's promotion. He

does not seem to attach much importance to his honors." For the next day or two excellent weather prevailed, and the general's health and spirits improved proportionately. He was a great smoker, and, seated in a big easy-chair, which had been placed on deck for him, enclouded in cigarette smoke, he would sit for hours during the heat of the day, and talk in the most entertaining manner. At nightfall he would, when in the humor for it, keep the watch company on deck, and while away the tedium by drawing liberally from his never-ending fund of stories, and very occasionally he would touch on his own past history and future prospects. He shrank from all appearance of self-laudation, and would never encourage questions that would involve him in anything of the kind. In the cabin, of a night, he would often allow his conversation to flow forth in a swift and unbroken current. Nor was his talk ever frivolous. Many times, indeed, his manner was serious, and even solemn, and often he would sit for hours silent, and apparently deep in thought.

According to the diary, the general possessed one theme on which he specially delighted to speak. Under date April 8, appears the following somewhat remarkable passage:—

"The general was very talkative this evening, explaining to us his pet theory — viz., that the Seychelles Islands, which are situated to the north-east of Madagascar, are the site of the Garden of Eden! He gave many reasons for thinking so — one being that there was a tree found there that is not to be found in any other part of the world. This, he is confident, is the 'forbidden tree'! It is called the *cocodemer*, or 'nut of the sea,' and has many peculiarities. The nut is shaped like a heart, but, with its husk taken off, it is like a man's body from the chest to the knees. To raise a tree, he explained, a nut is laid on the ground and covered with leaves. By-and-by, a shoot comes out and runs along the ground, and when about twelve feet long, it takes root. The root is in the form of a bulb four feet in diameter. The tree itself grows to the height of one hundred feet, and is only about nine inches thick. It is forty-seven years old before it bears fruit, and its nuts grow seven in a bunch, from the end of the extended arm, each weighing perhaps forty pounds. They take seven years to ripen. The leaves are twenty-five feet long and fourteen feet broad, and can bear a man's weight! It must, indeed, be a wonderful tree."

Many times during the voyage, in conversation during the evening, Gordon would revert to this pet theory. But, though he would sometimes become quite eloquent over the subject, his arguments hardly persuaded the other occupants of the cabin; the captain, a sound-headed Scotsman, "thinking to himself that if the theory was a correct one, then Eve must have experienced considerable difficulty in getting the 'apple' conveyed to her husband."

In connection with this eccentric idea, so firmly believed in by Gordon, let me mention a peculiar and somewhat remarkable incident, as given in the captain's own words.

"One morning," said the master of the Scotia, "I was working upon deck when, in his usual polite manner, the general came and asked me to give him a hand in moving the large trunk marked 'Stationery,' which had, up till this time, occupied a place in his room. I went. He merely wished its position reversed — that is, its address side turned toward the wall, so that he would not, as he said, see that imposing word 'Stationery' meeting his eye every time he ascended to the deck, or descended from the deck to the cabin. He did not yet tell me what the mysterious box contained, but some days later, he informed me that he wished to put its contents into less space, and respectfully asked me to help him. The case was, after some difficulty, opened, and judge of my surprise when, instead of books and papers, as I expected, there met my eyes a great number of equally cut pieces of wood, arranged with the greatest possible care, and almost filling the large box. The general, perceiving my surprise, speedily explained to me that this was a treasure he prized more highly than all his personal belongings, 'for,' said he, suddenly becoming serious, 'this is the wood of the coco-de-mer, the "forbidden tree." I heard,' he continued, 'that there was at one time seen in Mauritius a chest of drawers made of this wood, and, though its discovery cost me protracted search, I at last came across it in a second-hand upholsterer's shop. I paid a good price for the old and rickety piece of furniture, and depend on it, I would not have lost the rare opportunity of possessing a quantity of this most valuable of woods — not for any sum.'"

He afterwards presented the captain's wife, as a mark of the greatest favor, with a piece of the wood which he so much

cherished, and that, together with a pair of ostrich eggs which he gave her as a keepsake, on his leaving the Scotia, are now preserved by her with the greatest care and veneration.

A certain and considerable portion of every day was set aside by the general for reading. The mail which brought the orders for him to proceed to South Africa also brought a month's daily papers — the *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News* — in all nearly a hundred great sheets. These, which he took with him, he read with the greatest eagerness and care, and the rapidity with which he read surprised those on board. Not a single item, however trivial, escaped his notice, and of this he gave proof when giving of an evening what he called "a digest of the news budget." The newspapers exhausted, he tackled the captain's library, which happily was of considerable proportions. Nor did he seem to have any particular fancy for any special kind of literature. Astronomy, navigation, history, geography, and whatever else came first to hand, seemed to be equally acceptable to his mind, for he read the books as eagerly as he had done the newspapers. He undoubtedly possessed, too, the enviable faculty of imparting to those around him knowledge he derived from his reading, and his stock of information was as varied as it was accurate. Both the captain and his wife bear testimony as to that, declaring that to sit and listen to his conversation on any subject that lay near his heart, was indeed a pleasure which they appreciated very highly. Especially on philanthropic questions would he speak with the greatest enthusiasm and earnestness, and then it was that the tenderness and largeness of his heart were manifested to the fullest degree.

When a little more than a week's sail from Mauritius, the wind rose suddenly, and, as suddenly, a dark cloud passed over the general's buoyancy, for he had a wholesome dread of a stormy sea. The higher the waves reared themselves the lower sank his vitality, and the old enemy, sea-sickness, again attacked him without mercy. He recovered, however, in a few days, and was soon able to move about. "The general is better," says the diary, "but as he is very positive, and would sit on deck during the rain, it is to be feared that he will be ill to-morrow." The prophecy, alas! proved to be only too true, and daily Gordon's health went from bad to worse, as this entry will show: —



Our guest has been very sick. He is still suffering, and all the while we have had comparatively fine weather. It is hard to say what will become of him when it is rough. He is not improving in health, far less in spirits. *He desires to be landed at the first port we reach!* It is surprising that he has lost heart so soon. How many kinds of courage there must be! This great soldier must have undergone many hardships and seen much sickness during his travels in Africa. Besides, his life in China was not all ease and sweetness.

Despite careful nursing his case grew worse, and his suffering and misery were described by himself as "far more severe than he had ever during his lifetime experienced, either at home or abroad." Very often he repeated his determination to go on shore at the very first port the Scotia reached, and one morning, after a sleepless night of sickness, he called the captain to his bedside, and offered him £50 if he would make for land with all possible speed.

But, under date of Wednesday, April 13, we meet this encouraging entry: "The general is better, and is getting on splendidly!" Again, the captain said, his free and easy manner returned to him; his merry laugh and cheery word could be heard both fore and aft, and his cigarette-case, which had remained untouched for a week or more, was again often appealed to. He had a great love for nautical expressions, and used to vie with the crew in his frequent use of them. The most ordinary story he made amusing by padding plentifully with these. In those bright days, after he had mastered the sickness, he became happier than ever, and he took delight in poking fun at all around him. He had his big armchair taken on deck, and placed alongside his hostess's work-table, and there he would sit for hours together, with his favorite cigarette between his lips, intently reading. But often he would lay the book on his knee and, as he puffed tobacco-smoke vigorously from his mouth, his mood would suddenly change; his eyes would assume a "far-away" expression, and there for an hour he would sit almost motionless with his gaze fixed on the sea. These strange fits of absent-mindedness would often overtake him, even when in the midst of conversation with his hostess, and after a lengthy interval of unbroken quiet, he would, by an apparent effort, wake from his day-dream, and talk lightly as before.

Late one beautiful evening he and his hostess were sitting together on deck, he

smoking, and she sewing. Their conversation was as changeable as the breeze that flapped the topsails overhead. The general talked of the perils he had come through when, some years before, he commanded an expedition in search of the source of the Nile; of his friends and home; of his wanderings and privations in different quarters of the globe; and of the momentousness of the task he was now on his way to attempt to perform. Suddenly and unexpectedly the conversation turned upon the subject of matrimony, and his hostess ventured to ask why he had never married. For some seconds the general smoked in silence, and then, speaking slowly, said:—

I never yet met the woman who, for my sake, and perhaps at a moment's notice, would be prepared to sacrifice the comforts of home, and the sweet society of loved ones, and accompany me whithersoever the demand of duty might lead—accompany me to the ends of the earth perhaps; would stand by me in times of danger and difficulty, and sustain me in times of hardship and perplexity. Such a woman I have not met, and such an one alone could be my wife!

The answer was as brief as it was emphatic, and the topic of matrimony was not further touched upon.

Where sickness prevailed Gordon never stood inactive. Several of the crew of the Scotia suffered from illness, and they were his especial care. He spoke kindly and cheerfully to the poor fellows, and either read to them himself or saw that they were supplied with literature. They were the first he asked after in the morning and his last care at night. He had pet names for several of the crew, and one young lad whom he took a deep interest in, he called the "Dover Powder Youth," from the fact that he used to have a "Dover's-powder" administered to him when he lay ill.

While on board the Scotia the general observed the Sunday in his own characteristic fashion. A large portion of the forenoon he devoted to a close and careful study of his Bible, and he invariably wrote out extensive notes and comments on the portions of Scripture that might have been engaging his attention. This done he would lay aside his note-book, and with his Bible lying open before him, would engage in deep meditation. If one entered the state-room on a Sunday forenoon he would find the great soldier, if not reading or writing as indicated, sitting in his favorite seat with his head resting

heavily on his hand, and his eyes shut as if he were asleep. The afternoon he devoted to conversation and general reading.

Not long before the time of which we write, the general, it will be remembered, had accepted the post of private secretary to Lord Ripon, the then newly appointed governor-general of India. The private secretary, however, suddenly and without warning, flung up the appointment, to the surprise of everybody, and returned home. One evening, in course of conversation, the topic of fashionable society was touched upon and Gordon made reference to the reason that induced him to give up office on the occasion mentioned. The true and only reason he had, he said, for leaving India was that he could not put up with the ways and customs of the high social circle in which he was expected to move. "Dress for dinner, dress for evening parties, dress for balls, dress and decoration, decoration and dress! day after day. I could not," said Gordon, "stand the worry of it, and rather than do so I gave up the appointment."

General Gordon's absolute faith in Providence was one of the leading features of his wonderful and peculiar character. Not once, nor twice, but often, he said, he had been reduced to little short of pecuniary destitution, but he had always been granted enough to do his turn, and assist those in need. For he parted freely with money, and this weakness of his was often taken advantage of by needy persons. He used to tell of a friend of his who was a bit of a spendthrift, and to whom he (Gordon) had often given money. But, even to his generosity there was a limit, and, in reply to a pressing appeal in which his needy relative declared, by way of a threat, that if the money was not sent he would go to Patagonia, Gordon simply replied: "Go, and I trust the change may do you good."

Captain [said the General, as they both sat together on deck one evening, enjoying a smoke] Captain, you remember the occasion on which I was so ill with that horrid seasickness, when in my sore trouble I offered you fifty pounds to land me at the nearest port? I could have held good my bargain, but nothing more. I have been making a rummage over my pecuniary possessions, and I find that I can scrape together exactly that sum — all I possess in the world.

The remaining days slipped quietly and happily by, and at length the voyage of almost a month's duration was drawing to a close, for, under date May 2, we read: "Saw the Cape of Good Hope at four P.M.,

and were within sight of its lights all night;" and then a little further on: "We were very pleased to get round the Cape at last, and had a glass of wine with the general to congratulate each other on the event."

At length, his destination reached, the general parted from those on board the Scotia, not before faithfully promising to come back and spend an evening soon. ("We will miss the general's company much," says the diary.)

In a few days afterwards, therefore, in fulfilment of his promise, the general came on board, and stayed the evening; and, over a cup of tea, he told the captain and his wife of an awkward situation he had found himself in since last he saw them. His arrival in Cape Town was known only to his two nephews, but, when the intelligence that he was in the city got wing, he received numerous invitations to dinners, suppers, balls, and the like. He went to an evening party at the house of a wealthy and influential citizen, and gave this account of his adventures:—

At last the time came [he said] when we had to tack ahead and drop anchor in the dining-hall. I was offered the arm of my hostess, and buckling on to the port side, I made good headway for some time. As we approached the door of the dining-hall, I could see that it was too narrow to allow berth room for two clippers under full sail. I therefore dropped behind, and allowed my hostess to sail ahead, but, failing to keep a proper lookout, I stupidly planted my foot on my escort's dress-tails, and rent the garment. For my heinous blunder I received a wild look of disapproval, and I shall not easily be forgiven. During the evening I fell into several other mistakes, and, when I rose to leave, the company seemed as heartily relieved as I was.

Thus he chatted till late on in the night, when he took a final farewell, and left, nor did his host and hostess ever see his genial face again.

A few days later the captain of the Scotia received a brief letter from the general, stating that, as he had taken command of the colonial forces, he would proceed up country immediately. He did not forget to ask particularly after those on board who, during the recent voyage, had received so much kindness at his hands; for, in a postscript, he asks, "How is the invalid Martin and the 'Dover Powder Youth'?" This note was followed by another (both letters are carefully preserved and highly valued by the captain), in which he asked as a favor that one of the two ostrich eggs he had given to the

captain's wife should be presented to his "pet lamb, Willie Brodie," and then follows the benediction, "Good-bye, all of Scotia!"

Except [said the captain of the Scotia] on one other occasion when General Gordon sent us his compliments, we heard no more of him till his death was lamented in both hemispheres and his name was on every lip. And I often think that could we, by some means, have been afforded a glimpse into the distant future; could we have witnessed the stirring events that crowded the last stages of his career, and looked upon him at the moment when, the eyes of the world turned towards him, he so dearly won the immortal title "The Hero of Khartoum," I question if we could have loved him more than we did, when, as a much more obscure, though a none the less noble man, he was our cabin companion on board the Scotia.

WM. H. SPENCE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A MULTAZIM.

BY A MEMBER OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S COLONY.

COMPARATIVELY few English people have probably any idea of what a *multazim* is; and of these few, scarcely one could tell what the experiences of a multazim would be like. Indeed, the writer of this article believes that he is the only Englishman, at any rate of the present generation or century, who has undertaken the office in Syria; and an account of his experiences may therefore prove instructive and interesting.

A multazim, then, is the modern name for a publican — not the stout, red-faced landlord of a tavern or beer-shop, but the genuine publican of Bible history, the fellow-craftsman of Matthew and Zacchæus, then despised of the Pharisee, the by-word for extortion and oppression, and the object of the fear, scorn, and hatred of the Jewish people of old, being classed by them in a common category with sinners of the vilest description.

Things move very slowly in the Holy Land; and the manners and customs of the people of Syria are, in many respects, precisely the same at the present day as they were in the time of Christ. Amongst other institutions the system of tax-gathering retains much of its original character. As the Jewish natives of Palestine were then under the sway of a foreign ruler, the Roman emperor, so the present Syrian natives owe allegiance to a foreign

sovereign, the sultan of Turkey. As then they were required to render tribute to Cæsar, so now they have to pay tithe to the sultan. As then the tribute was farmed out by the Roman government to native tax-gatherers, who were known as publicans, so now the tithes are farmed by the Turkish authorities to native Syrians, who are designated by the title of multazims. And as in the old times the publicans generally availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded them for oppressing and robbing the poor farmers and peasants, so do the multazims of the present day.

The harvest in Syria generally commences about the end of April or the beginning of May. The crops most commonly grown are as follows: wheat (*kumk*), barley (*sha'ir*), dourah, beans (*fâl*), peas (*hamoor*), vetches (*kursâni*), lentils (*ad-das*), sesame (*simsim*), and tobacco (*tittâm*). The multazim has nothing to do with the tobacco crop, the tax on which, amounting to nine-tenths of the produce, is taken by a separate government official. But of all the other crops the multazim has authority to take his share; and, in addition, he receives the tithes on olives (*zeitân*), figs (*teen*), and other fruit-trees, vineyards (*kroom*), honey (*assal*), and onions (*bassal*). The tithes of these latter are generally taken by the multazim, not in kind, but in money; the fruit-trees belonging to each person are counted, and the number of beehives in working order reckoned, and so many piastres are charged upon each; whilst the vineyards and onion-beds are assessed according to their superficial areas. As the value of these assessments is entirely at the multazim's discretion, a splendid field is at once opened for extortion and overcharge, of which the ordinary multazim is by no means slow to avail himself.

It may seem strange that such unjust rapacity should be possible; that the *fellahin* should thus submit to be cheated; and that there should be no court of appeal against the wrongs inflicted by the multazim. But it must be remembered that Syria is under the Turkish sway; that justice and fair dealing have no place in the Turkish political creed; that it is to the interest of the government to obtain as high a price as they can for the farming of the tithes; and that they would not be able to secure as much as they do if the multazim did not know that any appeal to the government against his extortions would be useless, and if the *fellahin* were not equally aware, to their cost, that they

would only be throwing good money after bad, if they ventured to apply for justice and redress.

The tithes of each village are put up to auction every year, when the time of harvest has arrived, and the highest bidder becomes the multazim of that village for that particular year. The amount for which he has farmed the tithes has to be paid in six monthly instalments — the first deposit being handed over when the contract is signed between the multazim and the government officials; and so long as he keeps to his contract, and punctually pays the instalments, the multazim knows that he is free to treat the peasantry very much as he pleases.

As soon as he has secured the office, the first step which the multazim takes is to repair to the village — the tithes of which he is now farming — accompanied by three men, two of whom are called “watchers” and the third the “measurer.” The duties of the former, as their name implies, is to keep strict guard over the thrashing-floors; the office of the latter is to measure out the grain when the time arrives for the ingathering of the tithes. Having assessed the value of the trees, beehives, vineyard, etc., the multazim generally returns to his own house, leaving the watchers and measurer behind him.

On the outskirts of each village is a level space of ground of sufficient size to answer the requirements of the village, which is known by the name of the *day-ader*, or thrashing-floor. Each farmer and peasant has his own particular portion marked off by a row of stones; and this portion is religiously handed down from father to son, and jealously guarded from encroachment. Hither the various crops are borne on the backs of camels or donkeys as soon as they are reaped in the fields, and they are there piled up into separate stacks to be thrashed out in turns.

The thrashing is a long and tedious process, occupying several months. It commences about the beginning of June and often is not completed till the end of September, or even in some cases till the middle of October. During all this time the thrashing-floor presents a lively, busy, and most picturesque scene. The process is a very primitive one, being identical with that which was in vogue in the times of Old Testament history. Nay, the hieroglyphic representations on Egyptian monuments show that the same method was adopted by the farmers of Egypt at least five thousand years ago. A flat board,

something like the bottom of a sleigh, with small sharp pieces of basalt firmly let into its under-sides, is driven round and round upon the surface of the corn, which is spread out in a circle of from six to twenty yards in diameter, according to the quantity to be thrashed. A boy rides on the board, and drives the horse or oxen as the case may be. Meanwhile one or two men stand in the middle, and with three-pronged wooden forks turn the corn over so as to expose all portions equally to the action of the thrashing-board. Sometimes, instead of the board, four or more oxen yoked together simply tread out the corn; but this is even a slower and more tedious process than the former. In this case one sees the oxen invariably muzzled, except at rare intervals, notwithstanding the Scripture injunction: “Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.” The multazim would not allow the oxen to remain unmuzzled, lest the amount of his tithes might be affected thereby. The method of thrashing which is adopted grinds up the straw into minute fragments finer than can be produced by a chaff-cutting machine. The straw so ground is called *tibn*, and, mixed with barley, it forms the principal fodder for horses.

When after several days' thrashing the straw has been sufficiently ground and the grain separated from the ear, the whole is piled up into a large heap in the centre of the thrashing-floor. There it has to remain in this condition until the multazim chooses to give the order for winnowing. It is not infrequently several weeks, or even months, before this order is given, as the multazim generally lives some distance away, and he is too lazy to make many journeys to the place. Hence he waits until every farmer has thrashed out all his various crops, and then gives an order for a general winnowing.

Of course, such a condition of affairs would be impossible, were it not for the fact that in Syria no rain ever falls between May and October, and very seldom between April and November. This explains a passage in the prophet Jeremiah, which one often hears selected as the text for a sermon, but of which English preachers fail to see the full force, owing to their ignorance of the climatic conditions of the Holy Land. In Jeremiah v. 24, the prophet, in alluding to the natural blessings of Providence upon the land, says that God “giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in his season; *He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.*”

The whole agricultural success of the country depends on the three conditions here enumerated. From the middle of November to the early part of December the "former rains" invariably come, in a greater or less quantity. By then the ground, parched and hardened by the long summer drought, becomes fit for the farming operations of ploughing and sowing. An interval of from three to four weeks' fine weather generally ensues, during which these farming operations are assiduously carried on. Then throughout the whole of January, there is an almost incessant succession of storms and rain. These are known as the "middle" rains. February is, as a rule, more or less fine. Then come March and April, which are the most critical months of the year to the farmer. During them the "latter" rains should fall. If these come then—a good supply of showers—an abundant harvest is ensured; if there is a scarcity of rain, a failure of the crops is bound to ensue. Hence the importance of the "former" and the "latter" rains. Without the former, no ploughing or sowing could be accomplished; without the latter, no harvest would be secured. The middle rains are certain to come; but the former and the latter are the most critical.

Neither of these, however, would be of much practical use to the farmer under the Oriental conditions of cultivation, were they not succeeded by an unbroken spell of sunshine. The "weeks of the harvest" must be entirely free from rain, or else the crops on the thrashing-floors would be irretrievably ruined. Hence the significance of the prophet's statement: "He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest. The Hebrew word translated "reserveth," means more literally "secureth by oath;" and the certainty of fine weather during the harvest operations is so absolute in Syria, that to the mind of the devout Jewish prophet it appeared as the result of an oath which God himself had sworn. It is this absolute certainty which alone renders the mode of thrashing which is adopted to be at all practicable.

Nor is this mode, primitive as it may appear to the eyes of Western civilization, by any means to be despised. Other methods, such as the flail and the modern thrashing-machine, have been tried in a few places; but experience has led even Europeans to fall back upon the original process. The German colonists at Haifa, on their first settling in the country, procured a powerful horse-machine, but after the first year's trial they discarded it; and

for the last eighteen or twenty years it has stood on an empty plot of ground in the midst of the colony, neglected and unused, gradually crumbling into decay under the influence of the weather. This year we ourselves purchased an excellent hand-machine, with all the latest improvements, from one of the principal manufacturing firms in England; but it has not been found to answer, and we have been obliged to finish the thrashing in the Syrian way.

The fact is that, in many essential points, the conditions and needs of Eastern agricultural life differ radically from those of the West. Apart from the settled climate of which I have spoken, time is of little or no consequence in Syria. Supposing that the harvest and thrashing operations were concluded in four or five weeks, there would be nothing left for the farmers and peasants to do until the former rains came on; and, on the principle that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, it is just as well that the farming operations should thus be protracted over several months. Then again, one of the principal objects is to grind up the straw as fine as possible; and this can be done in no way so effectually as by means of the thrashing-board. The lack of hay and other fodder renders the *tibn*, or finely ground straw, essential and invaluable.

The want of ready money and capital is another element which hinders the introduction of machinery into this country. Add to this the absence of carriage-roads and the wretched condition of even the bridle-tracks. No native farmer could afford the expense of purchasing or working machines for himself; and the impossibility of transportation prevents the use of machines on hire.

On the whole, then, after all, the time-honored system in vogue is perhaps the best. At the same time, the long delay between the commencement of thrashing and the ingathering of the grain often presses most harshly upon the poor farmer. His corn is the only means of subsistence for his family and himself; it is also the only source from which to obtain the money to satisfy the demands of his relentless creditors. For almost every farmer and peasant is bound hand and foot in the clutches of the accursed money-lender. Under these circumstances, what is he to do? His wife and children at home are crying out for bread; his creditors are clamoring for the payment of their usurious interest; and on his thrashing-floor he beholds from day to day the precious store of golden grain, which

alone can satisfy both these demands. He has but to spend a few hours in winnowing his corn, and the difficulties which oppress him will be removed. Yet, if he dare to touch the heap before he receives permission from the multazim, the latter will at once pounce down upon him, and confiscate, it may be, the whole produce of his year's labor. For such is the tyrannical law and custom of the land. If a farmer takes any corn in without the multazim's leave, he is liable to forfeit the whole of his store. It is by no means uncommon for a multazim thus purposely to draw out the agony, and protract the ingathering so long that some unfortunate peasants become desperate, and stealthily endeavor to abstract a portion of their produce under the cover of night, in the hope of evading the watchers' eyes. This, however, is a very dangerous and risky affair; and a simpler and safer plan is usually adopted. Like every other official in the country, from the highest government magnate down to the lowest menial, the watcher is not impervious to a bribe; and the wages which he receives from the multazim for guarding his interests are generally considerably augmented by the *bakshish* which he receives from the farmers for acting unfaithfully to his trust. I have known an instance where a multazim deliberately kept the produce of a whole village on the thrashing-floor, awaiting his orders for removal, until the first rains commenced; and when the villagers, seeing their precious corn exposed to ruin by the weather, began in haste to gather it in, he confiscated in one fell swoop the entire mass of grain. The poor ruined peasants protested to the government against this outrage, but they could obtain no redress; and the consequence being that they left their homes and village in a body, and migrated to another part of the country. This is, of course, an extreme case; and it is not often that even a multazim is so unjust and oppressive as this. But after all, it is only an exaggerated form of a common principle which guides the tithe-gathering fraternity in their dealings with the peasantry. Their object is to extort as much as they can, by fair means or by foul; and the natural consequence is, that the farmers try their utmost to cheat and defraud them in return. The latter, however, almost invariably come off second-best; and, indeed, between the government, the money-lender, and the multazim, it is a wonder how they manage to exist at all.

When we first came to settle in the vil-

lage where we live, we found the inhabitants, like all others, groaning under the oppression of the usurer. Our first act was to pay off all the creditors of the village, and to take over the debts to ourselves; securing the due payment, with a fair and moderate interest, over a number of years, by the joint guarantee of the whole village, and a general mortgage of their land. By this means, the poor peasants were freed from one of their three great oppressors; and, for the first time in their history, a gleam of hope was imparted to them of better days to come.

But we soon found that it would be further necessary to deal with the multazim question. Accordingly, last year it was resolved that I should make the experiment of undertaking the office myself. The first idea of this suggestion came from the people themselves. A large deputation of their sheikhs and principal farmers waited upon me one day with the earnest request that I would be the multazim for the year; and they faithfully promised that they would act in all ways honestly and straightforwardly, and that I should experience no difficulty with them. After due consideration, I determined to comply with their request. There were several reasons which induced me to do so, the chief of which was, that I felt that an opportunity was thus offered of teaching both our own villagers, and others as well, that honesty was really the best policy. I went carefully over the estimates; and I concluded that, if all went straightforwardly, I should not lose any money over it, but should probably gain a moderate amount,—perhaps from £20 to £40. The usual answer which multazims give, when questioned as to the justice of their proceedings, is, that they are obliged to have recourse to extortion and trickery, or else they could never make the office pay. I was anxious, if possible, to prove the fallacy of this assertion. It soon became rumored abroad that I had determined to make the experiment; and from all quarters I was warned that the result would be a certain failure.

One enterprising multazim came to call upon me to offer his services. He was a most courteous, civil, and polished Syrian,—quite a gentleman in his way. Nothing could exceed the grace and suavity of his manner, as he set before me his reasons for warning me that I was doomed to an egregious failure. He told me that the first element of success was a well-practised expertness in the art of lying; and he added, with true Oriental courtesy,

"No English gentleman is accomplished in deceit." He then proceeded to suggest that if I would only take him on as a partner, he would carry me prosperously through. I asked him whether he intended to intimate by this that he himself was an adept in the art of which he had spoken. It is impossible to describe the air of self-recommendation with which he rose from his seat, placed his hand upon his heart, and, bowing low before me, replied, "Sir, I am a *first-rate liar!*" I ventured to remark that it would be rather dangerous for me to enter into partnership with so accomplished a deceiver, as it was just possible that he might be practising some of his first-rate lying upon me. This view of the situation did not appear to have struck him before; but, without any expression of dissent, he answered with the most complacent serenity and imperturbable gravity, "*Hadha sahih*" ("That is true"); and, bowing once more, he resumed his seat, as though there were no more to be said on the subject.

Disregarding all attempts to dissuade me from my purpose, I persisted in my resolve to undertake the office of multazim; more especially as by this means I should get the whole thrashing-floor under my own control, and could therefore collect the debts due to us from the villagers, without any interference from outside. At the same time, I should be able to carry on my experiment of testing the honesty and straightforwardness of the peasants, and teaching them the benefits of mutual confidence and trust, unfettered by any disturbing influence.

A difficulty met me at the outset, for no foreigners are recognized by the government in the bidding for the multazimship; and I was obliged to obtain the services of a native Syrian, who procured the office in his own name, and then transferred the duties and responsibilities to me. In return I gave him due guarantees for the payment of the monthly instalments — amounting to nearly £50 a month — as they became due; and over and above this I had to pay him £T.20 for his services.

At length, after much wearisome delay and many difficulties, I found myself safely installed in my office; and four months of the hardest and most trying work that I have perhaps ever experienced ensued. The principal aims that I set before myself were the following:—

1. To secure as reliable watchers as possible.

2. To be most particular in exercising perfect justice towards the farmers and peasantry.
3. To be equally particular in exacting perfect honesty from them.
4. To relieve them from all needlessly oppressive measures.
5. To be careful to avoid all violence or injury.
6. To superintend personally, so far as possible, every stage of the operations.

This entailed upon me almost incessant work, day after day, from before sunrise until after sunset.

The villagers, who, by the way, are entirely Druses, own a very large tract of land; and, besides the thrashing-floor on the outskirts of the village itself, they have another and larger one about three and a half miles away. During a great portion of the time the work was carried on at this distant thrashing-floor, and I had to be down there every morning before the sun had risen, which necessitated my rising at three o'clock A.M. It was frequently 10 P.M. before I had finished making up and entering the various accounts for the day, so that I had not much time for recreation or sleep. The weather at times was excessively hot; but I am thankful to say that, from first to last, I was blessed with excellent health, and was none the worse for my exertions at the close of my multazim labors.

The village is presided over by two sheikhs; and as is generally the case in Syrian villages, whether Christian, Moslem, or Druse, the community is divided into two factions, with the two rival sheikhs at their respective heads. These I played off one against the other, by selecting as my two watchers one man from each party. The result was eminently successful, for each took care that no one on the other side robbed or defrauded me. To make assurance doubly sure, I appointed my own Arab servant, on whose fidelity I could fully rely, to cooperate with them; and he kept guard over both. Thus, together with my own personal supervision, every possible precaution was taken against fraud or deceit. But, to the honor of the Druses, I am bound to confess that I found little occasion for suspicion. With only one exception, every one met me most honorably; and I had no difficulty in gathering in both the tithes and the debts.

The one exception was a man named Said Hassîm, a notorious character in the village, and a near relation of one of the

sheikhs. When I came to his thrashing-floor to gather in corn for tithes and debt, he stoutly resisted payment. My servant endeavored to measure out his corn, but he snatched the measure out of his hand, and flung it away to a considerable distance. Thereupon my Druse watcher, Mahmood Kassim, who belonged to the faction opposed to him, rushed up to him, and began belaboring him with a stick. The other watcher, who was of Said Hassim's party, immediately joined in the fray, and commenced assaulting Mahmood Kassim with the measure which he had picked up. Before I had time to step in and put a stop to the quarrel, the combatants had been joined by other members of their respective factions, who hastily rushed to the scene of conflict from all parts of the thrashing-floor, armed with bludgeons, leathern straps, brooms, wooden harvesting-forks, and every kind of weapon they could lay their hands upon; and for five or ten minutes an indescribable *mêlée* ensued. At length, by the aid of a few of the older and principal men of the village, I succeeded in quelling the disturbance, but not before several ugly blows had been given and received.

On our return to the village, I called together a general meeting, and lectured them severely upon their disorderly conduct. They all expressed their regret, and promised that no such outrage should again occur. Next morning, however, Said Hassim, who had been the cause of all the disturbance, went to the government, and laid a complaint against my servant and others, naming eight men as his assailants, and ten others as witnesses on his side. Summonses were accordingly issued for all these persons to appear in three days' time before the judge. As soon as I heard of this, I ordered another meeting of the villagers to be held; and I insisted on the matter being settled out of court. After a good deal of parleying, it was agreed that Said Hassim should withdraw his accusations. Accordingly, he was taken down to the judge next day by the two head sheikhs, and was made to signify his desire not to proceed with his charges.

"That is all very well," replied the judge, "but where is my *bakshish*? Unless you give me a substantial bribe, I shall not allow the case to be withdrawn."

The requisite *bakshish* was soon forthcoming; and having received it, the judge informed them that, as the case was already entered upon the cause list, it would have to be tried before him, as a report of all

cases had to be sent to Constantinople. "There is only one way out of the matter," he added; "all the accused and the witnesses must come before me and testify that they had nothing to do with the assault; and if they can swear that they were not on the thrashing-floor at all, so much the better."

Consequently, upon the day of trial this disgraceful travesty upon justice was solemnly perpetrated. One by one the witnesses got up, and gravely swore before the judge, who knew all the circumstances of the case, that they were not in any way parties to the alleged assault. Many of them declared that they were absent from the village on that day; and one of them, more hardy in false swearing than the rest, asserted that he did not even know where the thrashing-floor was. I am sorry to say that this was Mahmood Kassim, one of my own watchers, who had spent the last three months, night and day, upon the thrashing-floor itself, which was not fifty yards from the house in which he had been born and lived all his life.

The judge, having calmly listened to all these false oaths, promptly nonsuited Mr. Said Hassim; and the whole party returned to the village, triumphantly rejoicing over the success of their proceedings. As soon as I heard of what had occurred, I summoned in haste a third meeting; and indignantly harangued them upon the shamelessness of their conduct. For more than half an hour I vigorously discoursed upon the heinous sinfulness of lying and deceit. No sooner had I sat down, than the *khattib*, or priest of the village, rose, and said, in the most solemn tones, —

"What the *Hawâjah* (the Arabic title of respect) has just been saying is perfectly true. It is a most wicked and unpardonable sin to tell a lie — *unless you can gain something by it!*"

It was with the greatest difficulty that I could make them understand, that this was not in the very least what I had been saying at all.

The incident above related — absolutely true in every respect — will give some insight into Turkish justice. It also shows what little respect is paid to truthfulness as a cardinal virtue by the ordinary Oriental mind. In this respect, I grieve to say, my friends the Druses are little or no better than other native Syrian races; though, taking them altogether, they are far superior to the rest. They are brave, hardy, independent, sober, and abstemious; their very type of face and figure is vastly



above that of other natives; their men are handsome, and their girls really beautiful; and apart from the ingrained and inveterate habit of lying, they are honest and comparatively trustworthy people.

Under the indolent smoothness of their exterior there lurks a fiery and warlike nature, which often needs but a spark to set it in a blaze. The Said Hassfm affair was an excellent instance of this. Village feuds are of constant occurrence among them, though they seldom lead to any very serious results. In former years, scarcely a week has passed without some disturbance breaking out upon the thrashing-floors; and frequent conflicts have taken place between the multazim and the peasant, before the former has gained possession of the latter's corn. Hence it is all the more to the credit of the Druses that they manifested so little opposition to me, and showed so willing a disposition to meet me half-way.

My arduous labors came to a successful termination by the end of October. Contrary to the sinister prognostications of pessimist advisers, I realized a small profit,—a little over three thousand piastres, or about £23. Moreover, the main object of my undertaking was, I think, also in a great measure fulfilled; and I am persuaded that one consequence has been that the mutual relations between the Druses and ourselves have been placed on a firmer and more confidential footing. Indeed, so satisfied have I been with the result of my experiment, that I have determined to repeat it this year.

HASKETH SMITH.

HAIFA, 1889.

From *The Argosy*.

ROBERT BROWNING.

"Stand still, true poet that you are,  
I know you; let me try and draw you.  
Some night you'll fail us. When afar  
You rise, remember one man saw you,  
Knew you, and named a star."

A SMALL packet of old yellow letters lies before me as I write, the writing in faded ink. The packet is labelled "from Robert Browning," the letters are addressed to my father, the Rev. W. J. Fox. The date of the earliest of these notes is the year 1833. My father was, at that time, editor of the *Monthly Repository*, a periodical which he endeavored to raise from its original denominational character into a first-class literary and political journal. It was the forerunner of many similar

such, but in its day it stood almost if not quite alone, and like other forerunners was distinctly in advance of its time.

In this periodical did Mr. Browning's earliest work, "Pauline," receive its first public recognition in the April number of the volume for 1833, that is, immediately on publication; while "Paracelsus" was welcomed in the volume for 1835, also as soon as published. The articles were both from the pen of Mr. Fox.

I will quote a few sentences from them, but they would both well bear republication in full. In the first article, the one on "Pauline; a Confession," after a careful analysis of the young author's mental stages and their progress, Mr. Fox continues thus: "The poem in which a great poet should reveal the whole of himself to mankind would be a study, a delight, and a power, for which there is yet no parallel; and around which the noblest creations of the noblest writers would range themselves as subsidiary luminaries.

"These thoughts have been suggested by the work before us, which, though evidently a hasty and imperfect sketch, has truth and life in it, which gave us the thrill, and laid hold of us with the power, the sensation of which has never yet failed us as a test of genius. Whoever the anonymous author may be, he is a poet. A pretender to science cannot always be safely judged of by a brief publication, for the knowledge of some facts does not imply the knowledge of other facts; but the claimant of poetic honors may generally be appreciated by a few pages, often by a few lines; for if they be poetry, he is a poet. We cannot judge of the house by the brick, but we can judge of the statue of Hercules by its foot. We felt certain of Tennyson, before we saw the book, by a few verses which had straggled into a newspaper; we are not less certain of the author of 'Pauline.'"

Mr. Fox proceeds to give many quotations, interspersed with admiring and appreciative comments; towards the close of the article he makes some small criticisms, after which he concludes with the following words: "In recognizing a poet we cannot stand upon trifles, nor fret ourselves about such matters. Time enough for that afterwards, when larger works come before us. Archimedes in the bath had many particulars to settle about specific gravities and Hiero's crown; but he first gave a glorious leap and shouted 'Eureka.'"

This full and complete recognition of the first effort of the young poet was never

forgotten by Mr. Browning, and was often and often referred to by him in later life with touching affection and gratitude. He says in a note (my third in date): "I can only offer you my simple thanks, but they are of the sort that one can give only once or twice in a life. All things considered, I think you are almost repaid if you imagine what I must feel. As for the book, I hope ere long to better it." And, again, in another note, still of the year 1833: "I shall never write a line without thinking of the source of my first praise, be assured."

I have omitted to mention the earliest notes of my treasured little packet. The first is a most characteristic one introducing himself to Mr. Fox, and the next is written to accompany a packet of twelve copies of "Pauline" (the recipient has written outside "the Pauline parcel has arrived"). One of those twelve copies lies before me at this moment, in its original dull drab binding; a second was sent to Mr. John Stuart Mill, who was at that time writing some admirable articles for the *Monthly Repository* for my father, signed A (or Antiquas), on the Greek philosophers. Mr. Browning's signature to his contributions was Z. Mr. Mill, apparently at my father's request, wrote a review of "Pauline" for the *Examiner*, which that paper declined; and Mr. Mill in his note (which lies before me) says that he shall send his review to *Tait*. Those were the days before Mr. John Forster was literary editor of the *Examiner*; even, I think, before Mr. Forster had come to London. I know not what has become of the other ten copies, but can only hope they have been treasured as mine has by me.

In the March of 1835 "Paracelsus" appeared, and was noticed by Mr. Fox, before the end of that year, in the *Monthly Repository* in a careful and appreciative analysis. He speaks of the author as having in this work, " essayed the solution of one of those great enigmas, which human life in its different phases presents."

He continues: "His 'Paracelsus' is, not a personification indeed, but an individualization of humanity, in whom he exhibits its alternate conditions of aspiration and attainment. Truly here is something for the mind to grapple with; but the labor is only of that species which accords with the proper enjoyment of poetry, and which raises that enjoyment to its due degree of loftiness and intensity. Paracelsus left that sort of mingled reputation which exactly suited the author's purpose. It is neither too bad for a blessing, nor too good for a curse."

After copious quotations the article concludes thus: "Our task has been performed rather as expositors than as judges. To take up a book, and that book a poem, with real mental matter in it, is a novelty which calls more for announcement than for criticism. Would that we had oftener occasion for the implied praise and admiration which belong to the record of such a fact. . . . Yet, though possessing little of that species of stimulus which gains sudden popularity, there is abundance of a higher and stronger stimulus in this poem. We now leave it to speak for itself, and fancy its coming into the world, as Brutus did into the rostrum, with the appeal, 'Censure me in your judgments; and awake your senses that you may the better judge.'"

After long years of neglect the public at last responded to that appeal. Those who have learned to admire Browning's noble poetry have indeed had to "awake their senses," in order to be able to appreciate his pregnant and thoughtful work.

Immediately before the publication of "Paracelsus," Mr. Browning writes to Mr. Fox, that he hopes his poem "will turn out not utterly unworthy your kind interest, and more deserving your favor" than anything that Mr. Fox had yet seen; adding, "it will never do for one so distinguished by past praise to prove nobody after all." This note seems to be in reply to one from Mr. Fox, who had obtained for him an introduction to Moxon, who, however, could not be prevailed on to publish "Paracelsus." Mr. Moxon had, apparently, burnt his fingers with the early works of two poets, both of them since taking first rank, and he begged to decline even inspecting Mr. Browning's poem. Messrs. Saunders and Ottley, too, who had previously published "Pauline," I believe at the author's own risk, were applied to in vain; when Mr. Fox bethought him of that ultra liberal, Effingham Wilson, whose name, finally, is found on the title page of the first edition of "Paracelsus."

After the notice of "Paracelsus," Mr. Browning writes: "Sardanapalus could not go on multiplying kingdoms, nor I protestations — but I thank you very much."

Four of Mr. Browning's shorter poems made their first appearance on the pages of the *Monthly Repository*. In 1835 "The King," which was introduced afterwards in "Pippa Passes," as one of Pippa's songs; those songs that effect such momentous changes in the current of the lives of the hearers, all unconsciously to

the little silk-winder of Asolo passing by. "Porphyria," which re-appears in the first number of "Dramatic Lyrics" (original edition) under the title of "Madhouse Cells," and "Agricola" which appears in the "Collected Works;" all of these first saw the light in the *Monthly Repository* volume for 1836. The fourth, a charming sonnet, somewhat Heine-like in character, to be found in the *Monthly Repository* volume for 1834, I have not seen again in any of the later editions of the poet's works. Why I know not, for it deserves not to be lost.

Shortly before the notice of "Pauline," there appears a delightful recognition of Tennyson, whose second little volume, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," had then just appeared, also from the pen of Mr. Fox.

On May 1st, 1837, "Strafford; an historical Tragedy," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, through Mr. Macready's agency; he taking the title part, and Miss Helen Faucit the Countess of Carlisle. I am under the impression that my father introduced both the poet and the play to Mr. Macready, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. My father wrote a critique on the play, as it was acted. I find Mr. Browning sadly annoyed at the "considerable alterations" which were made for acting. He says "the complexion of the piece, is, I grieve to say, perfect gallows;" and the acting of the king (which very difficult part it seems to my humble judgment would have required a second Macready to do justice to) was such, that the note leaves it with a dash, as too bad to be described.

In a letter to a relative, from an early friend who was present, I find the performance referred to amongst the London news, so dear at that time to country cousins, in the following interesting passage:—

"Then, 'Strafford:' were you not pleased to hear of the success of one you must I think remember a very little boy, years ago. If not, you have often heard us speak of Robert Browning, and it is a great thing to have accomplished a successful tragedy, although he seems a good deal annoyed at the go of things behind the scenes, and declares he will never write a play again as long as he lives. You have no idea of the ignorance and obstinacy of the whole set, with here and there an exception; think of his having to write out the meaning of the word *impeachment*, as some of them thought it meant *poaching*."

In 1841, the first number of those

delightful "Bells and Pomegranates" appeared, the title of which was such a perpetual puzzle, both to critics and the public; recurring as it regularly did each year with a fresh number, until, with the "Soul's Tragedy," the eighth and last, an explanation was appended. One of these only, appears to have been acted simultaneously with its publication, as "Strafford" was; namely: "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon," which bears date, "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. February 11th, 1843." In this play, Macready took the part of Lord Thorold, the elder brother, on the first night of its representation only. I well remember his noble bearing, and dignified grace. It was, however, produced by him in the latter days of his management of Drury Lane, when, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he was unable to continue to sustain the part, and handed it over to Mr. Phelps for the remainder of the nights that the play ran.

It may perhaps be well for me to mention here that I have the first editions of each work before me, and copy the dates of each as I write; even to the original yellow paper covers of the "Bells and Pomegranates" (enriched with a few gracious words from Mr. Browning to my father on each).

As my memory glances back, and I try to recall my own early impressions of Mr. Browning, one bright morning rises up clear before me, like a sunlit spot through the long, misty years. I see myself, a child, sitting drawing at a sunny cottage window in the then rural suburb of Bayswater. Puffs of sweet scents of hawthorn and roses came floating in at the open window as I drew. I remember that I was trying to copy Retsch's design of a young knight surrounded by Undines, who seek to entice him down with them into the waves, when Mr. Browning entered the little drawing-room with a quick, light step; and on hearing from me that my father was out, and in fact that nobody was at home except myself, he said: "It's my birthday to-day; I'll wait till they come in," and sitting down to the piano, he added: "If it won't disturb you, I'll play till they do." And as he turned to the instrument, the bells of some neighboring church suddenly burst out with a frantic, merry peal. It seemed to my childish fancy, as if in response to the remark that it was his birthday. He was then slim and dark, and very handsome; and — may I hint it — just a trifle of a dandy, addicted to lemon-colored kid gloves and such things; quite "the glass of fashion and

the mould of form." But full of ambition, eager for success, eager for fame, and what's more, determined to conquer fame and to achieve success. Soon after these first publications, he writes to a friend: "I have a headful of projects—mean to song-write, play-write forthwith." And again: "When these three plays are out, I hope to build a huge ode—but all goeth but (with) God's will."

I think it must have been a year or two later, that I remember him as looking in often in the evenings, having just returned from his first visit to Venice. I cannot tell the date for certain. He was full of enthusiasm for that queen of cities. He used to illustrate his glowing descriptions of its beauties, the palaces, the sunsets, the moon-rises, by a most original kind of etching. Taking up a bit of stray note-paper, he would hold it over a lighted candle, moving the paper about gently till it was cloudily smoked over, and then, utilizing the darker smears for clouds, shadows, water, or what not, would etch with a dry pen the forms of lights on cloud and palace, on bridge or gondola, on the vague and dreamy surface he had produced.

My own passionate longing to see Venice dated from those delightful, well-remembered evenings of my childhood.

My father had given up the editorship of the *Monthly Repository*, in 1836, to R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," and to Leigh Hunt, with the latter of whom the journal died a natural death, two years later. My father became absorbed in political life, which occupied him incessantly from that time onwards. His name is known to the public in conjunction with those of Cobden and Bright in the great Anti-Corn Law struggle, and his pen was a weapon of power in many a goodly fight; but except in occasional lectures, the delights of purely literary work became a thing of the past. Still, I do not remember the time, from the old *Repository* days onward, when a new poem by Browning was not an event and an excitement to him. One day, Mr. John Forster sent word that he would bring the proof-sheets of the "Christmas Eve" to read to us; and how we revelled in the humor of the opening passages; and how Mr. Forster's melodious voice did justice to the grand vision, as the poem proceeds!

In 1858-9 I paid a visit to Rome, where Mr. and Mrs. Browning were also spending the winter, on account of her health, and I saw a good deal of them; more especially, I had the great felicity of passing

many quiet hours in the company of Mrs. Browning, for she kindly sat to me for her portrait in chalks; Mr. Browning, the while, was giving his little son a first-rate music lesson in the adjoining room. The portrait, I may be excused for mentioning, was exhibited at the Royal Academy the same year, and was considered successful by most of those who knew her. She seemed to me to be an angel on earth, so modest, so unselfish.

At that time her poems were extremely popular, whilst Mr. Browning's were beginning only to take hold of the public. I remember his bringing in, during my sittings, an American paper in which the work of the two poets were compared, to the disadvantage of the husband. Mr. Browning seemed piqued, I thought, as was but natural; for the criticism showed both bad taste and want of judgment. But nothing of that sort could cast a shadow of a shade upon the perfect harmony that existed between that ideal pair. Their's was the "better love" that could "defy the scoffer."

Mr. Browning lived chiefly abroad, and took no great interest in the details of English politics, saving all political enthusiasm either for the land of his adoption or for the affairs of past times.

But the early regard between him and my father was not dead, only slumbering. I find in my packet a long letter from Mrs. Browning to my father (under date June, 1859) about Italian matters, enclosing a cutting from an Italian newspaper, a translation into Italian of a public speech of my father's to a meeting at Oldham, which had given great satisfaction to Italian patriots.

Mrs. Browning writes to thank him "for her husband, for herself, and for Italy," for this speech on the Italian question. She says: "One generous voice raised, and that such a thrilling voice as yours, is indeed a thing to thank God for, after all the disappointments, and, let me add, the humiliation we suffer here as to the words and acts of England."

I open also a sort of double letter, written partly by Mr. and partly by Mrs. Browning; a delightful letter from Casa Guidi, date January, 1857, on learning from Mr. Fox of his re-election as member for Oldham. Mr. Browning writes: "I wish from my heart we could get closer together again, as in those old days, and what times we would have here together in Italy;" and after a page of most delightful joking he adds: "I say this foolishly, just because I can't trust myself to be

earnest about it. I would, you know I would, always would, choose you out of the whole English world to judge and correct what I write myself. My wife shall read this, and let it stand, if I have told her so, these twelve years; and certainly I have not grown intellectually an inch over the good and kind hand you extended over my head, how many years ago!"

The letter is long, too long to quote in this place; after speaking of English books and newspapers, or rather the want of them, in Italy, Mr. Browning adds: "Yet for me there would be one book better than any now to be got, here or elsewhere, and all out of a great English head and heart—those 'Memoirs' you engaged to give us. Will you give us them?"

Those memoirs, alas! were never written. He that should have written, and he that would have read them, both now rest beneath the sod. My father died in 1864:

The poet died last month, and now  
The world which had been somewhat slow  
In honoring his living brow,

Commands the palms.

E. F. BRIDELL-FOX.

From The Speaker.

FORTUNIO.

WHEN I was a small boy, my parents lived within three miles of Tregarrick, a dead-and-alive little market town, set amid wide and sad-colored moors. It had once a mayor and corporation, could speak of royal visits, and was a noted stage for the mail coaches. These glories, however, were of the past; the railway came, skirted the moors, and left Tregarrick to itself; and now the inhabitants woke up for one day only in the year. But that was a gala day; for Tregarrick goose-fair (which fell in the week after Michaelmas) was, as all the world owned, the most famous in the west country. They cooked a goose there in twenty-two different ways; and as no one who came to the fair would dream of eating any other food, you may fancy what a reek of cooking would fill the narrow grey street soon after midday.

We boys were always given a holiday to go to the goose-fair; and it was on my way thither that I first made Fortunio's acquaintance. I wore a new pair of corduroys, that smelt—oh, how they smelt!—and squeaked, too, as I trotted briskly

along the bleak highroad; for I had a bright shilling to spend, and it burnt a hole in my pocket. I was planning my purchases, when I noticed, on an eminence of the road ahead, a man's figure sharply defined against the sky.

He was driving a flock of geese, so slowly that I soon caught him up; and such a man or such geese I had never seen. To begin with, his rags were worse than a scarecrow's. In one hand he carried a long staff; the other held a small book close under his nose, and his lean shoulders bent over as he read in it. You could tell by the man's undecided gait that all his eyes were for this book. Only he would look up when one of his birds strayed too far on the turf that lined the highway, and would guide it back to the stones again with his staff. As for the geese, they were utterly draggled-tailed and stained with travel, and waddled, every one, with so woe-begone a limp that I had to laugh as I passed.

The man glanced up, set his forefinger between the pages of his book, and turned on me a long, sallow face and a pair of the most beautiful brown eyes in the world.

"Little boy," he said, in a quick, foreign way—"rosy little boy. You laugh at my geese, eh?" No doubt I stared at him like a ninny, for he went on:—

"Little wide-mouthed Cupidon, how you gaze! Also, by the way, how you smell!"

"It's my corduroys," said I.

"Then I do not like your corduroys. But I like you to laugh. Laugh again—only at the right matter; laugh at this——"

And, opening his book again, he read a long passage as I walked beside him; but I could make neither head nor tail of it.

"That is from the 'Sentimental Journey,' by Laurence Sterne, the most beautiful of your English wits. Ah, he is more than French! Laugh at it."

It was rather hard to laugh thus to order; but suddenly he set me the example, showing two rows of very white teeth, and fetching from his hollow chest a sound of mirth so incongruous with the whole aspect of the man that I smiled at his very oddity.

"That's right; but be louder. Make the sounds that you made just now——"

He broke off sharply, being seized with an ugly fit of coughing, that forced him to halt and lean on his staff for a while. When he recovered we walked on together after the geese, he talking all the way in high-flown sentences that were Greek to me, and I stealing a look every now and

then at his olive face, and half inclined to take to my heels and run.

We came at length to the ridge where the road dives suddenly into Tregarrick. The town lies along a narrow vale, and looking down we saw flags waving along the street and much smoke curling from the chimneys, and heard the church bells, the big drum, and the confused mutterings and hubbub of the fair. The sun — for the morning was still fresh — did not yet pierce to the bottom of the valley, but fell on the hillside opposite, where cottage gardens in parallel strips climbed up from the town to the moorland.

"What is that?" asked the goose-driver, touching my arm and pointing to a dazzling spot on the slope opposite.

"That's the sun on the windows of Gardener Tonken's glass-house."

"Eh? — does he live there?"

"He's dead, and the garden's 'to let;' you can just see the board from here. But he didn't live there, of course. People don't live in glass-houses, only plants."

"That's a pity, little boy, for their souls' sakes. It reminds me of a story — by the way, do you know Latin? No? Well, listen to this: if I can sell my geese to-day, perhaps I will hire that glass-house, and you shall come there on half-holidays, and learn Latin. Now run ahead and spend your money."

I was glad to escape, and in the bustle of the fair quickly forgot my friend. But late in the afternoon, as I had my eyes glued to a peepshow, I heard a voice behind me cry, "Little boy!" and turning, saw him again. He was without his geese.

"I have sold them," he said, "for £5; and I have taken the glass-house. The rent is only £3 a year, and I shan't live longer, so that leaves me money to buy books. I shall feed on the snails in the garden, making soup of them, for there is a beautiful stove in the glass-house. When is your next half-holiday?"

"On Saturday."

"Very well. I am going away to buy books; but I shall be back by Saturday, and then you are to come and learn Latin."

It may have been fear or curiosity, certainly it was no desire for learning, that took me to Gardener Tonken's glass-house next Saturday afternoon. The goose-driver was there to welcome me.

"Ah, little wide-mouth," he cried; "I knew you would be here. Come and see my library."

He showed me a pile of dusty, tattered volumes, arranged on an old flower-stand.

"See," said he, "no sorrowful books, only Aristophanes and Lucian, Rabelais, Molière, Voltaire's novels, 'Gil Blas,' 'Don Quixote,' Fielding, a play or two of Shakespeare, a volume or so of Swift, a Horace, Prior's poems, and Sterne — that divine Sterne! And a Latin Grammar and Virgil for you, little boy. First, eat some snails."

But this I would not. So he pulled out two three-legged stools, and very soon I was trying to fix my wandering wits and decline *mensa*.

After this I came on every half-holiday for nearly a year. Of course the tenant of the glass-house was a nine days' wonder in the town. A crowd of boys and even many grown men and women would assemble and stare into the glass-house while we worked; but Fortunio (he gave no other name) seemed rather to like it than not. Only when certain wiseacres approached my parents with hints that my studies with a ragged man who lived on snails and garden-stuff were uncommonly like traffic with the devil, Fortunio, hearing the matter, walked over one morning to our home and had an interview with my mother. I don't know what was said; but I know that afterwards no resistance was made to my visits to the glass-house.

They came to an end in the saddest and most natural way. One September afternoon I sat construing to Fortunio out of the first book of Virgil's "Æneid" — so far was I advanced; and coming to the passage —

*Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa, profatur . . .*

I had just rendered *vultum demissa* "with downcast eyes," when the book was snatched from me and hurled to the far end of the glass-house. Looking up, I saw Fortunio in a transport of passion.

"Fool — little fool! Will you be like all the commentators? Will you forget what Virgil has said and put your own nonsense into his golden mouth?"

He stepped across, picked up the book, found the passage, and then turning back a page or so, read out: —

*Sæpta armis solioque alte subnixâ resedit.*

"*Alte! Alte!*" he screamed: "Dido sat on high; Æneas stood at the foot of her throne. Listen to this: 'Then Dido, bending down her gaze . . .'"

He went on translating. A rapture took him, and the sun beat in through the glass roof, and lit up his eyes as he went on and on. He was transfused; his voice

swelled and sank with passion, swelled again, and then, at the words, —

Quæ te tam læta tulerunt  
Sæcula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes?

it broke, the Virgil dropped from his hand, and sinking down on his stool he broke into a wild fit of sobbing.

"Oh, why did I read it? Why did I read this sorrowful book?" And then checking his sobs, he looked up at me with dry eyes.

"Go away, little one. Don't come again; I am going to die very soon now."

I stole out, awed and silent, and went home. But the picture of him kept me awake that night, and early in the morning I dressed and ran off to the glass-house.

He was still sitting as I had left him.

"Why have you come?" he asked harshly. "I have been coughing. I am going to die."

"Then I'll fetch a doctor."

"No."

"A clergyman?"

"No."

But I ran for a doctor. Fortunio lived on for a week after this, and at length consented to see a clergyman. I brought the vicar, and was told to leave them alone together and come back in an hour's time.

When I returned, Fortunio was stretched quietly on the rough bed we had found for him, and the vicar, who knelt beside it, was speaking softly in his ear.

As I entered on tiptoe, I heard: —

"... in that kingdom shall be no weeping —"

"Oh, parson," interrupted Fortunio, "that's bad. I'm so bored with laughing, you see, that the good God might surely allow a few tears."

The parish buried him, and his books went to pay for the funeral. But I kept the Virgil; and this, with the few memories that I impart to you, is all that remains to me of Fortunio. Q.

A CORRESPONDENT sends to the *Nonconformist* the following letter, written by Robert Browning in 1876 to a lady, who, believing herself to be dying, wrote to thank him for the help she had derived from his poems, mentioning particularly "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Abt Vogler," and giving expression to the deep satisfaction of her mind that one so highly gifted with genius should hold, as he held, to the great truths of our religion, and to a belief in the glorious unfolding and crowning of life in the world beyond the grave.

"19 Warwick-crescent, W., May 11, '76.

"Dear Friend, — It would ill become me to waste a word on my own feelings except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be — and which, by sympathy, I can make mine by the anticipation of a few years at most. It is a great thing — the greatest — that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope — and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of

the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: 'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, he was no man!' ('Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien, celui-là ne fut pas un homme.') Or as when Charles Lamb, in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more — on the final suggestion, 'And if Christ entered this room?' changed his manner at once, and stuttered out — as his manner was when moved, 'You see, if Shakespeare entered, we should all rise; if *he* appeared, we must kneel.' Or, not to multiply instances — as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife's Testament — wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago: 'Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there, where that lady lives, of whom my soul was enamored.' Dear friend, I may have wearied you in spite of your good-will. God bless you, sustain, and receive you! Reciprocate this blessing with yours affectionately,

ROBERT BROWNING."

Leisure Hour.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXXIV.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA IN ASIA. By Arminius Vambery, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . . . .	771
II. ZOE. Part II., . . . . .	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> , . . . . .	781
III. RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CORSICA, . . . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . . . .	788
IV. IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES. Part III., . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	797
V. LORD LAMINGTON, . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	809
VI. A DIALOGUE WITH A MUMMY, . . . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . . . .	810
VII. GERMAN COLONIES IN THE HOLY LAND, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	812
VIII. EDWARD FITZGERALD, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	815
IX. SPORT WITH WILD ELEPHANTS, . . . . .	<i>Pioneer Mail</i> , . . . . .	823

\*.\* Title and Index to Volume CLXXXIV.

## POETRY.

UNREST, . . . . .	770	A WINTER SONG, . . . . .	770
THE PROLOGUE, . . . . .	770	A. D. 1590, . . . . .	770
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			824

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## UNREST.

THE rose that is perfect to-day is blown over-  
full to-morrow;  
Life is nothing but change, and change is  
nothing but sorrow.

The world sways back and forth, a measure-  
less vast machine,  
High and low, and ever bringing back what  
has been.

The days that dawn and die, the moons that  
wax and wane,  
The seasons that freeze and burn, the grain  
and the crop and the grain,

Are symbols of change unchanging, of cycles  
whirling by,  
The living aping the dead, and ripe in their  
turn to die.

Could we clear our eyes to gaze, we should  
see to the verge of time  
The long dead level of death and life and love  
and crime,

Torn and tossed by passion, and ridged and  
quarried with graves  
As the changeless level of ocean is broken by  
tides and waves.

Where shall our feet find rest? Or is there a  
rest to find?  
Is rest a dreamy delusion shaped by a restless  
mind?

A rainbow arching our sky, looked on but  
never possess?  
Our feet must stumble on, while our hearts  
cry out for rest.

The world sways back and forth, suns kindle  
and flash and die,  
Our stars arise and set till the dawn of eter-  
nity.  
Chambers' Journal. M. FALCONER.

## THE PROLOGUE.

O SWALLOW, with resistless wing, that hold'st  
the air in fec,  
O swallow, with thy joyous sweep o'er earth  
and sunlit sea,  
O swallow, who, if night were thine, would'st  
wheel amongst the stars,  
Why linger round the caves?  
Unhappy! free of all the world hast knit  
thy soul to clay?  
And glued thy heart up on the wall, thou  
swiftest child of day?  
Claim, glorious wing, thy heritage; break,  
break thy prison bars,  
Nor linger round the eaves.

Sweep, glorious wings, adown the wind;  
fly, swallow, to the west;  
Before thee, life and liberty; behind, a  
ruined nest.  
Blow, freshening breeze, sweep, rapid wing,  
for all the winds are thine,  
The nest is only clay.  
The rapid wings were stretched in flight,  
the swallow sped away,  
And left its nest beneath the eaves, the  
much-loved bit of clay,  
Turned with the sun, to go where'er the happy  
sun might shine,  
And passed into the day.

EDWARD THRING.

## A WINTER SONG.

THERE is a break in the winter, dearest,  
Peace in the blue air's untarnished realm,  
Snowdrops are out, and an early thristle  
Warbles ere dawn on our tallest elm.

Let us go up to the hill pines yonder,  
Tidings to catch, if we can, of spring,  
Larks will be loud o'er the bleak fields, dear-  
est,  
Maybe the robin at Shirley sing.

Look, to the heart of the dark plantation  
Soft gleams of tenderness steal and stay,  
Murmurs, above us, around us, dearest,  
Almost the hum of a summer's day.

Winter of sorrow has wounded, dearest,  
Track of our footsteps has been by graves —  
Springtime is near, and comfort and beauty,  
Love that transfigures, and lifts, and saves.  
Spectator. JOSEPH TRUMAN.

## A. D. 1590.

So do they love, Aemilia and her lord,  
That neither knows the other's faults at all  
Save by confession; which may scarce be-  
fall,  
Because some kiss anticipates the word.

Nor do their virtues larger scope afford  
Of self-delight, or knowledge mutual;  
Since each believes their own too weak and  
small  
To live unaided by the other's hoard.

Thus they abide, in childlike ignorance  
If either owe the other aught of ill,  
Or if the one have anything of good

Except the other. Oh, most blessed chance,  
More subtle-sweet than art, that hath this  
skill  
To blend two souls in such beatitude!  
Academy. M.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA IN ASIA.  
BY ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

A CONFUSED picture of moral degradation shot across with single rays of strange virtues belonging to a patriarchal state of things; an appalling pool of religious bigotry crossed by dark shadows of blind superstition and crass ignorance; a wild fury of unbridled tyranny and arbitrary power, hand in hand with local and temporary anarchy; in one spot the choicest favors of nature, in another the most utter desolation; nowhere the slightest trace of self-reliance; everywhere the greatest helplessness before the rage of the elements — such were the principal features of central Asiatic life when I traversed that region twenty-five years ago. As I gradually in the course of years made my way from eastern Europe into the interior of the Asiatic world, my mind's eye, so to say, accustomed itself to the gradual disappearance of European enlightenment and the thickening darkness of Asiatic barbarism. European Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia seemed to me so many separate steps by which I descended into the deep dark vault of the old Asiatic views of life and the world. As I moved in the uncanny darkness of this unfamiliar world, I soon became aware that I had gone back several centuries in the history of the world. Among the Turkomans and the Kirghizes on the right bank of the Oxus I found myself in such a state of things as may have existed in Europe before the appearance of the Romans. The life in tents, the primitive organization of society in which custom took the place of law; men destitute of all the comforts of life, where it was still necessary on occasions to obtain fire by the friction of two pieces of dry wood, naturally excited my youthful curiosity to the highest degree. In the cultivated oases of the three khanates the civilization of Islam had of course to some extent modified that archaic state of things. Still the culture which the monotheism of Arabia had brought into the high plateau of Turan was fundamentally different from the brilliant results which it achieved in western Asia, on the banks of the Nile,

and in the Iberian peninsula. The rays of the light of Islam that streamed towards the north-east lit up only the outer surface of the life of the Turko-Tartar population, and consequently could contribute little to the refinement of manners, the elevation of the mind, and the happiness of that portion of mankind. The Mohammedan civilization of central Asia, such as I saw it, may have been that which prevailed in the remotest corners of the caliph's empire when the Abbasides were at the height of their power. The constantly recurring inroads of hordes of warlike nomads and the isolation produced by the sandy deserts of the steppes caused the first influence of the culture of Arabia and Persia to become soon stereotyped in the oasis-lands of central Asia, and to remain completely free from the influences which affected Islam in those lands in which it came in contact with the classicism of the Greeks.

The arrested development and, so to say, petrification of the first germs of civilization which had been imported from the south is to be observed in all departments of life and in every nook and corner of the vast territory stretching from the Thien-Shan to the Caspian Sea, from the Kirghiz Steppe to the Oxus. Religion, the life and soul of everything there, the sheet-anchor of the political and civil organization, could display its power only in uncouth externals, without a trace of any inward spirituality, rooted in a real religious sentiment. People went to mosque partly out of habit, partly from fear of the four-thonged whip wielded by the reis (chief of the police), who scoured the streets and bazaars. People gave alms, went on the pilgrimage to Mecca, performed the ceremonial ablutions, ate, drank, and dressed according to the strict letter of the law, not out of feelings of piety, but out of fear of denunciation and the severe punishments attached to the breach of the code of Islam. In political affairs the abuses of the Asiatic form of government made their appearance in most frightful forms. After the pattern of Mohammedan government had changed from the simple character of the emirate to the autocratic despotism of the sultan-

ate, and the control and strict supervision of the sovereign power, which Mohammed had enjoined, was accepted in principle but neglected in practice, the despotism and tyranny which prevailed at the centre of the empire must necessarily become even more outrageous in the distant regions on the frontier. In Bagdad the tottering throne of consecrated tyrants was overthrown by Mongol hordes; in Teheran, in Stambul, in Cairo, and elsewhere the influence of the West, every day becoming stronger, has compelled the adoption of better methods of government, and has loosened the grip of despotism; while in central Asia the old state of things still prevailed. It is true that here, too, Mongols and Turko-Tartars have in the course of history overthrown monarchies and set up new dynasties; but here, with every change in the ruler, the old despotic system planted itself all the more firmly, and on the very eve of the Russian occupation I was confronted in Turkestan with the most horrible exhibition of Asiatic tyranny and barbarism. Religion, which, according to its original intention, should have acted as a check on tyrannical exercise of power, had become in central Asia a support of despotism, and the pious men, who were in full possession of the confidence of the people, emulated the officials of the emirs and the khans in plundering the masses entrusted to their spiritual care. Among the principal religious persons whom I met in Turkestan I do not remember a single kazi-kelan or ishan (chief of a religious order) or one single mollah who ever felt himself moved to express the slightest disapproval of the conduct of the officers of the government, however great the cruelty with which the latter behaved. The whole attention of those religious men was directed to the maintenance of superstition, the suppression of all individual liberty and the exclusion of the last gleam of enlightenment. Where the spiritual and temporal powers care only for their own interests, have in view only the plunder of the people and the continuance of their own power and influence, there can be no hope of any moral elevation of the masses, of any improvement of their economical condition.

Commerce and manufactures moved only in the old grooves, slowly and with difficulty. The genius of the people in central Asia is not wanting in taste and ability, industry and perseverance. But every innovation was systematically discouraged. Clothing, house-furniture, and jewelry were forced to keep their time-honored forms and their primitive methods of manufacture. So that even before the Russian conquest of the country the native artificers themselves avowed their inability to compete with the foreign goods imported from the north, south, and west, and during the time of my visit lamented their approaching ruin. The merchant boldly undertook the month-long journeys with the caravans, and braved the dangers caused by the severity of the climate and the rapacity of the nomads, but could hardly succeed in protecting his bales of merchandise, which had escaped the storms of the desert and the armed bands of the Alamans and the Barantas, from the arbitrary exactions of the customs officers of the khanates. If in spite of all these obstacles he succeeded in enriching himself, he was still in perpetual danger of being plundered by the covetous sovereign of his own country.

The agriculturist was not much better off. The soil, although cultivated with the most primitive implements, such as had been in use for thousands of years, still yielded in abundance the manifold blessings of nature; for, as I observed many years ago, the oases of central Asia are like precious stones in a setting of sand. Yet what availed the prodigality of nature in a country where the husbandman knew not how to turn the surplus produce to good account, where the fertilizing system of irrigation, neglected by the government, is abandoned to the care of the several communes, where the fearful prospect of being sanded up grows every year more imminent? It can be shown with historical certainty that four hundred years ago the cultivated region in the north and north-east of the khanates of Khiva and Bokhara extended from ten to twenty geographical miles further than is at present the case. Mention is made of flourishing and populous cities,

where nothing is now to be seen but an unfathomed desert of sand. The prevailing wind in that region blows from the north-east, bringing with it masses of sand, which smother one field after another, continually contracting the extent of cultivable land, until the husbandman in despair gives up the unequal struggle, and leaves the enemy to cover the whole with one uniform shroud of sand. In this way cities have disappeared without leaving a trace behind, and the territory beyond the Oxus, which the travellers and geographers of the Middle Ages described as rich and flourishing, has now become a poverty-stricken desert.

When we take this circumstance into consideration, we shall not be surprised to find that the intellectual life of central Asia was never able to attain the same degree of development as we find in the other lands of Islam. It is true that in the time of the Samanides and the Khazmians, there were not wanting learned men such as Avicenna, Zamakhshari, Alberuni, and others; but these were representatives of the common culture of Islam, and were destitute of all national characteristics. The specifically Aryan or Turanian spirit attempted to express itself only in the field of theology and theosophy. On the arrival of the Mongols this too disappeared, and utter darkness spread over the oasis-lands, isolated as they were from the rest of the world. During my intimate intercourse with the so-called learned men of Bokhara, Khiva, and Samarkand, I never encountered one who had any knowledge of secular science, not even of those branches which are elsewhere allowed to be studied by Mohammedan scholars, much less one who occupied himself in their study. The richly endowed colleges (medresses) of these cities were visited by hundreds of students from India, Afghanistan, and Chinese Turkestan. Great diligence in study was displayed, but secular knowledge was rigidly separated from theological subjects. Only grammar, rhetoric, and in history hagiology were zealously studied, while the other branches of knowledge which had been cultivated in the more flourishing periods of Islam, mechanics, medicine, and astronomy, were

regarded as superfluous, nay, even as forbidden. Such was the intellectual atmosphere which pervaded the studies of the two or three thousand students in the colleges of central Asia. As for what went on in the world outside the bounds of Islam, what humanity has done in these modern times, they had no sort of care or feeling. Indeed, they of set purpose despised and ignored such things. They showed even a certain pride in being able to point out these hotbeds of religious extravagance and purblind ignorance as the intellectual centre of the vast territories stretching from the Indian Ocean to Siberia, from the Hoangho to the Caspian. Sandy deserts and Kirghizes in the north, sandy deserts and Turkomans in the south, formed the iron band that enclosed this strange world. The fear inspired by those ferocious nomads barred the way thither against all intruders. And not one single ray of that sun which had risen for the rest of the world was able to find its way into that realm of darkness, which had remained five hundred years behind the age.

Such was the state of things in central Asia when the advanced posts of the modern spirit, clad in Russian garb, knocked in 1864 at its gates. Entrance was of course refused, and as far as possible prevented. But cobweblike defences of religious fanaticism broke down at the first blow, and the northern conqueror advanced on his career of victory with even greater ease and rapidity than the wild hordes of Mongols in the thirteenth century, while the results of his victory were incomparably more important and more permanent. It is now twenty-five years that the banner of the two-headed eagle floats over central Asia, and Western civilization in a Russian dress has made its entrance into the territories of old-world Asiatic barbarism. The strange guest, unloved and unexpected, has already made himself at home on several points of those territories; his stay is now evidently permanent, and his influence increases continually both in extent and in intensity. He is now engaged in founding there a new order of things, and the consequent change in the minds of men has already

given a new coloring, a new form to an interesting relic of the old world. We may, therefore, be pardoned if we attempt to raise the veil of the future and to answer the question so often asked: What will become of central Asia under Russian protection? The answer, in vague and general terms, central Asia will become civilized, civilized in the Russian sense of the word, will not satisfy us. It is not precise enough. Our curiosity urges us to examine: *first*, What measure of success will this civilization achieve? *Secondly*, What effects will it have upon our own political and economical circumstances? And we must at starting remark that we are led to discuss these questions by no vain ambition of the credit of a prophet, nor do we intend to satisfy ourselves with idle speculations, but to try our conclusions with the touchstone of known historical facts, to use the experience of the past to cast a light upon the future.

Russia's influence upon the culture of central Asia will, in the first place and to a preponderating extent, be shown in changes of a material and economical character. The treasures of the soil which have hitherto been neglected or but imperfectly developed will, thanks to means provided by Western civilization, be more thoroughly appropriated, be turned to better account, and be transported to Europe along new ways of communication, and thus secure to the natives a source of increased wealth. This is already clearly indicated by the statistics of the exports and imports, which show an extraordinary rise. At the time of my visit the Russian exports from central Asia amounted to 1,014,237*l.*, and the imports to 1,345,741*l.*, while now, according to the latest data, Russia exported raw material to the value of 3,530,000*l.*, and imported Russian manufactured goods to the value of 4,530,000*l.* This threefold rise clearly proves a more rational and diligent cultivation of the soil, an extraordinary improvement of the means of agriculture, and an undoubted rise in material prosperity. Certain branches of agriculture and manufactures, such as cotton, silk, corn, rice, etc., have advanced in an extraordinary manner. Certain articles for which there was formerly scarcely any demand, or whose export, owing to the primitive state of the means of communication, was difficult or even impossible, now contribute materially to enrich the native population. Of course the Russian merchants secure the lion's share of this increase of wealth, but still a

large part comes into the hands of the natives. The public peace and immunity from the extortions of the sovereign and the official class are sufficient of themselves to place the cultivator and the merchant in a position of ease they have never before experienced. Formerly, any one who had made money had carefully to conceal his good fortune under an appearance of poverty. Now he can freely exhibit his riches, enjoy all the comforts of life, and revel in such pleasures as formerly he only knew from the tales of the story-tellers. This economical expansion must, and in course of time will, assume still greater dimensions. The consideration of ethnical relations and the diverse characters of the different nationalities point to the original Aryan inhabitants of the land, the Sarts and the Tadjiks, as those have the fairest prospects before them. Peculiarities of race seldom or never fail to assert themselves. Both in the Middle Ages and in still older times it was these Aryan autochtones who created a temporary efflorescence of material and intellectual splendor in those lands. In like manner, as may be safely predicted, this section of the population will, under Russian guardianship, make the most rapid progress on the path of reform, will turn out the most skilful merchants and manufacturers, and prove the aptest scholars of the new teaching. To this conclusion we are led by the experience of the first quarter of a century of Russian rule. The Sarts of the basin of the Yaxartes and the Tadjiks on the banks of the Zereshan have displayed the greatest readiness in accepting the new orders of things; they have furnished the first scholars to the Russian schools; they have best known how to ingratiate themselves with the conquerors, and have most easily qualified themselves to become efficient and trustworthy instruments of Russian domination. It is true that to revolt or to resist has never occurred to the Ozbegs or the Karakalpaks. But on the one side the national character of these Turkish peoples, marked by heaviness and slowness of intellect, stands in the way of their assimilating new and foreign ideas; on the other side, these people have been accustomed to play the part of a dominant caste, and are distinguished by a more martial spirit, and consequently cannot bring themselves to bear the yoke of subjection so easily as the Aryan population, who have grown up in servility and been for centuries accustomed to serve and not to rule.

Everything at present seems to lead us to the conclusion that central Asia under Russian protection will attain to such a degree of economical development as is without a parallel in the gigantic empire of the czars, swollen, as it is, by conquest and national absorption. In consequence of changes in the state of civilization in Kasan, Astrakhan, and the Crimea, the Russian conquerors there came in contact with a similar state of things prevailing among a Mohammedan population. Here too the conquerors, strong in the support afforded them by the civilization of the Christian West, were assisted in their conquest by the abuses produced by an excess of religious fanaticism combined with the anarchy and feebleness of the degenerate descendants of wild and warlike dynasties. At that time, however, the difference in civilization between the Christian conquerors and the conquered Mohammedans was not so great or so important as that between the Russians of the second half of the nineteenth century and the central Asiatics who had been sunk for centuries in a stereotyped degeneracy. It is therefore quite natural that the Russian people in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries penetrated with greater ease into the newly conquered territories, and felt themselves in a short time at home in the novel surroundings, than can be the case at the present day. The number of Russians who during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the conquest of Turkestan have settled on both sides of the Yaxartes, in Khokand, in the valley of the Zerefshan and the delta of the Oxus, and in those regions live a Russian life, is exceedingly small, when we take into account the favorable conditions offered by the Russian government in order to induce colonists to flock to the newly conquered territories, and the natural advantages in the way of climate and soil these present. Up to the present time the Russian element is represented only by the military, by the civil service, and such merchants and manufacturers as have settled in the chief centres of the administration. The latter look upon their sojourn as merely for a time, and when they have made enough money desire to return to the mother country. Nor has the Russian government been as yet successful even in the case of the penal settlements. A like failure of Russian schemes of colonization is to be observed in the Caucasus. In spite of the favorable climate, in spite of the uninterrupted connection with the mother country, in spite of the important

fact of the preponderance of the Christian element in the native population, the number of Russians who have voluntarily settled in the delightful and fertile valleys of the Caucasus is even now, after fifty years' occupation of the country, so small as not to be worth taking into account. Only an enforced colonization has succeeded in producing a full stream of immigration into the conquered districts, as is the case with Siberia, where the Russian element forms a third of the population, reckoned at 4,869,365 souls. To bring this about was in the first place the work of centuries, and in the second place final success was only achieved through the fact that the Ostiaks, Voguls, Kirghizes, and other inhabitants of Siberia were on a much lower level of civilization than the Russians, and consequently, in spite of considerable resistance, fell at length victims to the Moloch of Russification. Wherever traces of Mohammedan culture were to be found — for instance, at Tobolsk and on the upper Yenissei — the absorption has not even yet taken place. There the spirit of the mollahs brought thither from Bokhara and Khiva in the time of Kötchüm Khan is still active. In other parts of Siberia, however, the law of the strongest prevails. Yakuts, Voguls, Teleuts, Shors, Koibals, Kondomers, etc., either die out altogether, or are absorbed in the ever-increasing mass of the Russian population; and if ever the projected railway ring traverses the immense empire of the czars, the Russification of the non-Mohammedan peoples will be carried out with still greater rapidity.

In central Asia the metamorphosis consequent upon the Russian occupation will assume a form peculiar to itself. That occupation will not draw after it such consequences as we see in Kazan, Ufa, and Bakchiserai, nor, on the other hand, such as we find in the southern and eastern Caucasus. In the latter country the compact masses of Sunnite and Shiite Moslems have proved a firm bulwark against the attempted Russification. After fifty years' subjection to the Russians, they are still as attached to their language, their traditions and the influence of their akhonds as are their kinsmen and co-religionists on the other side of the Araxes. In the cities of central Asia, where Islam has taken much firmer root than in the Caucasus or the other parts of the Mohammedan world, there can be no probability of the old and knotty trunk of religious education being soon shaken. On the whole, Islam stands everywhere firmly on

its feet, nor can Christianity succeed in weakening it. Indeed, when subjected to Christian rule, it seems to become stronger and more stubborn, and to gain in expansive force. This we see in India, where, in spite of the zeal of the Christian missionaries and the millions spent in their support, the conversions to Islam become daily more frequent. We see this too in Russia, where statistics prove that the number of mosques has considerably increased in the course of this century, and that the heathen among the Ural-Altai people are more easily converted by the mollah than by the all-powerful pope. The Russian *natchalniks*, *pristavs* and *mirovoy sud* (justices of the peace) will consequently exercise their functions for very many decenniums without being able to produce an important change in the morals, manners, and modes of thought of the central Asiatics. Bokhara will still long continue to boast of being the brightest spot in Islam, and her colleges will not soon lose their attraction for the studious youth among the Moslems of inner Asia. The same holds true of Samarkand, Khodjend, Khokand, and Tashkend, where the experience of the past twenty-five years has taught us how small is the influence of the secular authorities upon the minds of the native population, how very few innovations make their way among a people absorbed in domestic life, and with what freezing indifference they regard the novel hubbub around them, in the form of machines, railways, strange faces, and strange costumes, and all the manifold marvels of modern manufacture which have come among them in the train of their Christian conquerors.

Recent travellers, led astray by their ignorance of the languages of the country and an insufficient acquaintance with the religion, history, and manners of the central Asiatics, often publish highly sanguine accounts of the changes that have taken place and the great progress made in Western civilization on the part of the native population. They have undoubtedly been guilty of gross exaggeration. As yet the foreign conqueror has exercised but little influence by his good or his bad example, by his virtues or his vices. It is true that the strict order, security, peace, and toleration that have followed the anarchy and tyranny of the native rulers, commend themselves to the peaceable citizen, and would indisputably produce even greater effect were it not that the falsehood, corruptibility, and other vices of the new Russian officials often

remind him of the like faults on the part of the old native officials. The schools which the Russians have founded in Tashkend, Khodjend, Ferghana, and Samarkand with a view to educating the natives have hitherto produced very slight results. The chief end had in view was not so much the enlightenment of the population as the diffusion of a knowledge of the Russian language and the training of useful officials. But of the pupils who have received their education at these institutions, none have distinguished themselves, none have acquired as much Western knowledge as has been acquired by the students at similar institutions founded by the English in India at the beginning of the present century. Yet the educational system of the English was at that time very far behind what it is at present. Out of the seminary at Tashkend there have come a few teachers planted among the Kirghizes, a few useful officials, and one writer on philology named Ish Mohammed Bukin, author of a Russian-Kirghiz dictionary. The rest of the central Asiatics who have received a Russian education have been educated in Russia itself. When we consider the gigantic dimensions of the struggle which our culture has to engage in with the teaching of Islam, a struggle out of which even the English in India are only now emerging victorious after forty years of conflict, it would be unfair to the Russian government if we were to apply a too strict measure of criticism to its well-intentioned efforts. A continuation and perfection of the present system of education will certainly lead in the future to solid and beneficial results. Nevertheless Russia will never succeed in reaching the same degree of success or in exhibiting the same fruits as the English can with justifiable pride point to with their three and a half millions of pupils who are yearly educated in thousands of normal schools, in numerous colleges, and four universities. In the first place, the Russian civilizer cannot spread abroad in the darkness of the regions which he has conquered any better or more beneficial light than that which he has at his own disposal. To think of competing successfully with the greatest and most advanced representatives of Western culture in southern Asia would be a Utopian idea. Secondly, in central Asia are wanting those conditions which exist in India, where fifty millions of Mohammedans are urged to overcome their old prejudices by the competition of two hundred millions of Hindus, Sikhs,

and Jains. In the Khanates, on the contrary, Mohammedan religious unity is represented. In their past history they had never come into contact with people of another faith. In no other part of the Mohammedan world is the deeply rooted Moslem view of life fostered by so large a number of elementary and high schools as here. Only a vast system of confiscation of the educational foundations could produce an important effect in the direction desired by Russia. This, however, from motives of a sound policy will not be resorted to. Certainly Russia might contrive to make use, for her own purposes, of the existing system of schools, by compelling the Mohammedan schools to take up some one or more modern subjects. This, however, does not for a moment occur to the Russian civilizer. He will never compete in this particular with free Albion, who spends vast sums annually in educating, on a compulsory system, natives of India, to write fiery newspaper articles against the English government, to pose as demagogic agitators, and create difficulties for their educators with their precocious longings after self-government and parliaments.

For the present Russia's influence, as we have already pointed out, is chiefly felt and seen in economical matters, and especially in consequence of the opening of the Trans-Caspian Railway, by means of which the pulse of European life can be felt throbbing in the interior of the slothful Asiatic world. As is proved by the newest statistical data with regard to the exports and imports, the export of raw material from Turkestan and the import of Russian manufactures has in the case of certain articles increased fivefold. A still greater increase is to be expected in the future. Russia, to the exclusion of England and the rest of Europe, will dominate the whole market of central Asia, eastward as far as the interior of China, southward as far as Peshawur, and westward as far as Persian Kurdistan, and owing to this mercantile superiority will be able to spread the nets of her political intrigues from the Thien-Shan to the Tigris. This cannot now be altered. It were, however, a piece of self-deception and a gross exaggeration to suppose that the acceleration of communications will accelerate a change in men's minds, and the introduction of European culture, even in a Russian garb, and that central Asia under Russian guidance will suddenly abandon those habits of thought which have prevailed there for more than a mil-

lennium. The railway is in the East an exotic, foreign to the habits, the customs, and the dispositions of the natives. The snorting steam-horse will long rush through the countries of central Asia, and its shrill cry will long be heard in its valleys, before the inhabitants give up their inclination for ease and quiet, or their aversion to hurry and making the most of their time. There are to be found even at the present day genuine Asiatics who regret the invention of gunpowder and prefer the older way of fighting with the lance and the sword. In like manner there will be many who will prefer the creeping pace of the caravan to riding in a railway train. India, with its nine thousand English miles of railway, on which travel yearly more than forty millions of passengers, cannot be cited as an instance to the contrary. In that vast peninsula the European spirit had been at work for full a hundred years before the introduction of railways, and had duly prepared the minds of the population for that great innovation. In the second place, Islam, the greatest and most obstinate foe to all innovation and improvement, is not in India the sole or indeed the chief factor in forming the public opinion of the two hundred and sixty millions of people. Thirdly, after all, the railway is used in India chiefly for the purpose of pilgrimages, as commerce there is chiefly in the hands of the English and other Europeans.

A similar state of things has already arisen with great suddenness in central Asia. The number of pilgrims to Mecca from Turkestan has markedly increased during the last year. Instead of undertaking the long, painful, and expensive journey through Afghanistan and India, by sea to Jeddah, or through the Kirghiz Steppe, Orenburg, south Russia, and Constantinople, or, to shorten the distance, submitting to the annoyances and ill-treatment consequent on a journey through Shiite Persia, the pious hadji in Samarkand takes his seat in a third-class carriage on the Trans-Caspian Railway, crosses the Caspian Sea, and travels by the Caucasian line to Batum, and can reach the Caaba *via* Constantinople in fourteen days without paying more than 10*l.* passage money. The same journey, be it observed, had formerly taken ten months, and sometimes longer, and had cost at least 50*l.* This materially increased facility of travelling has, of course, led to a large increase in the numbers of the Mecca pilgrims; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that this increase of travel on the part of



the central Asiatic alters his way of thinking, cools his fanaticism, and diminishes his conservative objections to reform. During my last visit to the Turkish capital, I had the opportunity of meeting a good number of the central Asiatic pilgrims to Mecca. The sound of their mother-tongue, which I still speak fluently, broke the ice of their reserve and shyness in the presence of unbelievers. A few cups of tea, an Ozbeg pilaff, which I prepared myself, set their tongues loose, and I was not a little surprised to find that the central Asiatic, in the innermost recesses of his heart, still remained the same he was of old. Neither his dress, nor his weapons, nor his travelling gear betrayed the slightest trace of the adoption of anything new. The same old coarse Tatar pattern, the same green and blue striped stuff, half silk, half wool, and the same shapeless covering for the feet, still characterize his outward appearance. The features of his countenance betray, I may say, even more ferocity and defiance than in former days. It was with a grin that a thick-turbaned mollah observed to me, how strange it was that the khalif (the representative of Mohammed, *i.e.*, the sultan) tolerated so many unbelievers in his empire, and left them in possession of great riches, although he was not in such a constrained position as the sovereigns of central Asia, and could act according to his own free-will. Mohammedan fanaticism, like other extravagances, seems to thrive under the pressure of foreign rule. The uncompromising defiance of all reforms and all innovations increases in intensity in the very presence of the foreign reformer. His judgment of the latter, and the view he takes of the life and actions of the Russian, are highly characteristic. He does not describe the foreign yoke as oppressive, for the Russians have always taken pains to spare the feelings of the conquered, yet his hatred and contempt of them are greater than ever. With the disgust excited by the vices of the foreign master is associated an aversion to his civilization. Some console themselves with the idea that his rule is but temporary; but the great majority do not concern themselves about the future, find rest in fatalism, and take but little thought about mere worldly matters.

Hasty observers of the people in central Asia report, it is true, that drunkenness, gambling, and other Russian vices have already found their way among the natives, and that the rigid discipline enforced by the Koran is already seriously relaxed.

So far as I am acquainted with the Mohammedan countries in general, and central Asia in particular, these reports seem to me to be highly exaggerated. It is true that statistics show that in Turkestan in one year, 1885-86, seven corn and wine distilleries have produced 1,914,388 per cent. of corn brandy and wine brandy distilled, and at the same time 5,555 hectolitres of schnapps manufactured and 16,690,715 degrees brandy rectified. We know that the number of breweries have materially increased, and that besides all this a large quantity of alcoholic liquors has been imported. But the consumers will be found to consist of the Russian officials, commercial classes, and soldiers, while only a few of the natives fall victims to this vice, and those for the most part such as are in constant communication with the Russians, such as djigits, servants, and officials, whose close and constant association with their Christian superiors belongs, in itself, to the category of sinful actions. In the whole length and breadth of the Mohammedan world the ordinances of the Koran against the use of spirituous liquor are neglected only by the upper classes of Turkey and Persia, while the mass of the people strictly observe them. The Tatars in Russia are indeed highly esteemed on account of their temperance. In India the English soldier has rather infected the Hindu than the Mohammedan with his love of strong drink. Similar observations may be made in Java, China, and in central Asia, where the mollahs and the members of the religious orders exercise a profound influence over the population. Is temperance still more strictly the rule? According to the accounts of the pilgrims to Mecca from central Asia only isolated cases of Mohammedan drunkards have as yet occurred in Khiva, Yengi-Urgendj, Kungrat, Bokhara, Samarkand, Khodjend, and Tashkend. Without adopting foreign vices, the central Asiatics have kept their own native ones, and even infected the Russians with them.

There is only one portion of the steppes of Turkestan in which the civilizing influence of the Russians will leave any deep traces, and there it will effect an important transformation. This is the so-called Trans-Caspian territory; in other words, that strip of land that runs from the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea along the northern frontier of Persia to Merv, or rather to Penjeh. Here Russia has lighted upon very peculiar ethnical and social relations. In this strip, where the

Aryan world comes into contact with rude Turanian populations, established political and social order has existed only in the earliest dawn of antiquity, if indeed we could give credence to the obscure legends of the flourishing condition of Dehistan, Abiverd, and Nisa. As far back as history extends, this country has ever been a pasture ground for nomads. In the immediate neighborhood of these nomads a few places, such as Abeskun and Djordjan in the west and Merv in the east, succeeded in attaining to a certain temporary prosperity. But the nomads, as incorrigible adventurers and mischief-makers, prevented the introduction of any settled organization, and in consequence of their repugnance to a settled life, and their propensity to plunder and bloodshed, successfully braved the might of successive Asiatic conquerors. But they attempted in vain to withstand the power of the Russians; they were so ruthlessly and effectually punished as to leave all chance of their recovering themselves out of the question. In this way Russia has made a free field for herself, a *tabula rasa*, along the northern skirts of the Kubbet Mountains, whose future transformation depends in a peculiar sense on Russia's determination, where her power as factor in its future development is considerably greater than in the three khanates of central Asia. In the thirteen thousand geographical square miles comprised in this Trans-Caspian district dwell at present about three hundred and fifty thousand Turkomans, together with a small proportion of Russians, Armenians, Caucasians, Jews, and Persians. In discussing the future character of the population of this vast territory, the question deserves our attention, How far will Russia succeed in colonizing these regions, occupied by inveterate nomads? The sanguine disposition of the Russians flatters them with the hope that these Turkomans will give up their nomadic life and become cultivators of the ground. This supposition, however, is supported neither by historical proofs nor by the character of the population in question. Turkish nomads are more likely to be crushed and extirpated by civilization than to be transformed into an agricultural population. This general rule is proved by the fact that Yürüks in Asia Minor, where fertile regions invite them to a settled life, have preserved through centuries their nomad habits, and have hitherto resisted all temptations to become colonists. The Kirghizes in the north of Turkestan have for a century resisted all the invita-

tions of the Russians to become settled cultivators. Their numbers have dwindled down to one-half of what they were formerly; they are continually decimated and impoverished by diseases, famines, murrains; yet they still prefer the wandering life on the steppe, involving as it does the hard struggle with the severity of the climate, to a more peaceful mode of life. The same holds true of the Bedaween in Arabia, and will no doubt hold true of the Turkoman.

An exception to this general rule is only, then, to be found where extraordinary historical events have forced a mass of nomads into the midst of a settled population, and thus rendered the continuation of their former wandering life impossible, or where some families of the nomads have been separated from the great mass of the tribe. The first-named case receives its illustration in the history of the Azerbeïdjan Turks, remains of the armies of the Seljuks and of the Monguls, who were, so to say, cooped up in the ancient Atropatene between Aryans and Caucasians. The second is illustrated by the history of the population of the Kurama district, on the middle Yaxartes. They are people who call themselves also Tchala Kazak, *i.e.*, half-Kirghizes, and are regarded with contempt by the true Kirghizes.

As regards the future ethnical transformation of the Trans-Caspian district, certain points on the northern slopes of the hills that form the Persian frontier, which are now fertile and well-watered, will, in course of time, extend the bounds of their cultivation by setting a dam to the incursions of the sand, and systematically advancing their irrigation works. But for this work the necessary hands will hardly be recruited among the Turkomans. Instead of these children of the steppe settling in masses on these new centres of cultivation, they will be settled by a mixed population of Persians, Armenians, Bokhariots, Russians, Caucasians, and Turkomans. As the Turkomans are divided into *Tchomri* and *Tcharwa*, *i.e.*, half and wholly nomads, it will be the first-named class that will settle in the towns, without, however, being able to surpass in industry and perseverance the other elements of the conglomerate. This picture which we have sketched of the future is already realized to some slight degree in the case of Ashkabad. This is a place in which ten years ago there lived a few Tchomri Turkomans. By this time its population numbers ten thousand souls, in which, to be

sure, is included the soldiers of the garrison. The development of Merv, too, supports our view. Since its annexation in 1884 there has arisen in New Merv a permanent settlement of two hundred and eighty-five houses, in which are sheltered a mixed population of Russians, Armenians, Tatars, Poles, Caucasians, and others, while the Turkomans still remain in their tents, keep cattle, and carry on an imperfect sort of agriculture. Now that the principal source of their means of livelihood, the profitable forays into Persia and Afghanistan, has been cut off, they are fast sinking into poverty, and have greatly diminished in numbers.

We shall, therefore, hardly make a mistake if we prognosticate a better future for the Russian Trans-Caspian district than for the khanates of central Asia. Above all, the vicinity of the Iranian population, peaceable and addicted to industry and commerce, will have a most beneficial effect on its development. If the Russians further succeed in annexing the province of Khorassan, which adjoins it on the east, the prosperity of the district, already so favored by nature, will be secured. The traffic along the trans-Caspian line will be an important factor in the question, if this line, at present imperfect, is extended to Tashkend, and in the end to Semipalatinsk, in Siberia. These regions will then regain the importance they possessed in the days of the Samanides, when the commerce between China and India on the one side, and Byzantium and the south of Europe on the other, passed this way. This will, however, certainly not be carried out for some time, whatever enthusiastic politicians and economists may dream. For this several decenniums of peaceful and laborious industry are required. Indeed, the future of the Trans-Caspian province depends largely on the measures which England will adopt for the security of her commercial interests and a safe communication by land between Europe and India. No serious and patriotic English statesman should for a moment think of allowing a connection between the Trans-Caspian line and the Indus Railway, now continued to Candahar. Such a connection would only serve the interests of Russia, and bring England injury and danger. The only line that can serve England's economical and political interest is one which, starting from Quetta and passing through Seistan, Persia, Mesopotamia, and Asia Minor, joins on to the Turkish railways. For, if England and Russia, as would seem to be the case,

are to divide Asia into a southern and northern district, in which each of them is to be supreme, there must be a corresponding division of the territory in economical matters also. Nothing less than two Asiatic railways will keep the peace between the two great European powers that aspire to rule in Asia. England will secure the commerce of southern Asia along the southern line, and Russia that of northern Asia along the northern; whereas a connection between the two must lead to an uninterrupted succession of misunderstandings. Only in the case of England still continuing to ignore her vital interests in this matter, and still delaying the making of the Seistan line, will the Trans-Caspian line gain enormously in importance and become the principal line of communication between Europe and Asia. Otherwise it will not.

Summing up what we have already observed, it will be seen that Russia has in the last few years been able to draw considerable advantages from her possessions in central Asia, without being able to give the inhabitants, by way of compensation, the first germs of a future civilization. Indeed, such an aim has never been present to the minds of the Russian conquerors. To create such a state of things as we see in India, where millions of Asiatics are brought up in such a degree of enlightenment and freedom as is unknown in Russia itself, is not only beside the intentions of the Russians, but absolutely beyond their power. Twenty-five years ago the admirers of Russia's mission of civilization in Asia—they are by this time woefully diminished in numbers—raised loud shouts of joy at the successes of the czar's troops on the Yaxartes and the Zerefshan, and hailed the daybreak of a new era of culture for central Asia. The results that have been hitherto attained have not been such as to encourage these enthusiastic friends of Russia. Superficial tourists, especially Frenchmen, still amuse themselves with the ungrateful task of painting in the most gorgeous colors the salutary influences of Russian rule. But all the world knows that all this is designed to beautify the abortive misalliance of republican France and autocratic Russia. In order to have a clear idea of Russia's mission in central Asia, we must call up before our eyes what is so often to be seen in the life of the poorer classes, where the eight or ten year old girl, herself weak and imperfectly developed, has to act as nurse to a still younger brother or sister. This arrangement is

just as injurious to the premature nurse, whose proper growth is interfered with, as it is full of danger to the younger child. And indeed Russia, whose own culture does not rest on too firm a foundation, should hesitate to burden herself with any more Asiatic charges. There are already enough of such who are still waiting to be civilized — in other words, to be Russianized. Why, then, should she increase her own troubles and at the same time disturb others in their peaceable development?

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
ZOE.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION," "TIP CAT," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THERE is certainly a penalty paid by people who keep entirely clear of gossip, though it is not by any means in proportion to the advantages they gain. The penalty is that when they particularly want to hear any piece of news, they are not likely to hear it naturally like other people, but must go out of their way to make inquiries and evince a curiosity which at once makes them remarkable.

Now every one in the village except Mr. Robins heard of the baby found in the Grays' garden, and discussed how it came there, but it was only by overhearing a casual word here and there that the organist gathered even so much as that the Grays had resolved to keep the child, and were not going to send it to the workhouse. Even Bill Gray knew the organist's ways too well to trouble him with the story, though he was too full of it himself to give his usual attention at the next choir practice, and, at every available pause between chant and hymn, his head and that of the boy next him were close together in deep discourse.

It had occurred to Mr. Robins's mind, in the waking moments of that restless night, that there might have been — nay, most probably was — some mark on the child's clothes which would lead to its identification, and, for the next few days, every glance in his direction, or, for the matter of that, in any other direction, was interpreted by him as having some covert allusion to this founding grandchild of his; but the conversation of some men outside his yew hedge, which he acci-

dentally overheard one day, set his anxiety at rest.

From this he gathered that it was generally supposed to be a child belonging to a gipsy caravan that had passed through the village that day.

"And I says," said one of the men, with that slow, emphatic delivery in which the most ordinary sentiments are given forth as if it were wisdom unheard and undreamt of before; "and I don't mind who hears me, as Gray did oughter set the perlice on to 'un to find the heartless jade as did 'un."

"Ay, sure! so he did oughter; but he ain't no gumption, Gray ain't, never had neither, as have known him man and boy these fifty year."

"My missus says," went on the first speaker, "as she seed a gipsy gal with just such a brat as this on her arm. She come round to parson's back door — my Liza's kitchen gal there and telled her mother. She were one of them dressed up baggages with long earrings and a yeller handkercher round her head, a-telling fortunes; coming round the poor, silly gals with her long tongue and sly ways. She went in here, too." Mr. Robins guessed, though he could not see the jerk of the thumb in his direction. "Mrs. Sands told me so herself" — the organist's listening was quickened to yet sharper attention — "She says she had quite a job to get rid of her, and thought she were after the spoons belike. But she says as she'd know the gal again anywheres, and my missus says she'd pretty near take her davy to the child, though, as I says, one brat's pretty much like another — haw, haw! though the women don't think it."

And the two men parted, laughing over this excellent joke.

It was most curious how that little out-of-the-way house of the Grays and its unremarkable inmates had suddenly become conspicuous; the very cottage was visible from all directions — from the churchyard gate, from the organist's garden, from various points along the Stokeley road; but perhaps this may have been because Mr. Robins had never cared to distinguish one thatched roof from another hitherto. As for the Grays, they seemed to be everywhere; that man hoeing in the turnip field was Gray, that boy at the head of the team in the big yellow wagon was Tom, and Bill seemed to be all over the place, whistling along the road or running round the corner, or waiting to change his book at the organist's gate. If Mr. Clifford spoke to Mr. Robins it was about some-

thing to do with the Grays, and even Mr. Wilson of Stokeley stopped him in the road to ask if some people called Gray lived at Downside. It was most extraordinary how these people, so insignificant a week ago, were now brought into prominence.

Even before Mr. Robins had overheard that conversation he had had a fidgety sort of wish to go up to the Grays' cottage, and now he made a pretext of asking for a book he had lent Bill, but went before the school came out, so that only Mrs. Gray was at home as he opened the gate and went up the path.

It was a beautiful, sunny afternoon, and Mrs. Gray was sitting outside the door, making, plain as she was, a pretty picture with the shadows of the young vine leaves over the door dappling her print gown and apron and the baby's little dark head and pink pinafore, a garment that had once been Bill's, who had been of a more robust build than this baby, and, moreover, had worn the pinafore at a more advanced age, so that the fit left a good deal to be desired, and the color had suffered in constant visits to the wash-tub, and was not so bright as it had been originally.

But altogether, the faded pinafore and the vine-leaf shadows, and the love in the woman's face, made a harmonious whole, and the song she was singing, without a note of sweetness or tune in it, did not jar on the organist's ear, as you might have supposed, knowing his critical and refined taste.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Gray," he said; "I came for the book I lent your son the other day. Why, is this your baby?" he added, with unnecessarily elaborate dissimulation. "I did not know you had any so young."

"Mine? Lor' bless you, no. Ain't you heard? Why, I thought it was all over the place. Gray, he found it in the garden just there where you be standing, a week ago come to-morrow. Ain't she a pretty dear, bless her! and takes such notice too, as is wonderful. Why, she's looking at you now as if she'd a-known you all her life. Just look at her! if she ain't smiling at you, a little puss!"

"Where did she come from?"

"Well, sure, who's to know? There was some gipsy folks through the place, and there've been a lot of tramps about along of Milton Fair, and there was one of 'em, they say, a week or two ago with just such a baby as this 'un. My master he've made a few enquirements; but there! for my part I don't care if we don't hear no

more of her folks, and Gray's much of the same mind, having took a terrible fancy to the child. And it's plain as she ain't got no mother worth the name, as would leave her like that, and neglected too shameful. As there ain't no excuse, to my way of thinking, for a baby being dirty, let folks be as poor as they may."

Somewhere deep down in Mr. Robins's mind, unacknowledged to himself, there was a twinge of resentment at this reflection on the mother's treatment of the baby.

"She's as sweet as a blossom now," went on Mrs. Gray, tossing the baby up, who laughed and crowed and stretched its arms. Yes, he could see the likeness, he was sure of it; and it brought back to his mind with sudden vividness a young mother's look of pride and love as she held up her little girl for the father's admiration. Mother and child had then been wonderfully alike, and in this baby he could trace a likeness to both.

Mrs. Gray went maundering on, as her manner was, interspersing her narrative with baby nonsense and endearments, and Mr. Robins forgot his errand, which was, after all, only a pretext, and stood half listening, and more than half back in the old days of memory, and once he so far forgot himself as to snap his fingers at the child, and touch one of its warm, little hands, which immediately closed round his finger with a baby's soft, tenacious grasp, from which it required a certain gentle effort to escape.

"A pleasant, chatty sort of man the organist," Mrs. Gray said, having talked nearly all the time herself, with only a word or two from him now and then as reply; "and not a bit of pride about him, let folks say what they like. Why, he stopped ever so long and had a deal to say; and there, Bill, you just run down with the book, as he went off after all without it."

Mr. Robins went home slowly across the fields in a curiously softened frame of mind, perhaps it was the soft west wind, fragrant with sweet spring scents of cowslips and cherry blossom, or the full glad sunshine on all the varied green of tree and hedge, a thousand tints of that "shower of greennesses" poured down so lavishly by the giver of all good things; perhaps it was the larks springing up from the clover in such an ecstasy of song, or perhaps it was the clasp of a baby's hand on his finger. He noticed the spring beauty round him as he had not noticed such things for many a day, stooping to pick a big, tasselled, gold-flecked cowslip

and stopping to let a newly fledged, awkward, young bird hop clumsily out of the way, with a sort of tenderness and consideration for young things unusual to him.

His mind was more at rest than it had been for the last three weeks. The baby's crowing laughter seemed to drive out of his memory the wailing cry and the hollow cough and the sad, beseeching voice saying "Father," and then the pitiless, beating rain, which had been haunting him for the last three weeks. The sight of the baby, loved and cared for, had taken away a misgiving, which he had hardly been conscious of himself. After all, he had not done badly by the child. Mrs. Gray was a kind, motherly sort of body and used to babies, which Jane Sands was not, and she would do well by the child, and he himself could see, without any one being the wiser, that the child did not want for anything, though he would not be held responsible in any way for it.

#### CHAPTER V.

THERE was one thing that puzzled Mr. Robins extremely, and this was Jane Sands's behavior. He was convinced that she had been a party to the trick that had been played off on him, and she was evidently full of some secret trouble and anxiety, for which he could only account by attributing it to her disappointment about the baby, and perhaps distrust of the care that would be taken of it by others.

Mr. Robins often discovered her in tears, and she was constantly going out for hours at a time, having always hitherto been almost too much of a stay-at-home. He suspected that these lengthened absences meant visits to the Grays' cottage, and that baby-worship that women find so delightful, but he found out accidentally that she had never been near the cottage since the baby's arrival, and when he made an excuse of sending a book by her to Bill to get her to go there, she met the boy at the bottom of the lane and did not go on to the cottage.

As to what he had overheard the men saying about the gipsy girl, he felt sure that Jane had only said this to put people on the wrong scent, though, certainly, deception of any sort was very unlike her. Once he found her sitting up late at night at work on some small frocks and pinafores, and he thought that at last the subject was coming to the surface, and especially as she colored up and tried to hide the work when he came in.

"Busy?" he said. "You seem very hard at work. Who are you working for?"

"A baby," she stammered, "a baby — that my sister's taking care of."

She was so red and confused that he felt sure she was saying what was not true, but he forgave her for the sake of the baby for whom he firmly believed the work was being done, and who, to be sure, when he saw it in Mrs. Gray's arms, looked badly in want of clothes more fitted to its size than Bill's old pinafores.

He stood for a minute fingering the pink, spotted print of infantile simplicity of pattern, and listening to the quick click, click, of her needle as it flew in and out; but it was not till he had turned away and was half out of the kitchen, that she began a request that had been on the tip of her tongue all the time, but which she had not ventured to bring out while he stood at the table.

"I was going to ask — if you'd no objection — seeing that they're no good to any one —"

Now it was coming out, and he turned with an encouraging smile.

"Well, what is it?"

"There are some old baby-clothes put away in a drawer up-stairs. They're rough dried, and I've kept an eye on them, and took them out now and then to see as the moth didn't get in them —"

"Yes?"

"Well, sir — this baby that I'm working for is terrible short of clothes, and I thought I might take a few of them for her —"

She did not look at him once as she spoke, or she might have been encouraged by the look on his face, which softened into a very benignant, kindly expression.

"To be sure! to be sure!" he said. "I've no objection to your taking some of them for the baby — at your sister's." He spoke the last words with some meaning, and she looked quickly up at him and dropped her work as if tumultuous words were pressing to be spoken, but stopped them with an effort and went on with her work, only with heightened color and trembling fingers.

She was not slow to avail herself of his permission, for that very night, before she went to bed, he heard her in the next room turning out the drawer where the old baby-clothes had been stored away ever since little Edith had discarded them for clothes of a larger size. And next morning she was up betimes, starching and ironing and goffering dainty little

frills with such a look of love and satisfaction on her face, that he had not the heart to hint that she had availed herself somewhat liberally of his permission, and that less dainty care and crispness might do equally well for the baby, bundled up in Mrs. Gray's kind, but crumpling arms, to take the place of Bill's faded pinafore.

That afternoon he purposely took his way home over the hillside and down the lane by the Grays' cottage, with a conviction that he should see the baby tricked out in some of those frilled and tucked little garments over which Jane Sands had lavished so much time and attention that morning. But to his surprise he saw her in much the same costume as before, only the pinafore this time was washed-out lavender instead of pink, and, as she was in Bill's arms, and he, as the youngest of the family, being inexperienced in nursing, a more crumpled effect was produced than his mother had made. He could only conclude that Jane had not found time yet to take the things, or that Mrs. Gray was reserving them for a more showy occasion.

But he found Jane just returning as he came up to his house, and she looked far more hot and dusty than the short walk up the lane to the Grays accounted for, but with a beaming look on her kind face that had not been there for many a day.

"Well," he said, "Jane, have you been to Stokeley?"

"Yes," she said, "and I took the things you were good enough to say the baby might have. They *were* pleased."

She, too, spoke with a curious meaning in her voice and manner which somehow faded when she saw the want of response in his face. Indeed, there was a very distinct feeling of disappointment and irritation in his feelings. For, after all, those clothes had actually gone to some other baby. Well! well! it is a selfish world after all, and each of us has his own interests which take him up and engross him. No doubt this little common child at Stokeley was all in all to Jane Sands, and she was glad enough of a chance to pick all the best out of those baby-clothes upstairs that he remembered his young wife preparing so lovingly for her baby and his. It gave him quite a pang to think of some little Sands or Jenkins adorned with these tucks he had seen run so carefully and frills sewn so daintily. He had evidently given Jane credit for a great deal more unselfishness and devotion to him and his than she really felt, for she had all the time been busy working and providing for her

own people when he had thought she was full of consideration for Edith's child. Pshaw! he had to pull himself together and take himself to task. For even in these few days he had grown to think of that little brown-faced, dark-eyed baby as his grandchild, instead of Martin Blake's brat. Insensibly and naturally, too, the child had brought back the memory of its mother, first as baby, then as sweet and winsome little child; then as bright, wilful, coaxing girl, and lastly, unless he kept his thoughts well in check, there followed on these brighter memories the shadow of a white, worn woman under the yew-tree in the churchyard, and of a voice that said "Father."

That uninteresting child at Stokeley apparently required a great supply of clothes, for Jane Sands was hard at work again that evening, and when he came in from the choir practice, he heard her singing over her work as she used to do in old days, and when he went in for his pipe, she looked up with a smile that seemed to expect a sympathetic response, and made no effort to conceal the work as she had done the day before.

He stood morosely by the fireplace for a minute, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

"You're very much taken up with that baby," he said crossly; and she looked up quickly, thinking that perhaps he had a hole in his stocking or a button off his shirt to complain of, as a consequence of her being engrossed in other work. But he went on without looking at her, and apparently deeply absorbed in getting an obstinate bit of ash out of the pipe-bowl.

"There's a child at Mrs. Gray's they say is very short of clothes. That baby, you know —"

"That baby that was found in the garden?" Jane said in such a curiously uninterested tone of voice that he could not resist glancing round at her; but she was just then engaged in that mysterious process of "stroking the gathers" which the intelligent feminine reader will understand requires a certain attention. If this indifference were assumed, Jane Sands was a much better actor and a more deceptive character than he had believed possible; if she were too entirely absorbed in her own people to give even a thought to her young mistress's baby, she was not the Jane Sands he thought he had known for the last twenty years. The only alternative was that she knew nothing about the baby having been left on his doorstep, nor of the meeting with his

daughter in the churchyard which had preceded it.

What followed convinced him that this was the case, though it also a little favored the other hypothesis of her selfish absorption in her own people.

"Perhaps," he said, "you could look out some of those baby things up-stairs if there are any left."

"What? I beg your pardon, sir. What did you say?"

"Those baby clothes up-stairs that you gave to your sister's baby."

"Those!" she said, with a strange light of indignation in her eyes, more even than you would have expected in the most grasping and greedy person on a proposal that something should be snatched from her hungry maw and given to another. "Those! Little Miss Edith's things! that her own mother made and that I've kept so careful all these years in case Miss Edith's own should need them!"

You see she forgot in the excitement of the moment that these were the very things she had been giving away so freely to that common little child at Stokeley; but women are so inconsistent.

"Well?" he said, as her breath failed her in this unusual torrent of remonstrance. "Why not?"

"For a little gipsy child! a foundling that nobody knows anything about! Don't do it, master, don't! I couldn't bear to see it. Here, let me get a bit of print and flannel and run together a few things for the child. I'd rather do it a hundred times than that those things should be given away — and just now too!"

It was very plain to Mr. Robins that she did not know; but all the same he was half inclined to point out that it was not a much more outrageous thing to bestow these cherished garments on a foundling than on her sister's baby; but she was evidently so unconscious of her inconsistency in the matter that he did not know how to suggest it to her.

"I'm going into Stokeley to-morrow," she went on, "and if you liked I could get some print and make it a few frocks. I saw some very neat at 4s. that would wash beautiful, and a good stout flannel at 11s. Oh! not like that," she said, as he laid a finger on some soft Saxony flannel with a pink edge which lay on the table. "Something more serviceable for a baby like that."

Well, perhaps it was better that Jane should not know who the baby was of whom she spoke so contemptuously. A baby was none the better or healthier for

being dressed up in frills and lace; and Mrs. Gray was a thoroughly clean, motherly woman, and would do well by the child.

All the same, when Jane came back from Stokeley next day and unfolded the parcel she had brought from the draper's there, he could not help feeling that that somewhat dingy lavender, though it might wash like a rag, was, to say the least, uninteresting, and the texture of the flannel, even to his indiscriminating eye, was a trifle rough and coarse for baby limbs.

He knew nothing (how should he?) of the cut and make of baby clothes, but somehow, these, under Jane's scissors and needle, did not take such attractive proportions as those she had prepared for the other baby; nor did the stitches appear so careful and minute, though Jane's worst enemy, if she had any, could not have accused her of putting bad work even into the hem of a duster, let alone a baby's frock. He also noticed that, industriously as she worked at the lavender print, her ardor was not sufficient to last beyond bedtime, and that, when the clock struck ten, her work was put away, without any apparent reluctance, even when, to all appearance, it was so near completion that any one would have given the requisite ten minutes just from the mere pride of finishing.

That Sunday afternoon when the curious name Zoe, sounding across the church in the strange clergyman's voice, startled the organist, who had not expected the christening to take place that day, one of the distracting thoughts which made him make so many mistakes in the music was wondering what Jane Sands would think of the name, and whether it would rouse any suspicion in her mind and enlighten her a little as to who the baby at Mrs. Gray's really was. The name was full of memories and associations to him; surely it must be also a little to Jane Sands.

But of all Sunday afternoons in the year, she had chosen this to go over to Stokeley church. Why, parson and clerk were hardly more regular in their attendance than Jane Sands, as a rule; it was almost an unheard-of thing for her seat to be empty, but to-day it was so, and the row of little boys whom her gentle presence generally awed into tolerable behavior, indulged unchecked in all the ingenious naughtiness that infant mind and body are capable of in church.

She came in rather late with his tea, apologizing for having kept him waiting.

"It was christening Sunday," she said,



and then she looked at him rather wistfully.

Perhaps she has heard, he thought; perhaps the neighbors have told her the name, and she is beginning to guess.

"And the baby has been called ——"

she hesitated and glanced timidly at him.

"Well?" he said encouragingly, "what is the name?"

"Edith," she answered, "was one name."

Pshaw! it was the baby at her sister's she was talking of all the time! He turned irritably away.

"He can't bear to hear the name, even now; or, perhaps, he's cross at being kept waiting for tea," thought Jane Sands.

#### CHAPTER VI.

As spring glided into summer, and June's long, bright, hay-scented days passed by, followed by July, with its hot sun pouring down on the ripening wheat and shaven hay-fields, and on the trees, which had settled down into the monotonous green of summer, the little, brown-faced baby at the Grays' thrive and flourished, and entwined itself round the hearts of the kindly people in whose care Providence, by the hands of the organist, had placed it. It grew close to them like the branches of the Virginia creeper against a battered, ugly, old wall, putting out those dainty little hands and fingers that cling so close, not even the roughest wind or driving rain can tear them apart. Gray, coming in dirty and tired in the evening, after a long day's work in the hayfield or carting manure, was never too tired, nor for the matter of that too dirty, to take the baby, and let it dab its fat hands on his face, or claw at his grizzled whiskers, or slobber open-mouthed kisses on his cheeks.

Tom—who had bought a blue tie, and begun taking Mary Jane, dairymaid at the farm, out walking on a Sunday evening, for at the age of sixteen, and on three-and-sixpence a week, it is natural and usual to think of matrimony—Tom, I say, let Zoe keep him from his siren, and scabble at that vivid necktie, and pull the bit of southern wood out of his button-hole, and rumple his well-oiled locks out of all symmetry; while Bill expended boundless ingenuity and time in cutting whistles, and fashioning whirligigs, which were summarily disposed of directly they got into the baby's hands.

As for Mrs. Gray, it is unnecessary to say that she was the most complete slave of all Zoe's abject subjects, and the neigh-

bors all agreed that she was downright silly-like over that little brown-faced brat as was no better—no, nor nothing to hold a candle to my Johnnie, or Dolly, or Bobby as the case might be.

An unprejudiced observer might have thought that Mrs. Gray had some reason for her high opinion of Zoe, for she was certainly a very much prettier baby than the majority in Downside, who were generally of the dumpling type, with two currants for eyes. And she was also a very good baby—"And easy enough too for any one to be good!" would be the comment of any listening Downside mother; "when they always gets their own way;" which, however, is not so obvious a truth as regards babies under a year, as it is of older people. Certainly to be put to bed awake and smiling at seven o'clock, and thereupon to go to sleep, and sleep soundly, till seven o'clock next morning, shows an amount of virtue in a baby which is unhappily rare, though captious readers may attribute it rather to good health and digestion, which may also be credited, perhaps, with much virtue in older people.

"And I do say," Mrs. Gray was never tired of repeating to any one who had patience to listen, "as nothing wouldn't upset that blessed little angel, as it makes me quite uneasy thinking as how she's too good to live, as is only natural to mortal babies to have the tantrums now and then, if it's only from stomachache."

The only person who seemed to sympathize in the Grays' admiration for the baby was the organist. It was really wonderful, Mrs. Gray said, the fancy he had taken to the child—"Ay, and the child to him too, perking up and looking quite peart like, as soon as ever his step come along the path." The wonder was mostly in the baby taking to him, in Mrs. Gray's opinion, as there was nothing to be surprised at in any one taking to the baby; but, "he, with no chick nor child of his own, and with that quiet kind of way with him as ain't general what children like; though don't never go for to tell me as Mr. Robins is proud and stuck up, as I knows better."

There was a sort of fascination about the child to the organist, and when he found that no one seemed to have the slightest suspicion as to who the baby really was, or why he should be interested in it, he gave way more and more to the inclination to go to the Grays' cottage, and watch the little thing, and trace the like-

ness that seemed every day to grow more and more strong to his dead wife and to her baby girl.

Perhaps any one sharper and less simple than Mrs. Gray might have grown suspicious of some other reason than pure, disinterested admiration for little Zoe, as the cause which brought the organist so often to her house; and perhaps if the cottage had stood in the village street, it might have occasioned remarks among the neighbors; but he had always, of late years, been so reserved and solitary a man that no notice was taken of his comings and goings, and if his way took him frequently over the hillside and down the lane — why, it was a very nice walk, and there was nothing to be surprised at.

The only person who might have noticed where he went, and how long he sometimes lingered, was Jane Sands, and I cannot help thinking that in old days she would have done so; but then, as we have seen, she was not quite the same Jane Sands she used to be, or at any rate not quite what we used to fancy her, devoted above all things to her master and his interests, but much absorbed in her own matters, and in those Stokeley friends of hers. She had asked for a rise in her wages too, which Mr. Robins assented to; but without that cordiality he might have done a few months before, and he strongly suspected that when quarter-day came, the wages went the same way as those baby clothes, for there was certainly no outlay on her own attire, which, though always scrupulously neat, seemed to him more plain and a shade more shabby than it used to be.

As the summer waxed and waned, the love for little Zoe grew and strengthened in the organist's heart. It seemed a kind of possession, as if a spell had been cast on him; in old times it might have been set down to witchcraft; and, indeed, it seemed something of the sort to himself, as if a power he could not resist compelled him to seek out the child — to think of it, to dream of it, to have it so constantly in his mind and thoughts, that from there it found its way into his heart. To us, who know his secret, it may be explained as the tie of blood, the drawing of a man, in spite of himself, towards his own kith and kin; blood is thicker than water, and the organist could not reject this baby grandchild from his natural feelings, though he might from his house. And beyond and above this explanation, we may account for it, as we may for most otherwise unaccountable things, as being the leading

of a wise Providence working out a divine purpose.

Perhaps the punishment that was to come to the organist by the hands of little Zoe — those fat, dimpled brown hands, that flourished about in the air so joyously when he whistled a tune to her — began from the very first, for it was impossible to think of the child without thinking of the mother, and to look at Zoe without seeing the likeness that his fond fancy made far plainer than it really was; and to think of the mother and to see her likeness was to remember that meeting in the churchyard, and the sad, pleading voice and hollow cough, and the cold denial he had given, and the beating rain and howling wind of that dreary night. He grew by degrees to excuse himself to himself and to plead that he was taken unawares and that, if she had not taken his answer as final, but have followed him to the house, he should certainly have relented.

And then he went a step further. I think it was one July day, when the baby had been more than usually gracious to him, and he had ventured, in Mrs. Gray's absence, to lift her out of the cradle and carry her down the garden path, finding her a heavier weight than when he had first taken her to the Grays' cottage. She had clapped her hands at a great, velvet-bodied humble-bee, she had nestled her curly head into his neck, and with the feeling of her soft breath on his cheek he had said to himself: "If Edith were to come back now I would forgive her for the baby's sake, for Zoe's sake." He forgot that he had need to be forgiven too. "She will come back," he told himself; "she will come back to see the child. She could not be content to hear nothing more of her baby and never to see her, in spite of what she said. And when she comes it shall be different for Zoe's sake."

He wondered if Jane Sands knew where Edith was, or ever heard from her. He sometimes fancied that she did, and yet, if she knew nothing of the baby, it was hardly likely that she had any correspondence with the mother. He was puzzled, and more than once he felt inclined to let her into the secret, or at least drop some hint that might lead to its discovery.

It pleased him to imagine her delight over Edith's child, her pride in and devotion to it; she would never rest till she had it under her care, and ousted Mrs. Gray from all share in little Zoe. And yet, whenever he had got so far in his inclination to tell Jane, some proof of her

absorption in that baby at Stokeley, for whom he had a sort of jealous dislike, threw him back upon himself and made him doubt her affection for her young mistress and resolve to keep the secret to himself, at any rate for the present.

He came the nearest telling her one day in August, when, as he was watering his flowers in the evening, Mrs. Gray passed the gate with that very little Zoe, who was so constantly in his thoughts.

She had a little white sun-bonnet on, which Jane Sands had actually bestowed upon her—rather grudgingly, it is true, and only because there was some defect about it which made it unworthy of the pampered child at Stokeley. Zoe saw the organist, or, at least, Mrs. Gray imagined that she did, for the cry she gave might equally well have been intended as a greeting to a pig down in the ditch.

"Well a-never, who'd a' thought! she see you ever so far off, bless her! and give such a jump as pretty near took her out of my arms. Why there! Mr. Robins don't want you, Miss Saucy, no one don't want such rubbish; a naughty, tiresome gal! as won't go to sleep, but keeps jumping and kicking and looking about till my arm's fit to drop with aching."

Jane Sands was sitting at work just outside the kitchen door at the side of the house, he had seen her there a minute ago when he filled the watering can at the pump, and a sudden impulse came into his mind to show her the child.

He did not quite decide what he should say, or what he should do, when the recognition, which he felt sure was unavoidable, followed the sight of the child; but he just yielded to the impulse and took the child from Mrs. Gray's arms and carried her round to the back door. The recognition was even more instantaneous than he had expected. As he came round the corner of the house, with the little white-bonneted girl in his arms, Jane sprang up with a cry of glad surprise and delight, such as swept away in a moment all his doubt of her loyalty to him and his, and all his remembrance of her absorption in that little common child at Stokeley. She made a step forward and then stood perfectly still, and the light and gladness faded out of her face, and her hands that had been stretched out in delighted greeting fell dull and lifeless to her sides.

He said nothing, but held the child towards her; it was only natural that she should doubt, being so unprepared, but a second glance would convince her.

"I thought," she said, looking the baby

over, with what in a less kind, gentle face, might have been quite a hard, critical manner, "I thought for a minute——"

"Well?"

"I was mistaken," she said; "of course I was mistaken." And then she added to herself more than to him, "It is not a bit like——"

"Look again," he said, "look again, don't you see a likeness?"

"Likeness? Oh, I suppose it's the gipsy child up at Mrs. Gray's, and you mean the likeness to the woman who came here that day she was left; but I don't remember enough of her to say. It's plain the child's a gipsy. What a swarthy skin to be sure!"

Why, where were her eyes? To Mr. Robins it was little Edith over again. He wondered that all the village did not see it and cry out on him.

But it was not likely that after this his confidence should go farther, and just then the child began a little grumble, and he took her back hastily to Mrs. Gray with a disappointed, crest-fallen feeling.

Jane Sands was conscious that her reception of the baby had not been satisfactory, and she tried to make amends by little complimentary remarks, which annoyed him more than her indifference.

"A fine, strong child and does Mrs. Gray great credit."

"It's a nice, bright little thing, and I dare say will improve as it grows older."

She could not imagine why the organist grunted in such a surly way in reply to these remarks, for what on earth could it matter to him what any one thought of a foundling, gipsy child?

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From The National Review.

#### RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CORSICA.

A JOURNEY by sea of, say, more than twelve hours and less than three or four days, must, to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, however comfortable the ship, be a tiresome if not a disagreeable experience. If you are a good sailor, you have no time to get into the ways of the ship, to get on terms with the steward and the captain, or with your fellow-passengers; you feel it isn't worth while. So you smoke continuously and abuse the food at meal-times, which, on these short-voyage steamers (and not on these only), well deserves it, being, as a rule, execrable. If you are a bad sailor, your plight is sad indeed. You know that the voyage

does not last long enough to enable you to gain your sea-legs — or sea-stomach — so you lie down in your berth, knowing that you must endure to the end, yet feeling at times, when the ship rolls heavily, that an end will be prematurely put to your endurance.

The voyage from Marseilles to Ajaccio took us seventeen hours. Guide-books and time-tables say twelve, but I believe it has seldom or never been done under sixteen. Certainly we had one of the oldest boats of the Compagnie Transatlantique, the *Maréchal Canrobert*. She was to be painted afresh, we were told, when the company could find time — or paint, for I hardly think it could have been press of work, as she carried only six cabin passengers, while, from the height she was out of the water, and the way she rolled, she must have carried very little cargo.

My first glimpse of Corsica was through the port-hole of my cabin, about 7 A.M. We had left Marseilles at 4 P.M. the day before. It was raining heavily; sea, sky, and mountains were all a uniform grey, the last apparently rising almost straight from the sea, though, on a nearer approach, I found that some lesser slopes intervened between the taller peaks and the coast-line, which slopes were, for the most part, covered with brushwood of various kinds, amongst which the yellow cistus and a white cistus predominated. Of the snow-clad summits of Monte d'Oro, Rotondo, Cinto, and others, all between seven thousand and nine thousand feet high, I could see nothing, unfortunately, for I was told the *coup d'œil* from the sea is magnificent. Soon we passed close to Les Iles Sanguinaires, three rocks jutting out in a line from the mainland of the island, towards the south. On the largest of these is a lighthouse, connected by an electric wire with Ajaccio, some seven miles away. On these islands, and, we are told, nowhere else, grow a most curious looking plant. I have heard it called an arum lily, but it has not the slightest resemblance to one. It has large, coarse leaves of, perhaps, a foot long; the bud (I did not see the open flower) was fully nine inches long, and strongly reminded me of a pelican's beak in shape, while the color and markings — green, streaked with purple — were very similar to those of a pitcher plant. It is carnivorous in its nature, consuming quantities of flies; and, I believe, when fully out, the flower has a most repulsive smell, described to us as suggestive of a charnel-

house. The seed is supposed to have been first carried to the islands by birds, or cast ashore from some wreck.

Thirty minutes after passing Les Iles Sanguinaires — I never could get a satisfactory explanation of the name — the steamer dropped her anchor in the outer port of the bay of Ajaccio, about two hundred yards from the quay. We lost no time in tumbling ourselves — leaving our baggage to follow — into a small boat, so eager were we either to get to Corsica, or to get away from the *Maréchal Canrobert*.

In spite of the still pouring rain, large numbers of the natives, and not a few visitors, came to watch our landing. They had had a long spell of *mauvais temps*, and probably the onlookers came to cheer themselves with the sight of fellow-creatures apparently more unfortunate than themselves, though, as a rule, your true misanthrope refuses to allow any claims to misery superior to his own.

A broad boulevard, the Grand Val, shaded by two rows of ornamental trees — just then (April 9th) coming into leaf — runs inland for about half a mile, in a straight line from the quay, uphill all the way. On this boulevard, at the upper end, three out of the four principal hotels in Ajaccio are built, and at the furthest of these, the Belle Vue, we were duly set down and installed. At this distance, the Grand Val has fairly outrun the town, and in another hundred and fifty yards it finally loses itself in a large, square plateau, on which companies of soldiers are drilled in the early morning, marching to the music of the drum and "wry-necked fife," to the great discomfort of the sleepy visitor.

In England, representations to the commanding officer would very soon be made if the civilian population of a town had their rest disturbed every morning at six by the loud braying of a band. In France, the paramount duty is to prepare to fight the Germans, and until they have beaten them, or, as is quite as probable, been beaten by them, everything must give way to the military. A highway from Ajaccio towards the Iles Sanguinaires is closed to the public whenever the soldiers indulge in rifle practice, as it has pleased the military authorities to place their butts near the road. Nor do they even take the trouble to give notice of the fact; we were only turned back on arriving at the spot, some five miles out of the town.

This Grand Val in May does duty as a race-course, and a very stiff finish it must prove on to the aforesaid plateau. Appar-

ently, too, it is a recognized training ground, as often we saw a horse ridden full gallop up this principal and populous thoroughfare, though never, however near the start, did I see any attempt on the part of the rider to husband the resources of his animal with an eye to the finish.

According to Black's latest guide to Corsica (1888), there is yet another hotel, the Grand, still higher up the street, larger than any of the other hotels, with hot and cold water baths, lift, and a resident English physician on the premises. This description is, however, slightly premature, as at present there are only a few preliminary piles of building stones, while olive-trees still stand on the site. As a matter of fact, the Grand Hotel has not yet got further than the issue of a prospectus, and the payment by the promoter of caution money to the municipality, which money the said promoter is now endeavoring to get back again, a process which he finds as difficult as the proverbial extraction of butter from a dog's throat.

I do not cite this hotel story as characteristic of Corsica. We are greater adepts at home at building such castles in the air; indeed, I believe the promoter in this very case was a fellow-countryman.

It was on the ground floor of this palace in embryo that I first saw feeding a breed of sheep peculiar to the island. Their fleeces looked more like long, silky hair than wool, and though they often went whole days amongst thick brushwood of all sorts, yet this hair never seemed to get matted or torn, or even to lose its gloss. Small, fine heads, they have, with sharply cut muzzles shining like black silk, for white or parti-colored sheep in Corsica are as much the exception in a flock as black ones in England; altogether a far more interesting and aristocratic looking creature than its English cousin, but an animal to admire only, not to eat.

But the rain had stopped long ago, and the sun is shining, so we stroll down the Grand Val to take our first look at Ajaccio. The houses, at first detached, chiefly villas and hotels, with large spaces between, grow thicker together as we descend the hill towards the quay. About three parts of the way down, we come upon a large, open space on our right, planted round with plane and acacia trees. It is here that the citizens and the citizenesses of Ajaccio meet their friends and show themselves, and on Sundays listen to the band. Below this square, stretching left and right, lies the town proper, with

its tall, six-storied houses and narrow streets, smelling as all and only the older quarters of French and Italian towns do smell.

Ajaccio, for a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, struck us as being very poorly provided with shops. Nor do the shopkeepers tempt you to buy their wares by putting them in their windows, possibly because they have not got them to put. One establishment I must except, that of Lanzi Frères, which was a small universal provider's, and where the few things we actually did buy seemed astonishingly cheap. The only articles displayed at all were the *specialists* of the place, gourds and stilettos, both toy ones for ornament and larger ones for use. The gourds were of every size, and could be bought plain, as used by the peasants for wine or water bottles, for three or four francs, or carved over with patterns or figures, the price varying with the fineness of the workmanship, many of the smaller ones being mounted in silver, and made into scent bottles. The most common ornamentations were a negro's head, the emblem of Corsica, and the likeness of one of the pet Corsican patriots (when the island indulged in dreams of independence), a Sampiero or a Paoli. Do they ever dream now, I wonder, of independence? I fancy not. The only liberty they desire is the liberty of killing each other in the vendetta, and this, if half the stories we heard are true, they practically have already. Should a Corsican, in revenge for injury done to himself or his relations, or even to his dog or his horse, kill another with knife or *coup de fusil*, public sympathy sustains him, the hills shelter him, his relations feed him, and justice in the shape of gendarmes winks with both eyes unless the murderer be very unpopular. True, he is termed a "bandit," and has to take refuge in the *macqui*, as the natural bush is called that clothes the mountain sides. Well informed Corsicans tell me that there are at this moment in the island over one thousand in hiding. But please understand the bandit is no brigand. Should you, defenceless, happen to fall in with him he will not take your purse, but on the contrary offer you food, if he has it, and shelter in his cave, and most probably refuse any payment for his hospitality. It is only his foe's family against which he wages war, and of course in self-defence with the gendarmes. These latter he will shoot with as much unconcern as a woodcock. And yet, though the Corsican will not rob you, it is not because he

does not love money. For a very few francs, both Corsican gentlemen and English residents aver, you can find a man who will do your killing for you and rid you of your enemy with knife or bullet. And whilst this utter contempt for human life prevails there can be no hope of the extinction of the vendetta.

An English gentleman, Captain G——, who has now lived for some ten or fifteen years in Corsica, on his own property, told me the following story. It seems that one of the *employés* of the former proprietor, fancying he had some grudge against the new owner, made himself objectionable by breaking down fences, driving goats and sheep into the gardens, and annoying Captain G—— in other ways. Captain G—— happened to mention the fact of the man's enmity, and deplored it as unreasonable, both to a Corsican gentleman, a neighboring proprietor, and also to a shepherd with whom he was on friendly terms.

"Let me know if it continues," said the gentleman, "and I will have the man taken over to yonder rocks, and you won't hear of him again."

"I will arrange for a little *coup de fusil* whenever you like to give me 'the office,'" said the *berger*.

This was fifteen years ago, but even now it is said there is in Ajaccio alone at least one murder a week, though these outrages are so hushed up by the authorities that it is difficult to get any reliable statistics. I never, for instance, saw the account of any murder in the little local French paper, *Le Raillement*, the only one, I think, in Ajaccio; but this proves nothing, for there was undoubtedly one atrocious crime committed in the village of Bocognano, about twenty miles off, while we were at Ajaccio, for particulars of which I vainly studied the columns of *Le Raillement*.

The official whose duty it was to investigate the matter had wanted to requisition from the livery-stable keeper the carriage I had bespoken, so I heard the story from the man's own mouth.

The victim was an Italian who had married and settled at Bocognano. The Italians are called *lucquas* by the Corsicans, and come over from Italy in large numbers. They are very industrious, and do a great deal of the hard work of the island. Their example of industry excites the Corsican's jealousy, but not his emulation, hence there is little love lost between them.

It appeared that the pig of a Corsican wandered near the open cottage door of

an Italian, and to drive it off the latter threw a stone, whereupon the wife of the Corsican indignantly demanded of her husband if an Italian was to throw stones at a Corsican pig with impunity. The Corsican at once went into his house, and returning with his gun, shot the Italian dead on the spot. The murderer escaped to the *macqui*, and is, I presume, there still, unless the extenuating circumstance of the victim being a *lucqua* has enabled him to return unmolested to the bosom of his family.

That their fellow-countrymen, and even the authorities, sympathize with these miscreants, or, at least, are afraid of them, seems clear from the absurdly inadequate sentence passed on the murderer of even an Englishman some three years ago. A certain Major Roden, manager for some mining company, had occasion to turn off several of the hands. They at once drew lots who was to shoot him, and shot he was in broad daylight. There was no doubt as to the murderer; he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to *three years imprisonment!*

An English lady, a Mrs. L——, who has lived fifteen years in Ajaccio, and has done a great deal of nursing there, told me that at that moment there were two cases of vendetta in the hospital. It was in vain that both Mrs. L—— and the sister of mercy inculcated the Christian duty of forgiveness for injury, on a man badly shot in the thigh. "No, I must shoot him as soon as ever I leave the hospital, if I can," said the man, speaking of his adversary; and, indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. L—— admitted that he would lose caste with his family, and perhaps be boycotted, if he did not do his level best at retaliation.

One could fill pages with similar stories, if one could remember half of what we were told, and on good authority. A man's wife is shot because her husband kills a dog that had bitten him. In another village, a slain sheep leads to the murder of two men; and public opinion sympathizes with the offender, much as it does in this country with a poacher. You may buy gourds carved with the figure of a bandit shooting a gendarme, but you may ask in vain for one representing a gendarme shooting a bandit.

But enough of these horrors, which the romantic name of vendetta, except to a Corsican, fails to redeem from the ordinary catalogue of stupid and brutal crime. If the Corsican resembles the savage in his contempt for human life, he has, on the other hand, some of the virtues of

uncivilized man, amongst which the old-fashioned one of hospitality stands pre-eminent. Should you lose your way and become benighted, the Corsican peasant will give you his best of bed and board, and on the morrow point out your road, declining any money you may offer for services rendered.

A Danish officer and his wife, staying at our hotel, lost their way out riding, and found themselves — too late to return that night — at a small village some fifteen miles from Ajaccio. They were fed and lodged for the night, the beds being scrupulously clean, and even a boy of fourteen would not accept so much as a franc for his ministrations.

In respect, too, of the position their womenkind appear to occupy in the social *ménage* (please understand I am not citing this as a virtue), the Corsicans seem to approximate in their ideas to the noble savage. See a peasant and his wife coming into market. She will be walking along loaded with a large basket on her arm, and probably another on her head, heavy with produce of farm and garden, while he will have only his pipe in his mouth and his gun slung over his shoulder; and, indeed, should his means permit, will probably be riding a pony or mule. Very picturesque fellows some of them look, with their broad-brimmed hats and hot-looking suits of black or brown velveteen. I am bound to say we did occasionally meet couples with the above respective positions reversed; but these we put down as lovers or honeymoon couples. The women, if they do ride, ride after the fashion of Miss Bird or an Indian squaw, *i.e.*, on both sides of the horse, as I have seen it expressed.

Judging from his language and appearance, you would say that the Corsican would assimilate more readily with Italy than France. A gentleman who spoke Italian well, told me that after a few days' conversation with the natives he could easily understand their language. As a matter of fact, the Corsicans dislike Italians. Events have proved stronger than race affinities, and the accident of Napoleon having been born in Ajaccio seems to be in itself sufficient to identify Corsica with France.

Our first drive in Corsica might easily have proved our last. We drove along a road winding up and round the hill at the back of the town, through an olive wood, to a very commonplace looking spring called the fountain of Salario. It was a

steep climb, and we were not rewarded by any fine view, as the clouds were lying low on the mountains. Coming down again, as we swung round one of the sharp turns of the zigzag road, the pole of the carriage came out. Happily the horses, apparently accustomed to such a mishap, stopped almost of their own accord, and we replaced the pole, I holding it in position while the driver drove it home with a large stone. This was our only accident, though we afterwards drove, I should say, nearly two hundred miles before we left the island.

The Corsican horses are miracles of endurance. Cowhocked, half-starved weeds to look at, apparently lacking both in strength and stamina, these animals, when put to the test, seemed all muscle and whip-cord. Though very small — fourteen hands would be above the average — they tugged away at the lumbering old diligences in the gamest way, and with only an ordinary light open carriage behind them would, without being unduly distressed, do their thirty to forty miles a day for a week together.

Given fine weather — which an Englishman always regards as much his right, when once on the Continent, as if it had been included in the bargain when he purchased his Cook's ticket in Piccadilly — there is no pleasanter method of progression than driving in an open carriage, especially when, as in Corsica, you have the most excellent government roads. I am not exaggerating when I say I have never seen roads in England or Scotland so perfectly made or so perfectly kept, though I understand their capabilities are severely tried at certain times of the year, when heavy timber is brought down in large quantities from the interior to the coast.

In time, doubtless, the temptation, apparently irresistible to so many, to *do* as much as possible of a country in the shortest time will drive people more and more to the railways. At present, however, the railway company, by running only two trains a day and those at the most inconvenient of times, and at the slowest possible pace, are disinterestedly avoiding competition with the carriage traffic as much as possible. The only line at present in operation is a single one, projected across the island from Ajaccio to Bastia. Unfortunately, owing to a serious error in the engineer's calculations, there is at present a gap of about twenty-six miles between Bocognano and Corté,

over the pass of Vizzavona, which is filled up by a diligence service.\*

These vehicles are of the most antiquated description, built, I should say, before the tax on glass was abolished; so small were the apertures to let in the much needed light and air amongst perhaps six or eight closely packed odoriferous natives. We never travelled in one of these ramshackle conveyances. I believe they were cheap; I am sure they were nasty.

A tunnel two and a half miles long is to carry the railway under the pass of Vizzavona, and just before we landed the engineer had made the discovery that his two tunnels from either end were not going to meet in the middle. Failure is not so fatal as success, so he did not, I believe, as did the poor engineer of the St. Gothard tunnel, drop dead at the supreme moment of disappointment. The gauge is a very narrow one, barely more than three feet; and the small, very bright blue, yellow, and claret-colored carriages quite reminded one of those in the nursery at home. The two daily trains run, as I mentioned, at most unseasonable hours; the 5 A.M. speaks for itself; the 5 P.M. from Ajaccio lands you between seven and eight at Bocognano, where you choose between staying the night at a dirty-looking wine shop, or travelling on by diligence through the night another fifteen or thirty miles to Vivario or Corté.

Rather than get up at half past four in the morning, we elected to drive in a private carriage through to Corté, about fifty miles, staying the night at Vivario.

We started soon after eight, and were not a little surprised, while bowling comfortably along the road parallel with the line, to be overtaken at nine o'clock, when scarcely eight miles on our journey, by the 5 A.M. from Ajaccio.

At first we thought it must be a special; but no, it was the ordinary train. Could there, then, be anything of the nature of a Corsican Derby Day, or an Easter Monday review, to cause such a dislocation of the traffic, or do passengers wait at the terminus, as do visitors to the Tower, until the party is sufficiently large to be personally conducted? No; neither hypothesis was tenable, for there were only three people in the whole train. We sought an explanation from our driver.

"Oh, it is nothing," said he. "*On change le temps chaque jour.*"

This lofty disregard of routine is not,

\* The above was written in April of last year; probably by this time through railway communication has been established.

however, usual on a Corsican railway. In other matters they can exhibit, and even surpass, that pedantic adherence to forms and ceremonies so dear to the Continental railway official. Though thirty minutes late after a tedious journey of four hours, we were kept fully fifteen minutes just outside Bastia, in order that the lamps might be lighted throughout the train, solely to take us through a tunnel barely three hundred yards long into the terminus. I suppose they were solemnly extinguished again two minutes afterwards, as the train went no further that evening.

But this has been a long digression, and meanwhile our carriage has been mounting steadily, though, so admirably engineered is the road, almost imperceptibly, to the height of about fifteen hundred feet, at which elevation stands Bocognano, where we arrive about midday.

It is a long, straggling village of over one thousand inhabitants, lying amongst groves of Spanish chestnuts, with houses here and there so close to each other on both sides, as to justify the road in calling itself a street.

Bocognano, though but twenty-five miles from the capital, was only a year or two ago the stronghold of the Bellicosias, a numerous family of bandits, who for years had held their own against the gendarmes, acknowledging no laws but their own. Broken up at last, the Corsican authorities tell you that the leaders have left the island; people who think themselves better informed say they are still hiding in the *macqui*.

"Last year," said our driver, "Bellicosa's mother was dying in Bocognano, and the gendarmes thought he would come to see her, and watched for him accordingly."

"And did they catch him?" we asked.

"No," replied the *cocher*, with a wink; "but perhaps he saw his mother for all that."

Soon after leaving Bocognano, we begin our mount to the top of the Vizzavona Pass, and wonder, as we leave the mouth of the tunnel far below us, whether the engineer has yet found out where he is wrong. Along the road towards the summit are tall posts some fifteen feet high, painted blue and red in alternate lengths. These are to enable the diligence drivers to estimate the depth of the snow in winter by counting the number of red and blue metres still visible.

At the extreme summit (three thousand eight hundred feet) stands what is euphemistically styled a fort, a dreary place



enough for the dozen or two soldiers quartered there.

For the first two or three miles of the descent we drove through a pine forest thick with trees, save where in places a clearance had been made by a forest fire, showing acres of blackened stumps standing out in dark relief against the snow-covered ground.

Thirteen miles from Bocognano we reached Vivario, our halting-place for the night, nestling at the foot of an amphitheatre of mountains, and so shut in by them that we wondered how we were to get out next morning. The church tower was undergoing repair, so the bell had been hung *pro tem.* in a large walnut-tree close by.

But how shall I describe the scenery we had been passing through all day, in our thirty-eight miles from Ajaccio? Description of scenery is, I sometimes think, an art in itself, like landscape painting. Certainly it would require a far abler pen than mine to do justice to the natural beauties of Corsica. The steep mountain peaks of over five thousand feet high are clothed to the very top, not with the stunted timber usually found (in Europe, at least) at such altitudes, but with giants measuring often four to five feet in diameter, and in the case of the *laricio* pine and the beech, tall in proportion. Seen from a distance, the large, hardwood trees, such as oak, beech, and chestnut, give the high ridges a curiously indented appearance as of crumbled rock. Above all these, again, tower the white summits of Monte d'Oro, Rotondo, and others of less note, cold and clear against the morning sky, or pink under the setting sun.

Many of the peaks are composed of a red granite which, contrary to one's idea of granite, is soft and friable. I suppose the fire was not hot enough, or the materials were badly mixed in the pre-historic period, when it was boiled and crushed into solidity.

These granite rocks, worn by the elements into various quaint and jagged shapes, rise sheer many hundreds of feet, and varying in tone, as they do, from rose-color to dark red, form in places as at La Piana, on the west coast, one of the most striking and beautiful features in this most picturesque country.

One meets with no such diversity of timber elsewhere. You emerge for a moment into sunshine, out of the deep gloom of a pine forest, only to be again plunged into a deeper shade of cork-trees and ilex, the blackness of which is in turn relieved by the light fresh green of the

young beech leaves, glancing like flecks of sunlight amongst the dark fir stems.

But the tree of trees in Corsica is the Spanish chestnut. Not only is it by far the most ornamental, but it is also the most useful. Men, horses, and pigs live on the fruit thereof, raw, or ground into meal, cheap as dates to the Arab or rice to the Indian.

A single forest will sometimes extend over ten thousand acres, and the trees are well thinned, pruned, and renewed by government *forestiers*.

On the lands of private individuals, or on communal property, the chestnut on the high slopes takes the place of the olive-tree lower down the valley.

Many of the trees looked more than one hundred years old; their gnarled and twisted trunks, capable when hollow, as some of them were, of holding easily three or four men inside, reminded me more than any thing of Burnham Beeches. Every narrow valley was a grove of chestnuts, which followed the windings of the stream running down the centre through grass meadows as richly green as an English park, which the whole scene greatly resembled, cyclamens and narcissus taking the place of cowslips and primroses.

This article would become a botanical treatise were I to enlarge upon the numberless evergreen, flowering, and aromatic shrubs, which, in addition to the wild olive, arbutus, and cotoneaster formed the *macqui* or natural brushwood on the open slopes of the mountains.

In one place the prevailing tint would be given by the Mediterranean heath, in full flower, growing in some instances to a height of twelve feet or more, with quite a respectable trunk; the next slope would be white with *cistus* flowers, of which there were three prominent varieties, and these in turn would cede the first place, though they all intermingled, to the fragrant yellow *cytissus* of our green-houses.

On a hot, sunny day after rain, the air is literally loaded with a dozen different aromatic odors, and we could quite understand Napoleon's remark, that if he were put down blindfold into Corsica, he should know where he was from the scent.

After a comfortable night at Vivario, we started in pouring rain for our thirteen-mile drive to Corté. Alas! it continued to pour with scarcely a break the whole way. The mist hung about everywhere, the clouds lay low on the mountain side, and we could just see sufficient to convince us that we were missing some very fine scenery. However, by the time we

had finished our lunch at the Hotel Pierraggi, the sun was shining again, and the streets nearly dry.

Corté is the third largest town in the island, and has remained far more exclusively Corsican in general character and appearance than the more modernized and go-ahead seaports of Ajaccio and Bastia.

It stands most finely on a high rock, crowned with an ancient citadel, now so ruinous as to necessitate its being shortly pulled down as dangerous, thus depriving the place of its most picturesque feature.

Two large mountain streams, the Tavignano and Restonico, both well stocked with trout, meet at the base of the rock.

At Corté we happened, as English people, to come in for more than the ordinary civility accorded to foreigners. It appeared that a gang of boys or young men had been accustomed to regard the travelling stranger as what a Chinaman calls a *fanqui* or "foreign devil," and would — especially if the *fanqui* had not got a stick handy — throw stones at him, or at any defenceless lady sketching. Several outrages of the kind having occurred lately, a strong written remonstrance from the visitors followed up by a deputation to the mayor, resulted in the town crier being sent round the town blowing a trumpet, and escorted by gendarmes, with a proclamation threatening, in the name of the authorities, direst punishment to any offender. This happened the day before our arrival.

Several of the older inhabitants stopped us purposely in the street to disclaim, on the part of the respectable population, any sympathy with the gang, and the proclamation had, at least, a transitory effect on some of the offenders themselves, for on meeting half a dozen of these interesting youths they, at a preconcerted signal, took off their hats, and, with a low bow, chorused ironically, "Good-morning, sir," having, I should say, acquired painfully so much English purposely for the occasion.

Treating their salute as genuine, I returned it with equal politeness, which perhaps disconcerted them as much as anything else I could have done.

Corté is the starting point for the ascents of Monte d'Oro and Rotondo. We did not ourselves attempt any mountain climbing; I am therefore unable to give my readers any notion of the views to be enjoyed from the summits of these snow-clad giants, though doubtless — as the guide-books say — they "would well repay the toil of the ascent."

One of our polite friends there spontaneously offered us his donkey to ride, and his services as guide, if we would attempt the summit of Monte Rotondo, 9,068 feet "la montagne la plus haute presque du monde," as he proudly assured us. We declined his offer and considerably forbore to crush him under the twenty-nine thousand feet of Mt. Everest, or even bruise his patriotic pride with the height of Mt. Blanc.

Though we saw several shooting-boxes amongst the forests on the top of the passes, I do not think, from what I could learn, that I should advise any one to go to Corsica purely for sport.

Of course, first and foremost comes the moufflon; he is not legendary, but he is very scarce, and difficult to get at. Nor has he long, silky hair, as described in one of the guide-books, but he has a hide with close, short hair like a red deer, but lighter in color and finer in texture. A pair of massive horns curl over towards the middle of his back, and he has short legs like a goat.

You may camp out for a week in summer, when the moufflon come down from the tops, and yet not get a shot, or even see one. It is said that the hunter, moreover, does not care to take you to, or put you in, the best place for a shot, but I fancy a system of payment by results, would, at all events, secure this for you. The moufflon is, I understand, more plentiful in Sardinia.

In the way of smaller game, there are hares, duck, woodcock, and snipe; the latter are snared by the natives with horse-hair nooses — at least, so I was told by a sportsman who was plucking the tail of one of our horses as it stood at a wayside inn, for making *fillets* for the very purpose.

Wild boars are fairly plentiful; one was brought to our hotel at Ajaccio, bought for twenty francs, and duly eaten at *table d'hôte*. The flesh was dark, and the flavor uninteresting. For my part, I much prefer the fat, domestic pig.

On Captain G——'s property, close to Ajaccio, in a cave some six hundred feet above his house, and which, more than once in the last eight or ten years has been, to the proprietors' knowledge, the shelter of bandits — I saw the marks of two wild boar, which, just then, were every night ravaging Captain G——'s shrubberies for acorns and roots, the havoc being sadly apparent here and there.

I conclude the hunter watches for them at night in an open space, for the scrub is so thick that it would be impossible to get

a shot at them in the daytime except by driving, and pig-sticking would be out of the question.

Perhaps the most lucrative sport in the island is the blackbird shooting. There are numbers of them on the hillsides, and they feed on the arbutus berries. The bodies are boned and made into *pâtés de merle*, and a very succulent *pâté* I was told it is. I was unable to taste it myself, as the vendors of Ajaccio were all sold out of last season's make.

With the exception of goldfinches, siskins, and brown and green linnets, small birds were scarce. I saw a few hoopoes near the coast, and a couple of jays high up in a pine forest.

One very handsome bird I had never seen before, and though I saw a stuffed one in Bastia, the shopman could not tell me its name; indeed, he declared it was not a Corsican bird at all. It was about the size of a grey shrike, with a longish tail; on its neck and breast it was brilliant with the blue sheen of a kingfisher's back, while its own back was of the same reddish cinnamon as the kingfisher's breast. It had a thin beak, slightly curved, like a bee-eater's, and was evidently hawking gnats in the sunshine when I first saw it. There were about six of them in a flock, and now and then one would light on the telegraph wires along the road.

Trout, from all I could hear, are fairly plentiful in many of the rivers, but of no great size. From the specimens I saw at *table d'hôte*, I should say that a half-pound fish would be above the average. There are, however, lakes amongst the mountains which may hold fish of a larger size. I did hear of at least two Englishmen who were staying at certain places purposely for fishing; but Englishmen on the subject of sport are so enthusiastic, that I cannot say that the fact itself is sufficient warranty for full baskets.

One of the minor characteristics of Corsica is the Corsican dog. Not that there is anything characteristic in the sense of peculiarity of breed—far from it; the peculiarity consists rather in each dog exhibiting in its own proper person signs of every conceivable variety, but so beautifully blended as to defy the acutest observer to say what breed any particular animal is meant for. Nature, indeed, seems to have been "so careless of the single type" that the only dog I saw with any pretensions to breeding was the bull dog belonging to the English consul, and that was a recent importation.

There is, however, a perceptible sport-

ing strain, whether of setter, spaniel, or pointer, the latter perhaps predominating; for your Corsican is a keen sportsman, and to be a successful one he must have a *chien de chasse*. The strain crops out in the most unexpected and ridiculous ways; you will see the spike tail—as the Yankees call it—of a pointer adorning the stern of a dog in face and size like a pug or a terrier; or a creature, with something like the head of a setter, tending sheep.

I asked of a peasant carrying a gun (most of them do) what sort of game he shot. "Oh, it is close time now," he replied, "shooting is *défendu*; besides," he added naively, "at present I have no dog."

On the whole, dogs have a good time in Corsica. Owners appear fond and proud of their animals, and non-owners, as long as the principle of love me, love my dog prevails, and the vendetta obtains, are also very careful of canine rights. A certain man who had been badly bitten in the leg, was inconsiderate enough to shoot the dog; his wife paid the penalty with her life, within a fortnight.

No notice of Corsica, however short, should omit mention of the shells in which her coasts are so rich. In variety, and delicacy of shape and coloring, they are equal to the wonders of the tropical seas.

A certain Miss Campbell, styled in Ajaccio, where she had a villa, the queen of Corsica, and who died about eighteen months ago, had for years devoted herself to the task of collecting, chiefly by means of dredging apparatus, every possible variety. The result I was permitted to see by the present owner, and the collection truly would rejoice the heart of a conchologist, while so beautifully were they set out in their numerous cases round the room that one hardly knew whether to admire more the shells themselves, or the taste and industry shown in arranging them.

Having brought my readers to Corsica, perhaps I ought to see them well off the island again, and I strongly recommend them to choose the short sea passage of six hours from Bastia to Leghorn. The boats are small but the sea is generally smooth, being protected on most sides from the swell of the main Mediterranean.

On a fine sunny day, the voyage is a pleasure and no penance, except to those determined few who insist upon being ill even before the ship has cast off from the quay.

No prettier view, during our whole three weeks in Corsica, did we see than

the island of Caprera, close to which we passed about half way on our passage. We saw it first mistily blue in the distance, but ever growing sharper in outline as we approached, and changing to a deep purple. When abreast of the island, the colors of the rocks were simply marvellous in their variety and vividness of hue, grey, yellow, and red, and here and there a deeper red where a landslip on the precipitous edge of the cliff showed the soil. There was no beach, and these glorious rocks rose straight up into the sunshine out of a dark sapphire sea. For a brief moment, one of our fellow passengers thought that here at last he had found the Eden he had longed for. Alas, his dreams were short-lived, for on rounding the first headland we came abruptly on a convict settlement.

Every prospect pleases and only man is vile,  
we murmured, as the shadow of a cloud  
floated across the bright yellow grass on  
the upper slopes of the island.

CECIL F. PARR.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDIES.

BY LORD LAMINGTON.

III.

THE YOUNG ENGLAND PARTY.

*Publisher of Maga.* You promised to tell me your early political experiences. Were you in Parliament with the Young England party?

*Author.* Yes; but I was an outsider. I joined them much later. Young England, so called, was a body of young men who had grown up together from Eton days.

It is remarkable how much the public education of England influences the lives of public men. The associations of public schools, and then of college, survive even political rivalries; it would be curious to study the influence of college friendships on political life. The present century has seen many parties which have had their origin and gained their strength by the ties of college sympathies. Take our great political meteor, W. Gladstone; what a phalanx of young future legislators and statesmen were at college with him! — Cardwell, Dalhousie, Canning, Sidney Herbert, Lord Elgin, Lord Lincoln, *cum multis aliis*. All these achieved eminence in Parliamentary and official life. Minister after minister, pro-consul after pro-consul, bear testimony to the merit of our

public school and college education. Another most interesting combination of college friends in the present century resulted in the Oxford movement, when we find, about the same period as Mr. Gladstone's, a galaxy of brilliant talent fraught with the most important destinies of the future. Newman, Manning, Faber, Pusey, Ward, Moseley, all imbued with the same earnestness of faith and sincerity of purpose. Cambridge was never so strong in literary sets or scholastic parties as Oxford, notwithstanding the old verse:

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,  
For Oxford knows no argument but force;  
In place of troops, to Cambridge books were  
sent,  
For Cambridge knows no force but argument.

There was at Cambridge a small reunion of men very highly esteemed, who preceded the Young England party. They were called the Apostles; Hallam, Tennyson, Doyle, Monteith (the same whom I have already mentioned as so intimately connected with Mr. Urquhart). The Apostles set was succeeded by the Young England party; it originated, as I have remarked, in early friendships and good-fellowship. Every one who has enjoyed the advantage of a public school education knows how strong those friendships are. Mr. Disraeli says in "Coningsby:" "All loves in after-life can never bring their rapture; no bliss is so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing or so keen. What tenderness, what devotion, what illimitable confidence, infinite revelations of inmost thoughts, what hopes in the present, what romance in the future, and melting recollections are confined in the simple phrase—a schoolboy's friendship! It is these recollections that make gray-haired men mourn over the memory of their schoolboy days, and it is a spell that can soften the acerbity of political warfare." There was something also of the romantic poetic sentiment which existed at that time, when the memories of Byron and Shelley were still fresh. The air was still full of Byronism; the golden youth might be seen with their shirt-collars turned down, and living on biscuits and soda-water, *à la* Byron. This frame of mind quickened the susceptibilities and sympathies. Young politicians felt kindly towards the poor and suffering, and strove to improve their condition, not by giving them votes, but by ministering to their wants and their enjoyments. What Ruskin calls "the two essential instincts of humanity, the love of order and the love

of kindness," in their relations to the people, were the first principle of the Young England party. Radicals proposed to console the suffering by votes and speeches; the Philosophic School gave them tracts and essays. Young England desired to lighten their servitude and to add to their enjoyments — in fact, to restore "Merrie England." People smiled at some of the panaceas suggested, but the smile was one of kindness and approval.

*Maga.* Whom did the party consist of?

*A.* Disraeli's novel of "Coningsby" gives a great many. There were Coningsby, Lord Henry Sydney, Sir Charles Buckhurst, Oswald Millbank. A key to "Coningsby" was published, which explains that the above names were supposed to represent respectively: Coningsby, Hon. George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford; Lord Henry Sydney, Lord John Manners, now Duke of Rutland; Sir Charles Buckhurst, Mr. Baillie-Cochrane, now Lord Lamington; Millbank, Mr. Walter; Lord; Monmouth, the Marquis of Hertford; Rigby, Mr. Croker; Sidonia, Mr. Disraeli. There were a long list of others, but there were many of the members of Young England not included in "Coningsby." Mr. Borthwick, Mr. Beresford Hope, Augustus Stafford, Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton.

There were some amusing lines on Young England, by Serjeant Murphy, which were shown me by that popular whip and favorite of the House of Commons, Colonel Taylor. They appeared at the time of "Jack Sheppard," when that admirable comedian, Paul Bedford, sang a song with a refrain of "Nix my dolly pals, fake away," which was the popular air of the barrel-organ and the ballad-singer for the next season. I never had a copy of the verses, so quote from memory.

In the city of Oxford I was born,  
At the time the moon was filling her horn,  
Fake away.  
Of offspring I had divers rum ones,  
And you will find them all in the House of Commons,

Fake away.  
I'll tell you them all — there is Cochrane-Baillie,  
And then we have Benjamin Disraeli, —  
Fake, Young England, fake away.

Bridport's the seat that Baillie won,  
From the veteran Purist Warburton;  
And Mitchell's his colleague, with face so yellow,  
A Russia merchant what deals in tallow, —  
Fake, Young England, fake away.

On Palmerston Baillie makes attacks,  
But you must not think him a lad of wax;  
I'll tell you awhile if you'll hold your peace,  
For he's always a-flaring up about Greece, —  
Fake, Young England, fake away.

With Roncesvalles upon his banners,  
Comes prancing along my Lord John Manners;  
He will play you a game of pitch-and-toss,  
From a Spanish bull-fight to Don Carlos, —  
Fake, Young England, fake away.

Next Peter Borthwick comes, and who knows,  
Queen Christina might take him instead of Munoz.  
And Benjamin Dizzy, our Jew *d'esprit*,  
Who writes his novels in volumes three, —  
Fake, Young England, fake away.

We have Smythe, and Hope with his opera-hat;  
But they cannot get Dicky Milnes, that's flat —  
He is not yet tintured with Puseyite leavening,  
But he may drop in in the "cool of the evening,"\* —  
Fake, Young England, fake away.

It may seem strange that I have only slightly mentioned Mr. Disraeli, who was supposed to be the head of the party; but this I understood was not so. He had nothing to do with the original formation of this small but far from unimportant section. After it was fairly started he took his seat on the Young England bench, and by his genius attracted all the younger members, when Grosvenor Gate became the centre where the political topics of the day were discussed, and a generous hospitality was exercised. The politics of Young England may in part explain, if it does not justify, Mr. Disraeli's Household Suffrage Bill, for one of the principal tenets of Young England was perfect confidence in the people. There was an intense conviction that the conservative strata was to be found in the lower classes, and lately much had occurred to justify this view. The great object of the party was to relieve the working classes from the tyranny of the manufacturers and employers. It was greatly by the energetic action of young England that the Factory Acts were passed. The effect which Mr. Busfield Ferrand, one of the party, produced in the House when he made his first attack on the manufacturers, will live long in the Parliamentary memory. He had only recently taken his seat, and had not attracted much attention except for his

\* Mr. Richard Milnes was known amongst his friends as "the cool of the evening."

strenuous, bold, and burly appearance; but as soon as he rose, the House was taken by surprise by his Dantesque appearance and stentorian voice. The great denunciator of all manufacturing wrongs, of tyranny and fraud, had at last appeared. It was a Danton, a Mirabeau, addressing the Convention — not a simple member of Parliament, fresh from the hustings. When he spoke of the truck system, and tore in shreds a piece of cloth, full of what he styled “devil’s dust,” the effect was electrical. “Who,” each one asked, “was this man come to judgment, to strike the manufacturer root and branch with his terrible invective?” — a Yorkshireman, who was master of the subject, and clearly well acquainted with all the secrets of the factory system. It was a new revelation, and the Young England party followed up this speech by others in the country, which produced a great effect, and interested every one in this small section of the House. So great was the interest they excited, that invariably the first question asked by a stranger referred to the Young England party. Well, this party, headed latterly by Mr. Disraeli, did exercise an important influence on social questions; and as has been stated in a previous number, “the boys,” as they were styled, were the favorites of society — for it was an event in society to find young men in Parliament with a new set of ideas, who spoke in the name of the people, and combined the love of class privilege with a deep sympathy for the masses. It was called romantic, visionary, poetic; and there is even something in this, but there was much more beyond. They had most of them studied hard and thought deeply on political questions, and there was a freshness of mind, an honesty of purpose, which was an agreeable change from the hard, practical, dogmatic speeches of the old *habitues*, the red-tapist Parliamentarians. As they were of good social position, it may well be imagined that the interest the small party created was not confined to the House of Commons; the old politicians on either side were very kind to those who recalled to them their own youth. If it is gratifying to see the regard youth shows to age, the sympathy of age for the young is not less touching, and the verdict of the youth of the nation is the anticipation of that of posterity. The new party found no warmer friend than Lord Lyndhurst, whose generous qualities only became more expansive with advancing years. No public man of the day commanded more respect than

Lord Lyndhurst; no one certainly possessed more brilliant qualities. He invited me to hear his summing-up in the famous Begum Dyce-Sombre case. What an effort of memory that was! For three hours he went through the whole evidence without even referring to a note, — dates, localities, interviews, — all were remembered; it was a grand exercitation. His annual review of the session in the House of Lords was always looked forward to with the deepest interest. I remember a curious incident. Dr. Paris told me of the influence of the imagination even on so powerful a mind. He always had a small vial of some kind of pick-me-up compounded by Dr. Paris in his waistcoat-pocket, to be ready in case of sudden faintness. On one of these occasions, at about the hour when the Lords met, Lord Lyndhurst drove up to the doctor’s in a state of great agitation, and said he had felt for the bottle as he entered the Lords, missed it, and he must make up another at once, for although he had never used it for years, he did not venture to commence without knowing it was in his pocket; he returned with his elixir, and made a magnificent oration. His was a grand old age, united alike with the old and young; but his dietary would not suit all palates or all purses, — *pâtés de foie gras* and *curaçoa* are not panaceas that are generally attainable, — but whatever the diet, it was well adapted to his grand nature. Happy days those were when we were invited to George Street (Hanover Square), and made welcome by this Nestor of hosts, the “old man eloquent,” and by a hostess who in herself possessed all those qualities which such a mind as his could appreciate, and which endeared her for herself, as well for the tie which united her to our affectionate friend and protector. How gladly we learned from him the tales of his early life and splendid successes! how he would hit off by word or action the nature of his colleagues! “I’ll show you what Peel is,” and button his coat up to his chin. “There is Peel, buttoned up with reserve.” Lord Lyndhurst quite realized Faber’s notion of a grand old age: —

Old age, what is it but a name  
For wilder joys departed?  
For we shall be forever young,  
If we are loyal-hearted.

Lady Lyndhurst’s pleasant dinners and charming suppers we were always invited to. The great ladies mentioned in a former paper all welcomed us, and many

others not mentioned there crowned us with their sympathy and good wishes. We were never tired of hearing Mr. Townley, who with Lady Caroline added so much to the charm of society, speak of the days of the French Revolution when he was the frequent guest of Robespierre, whom he described as a very pleasant companion and admirable *raconteur*. Mr. Townley was in Paris during a part of the Reign of Terror, and was well known to the members of the Committee of Public Safety. When in a merry mood, Robespierre was in the habit of pulling him by the ears while he called him, "Ah, polisson! mauvais garçon!" This seems a peculiar habit of French rulers, for we read that Napoleon treated his favorite courtiers in the same caressing manner.

Lord Brougham was another of the *ultimi Romanorum* who welcomed the youth of the time with kindly greeting. Many a lesson of political life we learned from him. I recall that on one occasion he laid down as the principle of the first element of success the power of concentrating the mind on one subject. We had been talking of the French Revolution.

"Do you mean, Lord Brougham," I asked, "that if you had been sentenced to be guillotined at ten o'clock you would have forgotten it till the hour arrived?"

"If I were sentenced to be guillotined at ten o'clock I would not think of it until eight o'clock," he replied. "On the occasion of my speech on the queen's trial, when all my reputation depended upon it, I determined to banish it from my mind. I slept so sound the night before, I only awoke in the morning in time to go to the court."

A keen sense of the ridiculous he considered a proof of genius. He possessed an amusing sense of his own importance and his popular estimation. One day I went with him to dine at the Trafalgar, at Greenwich. We were a party of six; it was a picnic dinner, and we each of us paid our share. Lord Brougham called for writing materials and wrote a cheque. One of us suggested that if he had not any money we could lend it. "No, no," said Lord Brougham, "I have plenty of money; but, don't you see, the host may prefer my signature to the money." Lord Brougham's kind interest in us was not limited to London; it extended to his charming residence, Brougham Hall, which is admirably restored, and a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. There are few places commanding such wide and beautiful prospects. The most favored

were invited to the *Château Eleanor* at Cannes, which place, now grown into a great city, owes its existence as a winter residence to Lord Brougham. At the time when he first settled at Cannes the town consisted of one street and one small house, hardly worthy of the name of a hotel, kept by a man called Pinchinot, whom Lord Brougham called Pinch'ehard. It was quite by accident that Lord Brougham ever purchased land and built at Cannes. He was on his road to Italy. When he arrived at the Italian frontier on the Var, he was told if he passed on to Nice he would have to perform quarantine on his return to France, the cholera being in Italy; so he returned to Cannes, and was compensated for the inconvenience of the delay by the beauty of the surrounding country. There was the wide, richly cultivated plain bounded on one side by the rippling waters of the dark-blue sea; on the land side by the long waving line of the blue Estérel, or by hills covered with the orange-tree, the vine, and olive; the ground carpeted with fragrant wild flowers; and the pine and the palm were not wanting for the perfection of scenes such as Claude loved to paint. Lord Brougham decided to make an immediate purchase of land, which the country people were only too anxious to dispose of. He bought several hundred acres, and built the *Château Eleanor*; and later Mr. Leader the *Château Leader*. To these were soon added *Château St. George* and a house built by Mr. Woolfield, the clergyman. At the present time, instead of four *châteaux*, may be seen forty or fifty monster hotels, three or four hundred villas, interminable boulevards, and endless streets. No more rides in olive and orange glades, no wanderings through pine forests and palm grove,

*Qua pinus ingens albaque populus,*

used to invite the wanderer to a charming retirement and peaceful repose; there are now hideous stuccoed houses or vulgar æsthetic villas, while the publican, dealer, and trader have supplanted the simple, kind Provençal.

*Maga.* You mentioned Mr. Leader, member for Westminster, was he the same Mr. Leader who played a not inconsiderable part in Parliament at one time?

*A.* Yes. Talking of parties in the House, I wonder I omitted him and Sir William Molesworth. He and Sir William Molesworth did form a party and used to give Parliamentary dinners, inviting the members in their joint names. What

were the exact tenets and opinions of their party (I think they numbered twenty or thirty) I am ignorant, but they were known by the general designation of "philosophical Radicals." You are aware that Molesworth was afterwards colonial secretary, and gained great credit in the post. Mr. Leader subsequently sold the Château Leader and settled in Florence.

*Maga.* Is he still there?

*A.* Yes; he resides there at the present time. He has made extensive purchases of land round Florence, especially at Fiesole, where a remarkable Castle Vincigliata has been rebuilt by him, representing precisely the old one which was nearly destroyed during the wars of the republic. He made a good exchange from the benches of the House of Commons to the City of the Lily, seated in all her beauty by the Arno.

*Maga.* This brings me back to Young England, from which we have wandered.

*A.* True, the memory is very discursive. Lord Brougham recalled the Riviera, the Riviera suggested Leader, Leader Florence; but I return to Young England, who may be said to have come to light at Cambridge. The Union of Cambridge was the vestibule of St. Stephen's. Young England brought to the House of Commons the fervid declamation which was the characteristic of undergraduate oratory, and which used to call forth the cheers of the Pitt and Canning Clubs. The young party started with one great advantage: they believed in themselves and in the power of sympathy. For them youth was rich in possibilities. Mr. Disraeli writes, "I do not say that youth is genius, only it is divine." The history of heroes is the history of youth. The age thirty-seven is the old age of intellect. Byron died at thirty-seven; Raphael, Richelieu, died at that age. Was not Mr. Pitt prime minister at twenty-three?— Lord Henry Petty, chancellor of the exchequer at twenty-one? Did not Napoleon, a sub-lieutenant, without any influence to aid him, command the armies of Italy at twenty-seven? Was he not first consul at thirty-one; emperor at thirty-three; had kings for his sentinels when he was thirty-five? All his marshals, Kleber, Massena, Jourdan, Hoche, were under thirty. Don John of Austria fought Lepanto at twenty-four. Thus, to Young England all life lay mapped out before them. It was not, like Columbus, the Old World seeking the New; it was the New World of ideas starting forth to influence, if not to renew, the Old.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXIX. 3587

All the Young Englanders were in some degree poetic. A few of them were poets, and wrote very graceful verses. Among them Monckton Milnes was most known and admired. Some of his poems will live as long as the English language. The "Brookside" and "They seemed to those who saw them meet" are dear to many a sympathizing heart. Mr. Beresford Hope is not so well known, but he wrote lines well worthy of record.

But our great master of epigram and impromptu verse was one not exactly a member of Young England, but who always gave them his support, and was beloved by men of all parties and opinions. Augustus Stafford—the very name recalls all that is genial, kind, and true—at college or after college, in the House of Commons or in the lobby, he was a universal favorite. I think he was the author of the lines on the master of Trinity—Whewell, whom they were irreverently wont to call Billy Whistle. The master of Trinity had published the profoundest works on the deepest and most abstruse subjects; one of these was the "Plurality of Worlds." One morning he received the following:—

Through the realm of invention wherever you  
travel,  
And the secrets of worlds and of nature un-  
ravel,  
You will find when you've mastered the works  
of infinity,  
The greatest of all is the Master of Trinity.

The master of Trinity had a very exalted opinion of his own importance, because the master's residence had been once a palace. He considered himself entitled to royal observances, and undergraduates were not permitted to sit in his presence. I have heard that some amusing incidents occurred when the queen visited Cambridge and resided at the master's house.

The queen's visit I allude to was on the occasion of Prince Albert's installation as chancellor of the university, to that collegiate throne where—

Villiers' grace of old, and Cecil's grandeur  
shone—

when the famous contest took place between the prince and the Earl of Powis. It was at the time when Lord Powis had been the defender of the Welsh bishoprics, and Prince Albert had just invented a new infantry uniform hat, which had not obtained the approbation of the army. This was too tempting an opportunity for Augustus Stafford, and the following verses were widely circulated:—



Earl Powis on this side, Prince Albert on that,  
We cannot tell which we should fight for;  
Shall we vote for the man who invented the  
hat,

Or the man who defended the mitre?

Then why, oh collegiate dons, do you run  
Into all this Senate-house bother?  
Can it be that the lad who invented the one  
Has a share in dispensing the other?\*

Much-loved Augustus Stafford, that frank, cordial, friendly nature, so sadly and harshly treated by those who should have judged all his acts in a more generous manner! Yes, he was somewhat vain, proud of his talents — and why not? Why should a woman not appreciate her beauty, and a man his intellectual superiority? Men of heart like to see the feelings of success and the glory of the triumph lightening the brow and brightening the eye, and one should sympathize with the language of Rahel to Ranke on the death of Gentz: "Therefore you cannot know how I for that very reason loved my lost friend when he said that he was so happy to feel his superiority to many others, and this with a little laugh of triumph. Wise enough to be silent is every transient distorted mind; but give me the self-betraying soul, the childlike simplicity of heart to speak it out."

*Maga.* All your college set were not given to politics, but I suppose you associated with men of all opinions and of all pursuits?

*A.* There was a great deal of sympathetic sentiment at this date among the undergraduates. For instance, when the Earl of Dundonald (better known as Lord Cochrane, the hero of Basque Roads) paid a visit to Cambridge, he dined in the Hall of Trinity College, and when he entered the hall all the fellows and students stood up. This was remarkable; for the glorious exploit of Basque Roads occurred in 1809, but it still interested the rising gen-

\* Although it has no connection with this period, I am tempted, while quoting graceful verse, to recall two stanzas by Cowper, written on the occasion of the fire at Lord Mansfield's, when all the library of Lord Chief Justice Murray was entirely destroyed:—

"And Murray sighs o'er Pope, and Swift,  
And many a treasure more,  
The well-judged purchase, and the gift,  
That graced his lettered store.

*Their* pages mangled, burnt, and torn,  
The loss was his alone;  
But ages yet to come shall mourn  
The burning of his own."

Mr. Pitt used to say that letters of Murray or Peterborough were those which he would rather possess than any other originals. The few specimens we have of Murray's compositions justify the high appreciation of Mr. Pitt.

eration. Lord Cochrane's was quite a reputation to win the sympathy of the young and daring. Napoleon called him "le Loup des Mers," and always expressed astonishment at the treatment the great captain received. I remember Lord Dundonald saying, in no boasting spirit, for he was simplicity itself, "that he never knew what fear was." A near relative of the great Marquis of Anglesey told me that the marquis always made the same remark.

We were very cosmopolitan in our college life; wine-parties, riding-parties, reading-parties, we took part in all, and pleasant they all were. Many an early ride to Newmarket, not for racing but for breakfast, and boating excursions to Ely. We were never tired of visiting the cathedral, one of the most beautiful and oldest ecclesiastical churches in the land.

I do not intend to afflict you with a series of undergraduate reminiscences; but there occurred an incident indirectly associated with the Bishop of Ely which suggests an amusing and original mode of raising money. There was a rather popular, extravagant young fellow, well known and well liked in all sets, whose popularity led him frequently into financial crises. He was the nephew of Mr. Mortlock, the great Cambridge banker, and also of the Bishop of Ely. The relatives did all they could — paid and paid until they would pay no more, and at last desired him to take his name off the boards. This he refused to do, but adopted an unusual expedient to have his debts paid. He hired an apple-stall and a small tent, placed them exactly opposite Mr. Mortlock's bank, with the inscription in large letters on the stall, "Fruit-stall kept by Mr. Mortlock, nephew of Messrs. Mortlock, bankers, and of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Ely. No change given." He passed the day seated in the tent in a magnificent, velvet-lined cloak, books on the table; beside him there was a plate to receive donations, which poured in — sovereigns and half-sovereigns abounded. As there was room for two in the tent, friends took it by turns to sit with him. Mr. Mortlock, the banker, could not move out or even appear at the windows without seeing a crowd, whose sympathies were all with the stall-keeper, and who enjoyed the joke immensely. The result was inevitable. He had to be bought off. However, he did not remain at college; the authorities found an early excuse to get rid of him.

*Maga.* I dare say you could fill a vol-

ume with anecdotes of college life ; but I feel more interest in the conduct of Young England in the House of Commons. Where did you sit? For there are no cross-benches in the Commons as in the Lords, where it is understood peers have places assigned for what Lord Rosebery called "cross-bench minds."

A. No; but sitting below the gangway, it is understood you are open to convictions, and are not out-and-out ministerialist. The Young Englanders were not supposed to adopt a factious line; they simply expressed in bright and vigorous language fresh political views, which they hoped to see adopted by the government, so they sat on the bench exactly behind the ministerial or leader of the opposition. It was not without anxiety Sir Robert Peel heard the voices of the new party, who clearly intended to be independent of the Tapers and Tadpoles of the government, and would not at word of command cheer his glowing utterances. They were the more important because the *Times*, as represented by Mr. Walter, adopted them, and honored their speeches with leading articles and panegyrics. The fact is, Sir Robert Peel was not popular in the House, and not even with the nation, for whom he made the greatest sacrifice, even that of consistency. When he arrived from Rome in 1835, he was at the zenith of his popularity and fame; it was something to have a whole nation hanging in suspense on the movements of one man, while the Duke of Wellington really filled *ad interim* every office in the State. It was then Sir Robert had that remarkable reception at Glasgow, when he was installed as lord rector of the university, and made two speeches, one as lord rector, and the other in reply to his health at the banquet, which have never been equalled, certainly never surpassed, by any succeeding lord rector. But if his speech was frank, free, and open, his manner was not so, and the result was that the great divisions in the lobbies

Knit votes which served with hearts abhorring Peel.

And all this arose from his shyness, for he was a kind friend, a true and honorable man, of whom Mr. Raikes Currie (in one of those admirable speeches frequently delivered at the dinner-hour, which have therefore won no applause, either within or without the walls of the House) so greatly and nobly expressed himself, when he said, turning to Sir Robert, "He who would enter on a great political career

must bring to its study qualities to which I have no pretension, — industry, philosophy, deep thought, perfect habits of business, unremitting self-denial. When my name shall be forgotten, or remembered only as a household word beloved by my children or descendants, you, sir, will be remembered, for you belong to history; you will ever be spoken of as the statesman of unsurpassed ability, as the consummate orator, the unrivalled debator, as one who achieved successes in a field of intense competition. Will you not demand something more, standing as you do on the summit of fame, with, as I may say, all nations and languages at your feet, — will you not use your power, like the prophet of old, to bless and not to curse the people?"

A similar appeal was made to Sir Robert Peel as to the use of his great power, in the following verses: —

Oh thou to whose plebeian brow  
The noblest lords are forced to bow,  
And e'en thy sovereign must avow,

Thy plenitude of power;  
So high indeed thy name doth rise,  
That men who love thee not nor prize,  
Can with thy feelings sympathize  
In this triumphant hour.

When high-born fools who would think it  
shame

To bear thy father's honest name,  
Now humbly beg to share the fame  
And trophies of the war;  
When 'neath the spur hot Stanley frets,  
And, thankful for the post he gets,  
The last of the Plantagenets  
Walks fettered to thy car.

Oh! if thou couldst but understand,  
How great to rule the noblest land  
That mortal eye has ever scanned  
Since time its course began;  
Thou wouldst not stoop their aid to ask,  
But doff the actor's hollow mask,  
Rise equal to the mighty task,  
Proclaim yourself a man.

Then thou wilt only place retain  
To rid our commerce of its chain,  
The bigot's folly to restrain,  
And give the poor man bread;  
And then perchance, content and free,  
The people will thy guardians be,  
And in their gratitude decree  
A laurel for thy head

But if with low and factious aim,  
Thou playest the landlord's degenerate game,  
No power on earth shall shield thy fame  
From Britain's darkest frown.  
No craft nor speech nor haughty pride  
Shall turn the vengeful shaft aside,  
The curse of talent misapplied  
Alone shall drag thee down.

And thou wilt leave to after-times  
 Dark records of blood and crimes,  
 And bards will tell in future rhymes,  
 Of one who, raised by fate  
 From out the people's ranks to be  
 The lord of England's sovereignty,  
 Fell far below his destiny,  
 And did not dare be great.

The orator and the poet were satisfied when in 1846 Sir Robert Peel proposed the repeal of the Corn Laws. It is needless to say what a blow this was to all his party. The consequence of this sudden change of policy extended far beyond the measure itself, for it was the commencement of the sad loss of confidence in public men. It was not, however, until six months afterwards that the division on the Irish Coercion Bill hurled the great minister from power. However much he was convinced of his own integrity of purpose, it cannot have been without deep emotion that on this memorable evening he saw the great country party pass into the opposition lobby. It was well said at the time that those who voted against him on that occasion "were men of honor, breeding, and refinement, of great weight and station in the country." They had been not only his followers but his friends, had joined in the same pastimes, drunk from the same cup, and in the pleasantness of private life had often forgotten together the cares and strife of politics. He must have felt the bitterness of fate, while the Manners, the Lowthers, the Bentincks, the Somersets, passed before him. Yes; these were the country gentlemen, the gentlemen of England, with whose cheers, but five years before, the very same building had been ringing whenever he rose; they were proud at having him for their leader. So they marched out, all the men of high character, and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened, and whose council he had so often solicited in his eloquent speeches.

This occasion was the first difference of opinion in the Young England party. To some it seemed more desirable rather to continue to support a Conservative ministry, than to turn out Sir Robert Peel and let in the Whigs for the sake of a great principle, more especially when he could only be put into a minority by voting with the opposition. It was a very difficult position for young politicians to be placed in, the more so as not a few had very recently been speaking at agricultural meetings, and advocated the principal protection in magniloquent periods. of the boroughs at that time

large contiguous country districts—indeed, in not rare instances, the agricultural element predominated; but up to the last moment there was perfect confidence in the staunchness of Sir Robert to protection, and the voters had been gladdened with eloquent descriptions of golden crops and remunerative harvests, "of the bold peasantry, the country's pride." Nothing had been wanting to complete the picture of agricultural prosperity; now these visions had melted into air, and hereafter England was to depend on other countries for her food supplies. Those of our party who cared for men more than measures, resolved to consult the great man himself. Interviews with prime ministers are always solemn events, and it was not without nervousness that we went to Whitehall Gardens. But if we were nervous, Sir Robert Peel was much more so. No schoolboy could be more anxious than the great minister. While with one hand he fidgeted with his watch-chain and seals, with the other he played with papers which were lying on the table. Still, when once he began to explain the position, no words could be heartier, no expression of feeling nobler. He said his brother, Colonel Peel, found himself in the same difficulty. When Sir Robert was told that in some instances it was impossible conscientiously to retain the seat without re-election, he made tempting offers to vacate on taking office, which were invariably declined. One of the elections consequent on these events was remarkable. The rival candidates were exactly equal the whole day. The poll was published every hour after eight o'clock, and on each occasion it was a tie. The poll should have closed at four o'clock, but at a quarter to four an excited mob made an attack on the polling-booth. It was carried away, together with the returning officers and poll-clerks, the Liberal candidate, as it was supposed, being in a majority of one. The return was to be declared at the town-hall, whither the Conservative candidate went to protest against the return as illegal, the poll not having been kept open until four. As he commenced a very energetic protestation, the returning officer beckoned him to draw near, and whispered, "It is a mistake, you have a majority of one." As he spoke the band was heard approaching, playing "See the Conquering Hero comes!" They were chairing the supposed successful candidate. When the triumphal

reached the town-hall he made the mistake, what (ed) the occupant

of the chair descended from his rickety and most uncomfortable elevation, for the bearers were in very high spirits, and the Conservative, then member, took his place. Again "See the Conquering Hero" was played by the same band, the same mob of thirsty souls cheered, and the same amount of beer flowed, although from a different source. Alas! the result of all this was the break up of the great country party, and, what was more, the loss of confidence in the consistency of public men.

It was very remarkable that a statesman who had seen and lived so much in all societies, and with so great self-command in public, was so shy in private life. I remember on one occasion going rather early to dinner—a large Parliamentary dinner—in Whitehall Gardens, and meeting a member who was leaving. "I must be very late," I said to him.

"No; you are early," he replied; "but I am sure there is a mistake in the day. I must have been invited for next Saturday, for I have been in the picture-gallery with Sir Robert for a quarter of an hour, and he has never spoken a word to me."

This was a new member, and not acquainted with Sir Robert's manner. I advised him to return. He did so, and was warmly greeted by Sir Robert, who gained confidence with the increase in the number of his guests.

Sir Robert was not less remarkable for his physical than for his mental power. He was an excellent shot and a good walker. I have heard one who was learned in all manner of sports say he had met few better walkers and better shots; but both as a walker and a shot, he never met any one to equal Sir Robert.

He dined frequently at the House of Commons. The catering was at that time in the hands of Bellamy. There was a great difference between the dinner arrangements at that time and the present. Then, members dined in the kitchen, and the dinner was cooked before them. There was little besides beef-steaks and mutton-chops; but they were grilled at a roaring fire, and never were mutton-chops better served. Now, there is an elaborate *menu* of *entrées* and joints; but the change is not for the better, and the old members regret the simple *cuisine* of forty years since. What would they have thought of the new innovation of ladies dining within the sacred precincts? Never was change greater than this, except in the smoking arrangements. Formerly, the only place for smoking was Gossett's room. Captain Gossett was sergeant-at-arms, and no one

more popular ever filled the post. He was given two rooms, and one of these he invited his friends to smoke in. There were the pleasant reunions. Within these walls no party feeling entered; it was "lasciate ogni asperitate voi ch'entrate." Each of the invited brought his own cigars and whiskey—that is, all who frequently enjoyed this society used to send a present of whiskey, and there was no light consumption of the old Glenlivet and poteen. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone was asked what he imagined was the consumption during the session. He put it at three hundred and fifty bottles, and he was right within half-a-dozen. I very much question whether the new smoking-rooms ever will see such a genial society as the small retreat where the walls were covered with the photographs of the visitors, and where the pleasant talk until "Who goes home?" was heard, was only interrupted by the division bell.

Few deaths ever produced such a sense of loss to the nation as the death of Sir Robert Peel, which occurred in 1850 in consequence of a fall from his horse, on Constitution Hill. The people seemed stunned. Right or wrong in his politics, he had occupied a large place in the national mind. It was hard to realize the loss of that great intellect. It was a mournful day in the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone rose to move the adjournment of the House; there were tears in the eyes of all present. "Now," said the great orator:—

Is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light all quenched in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver note is still,  
The warder silent on the hill.

And then in thrilling voice and in noble language the speaker expressed in no exaggerated terms the deep loss the nation had sustained. There is no assembly more sympathetic than the House of Commons, or more generous in its instincts. It is easy to talk of the deterioration of the House. I believe that there is very little deterioration, and that it still remains the first assemblage of gentlemen in Europe. This was an occasion to which Mr. Gladstone was equal, for it appealed to all the deepest feelings of our nature. Had Mr. Gladstone been a great prelate, his funeral orations would have rivalled Bossuet's. Mr. Gladstone's great power arises from the intensity of his conviction. It is of no moment to him that the opinion of Tuesday may not be the opinion of Monday; but whatever his opinion at the time,

he is thoroughly convinced that it is right. To attack him, then, on the ground of inconsistency is idle; he will reply that he is the one consistent man that —

Nel mondo mutabile e leggero  
Costanza e spesso il variar pensiero.

It was well said by some one, "When Mr. Gladstone brings forward a question it is with a majestic authority, as if he came down from the mountain with the Ten Commandments in his despatch-box for private reference." I have always felt that if Mr. Gladstone, from his place in the House, chose to accuse me of any crime, not only would he at once persuade the House that I had committed it, but would persuade even myself that I had done it.

Mr. Gladstone's sympathetic utterance on the death of Sir Robert Peel reminds me that two years later his great rival moved the funeral honors of the Duke of Wellington. The highest expectations were aroused; never was such a grand occasion — more favorable for a noble orator than the death of Sir Robert Peel — for in the case of the great duke there could be but one unanimous sentiment. If I remember right, there was a national mourning. Over the untimely grave of the eminent statesman, passions were hushed for a time; but party animosity only slumbered, for there were many who loved him not and deplored him not. The great captain's death was felt throughout the length and breadth, not alone of Great Britain, but of the civilized world. Well was it written at the time, "It is the last stone torn from the ancient foundations of the European monarchies, and the present generation, leaning breathless over the dark gulf of the future, and listening to its fall in the unfathomable deep." The great minister, the powerful orator, addressed the House of Commons on this memorable occasion. Strange to say, he fell far short of the hopes and wishes of all the expectant hearers. It was very remarkable, and more remarkable that he who possessed in their fulness "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn," should ever have adopted the words which had been spoken over the grave of the marshal Gouvion de Saint Cyr. "Doubtless," said Mr. Disraeli, "to think with vigor, with clearness, and with depth in the recess of the Cabinet, is a fine intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigor, clearness, and depth among bullets, appears the loftiest exercise and the most complete triumph of the human faculties."

These were pretty near the words in the funeral oration of the *maréchal*, in which the expression, "*le silence de son cabinet*" was curiously translated by Mr. Disraeli "in the recess of the Cabinet;" and if I remember right, it was this which attracted attention. Had Mr. Disraeli taken the trouble, he could have spoken imperishable words on that occasion. Only two years had passed since the invasion of the Houses of Parliament by Feargus O'Connor and his Chartist hordes had been averted by the genius and determination of the great captain. When the queen went to Osborne, and the duke accepted the command of all the forces, it was understood that he was to possess undivided responsibility and authority. It was truly a momentous day when in the very early dawn a large force was concentrated in the metropolis, and yet not a soldier to be seen the whole day; not a carriage was seen in the streets, which were only patrolled by special constables. At four o'clock, when the House was sitting, Feargus O'Connor asked permission for the Chartist delegates from the mass on the other side of Westminster Bridge to introduce the monster petition. The answer was, that the petition of the people would, of course, be received by the House, but no deputation. Then Feargus O'Connor's heart sank. On the Vauxhall side of the bridge, there were the tens of thousands he had collected from all parts in the hope of the plunder of the metropolis; but O'Connor well knew that although no soldier was seen, they occupied every house in the vicinity; that the great duke had said, if one of his soldiers was struck with a stone, or a man put his foot on the bridge, the leaders of the movement and their followers must take the consequences of their deeds. The cannon knew no distinction of persons, so Feargus O'Connor took the most prudent course, and with great difficulty induced his forces to disperse, and so ended the eventful revolution of 1848.

Some of the Chartist songs, though very profane, possessed a good deal of vigor. I remember the first stanza of one which was popular with this socialist party: —

Crucified, crucified every morn,  
Beaten with stripes and crowned with thorn;  
Spurred and spat on, and drenched with  
gall —  
Brothers, how long will ye bear this thrall?  
Mary of Magdalene, Peter, and John,  
Answer the question and pass it on.

In Mr. Disraeli's graceful dedication of

"Coningsby" to Mr. Henry Hope, he mentions that it was composed amid "the glades and galleries of Deepdene," where the party of Young England were ever warmly welcomed, and never was a spot where the youthful imagination could find a more genial home. It possessed all the charm that woodland and undulating ground and abundant flowers could bestow without; and within, every grace that the most cultivated taste and refinement could lavish upon it. An Italian style of building, which, if not precisely adapted to the climate, harmonized with the landscape. Happy days were passed there by the youthful party, who added, spite of the warning of Rasselas, to their present enjoyment the fond hopes of the future. There were many visitors to Deepdene, most of whom sympathized with the ambitions and aspirations of youth. One dear kind friend arrived there, with whom a pleasant incident is associated. General Sir Willoughby Cotton had returned from an important Indian command. He was a very grand, dignified officer, warm-hearted, irascible, and was ready to resent any slight absence of due consideration. So much so, that the first day after his return, when the members of the Carlton pressed round to congratulate him on his arrival, among them was Mr. Quintin Dick, who slapped the general on the back, and said, "How are you, Willoughby?"

The general started, stared at him, and replied, "Pretty well, Mr. Richard."

"Richard! why, you have forgotten, I am Dick!"

"Yes, sir; but although you are familiar enough to call me Willoughby, I am not familiar enough to call you Dick!"

Mr. Henry Hope had been presented with two little bears, which were during the day tied to separate trees by long chains. These bears were constant objects of curiosity, and it was observed that the sure sign of their being out of temper was when they licked their paws. One morning they were evidently in a very bad humor, and we were all looking at them, when the general said, "Not any of you young fellows dare to unchain one of the bears."

"Why, you are a great officer and you won't do it," was the reply.

"You mean I dare not?" said Sir Willoughby, very indignantly.

"No!" we exclaimed.

He took a short stick out of one of our hands, and went to the bear. The little brute licked his paws more and more as

the general began to unwind the chain, while we chuckled with delight. No sooner was the chain unwound than the bear clasped the general's portly form in his arms. In vain he struck him on the head with his stick. All his breath was crushed out of him. We all rushed to the rescue. Every one belabored the little animal, and at last he left hold of the general, who sank panting to the ground. We could not seize the chain, and off went the bear, through the flower-beds, to the house, scattering a group of ladies who were sitting on the terrace. The bear dashed through the hall door, dragging his chain after him, down the wide gallery, and straight into a china-closet, with glass doors, which stood at the end of it. Then came crash! crash!! crash!!! All the establishment rushed to the rescue, and at last the bear was secured; but not until the closet had become the scene of dire disaster. It may be supposed that after this the bears were never tied to the trees, but were kept in durance vile. This may seem a somewhat unimportant incident to record, but it was a very amusing scene. How pleasant it was after the long weary hours of the House of Commons to find ourselves in such a cheerful house, where host and hostess only cared for the happiness of their guests! I remember Mr. Disraeli always posted down from London. He considered there was no enjoyment equal to travelling in a comfortable carriage with a pair of good posters. How much was the charm of the travel enhanced, when it was to enjoy a period of repose in a house which possessed what a poet wrote every house should possess, the three L's — light, life, and love!

It was on such occasions that Mr. Disraeli would tell us the tale of his early life, which really was the life of Vivian Grey. The *Quarterly Review* said: —

No one can forget his first impressions on reading "Vivian Grey," and it may well be understood that those who enjoyed the privilege of listening to his tale of the dawn of that ambitious, grand, and crowded life, can never forget it. Like Napoleon, he achieved eminence, not only without any extraneous aid, but in spite of every disadvantage. He again, like Napoleon, had faith in himself. It is easy to preach the doctrine of humility; but more careers are sacrificed by men underrating than overrating themselves. He possessed the admirable quality of rising after failure — defeat never crushed him. Like the fabled oak, he was strengthened by every blow.

It is well known that his failure on the occasion of his first speech in the House

in no way daunted him, and yet the failure would have broken most men. Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, told me that he drove with Disraeli from Gore House after this disappointment, and that he was in a most dejected state. Sheil said it was not a break down, it was a crash down. A very short time elapsed before he addressed the House again, and sat down amid cheers from all sides. It was told of him — he never told it himself — during his boyhood that he was asked by Lord Melbourne: "Well, what do you intend to be?" and his ready reply was, "Prime minister." These parties at the Deepdene succeeded his marriage, when he returned from a long Continental tour, during which he was received with distinction in every court and every society. By every account, in Paris he was the observed of all, — the representatives of all parties and opinions paid homage to his intellect. He was on the most friendly terms with the king, with whom he was frequently closeted. Lord Brougham, who was at Paris at the same time, found himself eclipsed, and saw Disraeli's success with ill-concealed annoyance.

Another country house where Young England were received with open arms was Mr. Walter's, at Bearwood. Mr. Walter possessed the majority of shares in the *Times*, and could therefore control its politics. Most of the papers, even the opposition, were favorable to young men who at least possessed earnestness and honorable ambition; but the *Times* and *Morning Post* took them under their special protection. The latter paper had not at that date hoisted what the *Times* called "the red flag of the Foreign Office on the bare poles of Protection;" it was the recognized organ of the upper circles of society, and was conducted with remarkable ability by Mr. Borthwick, a prominent member of the Young England party. His son, Sir Algernon Borthwick, has not only maintained the high reputation of the journal, but, under his admirable management, it is second to none in its widely extended influence and its high standard of merit. Many pleasant reunions we had in the sanctum of the *Morning Post*, when the questions of the day were discussed, with frequently very impracticable results. At the *Times* office we were given a small room, where we had all the advantage of early information and competent advisers. It was, however, at Bearwood, Mr. Walter's country seat, that we enjoyed the benefit of his sagacity and wide experience. A spirit of kindness and peace per-

vaded the whole place; an extensive park invited to long strolls with our host, from whom we learnt much of interest connected with the topics of the day. At Bearwood there is a large sheet of water, which was the scene of a deeply affecting incident. Mr. Walter's grandson was a most graceful thinker and writer. He had been on a voyage round the world, and rejoined his family two days before Christmas, and he lost his life in a most noble effort to save the lives of others who had fallen in, and were struggling amongst the broken ice. It was a noble self-sacrifice. But what was most remarkable, he had but recently been translating some German poems, in which were lines of solemn beauty, strangely prophetic —

When most the chill of death I dread,  
Chill like the sharp and bitter cold,  
Ere dawns in heaven the morning red.

No family in the country have ever been more highly considered and more universally popular than Mr. Walter's. It was a sad blow when Mr. Walter, the friend of Young England, was unseated on petition. The committee had sat for I think five or six weeks. At that time election petitions were tried by committees of the House; and so little confidence was there in the impartiality of our statesmen, that it was customary to select an equal number from each side and a chairman. It was felt that, except in cases where difference of opinions are quite impossible, the ultimate decision must rest with the chairman, who again rarely voted against his party; so, in general, when the chairman was known, the result of the petition was pretty certain. Mr. Walter's case was very remarkable; for after the many weary days, no evidence of bribery and corruption worth anything in the opinion of the committee had been brought forward, and there was a general feeling that the petition would be declared "frivolous and vexatious." It was Mr. Walter's own counsel who subsequently, from not having attended throughout the proceedings, suggested the weak points which the committee had overlooked, and which afforded a justification for half the committee to vote that the "preamble was proved," when the chairman gave the casting vote, which confirmed this view, so Mr. Walter was unseated.

Since the days of Coningsby there has not been so large a number of young men returned to Parliament as there is in the present, and in respect of age it might almost be called a Younger England.

Those members of Young England who have passed away, or the few survivors, are many of them represented by the new generation. These may now apply to themselves the eloquent conclusion of "Coningsby":—

They stand on the threshold of public life. What will be their fate? Will they maintain in august assemblies and high places the great truths which they have embraced; or will their courage exhaust itself in the struggle, their generous impulses yield to the tawdry temptations of a low ambition; or will they remain brave and true, refuse to bow before shadows and worship phrases; sensible of the greatness of their position, recognize the greatness of their duties, denounce to a perplexed and disheartened world the frigid theories of a generalizing age? Will they believe in their own energies, and dare to be great?

*Maga.* I wish I had confidence enough to be able to say yes. But without being a *laudator temporis acti*, I feel more pleasure in your political recollections than a contemporary survey is calculated to afford. I hope you have still more reminiscences to relate of this period. I assure you they have excited a remarkable interest.

*A.* When you next visit me after a month or two, I shall be glad to allow you to make some more drafts on my memory. But the clash of political warfare once more resounds, and the memories of the past must give place for a time to the actualities of the present.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
LORD LAMINGTON.

It is again our sad office to make such hasty memorial as time permits of one of the old friends and valued contributors, whose faithful support, when once enlisted in her band, has always been the pride of *Maga*. Lord Lamington, better remembered as Mr. Baillie Cochrane— one of the best-known figures in the brilliant and picturesque party; the chivalrous young enthusiasts who were known as "Young England" some fifty years ago—has at the close of a long and honorable career been taken away in the very act, so to speak, of making those graphic sketches of its earlier surroundings, the third of which opens this number; and it is a touching coincidence that it should appear within the very covers which enclose these our last words of recollection and farewell. Few living knew better the society—so different in many respects from that with

which we are familiar—or could speak with more authority of either the "dandies" or the statesmen of a time which, though still so near—scarcely as yet passed into the historic region—is so essentially changed.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane had one of those discursive minds and independent characters which it is difficult to break into the steady jog-trot of party work; but he was never a man to be overlooked, and his cultured intelligence and knowledge of foreign life gave him considerable influence in the discussions affecting European evolutions, in which, frequently, he did not take the popular side. Such a man—always more or less a spectator, although often a vigorous actor in public life—has frequently better opportunities of seeing the game than those who are completely involved in it, and his memory was richly furnished with all the most important incidents and personages of the last half-century. It is always a drawback to such reminiscences when written, that the author is obliged perforce to leave out himself—in this case a large and imposing figure, counting for a great deal in the ever-shifting and brilliant crowd.

Had there not been so many other scenes in which he was known and prominent, Lord Lamington's appearances in literature would no doubt have attracted greater notice. He was the author of a novel and of some essays in poetry which secured considerable attention; and we have ourselves had the advantage of a number of able historical and political sketches from his pen. Our readers will remember among these the careful study of "Elizabeth de Valois," as well as various slighter efforts. The interest and distinction of the last work from his pen—"In the Days of the Dandies"—so full of intimate knowledge of men and events, and reproducing, with so much animation and power, the atmosphere and peculiarities of an epoch which is concluded, have received universal acknowledgment; no doubt gratifying to him—anonymous as they were—in his last days; as well as very pleasing to ourselves, whose pages he had chosen as the medium of their publication.

Another man of note and ripe experience has thus passed away from among us, as the greater part of his generation has already passed away. The country is poorer in the cessation on earth of every such manly voice and cultivated intelligence; but the memory of her worthy sons is in itself an inheritance which cannot pass away.



From The National Review.  
A DIALOGUE WITH A MUMMY.\*

BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

*Chorus of Mummies in the Laboratory of Frederick Ruysch.†*

O Death! alone immortal, unto whom  
Every created thing must come, in thee  
Our disembodied natures now repose;  
Joyless, indeed, but, at the least, secure  
From all the woes of life. Profoundest night  
Obscures our torpid and bewildered sense;  
All hope and all desire in us are dead;  
But so alike is every grief and fear;  
While the void æons, gliding slowly by,  
Have neither tedium nor charm for us.  
We once did live; but now the memory  
Of life is paled within us, faint and blurred  
As a child's waking image of some dream,  
Or terrifying phantom of the night.  
What were we — what was that unjoyful state  
Which, living, we called life — ay, what?  
It looms upon our apprehension now,  
Like some dim problem of mysterious scope,  
Even as Death unto the living looms;  
And even as man's puny senses shrink  
From death while yet he lives, just even so  
Our disembodied spirits now recoil  
From the bare thought of life's brief fevered  
course;  
Joyless, indeed, but now at last assured  
Joy is denied alike to quick and dead.

*Ruysch (outside his laboratory, peering through the chinks of the door). Zounds!*  
Who has taught music to these long-dead mummies, that they carol thus in the middle of the night, like so many cocks? By my faith, I am e'en in a cold sweat, and am within an ace of being more dead than they are. I little thought I had preserved them from corruption only that they might thus revive, and chill my blood. For all my vaunted philosophy, I quake from head to foot. Curse the foul fiend who ever tempted me to keep such horrors in my house! In sooth, I know not what to do. If I leave them shut up here, how know I but they may burst the door, or issue through the key-hole, and stalk to my bedside. As for calling for help for fear of dead corpses, I may not think of it. Come, let me pluck up courage, and try if I can frighten them.

*(He enters the laboratory.)*

How now, my sons! what merry jest is this? Pray bear in mind that you are

\* This translation, by Major-General Maxwell, is authorized by the Società Successori le Monnier of Florence, publishers and sole proprietors of the original edition of the works of Leopardi.

† Frederick Ruysch, celebrated professor of anatomy at Amsterdam in the seventeenth century; famous, *inter alia*, for his collection of anatomical preparations, comprising certain entire cadavers, preserved on a system of his own invention and commonly called Ruysch's mummies.

dead. What means this precious caterwauling? Are ye puffed up because his Majesty the czar did come to look at you? \* and think ye that ye are no longer to conform to nature's laws? Sure, 'twas but a jest. Nay, if you have really come to life again, I congratulate you from my heart; only, in that case, I must frankly tell you we must part; for though I could afford to keep you so long as you remained dead, I am not rich enough to feed you as live men; so you will have to pack. If, indeed, there be such things as vampires, and if you be of that sort, you may e'en go and suck somebody else's blood, for, sure, I am not minded to let ye suck mine; though I was willing enough to fill your veins with yonder artificial substitute you wot of. † In one word, then, if ye be content to lie still and hold your peace, as heretofore, we'll still be friends, and ye shall lack for nothing reasonable in my poor house; if not, I tell you plain I'll take this door bolt, and pound you into worse than mummies.

*Mummy (speaks).* Be not enraged. I vow to you we are all stone dead, without your pounding us.

*Ruysch.* Well, then, explain this whim which even now possessed ye, to break out into song?

*Mummy.* Even now, when midnight tolled, it marked the first of those grand algebraic cycles whereof the ancients wrote; when, for the first time since the universe began, 'tis given to the dead to speak — and not to us alone, but to all the dead — to all, wherever they may lie; in every tomb, deep in the bottom of the sea, beneath the snows of the pole, or the sands of Sahara; whether stretched beneath the open sky, or buried in the bosom of the earth — all, all the dead this midnight chanted with us the hymn you heard but now.

*Ruysch.* Ay, truly! But, say, how long will they continue thus to sing or speak?

*Mummy.* Their hymn is ended. Now 'tis their privilege to speak for one sole quarter of a mortal hour. Then must they return to silence, till the next of these vast cycles shall return.

*Ruysch.* If this be so, I trow ye'll not disturb my rest a second time; meanwhile, enjoy your short-lived chat, while I stand here aside and listen to you. Fain would I hear your talk; I'll not disturb ye.

\* The Ruysch mummies were visited by the czar, Peter the Great, and were eventually purchased by him.

† It was supposed that Ruysch preserved his cadavers by the injection of certain liquids, invented by himself.

*Mummy.* 'Tis not permitted unto us to speak, save only in reply to queries from a living man. The uninterrogated dead, when once he has sung yon hymn, is dumb.

*Ruysch.* I deeply grieve to hear it; for methinks it had been passing curious to hear your colloquy, an ye had license for it.

*Mummy.* Even had it been so, 'tis little you'd have gleaned; for, know, we have *nought* to speak of.

*Ruysch.* Ay, but a thousand questions crowd upon my brain concerning mysteries which I would learn of you. The time allotted you for speech is short; come tell me — tell me, in a word, what your sensation was in the dread point of death. How felt you then?

*Mummy.* I had *no* feeling.

*The Other Mummies.* Nor we.

*Ruysch.* How, mean ye to aver ye did not feel the awful change?

*Mummy.* Just as men fail to note the point when sleep begins.

*Ruysch.* Ay, but then sleep's an ordinary thing.

*Mummy.* And is not death so? Show us the man, the beast, the plant which doth not die!

*Ruysch.* Marry, now I marvel not to hear you speak or sing, if ye perceived not even when ye died —

Cost' colui, del colpo non accorto,  
Andava combattendo, ed era morto,

as the song says. And yet, methinks, as touching this affair of death, the like of you *must* know more than is known to us who have not yet died. Come, now, be plain; felt ye no anguish at the point of death?

*Mummy.* I tell thee once again I was not conscious of it.

*Ruysch.* Yet, of a truth, the bitterness of death, the anguish of its very sentiment, is held of all.

*Mummy.* Death is no thing of sense or sentiment — nay, 'tis its very opposite; where no feeling is, no bitterness can be.

*Ruysch.* And yet all men, in every time — ay, even the Epicurean sect — have held that death, in its very essence, hath a bitter pang.

*Mummy.* The living think so, but they err. Ask us, and we reply: If man cannot perceive the point at which his vital force is but suspended for a time by sleep or syncope, how should he note the point at which that force is quenched forever? Nay, more; how could a sense of aught be felt at death, which is itself the extinc-

tion of the faculty of sense — which dulls, and lastly kills, the very power to feel — how could this process of extinction be a thing of pain? I say, again, when consciousness itself is lulled in dissolution, no bitterness can be. Why, look ye, even they who die of painful maladies, when death draws nigh, are seen calm and quiescent, proving that in them the vital power, vanishing at the touch of death, is no more capable of pain; thus pain and fear themselves are dead before death comes. Tell this from us to all who think to suffer in the hour of death.

*Ruysch.* Such reasonings may suit the cold materialist, but never those who hold far other doctrines of the nature of the soul, as I have ever done, and all the more shall do, now that I have heard the dead both speak and sing. For, inasmuch as death is the parting of the soul and body, we may not think that these two essences, conjoined and welded into one, can e'er be severed without some dread and unimaginable shock.

*Mummy.* Say, then, are body and soul linked into one by any nerve or fibrous tissue which must be snapped when the soul takes its flight; or is the soul some actual portion of the body, which then is violently rent away? See you not that the soul quits the body only because it may no longer dwell there — its fleshy tenement is wrecked — and not because of any shock or violence, which tears it from its seat? Here is no violence at all. And tell me — think you, that when it first finds place within the body — at the time men call birth — think you the soul then feels its entrance into life; or has perception of its new attachment to the body? Think you it notes the new-formed union? Why, then, at death should it needs note the separation from its clay companion? Nay, be well assured that even as the entrance into life is gentle and unperceived, so will the parting be.

*Ruysch.* Then what is death, if it contain no pain?

*Mummy.* 'Tis rather pleasure; know that death, like slumber, comes not in an instant, but by slow and imperceptible gradations. True, these gradations vary with the variety of the causes which occasion death; but when it comes, death, like its sister sleep,\* brings nor pain nor pleasure; but unconsciousness alone. Before it comes, it steeps the senses in a lethargy

\* Respectful apologies to Homer for making sleep the *sister* of death. See the celebrated episode of Hera and Sleep, *Iliad*, xiv., 231, etc.

Ἔνθ' ἴππῳ ξύμβλητο, κασιγνήτῳ Θανάτῳ, etc.

which blunts all consciousness and dulls all pain. But the lethargy which dulls all pain is itself a pleasure; and, therefore, I said but now that the approach of death is even pleasurable. Surely the best and truest part of what men call pleasure consists in freedom from pain; and thus, as death draws nigh, if we feel aught, 'tis pleasure that we feel. For me, although in my last hour I paid small heed to my sensations, since my physician counselled calm; yet I bethink me that the sense I felt was not unlike the pleasant languor of approaching sleep.

*The Other Mummies.* Such, too, was what we felt.

*Rhysch.* Be it as you say; though all with whom I have discussed the theme have taken a far other view of it; but they, 'tis true, did not, like you, speak from their own experience. But now tell me, in the hour of death, while you felt that pleasant sort of languor you describe, did you realize that you were dying; knew you that it was death which approached; or had you some other thought?

*Mummy.* Till I was actually dead I never felt clearly persuaded that I was about to die; and while I retained the faculty of thought, it seemed to me I yet might live; and such, methinks, is the common phantasy of dying men.

*The Other Mummies.* Such was our phantasy.

*Rhysch.* Ay, even as Cicero has said, that ne'er a man, however aged and infirm, but hopes to live another year. But, *at the very last, when all was over, when the spirit had departed, when you were dead, what was your first sensation? Tell me your experience then.*

Ha! No reply! My sons, do you not hear me? Speak! Ah, no! Their lips are sealed. The destined quarter of an hour is past. Let me examine them. Ay, they are dead sure enough; stone dead, stone dead. Well, there is no fear of their giving me another fright. Let me again to bed.

PATRICK MAXWELL.

From Chambers' Journal.

GERMAN COLONIES IN THE HOLY LAND.

IN Würtemberg, in the year 1836, many pious persons looked confidently for the second coming of the Messiah. Some thirteen years later, a Dr. Christopher Hoffmann became convinced that it would be a good thing and a wise to gather the

there to await his coming. In the course faithful people together in Jerusalem, of a few years he found himself at the head of a small community of zealous persons eager to settle as colonists in Palestine. But it was not until 1858 that the first pioneer band, consisting of three gentlemen, was sent out to examine the land, and report on its capabilities for colonization by Europeans. They came home in the following summer; but their report was not encouraging. What their objections and difficulties were we shall see subsequently. Meanwhile, the small community of the friends of Jerusalem, having been excluded from the national Evangelical Church of Würtemberg, formed themselves in 1861 into an independent religious society, calling themselves the "German Temple." But the Templars encountered a good deal of opposition and discouragement at home, chiefly from the clergy of the orthodox Church. Hence the movement grew with extreme slowness, so that in half-a-dozen years it did not number more than two thousand members all told, including small parties of adherents in the United States and in the south of Russia. At no time has it exceeded five thousand members.

At length, in 1869, the first serious attempt was made by the Templars to establish themselves in Palestine. In September of that year Dr. Hoffmann and Mr. G. A. Hardegg, the leaders of the movement, in spite of the refusal of the Ottoman government in Constantinople to grant them a concession of land unless they would enrol themselves as Turkish subjects, managed to purchase land at Haifa, a small town situated at the northern foot of Mount Carmel. At the same time a second nucleus was formed at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, farther south. Ere the year ran out, more than one hundred immigrants had arrived, the bulk of them going to Haifa and Jaffa, though a few wended their way to Beyrout and Jerusalem. During the next three years the number of the Templars in Palestine grew apace. A second estate was purchased near Jaffa, and there, in 1872, was founded the exclusively agricultural colony of Saron. In the following year a fourth colony was established close to the holy city of Jerusalem; and in 1876 a Templar community was formally constituted near Beyrout.

But these German Templars were not the first people to attempt the colonization of Palestine and the introduction into that neglected land of the civilization of the

West. Already in 1848 an American lady, Mrs. Minor, at the head of certain of her countrymen and a few German families from the valley of the Rhine, had settled in Palestine for the express purpose of putting before the Jews an example of industry and thrift, and thereby doing something to awaken them to the consciousness of the advantages that follow in the steps of Western culture. But the undertaking came to an untimely end in 1857 with the death of the leader.

Again, in 1866, a more pretentious effort was made to plant another colony in the Holy Land, this time at Jaffa. The prime mover at this time was an American gentleman named Adams, the founder of a religious sect called the Church of the Messiah, who in the year mentioned brought over to Palestine a company of one hundred and seventy people. But this enterprise was not more successful than its forerunner. In spite of everything having been done beforehand to ensure success, the scheme did not prosper. The colonists began to lose heart; their expectations were not realized; no help came to them from America, and none from Europe; and in the end the greater part of the colonists were carried home at the expense of the government.

To return to the German Templars. Up to 1878 there was no falling-off in the influx of immigrants to the colonies of the society. At first the chief difficulties they had to contend against arose out of their position as foreigners on Turkish soil. The Ottoman government refused to legalize their titles of ownership to their land; and so long as the matter was not definitely settled, they were exposed to the exactions of the nominal native owners, and to the arbitrary demands of the native tax-collectors. But they struggled bravely on, and eventually these difficulties were successfully overcome; although the Turkish authorities still continue to look upon the Templar communities, foreigners as they are both to their government and their creed, with considerable suspicion and mistrust. Their other difficulties were incidental to the land and its geographical situation. The soil of Palestine has been neglected for so long a period of time that it has lost much of the extraordinary fertility for which it was once famous. It has ceased to be a "land flowing with milk and honey," and this chiefly through the supineness and ignorance of its inhabitants. Then, again, the Templars had to fight against the disagreeable consequences that necessarily attended a change

of climate such as that implied in emigrating from Würtemberg to Palestine. Malarial fevers are common, almost persistent, in most of the Templar colonies, though they do not seem ever to have been of a malignant type, except at Sarona. But even at Sarona a great improvement has been effected in this regard as the years have rolled by. Whereas in the first year there died 8.33 persons in every hundred, the death-rate for the years 1876-80 was only 1.32, and for the years 1881-85, 1.47.

The immigrants are for the most part farmers and handicraftsmen, with a sprinkling of professional men. As a whole, they are not rich, though each family is possessed of some means. They are, generally speaking, simple, honest, industrious folk, straightforward in faith and in conduct. In accordance with the more practical side of their aims, they strive to realize as far as may be the ideal Christian life as laid down in the New Testament. By this means they set a useful example to the Arabs and Jews who dwell around them; and in this way they hope to sow in Palestine the good seeds of European enlightenment and civilization. These good-hearted Würtembergers are fully alive to the importance of sound education; they maintain good schools, and bestow much attention upon them. Every colony possesses at least one school, modelled on the pattern of the communal schools at home. At Jerusalem they have a lyceum or grammar school for boys; and at Haifa there did exist for some time a higher school for girls.

During the first years of their settlement in Palestine the organization of the Templar society was changed more than once. They experienced some difficulty in making the civil headship harmonize with the religious or spiritual headship; and at the end of the tenth year it was found necessary to separate the two functions. In August, 1887, the worldly affairs of the Templar communities were rendered more secure against the interference of the Turkish authorities in a very ingenious manner. Under the auspices of the German consular court at Jerusalem an ordinary commercial company was formed, the Central Treasury of the Temple of Aberle and Hoffmann, which was to be conducted by two presidents and a popular council of twelve members, who should meet at least once a year for the transaction of business. Of this company all the members of the Templar communities were enrolled as sleeping partners. But

they did not adopt, as might perhaps be supposed, any communistic form of property; each person retained his economic independence. The device, though admittedly running counter to the spirit of the Templar society, was resorted to simply for the purpose of safeguarding their position as foreign colonists in a land under the rule of Turkey. By putting themselves under the protection of their own consul, in the character of a commercial or trading company, they became exempt in many respects from the jurisdiction and vexatious interference of the Turkish officials.

Since 1878 the colony at Jerusalem, consisting principally of artisans, has taken the first place amongst the Templar communities in Palestine. It is to these German aliens that the Holy City owes the industrial activity which has lately begun to manifest itself within her walls. As already remarked, the colony at Saron is a purely agricultural settlement; that at Jaffa has attracted most of the professional men among the colonists; the people settled at Haifa are for the most part vine-growers, agriculturists, and handicraftsmen, with a few merchants. The total number of colonists is estimated at thirteen hundred, almost exclusively Germans. Most of them came direct from Würtemberg; a few, however, found their way to Palestine from south Russia and from the United States.

The land belonging to the colony of Haifa extends along the northern foot of Mount Carmel, overlooking the Bay of Acre; it occupies a narrow plain, nearly one thousand paces wide and two and a half miles long, that has squeezed itself in between the mountain and the sea. The surface of the plain ranges for the most part at about ninety feet above the level of the sea, and the land has been cultivated for nearly one thousand feet up the slopes of Carmel. The native town of Haifa, with a population of about six thousand, stands at the eastern extremity of the plain. About a mile distant from it on the west are the houses of the German settlement, where dwell about three hundred people in all. The principal street of the little village stretches up from the shore towards the mount. It is bordered on each side by a double row of shade-trees, behind which, each in a well-kept garden, stand the houses, built of white stone, one or two stories high, with slate roofs and a text of Scripture in German over the doorway. The lower slopes of Mount Carmel are planted with olives;

the higher have been terraced, and are planted with vines. But although the Würtembergers are experienced and capable vine-dressers, as almost every hillside in their native country abundantly testifies, these colonists at Haifa have not been altogether successful in their attempts at vine-growing, their comparative failure being due to the fact that the vines they first planted were imported from Germany, and were unable to withstand the attacks of mildew.

The German colony was not the first settlement of Europeans in this part of Palestine; for during more than seven hundred years there had existed on Mount Carmel a monastery of Carmelite monks—in fact, their original seat. Nor was the settlement of the Templars unattended with drawbacks and difficulties. They suffered from the opposition of Turkish officials, and not from these only; for the native population greeted the intrusion of the new-comers with the religious and racial antagonism that exists almost everywhere in the Orient between Mohammedan Arabs and Christian Europeans.

Nevertheless, the Templars of Haifa have finally succeeded, if not in winning the cordial good-will of the native population, at all events in disarming their aggressive opposition, open and covert. For Germans and Arabs now carry on commercial and agricultural operations conjointly, and apparently in perfect amity and concord. But the Templars have not been content with merely setting the Arabs and Jews a better and stimulating example; they have actually conferred upon them positive and tangible advantages. At their own expense they have constructed a highroad to Acre, on the other side of the bay; and a second one, more useful still, across the Plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth, twenty-two miles distant, and have introduced upon them the use of wheeled vehicles. These roads are now regularly used by the natives, who have adopted from their German neighbors their method of carrying produce—namely, on carts and wagons. They have also, under the influence of the same good example, improved their methods of agriculture, and have begun to build stone houses, in imitation of those of the Germans, and to attend to the sanitary condition of their little town. For whereas, before their arrival, the native town was as dirty and as dilapidated as any native town you please in all Palestine, it is now a model of neatness and cleanliness. And in yet other ways the natives have reaped

profit from the advent of the Templars. The value of land has increased threefold. The commerce of the little seaport has received a notable impulse. Large quantities of grain and other raw produce from the Hauran and other districts beyond Jordan are brought down to Haifa for export. There is now perfect safety for person and property; whereas, twenty years ago, it was often a very hazardous thing to venture outside the gates of Haifa without an armed escort, not at night-time, but in broad daylight. And all these estimable results the Templars have brought about simply through the sheer force of example; by the strictest honesty and uprightness in their dealings with one another and with the native population; by industry, simplicity of living, and steady good-will.

The Haifa colony seems to be now well started on the way to prosperity. It has mills for grinding corn into flour; it has a manufactory for making olive-oil soap, and another for making useful and ornamental articles from olive-wood. And of all the Templar colonies in Palestine it is undoubtedly the healthiest. The heat, although high, is neither unpleasant nor yet excessive, except when the sirocco happens to blow. The regular winds are pretty constant, and exert on the whole a cooling influence. During the day, a breeze blows in from the sea; whilst at night a breeze blows in the contrary direction, from the land seawards. Malaria does indeed occur, but not very frequently, and always in a mild and innocuous form. It may be added that General Gordon several times visited this Templar colony; and Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the well-known author, lived there nearly a year.

The settlement that has suffered most from sickness, and the untoward conditions of the climate has been that of Saron. This colony stands on the alluvial plain of Sharon, which stretches from Jaffa to Mount Carmel, and is situated about one hour's journey from Jaffa, not far from the sea. It is nearly surrounded by a little stream, which during the hot, rainless season of summer — lasting from May to September — dries up completely, with the exception of a few pools of stagnant water left here and there in its bed. At first the colonists who settled at Saron were severely visited by malarial fevers and dysentery; a very high proportion of the settlers having perished in the first year. But by dint of dogged endurance, and by strenuous labor to improve the sanitary conditions of the place, they have managed greatly to reduce the risks. The

death-rate does not at the present time exceed 1.50 per cent. a year. Here, too, the patience and industry of the Templars have converted what was formerly a barren wilderness into a fruitful and beautiful garden.

The colonies of Jaffa and Jerusalem never suffered to anything like the same extent as Saron, though neither of them is exempt from recurrent attacks of a mild form of malarial fever. The one, however, is situated immediately on the coast, where it can get the benefit of sea-air and the sea-breezes. The other is situated forty or forty-five miles inland, on the water parting between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, amongst the mountains of Judæa, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The colony at Jaffa, as already observed, consists very largely of professional men; that at Jerusalem almost exclusively of artisans and handicraftsmen. Between the two towns the Templars maintain active communication by means of wagons and similar wheeled vehicles; and here again the Arabs and Jews have not been slow to imitate the example that has been put before them.

Thus it would seem that at last something is really being done to dissipate the mists of sloth and ignorance which for so many centuries have hidden the Holy Land from the hand of usefulness, and to give it back that great measure of fertility which it enjoyed in antiquity.

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From Temple Bar.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

A POET, like a prophet, sometimes suffers from a lack of appreciation on the part of his neighbors. Mr. Groome, in his interesting article\* on Edward Fitzgerald, informs us that two old ladies of Aldeburgh, whenever they heard the name of their distinguished townsman mentioned, used always to smooth their black mittens and remark: "We never thought much of Mr. Crabbe," intellectual superiority not being a recognized quality in that slightly barbaric region. We have consulted some authorities of Woodbridge respecting Edward Fitzgerald. One of them informs us that the only thing he knew of him was that he was an "eccentric man who walked about with his mouth open and his hat at the

\* In *Blackwood's Magazine*.

back of his head." Woodbridge evidently entertained a great man unawares. The letters of Edward FitzGerald, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright, have delighted the reading world. The art of letter-writing is not lost, but it is wrong to mention art in conjunction with such letters, which are written in "the purest, simplest, raciest English," without a shade of affectation, or a thought that they would ever be subjected to public criticism. Of course there are superior persons who see nothing in them, but as usual they are in a hopeless minority. FitzGerald's description of Madame de Sévigné's letters might be applied to his own: "good sense, good feeling, humor, love of books and country life."

Edward FitzGerald was born in 1809 at Bredfield Hall, near Woodbridge. He was educated at Bury School, where he acquired the friendship of James Spedding, William Bodham Donne, and John Kemble, afterwards licenser of plays and a great Anglo-Saxon scholar; on leaving Bury he entered Cambridge University, where he first met his friends, the Tennysons.

Edward FitzGerald's name was first known in America through Mrs. Kemble's account of his family in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. FitzGerald is described as a most amiable and genial Irish gentleman, the possessor of large property in Ireland and Suffolk, with a house in Portland Place, where he, with his wife, who was also his first cousin, lived in great state. Mrs. FitzGerald is described as a "very handsome, clever, and eccentric woman."

One member of her family, her son Edward FitzGerald, has remained my friend till this day: his parents and mine are dead; of his brothers and sisters I retain no knowledge; but with him I still keep up an affectionate and to me most valuable and interesting correspondence. He was distinguished from the rest of his family, and indeed from most people, by the possession of very rare intellectual and artistic gifts. A poet, a painter, a musician, an admirable scholar and writer — *if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it*, he would have achieved a foremost place among the eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries. His life was spent in literary leisure, on literary labors of love of singular excellence, which he never caused to be published beyond the circle of his intimate friends: Euphranor, Polonius, a collection of dialogues full of keen wisdom, fine observation, and profound thought; sterling philosophy written in the purest, simplest, raciest English; noble translations, or rather free

adaptations, of Calderon's two finest dramas, "The Wonderful Magician" and "Life's a Dream," and a splendid paraphrase of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, which fills its reader with regret that he should not have *Englished* the whole of the great trilogy with the same severe sublimity. In America this gentleman is better known by his translation, or adaptation — how much more of it is his own than the author's I should like to know, if I were Irish — of Omar Khayam, the astronomer-poet of Persia.

Having adopted no profession on leaving Cambridge, Edward FitzGerald seemed at one time to have intended to adopt a farming life on scientific principles. Perhaps he was wise in rejecting the idea. In the mean time he was much amused at the lucubrations of his friends, Donne, John Kemble, and Edgeworth, in the *English and Foreign Review*.

Since I saw you I have entered into a decidedly agricultural course of conduct: read books about composts, etc. I walk about in the fields also where the people are at work, and the more dirt accumulates on my shoes the more I think I know. Is not this all funny? Gibbon might elegantly compare my retirement with that of Diocletian. Have you read Thackeray's little book, "The Second Funeral of Napoleon"? If not, pray do; and buy it, and ask others to buy it, as each copy sold puts 7½d. in T.'s pocket, which is very empty just now, I take it. I think this book the best thing he has done. What an account there is of the Emperor Nicholas in Kemble's last Review — the last sentence of it (which can be by no other man in Europe but Jack himself) has been meat and drink to me for a fortnight. The electric-eel at the Adelaide Gallery is nothing to it. Then Edgeworth fires away about the "Odes of Pindar," and Donne is very æsthetic about Mr. Hallam's book. What is the meaning of "exegetical"? Till I know that, how can I understand the Review?

Edward FitzGerald was very much amused by receiving an invitation to figure as a lecturer to the cultivated mechanics of Ipswich. Wild horses would not have brought him to make such an exhibition of himself. He writes to Bernard Barton: —

New honors in society have devolved upon me the necessity of a more dignified department. A letter has been sent me from the secretary of the Ipswich Mechanics' Institution, asking me to lecture — any subject but Party Politics or Controversial Divinity. On my politely declining, another, a fuller and more pressing letter, was sent, urging me to comply with their demand. I answered to the same effect, but with accelerated dignity. I am now awaiting the third request in con-

dence; if you see no symptoms of its being mooted, perhaps you will kindly propose it. I have prepared an answer. Donne is mad with envy. He consoles himself with having got a Roman History to write for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. What a pity it is that only lying histories are readable. I am afraid Donne will stick to what is considered the truth too much.

Owing to rash speculation in coal mines by FitzGerald's father the family pecuniary position had naturally suffered. When Mr. FitzGerald died in 1852, his son writes that he died like "poor old Sedley in 'Vanity Fair,' all his coal schemes at an end, saying, 'That engine works well!' in the stupor of death." FitzGerald had taken up his abode at Boulge Cottage, with an old Suffolk woman, Mrs. Faiers, as his housekeeper, and his cats, dogs and his parrot, "Beauty Bob." He finally in 1873 lived at Little Grange, Woodbridge.

It is true; I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. This is all my live stock. The house is yet damp, as last year; and the great event of this winter is my putting up a trough round the eaves to carry off the wet. There was discussion whether the trough should be of iron or of zinc: iron, dear and lasting; zinc, the reverse. It was decided of iron, and accordingly iron is put up. Why should I not live in London and see the world? you say. Why then, I say as before, I don't like it. I think the dullness of the country people is better than the impudence of Londoners; and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se*; and this room of mine, clean at all events, better than a dirty room in Charlotte Street.

FitzGerald's dislike for London society increased every day. A London dinner-party he seems to have especially disliked.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings — the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones: walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which the China roses climb, with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bed-wards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighborhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! White clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak-trees — and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see!

The following letter was written when staying at Geldeston, where his brother-in-law, Mr. Kerrich, lived. FitzGerald was very fond of his children.

I sit writing this at my bedroom window, while the rain (long looked for) patters on the pane. I prophesied it to-day; which is a great comfort. We have a housefull of the most delightful children; and if the rain would last, and the grass grow, all would be well. I think the rain will last: I shall prophesy so when I go down to our early dinner. For it is Sunday: and we dine, children and all, at one o'clock; and go to afternoon church, and a great tea at six — then a pipe (except for the young ladies) — a stroll — a bit of supper — and to bed. Wake in the morning at five — open the windows and read Ecclesiasticus. A proverb says that "everything is fun in the country."

Carlyle wrote to FitzGerald that he had passed an "unforgettable day" with Alfred Tennyson. We fancy that this was the meeting when an American author was present, and a terrific discussion took place between these lights of mankind — Carlyle shrieking out for the return of William the Conqueror, to rule over us again, and defending with delight the conduct of that humane monarch, in cutting off the legs of twelve hundred Cambridge-shire gentlemen. "Let me tell your returning hero, then," said Tennyson, "one thing, he had better steer clear of my precincts, or he will feel my knife in his guts very soon." FitzGerald is quite justified in writing that no one conversed so wisely as Alfred Tennyson, and that he ought to have a Boswell to record his inspired talk.

I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday. We ascended from his dining-room, carrying pipes and tobacco, up through two stories of his house, and got into a little dressing-room near the roof; there we sat down; the window was open and looked out on nursery gardens, their almond-trees in blossom, and beyond, bare walls of houses, and over these roofs and chimneys, and here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness like the illimitable resources of a dream. I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished — but — but — perhaps he *didn't* wish on the whole. . . . A cloud comes over Charlotte Street, and seems as if it were sailing softly on the April wind to fall in a blessed shower,\* upon the lilac buds and thirsty anemones somewhere in Essex; or, who knows? perhaps at Boulge. Out will come Mrs. Faiers, and, with red arms and face of woe, haul in the struggling windows of the cottage, and make all tight. "Beauty

\* There was a great drought when this letter was written.



Bob" will cast a bird's-eye out at the shower, and bless the useful wet. Mr. Loder will observe to the farmer, for whom he is doing up a dozen of Queen's Heads, that it will be of great use; and the farmer will agree that his young barley wanted it much. The German Ocean will dimple with innumerable pin points, and porpoises rolling near the surface sneeze with unusual pellets of fresh water —

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

Lockhart relates that Laidlaw, after hearing Sir Walter Scott and Sir Humphry Davy converse, cocked his eye like a bird, with: "Eh, sir, this is a superior occasion; I wonder whether Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up." It is a pity there was no listener to hear the interchange of opinions between those two most original men, Carlyle and FitzGerald. Carlyle generally preferred listeners to talkers. The late Mr. Allingham used to walk with him in the evening, when Carlyle used, as FitzGerald said, to rave at everything and propose nothing. One evening, on returning to the gate, Mr. Allingham ventured to say, "I have listened to you with great pleasure, Mr. Carlyle, but I do not entirely agree with you." "Allingham, Allingham," answered the injured sage, "you always will have the last word."

Edward FitzGerald had formed a sincere friendship with Parson Crabbe, the son of the poet. It is curious that the parson had never read his father's works till he was persuaded by his friend to perform that painful ceremony. Sir Walter Scott's eldest son is said never to have read his father's novels.

I have written enough for to-night: I am now going to sit down and play one of Handel's overtures—as well as I can—"Semele," perhaps, a very grand one—then, lighting my lantern, trudge through the mud to Parson Crabbe's. Before I take my pen again to finish this letter, the new year will have dawned—on some of us. "Thou fool! this night thy soul may be required of thee!" Very well: while it is in this body I will wish my dear old F. J. a happy New Year. And now to drum out the old with Handel.

New Year's Day, 1851.—A happy New Year to you! I sat up with my parson till the old year was past, drinking punch and smoking cigars, for which I endure some headache this morning. Not that we took much; but a very little punch disagrees with me. Only I would not disappoint my old friend's convivial expectations. He is one of those happy men who have the boy's heart throbbing and trembling under the snows of sixty-five.

One of the characteristics of Edward FitzGerald was his devotion to the writings of Sir Walter Scott. He read his novels over and over again, finding new beauties every time.

The "Pirate" is, I know, not one of Scott's best; the women, Minna, Brenda, Norna, are poor theatrical figures. But Magnus and Jack Bunce, and Claud Halcro, though the latter is rather wearisome, are substantial enough; how wholesomely they swear! And no one ever thinks of blaming Scott for it. There is a passage where the company at Burgh Westra are summoned by Magnus to go down to the shore to see the boats go off to the deep-sea fishing, and "they followed his stately step to the shore as the herd of deer follows the leading stag, with all manner of respectful observance." This, coming in at the close of the preceding unaffected narrative, is to me like Homer, whom Scott really resembles in the simplicity and ease of his story. This is far more poetical in my eyes than all the effort of —, etc., etc. And which of them has written such a lyric as "Farewell to Northmaven"? I finished the book with sadness, thinking I might never read it again.

It is singular that we cannot find the above passage in Scott in our edition of his works.

Mrs. Trench's journal was sent by her son, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, to Edward FitzGerald, who received it with great favor.

DEAR DR. TRENCH, — Thank you sincerely for the delightful little journal which I had from you yesterday, and only wished to be a dozen times as long. The beautiful note at p. 75 speaks of much yet unprinted. It is a pity Mrs. Kemble had not read p. 79. I thought in the night of "the subdued voice of Good Sense," and "the eye that invites you to look into it." I doubt I can read, more or less attentively, most personal memoirs, but I am equally sure of the superiority of this in its shrewdness, humor, natural taste and good breeding. One is sorry for the account of Lord Nelson, but one cannot doubt it. It was at the time when he was intoxicated, I suppose, with glory and Lady Hamilton. What your mother says of the Dresden Madonna reminds me of what Tennyson once said: that the attitude of the child was that of a man; but perhaps not the less right for all that. As to the countenance, he said that scarce any man's face could look so grave and rapt as a baby's could at times. He once said of his own child: "He was a who'e hour this morning worshipping the sunshine playing on the bed-post." He never writes letters or journals, but I hope people will be found to remember some of the things he has said as naturally as your mother wrote them.

Mrs. Trench had written: "The Virgin's face is divine. The child, who appears about a year old, has more the expression of the king than the Saviour of the world. There is a beautiful haughtiness, mixed with disdain, in his features."

Thackeray said that "dear old Fitz" was one of his two greatest friends, but when "Vanity Fair" took the town by storm and its author figured in the grand world, some temporary coolness seems to have ensued between the friends. "Thackeray," FitzGerald writes, "is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me, and we are content to regard each other at a distance." Thackeray's head may have been slightly turned by his marvellous success, after experiencing for years shameful neglect and disappointment; but let us hope it was mere fancy on the part of FitzGerald respecting his friend's altered manner. Be that as it may, on Thackeray's death all the old feelings of affection instantly returned.

DEAR LAWRENCE. . . . I want to know about your two portraits of Thackeray: the first one (which I think Smith and Elder have) I know by the print. I want to know about one you last did (some two years ago?), whether you think it as good and characteristic; and also who has it. Frederic Tennyson sent me a photograph of W. M. T. — old, white, massive, and melancholy, sitting in his library. I am surprised almost to find how much I am thinking of him: so little as I had seen him for the last ten years; not once for the last five. I had been told — by you, for one — that he was spoiled. I am glad, therefore, that I have scarce seen him since he was "old Thackeray." I keep reading his "Newcomes" of nights, and, as it were, hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my stairs, and about to come (singing) into my room, as in old Charlotte Street, etc., thirty years ago. . . .

I have this summer made the acquaintance of a great lady, with whom I have become perfectly intimate, through her letters, Madame de Sévigné. I had hitherto kept aloof from her, because of that eternal daughter of hers; but "it's all truth and daylight," as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons. Her letters from Brittany are best of all, not those from Paris, for she loved the country, dear creature; and now I want to go and visit her "*Rochers*," but never shall.

He really intended to journey to Brittany, but he found from "Murray's Guide Book" that the present owner of Les Rochers declined to admit Sévigné enthusiasts.

There were many false reports at Woodbridge about the eccentricities of Edward FitzGerald. It was said that he went up to visit Sir Walter Scott's country, but on finding on his arrival at Newcastle that there was a train immediately starting for the south, he seized such a favorable opportunity and entered it; again, Mr. Groome informs us, it was reported that he sailed to Holland to see the works of the great painters, but when he arrived on the coast he found such a wind for his return that he could not resist its fascination. FitzGerald named his boat the *Scandal*, in honor of the town of Woodbridge's staple commodity.

Country town life is not badly described in a verse which we read the other day in an old *Gentleman's Magazine*: —

We eat, we drink, we scandal talk,  
We go to church on Sunday,  
And some they go in fear of God,  
And some of — Mrs. Grundy.

Its characteristics are, so writes FitzGerald, about the "faded tapestry" of country town life, "third-rate accomplishments infinitely prized, scandal removed from dukes and duchesses to the parson, the banker, the commissioner of excise, and the attorney."

Mrs. Kemble describes FitzGerald as living a curious life of almost entire estrangement from society, preferring the companionship of the rough sailors and fishermen of the Suffolk coast to that of lettered folk. He used to sail about in his yacht, and the rougher the sea was the more he liked it, always putting into port on Sunday that his men might have a hot dinner. He entered into partnership with a sailor, of whom he was a great friend, in a herring lugger.

MY DEAR COWELL. . . . My lugger captain has just left me to go on his mackerel voyage to the western coast; and I don't know when I shall see him again. Just after he went, a muffled bell from the church here began to toll for somebody's death: it sounded like a bell under the sea. He sat listening to the hymn played by the church chimes, last evening, and said he could hear it all as if in Lowestoft church, when he was a boy, "Jesus our Deliverer!" You can't think what a grand, tender soul this is, lodged in a suitable carcase.

The partnership in Meum and Tuum, which the profane inhabitants of Woodbridge called Mum and Tum, was dissolved, the captain wishing to be sole master, a desire that FitzGerald readily complied with, saying it was his right.

Edward FitzGerald in his youth was very fond of the theatre. The Haymarket was his favorite, with Liston in "Paul Pry," and Madame Vestris in a Pamela hat, with a red feather, singing "Cherry Ripe;" he loved it also because of the old bills on the opposite colonnade, "Medea in Corinto. Medea, Signora Pasta."

Hayter's sketches of Madame Pasta caused FitzGerald to write a notice of her wondrous acting.

Looking at them now, people who never saw the original will wonder, perhaps, that Talma and Mrs. Siddons should have said that they might go to learn of her: and indeed it was only the living genius and passion of the woman herself, that could have inspired and exalted, and enlarged her very incomplete person (as it did her voice) into the grandeur, as well as the *Niobe* pathos, of her action and utterance. All the nobler features of humanity she had indeed: finely shaped head, neck, bust, and arms: all finely related to one another; the superior features too of the face: fine eyes, eyebrows—I remember Trelawny saying they reminded him of those in the East—the nose not so fine, but the whole face "homogeneous," as Lavater calls it, and capable of all expression from tragedy to farce. For I have seen her in the *Prova d'un Opera Seria*, where no one, I believe, admired her but myself—except Thomas Moore, whose journal, long after published, revealed to me one who thought—yes, and *knew*—as I did. . . . I used to admire as much as anything her attitude and air, as she stood at the side of the stage when Jason's Bridal Procession came on: *motionless*, with one finger in her golden girdle—a habit which (I heard) she inherited from Grassini.

An æsthetic personage once said to Pasta, "Vous avez beaucoup étudié l'antique." Pasta answered, "Je l'ai beaucoup senti." Edward FitzGerald would have made an admirable theatrical critic. He loved quiet acting, and could not appreciate the scolding of Grisi in the parts which had been filled by Pasta.

In Sophie Gay's "Salons de Paris," I read that when Mlle. Contat (the predecessor of Mars) was learning under Prévillo and his wife for the stage, she gesticulated too much, as novices do. So the Prévilles confined her arms, like "une momie," she says, and then set her off with a scene. So long as no great passion business was needed, she felt pretty comfortable, she says; but when the dialogue grew hot, then she could not help trying to get her hands free: and *that*, as the Prévilles told her, sufficiently showed where action should begin, and not till then, whether in grave or comic. This anecdote (told by Contat herself) has almost an exact counterpart in Mrs. Siddons's practice, who recited even

Lear's curse with her hands and arms close to her side like an Egyptian figure, and Sir Walter Scott, who heard her, said nothing could be more terrible.

The French school of acting was perfection. Madame de Genlis saw Le Kain giving a *débutant* a lesson in declamation. The young man, in the middle of a scene, seized the arm "de la princesse." Le Kain, shocked, said, "Monsieur, si vous voulez paraître passionné, ayez l'air de craindre de toucher la robe de celle que vous aimez." It was said there were only two men who knew how to talk to women, Le Kain and M. de Vaudreuil, the friend of the Duchess of Polignac.

One day I went into the Abbey at 3.30 P.M., while a beautiful anthem was beautifully sung, and then the prayers and collects, not less beautiful, well intoned on one single note by the minister. And when I looked up and about me, I thought that Abbey a wonderful structure for monkeys to have raised. The last night Mesdames Kemble and Edwards had each of them company, so I went into my old Opera House in the Haymarket, where I remembered the very place where Pasta stood as Medea on the stage, with Rubini singing his return to his betrothed in "Puritani," and Taglioni floating about everywhere: and the several boxes in which sat the several ranks and beauties of forty or fifty years ago; my mother's box on the third tier, in which I often figured as a specimen of both. The audience all changed, much for the worse, I thought; and opera and singers also; only one of them who could sing at all, and she sang very well indeed—Trebelli her name. The opera by a Frenchman on the Wagner Plan: excellent instrumentation, but not one new or melodious idea through the whole.

"I saw Carlyle," writes FitzGerald, "and Tennyson and Spedding most and best." James Spedding, like his friend, shunned notoriety just as other people seek it. When he was offered the under-secretaryship of the Colonial Office, he refused it because he felt unfit to undertake its duties—an estimate of himself which was assented to by no one. He passed his literary life in attempting the hopeless task of vindicating the character of Lord Bacon—striving, as FitzGerald writes, "to wash his blackamoor white." For "how can any one," we heard Dean Milman say, "clear the character of a man who confessed he was a rogue?" FitzGerald frequently compares him to Socrates—no one was more highly esteemed in literary society. Lord Houghton writes that Lady Ashburton, who could be insolent to others, once said, "I always feel a kind of average between myself and any

other person, so that when I am talking to Spedding I am unutterably foolish." Like Sir Walter Scott, who was nicknamed by Peter Robertson, "Peveril of the Peak," James Spedding had a very high forehead, which we used to gaze upon with childish awe when he sat serene and stately, on the oak bench when he was head boy at Bury School. Thackeray and FitzGerald used to be amused with this forehead. When Spedding accompanied Lord Ashburton on his mission to America, FitzGerald wrote: "You have of course read the account of Spedding's forehead having landed in America. English sailors hail it in the Channel, mistaking it for Beechy Head. There is a Shakespeare Cliff and a Spedding Cliff. Good old fellow! I hope he'll come back, forehead and all."

Thackeray declared he saw the forehead in a milestone, and drew it rising with a sober light over Mont Blanc, and reflected in the Lake of Geneva.

Spedding had once come down to visit FitzGerald —

I have not seen any one you know since I last wrote; nor heard from any one, except dear old Spedding, who really came down and spent two days with us — me and that scholar and his wife, in their village, in their delightful little house, in their pleasant fields by the river side. Old Spedding was delicious there; always leaving a mark, as I say, in all places one has been at with him, a sort of Platonic perfume. For has he not all the beauty of the Platonic Socrates, with some personal beauty to boot? He explained to us one day about the laws of reflection in water: and I said then, one could never look at the willow, whose branches furnished the text, without thinking of him. How beastly this reads! As if he gave us a lecture! But you know the man, how quietly it all came out; only because I petulantly denied his plain assertion. For I really cross him only to draw him out; and, vain as I may be, he is one of those that I am well content to make shine at my own expense.

James Spedding met with a terrible accident, being run over by a hansom cab when trying to pass the road in Berkeley Street, opposite the Lansdowne Passage. He had got out of the way of the cab and returned to the pavement; but, having again tried to cross, a hansom, with a member of Parliament as a passenger, which Spedding did not see, knocked him down. The cab did not stop, but went on rapidly to the Great Western station. Spedding was taken to St. George's Hospital. He exonerated the cabman from blame; of course he would do that, it was his na-

ture. FitzGerald writes to Mrs. Kemble: —

MY DEAR LADY, — It was very, very good and kind of you to write to me about Spedding. Yes: Aldis Wright had apprised me of the matter just after it happened, he happening to be in London at the time; and but two days after the accident heard that Spedding was quite calm and even cheerful; only anxious that Wright himself should not be kept waiting for some communication that S. had promised him! Whether to live or to die, he will be Socrates still. Directly that I heard from Wright, I wrote to Mowbray Donne to send me just a post card daily, if he or his wife could, with but one or two words on it, "Better," "Less well," or whatever it might be. This morning I hear that all is going on even better than could be expected, according to Miss Spedding. But I suppose the crisis, which you tell me of, is not yet come; and I have always a terror of that French adage, "Monsieur se porte mal — Monsieur se porte mieux — Monsieur est —" Ah, you know, or you guess the rest. My dear old Spedding, though I have not seen him these twenty years and more, and probably shall never see him again; but he lives, his old self, in my heart of hearts; and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished; for he is but the same that he was from a boy, all that is best in heart and head, a man that would be incredible, had one not known him. I certainly should have gone up to London, even with eyes that will scarce face the lamps of Woodbridge — not to see him, but to have the first intelligence I could about him. But I rely on the post card for but a night's delay. Lawrence, Mowbray tells me, had been to see him, and found him as calm as had been reported by Wright. But the doctors had said he should be kept as quiet as possible.

Such was the esteem Carlyle felt for Spedding, that FitzGerald writes if he had been alive he would have been carried to the hospital to see him.

There is a charming letter from FitzGerald to Mrs. Kemble, recalling the days when he stayed with his friend Spedding in the Cumberland mountains: —

MY DEAR LADY, — I have let the full-moon pass because I thought you had written to me so lately, and so kindly, about our lost Spedding, that I would not call on you so soon again. Of him I will say nothing, except that his death has made me recall very many passages in his life in which I was partly concerned. In particular, staying at his Cumberland home along with Tennyson in the May of 1835. "Voilà bien longtemps de ça!" His father and mother were both alive; he, a wise man, who mounted his cob after breakfast, and was at his farm till dinner at two; then away again till tea, after which he

sat reading by a shaded lamp, saying very little, but always courteous, and quite content with any company his son might bring to the house, so long as they let him go his own way — which, indeed, he would have gone whether they let him or no. But he had seen enough of poets not to like them or their trade — Shelley for a long time living among the lakes; Coleridge, at Southey's, whom perhaps he had a respect for — Southey, I mean — and Wordsworth, whom I do not think he valued. He was rather jealous of "Jem" — who might have done any available service in the world, he thought — giving himself up to such dreamers, and sitting up with Tennyson conning over the "Morte d'Arthur," "Lord of Burleigh," and other things which helped to make up the two volumes of 1842. So I always associate that "Arthur" idyl with Basanthwaite Lake and Skiddaw. Mrs. Spedding was a sensible, motherly lady, with whom I used to play chess of a night. And there was an old friend of hers, Miss Bristowe, who always reminded me of Miss La Creevy, if you know of such a person, in "Nickleby."

Shelley, rampaging about the peaceful Lake land with pistols, must have horrified good Mr. Spedding, who was not at all satisfied with his son's devotion to Tennyson. "What is it," he said to FitzGerald, "Mr. Tennyson reads and Jem criticises — is that it?"

FitzGerald, like Alceste in "Le Misanthrope," preferred the French prose and poetry of the olden time to the new style developed in the age of Louis XIV. In an unpublished letter to Mrs. Kemble, he writes: —

The French writers and the French language could *touch the heart*, both in prose and verse, till their Augustan age of Louis XIV. tamed and formalized them, as our Queen Anne's did ours. I copy for you a stray wild-note from old Normandy —

Dieu garde de déshonneur  
Celle que j'ai longtemps aimée!  
Je l'aimois de tout mon cœur;  
Ma jeune-se est passée.  
Or vois-je bien que c'est folle  
D'y mettre sa pensée,  
Quand elle me dit en plorant:  
"Nos amours sont finis,  
Nos amours sont finis."

Do you remember the beautiful "mais l'on revient toujours" of our young days? I saw that M. Faure had been reviving the song in London; I always said Rubini should have done that. The words are only not as beautiful as the music.

An extract from a Suffolk paper has been sent us which gives a graphic account of FitzGerald "at home."

In the little retreat he had made for himself in the outskirts of the town they had battled with him over lines from works much of the

reading community had never looked into; they had revelled with him in passages from authors many a reader had never heard of. But some knew him in another light. To such he was something more than an equal — more than an equal, at any rate, if the measure were laid on these lines. None but those who knew him thus had felt to the full the infinite delicacy with which he would bridge over the chasm which divided their learning from his. Unfortunately, it too often pertains to the man who knows much to make his superiority especially conspicuous to those who know less. There was nothing of this at Little Grange. Whatever the company were, one ever felt he was treated as an equal. Without any apparent effort, the guest, however humble, was always made to feel at his ease. Correction to a misquotation was never made a point of notice; at most, it was met with the gentle, "Oh dear, I always thought it was so-and-so had written that," etc. A doubtful passage, the key to which seemed lost in the distance of time, would be incontrovertibly settled by a recollection of some fifty years' standing — but there was no triumph, no victory in the announcement. His readings from favorite poets were delightful. With what spellbound interest would one listen when he had a mind to give you something from his dearly-loved Tennyson, to make you see it in its best and brightest rendering! How charmingly he would interline it with some personal description, only to make more real the reality of the scene before you! How one basked in the genial modulation of a voice apparently toned to make the best of another's words!

The charm of FitzGerald's letters is that we see him as he lived, pining in murky London, for his anemones and the sighing of his Scotch firs; appreciating all the *minutiae* of country life, pitying the robin, poor little fellow, who had built his nest, having trusted to the false indications of spring. We see him, when his eyes had been nearly destroyed by paraffin lamps, listening to a boy reading "Guy Mannering" to him, whilst the nightingale was singing on the tree, just as in Shakespeare's time. Then the boy reads Tichborne, *every word*, FitzGerald's heart leaping at Sir John Coleridge's description of the "unfortunate nobleman" by a quotation from Tennyson: —

Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.

Then reading "Lothair," resembling a pleasant magic lantern — when finished, to be forgotten. After the reading, having "grub with the boy in the pantry," sending him to a representation of "Macbeth" by a strolling company, the boy bringing home a new reading of Shakespeare, "Hang out our gallows on the outward

walls," which will be perhaps adopted by some enterprising manager. Lastly, we see him at Lowestoft, delighting in the reading of Carlyle's "Kings of Norway," whilst the old sea — showing, like Carlyle, no signs of decrepitude — was rolling in from that north, and looking up from his book, seeing a Norwegian barque beating southward close to the shore, with nearly all sail set.

"It seems strange," FitzGerald wrote in May, 1883, to his niece, "to be so seemingly alert — certainly alive — amid such fatalities with younger and stronger people. But even while I say so, the hair may break and the suspended sword fall. If it would do so at once and effectually!" Sixteen days later FitzGerald died in his sleep.

There is a stanza which Gray threw out of his "Elegy" which FitzGerald thought so beautiful: —

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets  
found,  
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Let us hope that this description applies to the little churchyard at Boulge, where Edward FitzGerald lies, with an inscription on his tombstone, "It is He that has made us, and not we ourselves."

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#### SPORT WITH WILD ELEPHANTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pioneer Mail* describes the capture last Christmastide of a large herd of wild elephants at Basan, in central India. It appears that for years a great district had been in sole possession of the wild elephants, who had frightened off all the inhabitants. The writer says that Maharajah Raghonath Saran Singh Deo Bahadur, of Sirguja, had applied for permission to capture the elephants of Mahtin and Uprora under the government's rules, and the permission had been accorded. He had found two herds, in all about thirty-five wild elephants, at the Bahmani nuddi, about fifteen or twenty miles off. He ran up a light fence about six miles in circumference inclosing a valley and part of two hills below Setgarh. Round this he had posted at intervals eight or nine hundred men, mostly armed with matchlocks and provided with blank cartridges. Into this inclosure he had quietly driven all these elephants through

fifteen miles of glen; and there they were surrounded by watchfires and sentries constantly on duty. The wild elephants wandered about unmolested within the large inclosure, but were not allowed to pass the guards. The maharajah told us that one very large male elephant had been decoyed into the stockade, and was there tied up and ready to be taken out. We seated ourselves on the top of the stockade and saw the huge tusker. His fore-quarters were much heavier than in the tame elephant; and his figure was so massive that we did not think he was so tall as we afterwards found him to be — namely, nine feet ten inches. They tied five cables round his neck, fastening the other end of each cable round the body of one tame elephant. There were thus five elephants in front. Similarly they fastened each hind leg to two elephants. The hind legs were also tied together by a short rope. Having thus securely bound him, they prepared to lead this forest free-booter away. When he found that he was not to be allowed to choose his own course he began to show fight. He halted. The five elephants in front put forth all their strength, but could not move him. Suddenly he swung his great body round and dragged back all five, roaring as they came with rage and perhaps fear. Then they recovered, and the tug-of-war began again. A sharp discharge of blank cartridge behind him drove him on a little way. This scene was repeated several times. Occasionally the blank cartridge had to give way to a specially prepared cartridge with about a dozen snipe shot, which acted as an unaccustomed spur in his fat flanks and sent him gaily along for a time. At last he was tied up to trees near the maharajah's tents, about five hundred yards from the stockade. Next day, as there was nothing doing at the stockade, we determined to have a look at the elephants in their own jungle haunts. We went on along the elephants' tracks for a considerable distance. Suddenly we came to a glade, and as we looked across it we saw the tusks of a great monarch of the herd gleaming through the trees. We were on our elephant; and as we saw the direction the herd seemed to be taking we pushed across the glade to cut them off and get a nearer view. As we got to the centre of the glade, where stood a large solitary tree, we saw the monarch come out and have a look at us. We halted in the shadow of the tree. He came along towards us, followed by fifteen elephants of all sizes. As he got near us he turned

round and slowly crossed the glade to the other side, followed by the herd. Then, as they were about to disappear in the jungle, he suddenly changed his mind again. He turned, and slowly and solemnly marched past us with the herd. The herd thus passed twice across the open glade within about eighty yards of us; a splendid spectacle. We shall not readily forget that majestic procession witnessed among the wild scenery of the forest-clad hills. One day we saw a beat which, though unsuccessful, was very exciting. We could hear the elephants crashing slowly through the jungle. Then match-

locks were fired, shouting began, and ten or twelve wild elephants rushed into view with as many trained ones behind them. They came on at the pace of racing ponies. They dashed towards one wing then across to the other again and again. Two tame elephants near the stockade gate then ran in, but apparently the wild elephants had not seen them. They did not follow. The tame elephants came out again. The wild elephants apparently thought it was an attack in front. They faced about and made a dashing charge through their pursuers and rushed into the jungle.

ANECDOTES OF ROBERT BROWNING.—The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Courier* tells the following stories bearing upon the difficulties experienced in fathoming Mr. Browning's poetry: When Douglas Jerrold was ill some one sent him a copy of Browning's poems. He read one of them, but could not comprehend it. He asked his wife to read it. She did so and said it was incomprehensible. "Thank Heavens," said Jerrold, "I am not mad." A later and perfectly authentic story is to this effect: A great admirer of the poet called upon him to ask for the meaning of a particular passage. Browning read it and then remarked slowly, "I cannot tell you what my thoughts were at the time. The passage no doubt expresses my ideas at the time, but I have forgotten what they were."

There are Browning societies in the United States, and of one of them in the West a comical story of thoroughgoing devotion to principles is told by Mr. G. W. Curtis. This club held a reception, at which everything was to be brown. "A brown tablecloth was covered with brown china. There was brown bread and brown sugar. The hosts appeared in brown dresses, and brown curtains draped the windows. Brown was universal; and when one of the guests, looking round the room, at last exclaimed, 'Well, I declare, I really believe you are a Browning Club!' there was no member in brown hardy enough to deny it." It is admitted by Mr. Curtis that his countrymen have an opinion that much of the popularity of Mr. Browning is attributable to the obscurity of some of his verse, coupled with a feeling that the mystery, wherever it exists, "is but a cloud enveloping an Alp." At all events the readers of the poet are numerous in America.

The following story has come under the notice of the *Birmingham Post*: A poem of Mr. Browning's, "Prospice," was recently fixed upon in connection with an elocution competition at the Birmingham high school

for girls. One of the pupils, a daughter of Mr. W. T. Smedley, finding herself unable to fathom the meaning of some of the more difficult passages, hit upon the happy thought of seeking the assistance of Mr. Browning himself. Copying out the particular passages in the interpretation of which she needed aid, the young lady appended to them her own ideas of the meaning and sent the manuscript to the poet. To her delight the copy was promptly returned, carefully annotated in Mr. Browning's own writing, he having given opposite each passage a brief but lucid explanation of the thoughts it had been his intention to convey. At the bottom of all he had written the following pleasant little note: "There, my dear young lady, I have done the little that was necessary, and hope it may suffice.— Affectionately yours, ROBERT BROWNING." An additional interest attaches to this note from the fact that it must have been one of the last written by the veteran poet.

Mr. Browning [says "Atlas" in the *World*] used occasionally to refer to the only occasion on which he ever spoke to the queen. Some years ago the late Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley invited him, among others, to tea at the Deanery to meet the queen, and a small and select party were present, Mr. Carlyle being one. The company, as was befitting in the presence of their sovereign, were respectfully silent, only joining in the conversation when addressed. The queen began to talk to Mr. Carlyle, and expressed her opinions on some matter from which he differed, and he, as usual, contradicted her and silenced her, retaining hold of the conversation till the queen rose to go. As the queen left the room she stopped at the door to speak to Mr. Browning and say good-bye, remarking, "What a very extraordinary man Mr. Carlyle is! Does he always talk like that? I never met him before!" and Mr. Browning was only able to assure her that it was his invariable custom.





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